GAY

50¢

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Love in the Hollywood 'Y'

BY AARON BATES

PART TWO

As the first part ended, I was just about to be thrown into the lion's den, figuratively speaking. Bill's parents were arriving and I found myself struggling for survival at the Hollywood YMCA on the corner of Hudson and Selma. Well, let's be honest—I wasn't exactly struggling. Since my virginity miraculously reincarnates itself on every full moon and since there are certain times when rape is inevitable, etc., I thought what the hell, I might as well enjoy myself. Besides, my attachment for Bill had been growing and I was aware that he was temporarily out of circulation and . . . well, to get to the point, I had *so* little time and the best way to get over one man (when you can no longer get under him) is to find a dozen or so new ones.

It was easy. Do you recall that old line about Tarzan slipping off a grapevine and landing on an elephant tusk? Well, that's about how long the Hollywood YMCA has been gay. Of course *all* Y's have a reputation. It's just that this one deserves every bit of it. Besides, the rooms are slightly larger and more private than the rooms at a bathhouse. Everything else is about the same.

Unlike certain other writers for GAY, I have no intention of parading my humpy tricks before your eyes, so stop salivating this instant. Neither have I any plans of ever writing a sex book, but in case I ever do, no one will ever know that I, Aaron Bates, wrote it because I'll use a pen name—something simple like Jane

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Book Review
The Greatest Gay Novel

BY DICK LEITSCH

Gore Vidal tells us that after he published *The City and The Pillar* in 1948,

E.M. Forster invited me to Cambridge and shyly confessed he had written a somewhat similar book which he had never published, not wanting to embarrass family and friends. 'Quite bold, actually,' he said. In what way, I asked. Apparently there was a scene of two boys in bed. 'And what,' I asked, intrigued, 'do they do?' Mr. Forster smiled. 'They . . . talk,' *he said with some satisfaction.*

Edward Morgan Forster died last year and the book he described to Mr. Vidal is now in your bookstore under the title *Maurice*. What a magnificent novel it is! Not only is it a major gay novel, it is probably the greatest gay book, and certainly the most articulate and realistic statement on gay liberation ever published.

Begun in 1913, finished in 1914, and

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E.M. Forster

The Last Estate Holiday in Washington

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

I don't know where to start. There was yet another junket to Puerto Rico, a squabble with Perreault who, apparently because of my frankness in writing about some dinner party or other last week, thinks I ought to stop writing this column because it'll "ruin my career," and there was the "Groovy Guy" contest in Washington last week. The reader is, no doubt, sick of my Puerto Rican tales, sick of my petty squabbles with Jill Johnston and John Perreault and fed up with my endless dinner party epics—perhaps our nation's capitol and a special event arranged by the Gay community down there will prove of interest?

The Holiday Inn with a fountain in the parking lot between a Gulf gasoline station and a fenced off swimming pool was host to the "Groovy Guy Contest"; and Dick Leitsch and myself were honored with invitations to "judge" the event. I planned to go down on the train with Dick but, at the last minute, he called to suggest I "... go on by myself because (he's) so busy . . ."

The Metroliner is, as we know, an airplane flying rather low. After all, you don't have carpeting and a loudspeaker asking you to check "... the overhead compartments for personal belongings . ." on a train. Also they tell you to "... remain seated until the car has come to a complete stop . . ." and "... thank you for riding Amtrak's Metroliner." I half expected the engineer to introduce himself, in a southern accent of course, and reminisce about the time he almost hit a cow.

I caught up with Leitsch and his friend Aaron Bates at the Holiday Inn where we were all assigned the same room. "Get it changed." I told Leitsch. "Oh, you don't have to," purred Aaron Bates, who

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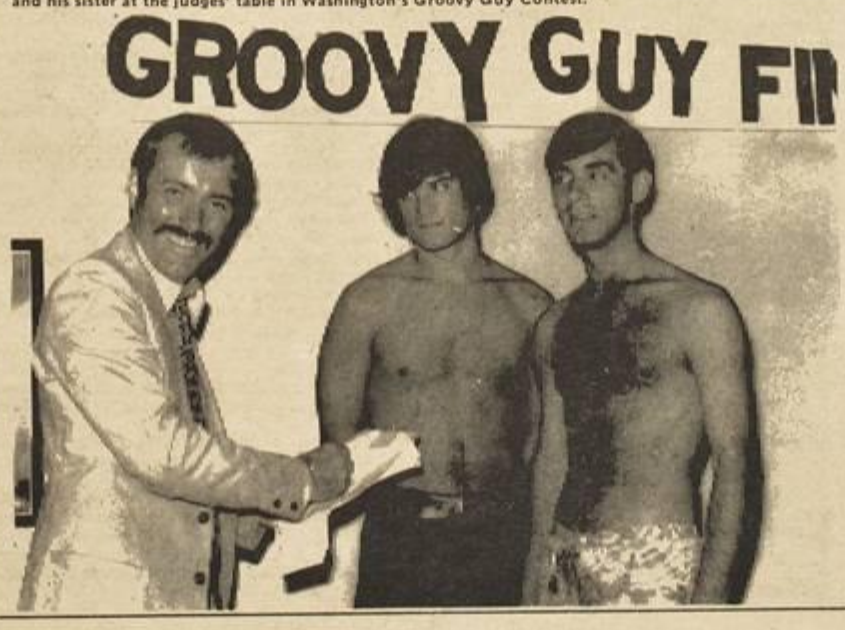
Dick Leitsch, Aaron Bates, Gregory Battcock and his sister at the judges' table in Washington's Groovy Guy Contest.

Photos by J. Wayne Higgs



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WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT?

A DIRECTORY FOR DISCRIMINATING DISPOSITIONS

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MANHATTAN

MIDTOWN

The Beacon Baths, 227 E. 45 St. bet. 2nd & 3rd Aves. (687-0327). 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 3pm to 8pm. 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 Spender, 315 W. 48th St., west of 8th Ave. (586-9880). 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

The Candy Store, 44 W. 56th 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

Geraldine'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 Loading 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

Menemsha Bar, Hotel Allerton, 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. (758-0310). Dancing and live entertainment. Some say it's like dying and going to heaven. GM

The Sanctuary, 407 W. 43rd St. bet. 9th & 10th Aves. (247-4210). A church converted into a mad discotheque. Dancing, juice bar (no liquor). Int.

Sauna Baths, 300 W. 58th St. at Columbus Circle (above Child's) (PL 5-6880). A small place which closes at midnight, the Sauna is busiest between 4:30 and 11 pm and on Sunday afternoons. Few facilities. GM only.

Tambourlaine, 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 inexpensive) restaurant. Busy bar, groovy people. GM

Yukon, 140 E. 53rd St. bet. Lex. & 3rd Ave. (421-8127). Where the older set gathers and the Midnight Cowboy scores. GM

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

UPPER EAST SIDE

The Country Cousin, 1313 3rd Ave. bet. 75th & 76th Sts. (879-6614). The "in" eatery of the gay jet 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 Sts. 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 outta-sight juice bar with dancing. One of the few after-hours places left. GM, some GF

The Painted Pony, 1485 3rd Ave. at 84th St. (744-9580). 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 cruisy and always crowded. What more could one ask? GM

Victor's Quarters, 984 2nd Ave. An East Side neighborhood bar. Relaxing and unfrenetic 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

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. 66th & 67th Sts. A pleasant bar/restaurant popular with Lincoln Center audiences. Mixed.

The Continental Baths, 230 W. 74th St., west of B'way (799-2688). 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.

Picadilly Pub, 324 Amsterdam Ave. bet. 75th & 76th Sts. (874-8632). Jimmy Sheppard, one of

BY DANIEL HANKS AND IAN TREE

EVERYMAN and roach

Well, I don't know about you but Ian and I had a pretty full weekend. After hitting the baths on Friday/Saturday and then dinner at a friend's Saturday evening in Brooklyn (it's been said that the original idea of building the Battery Tunnel was so that people who lived in Brooklyn could go home without being seen), we trundled back into the city on Sunday to 64th and C.P.W., the Ethical Cultural Society auditorium, to catch their production of "EVERYMAN and roach" (an epic rock opera) by Geraldine Fitzgerald and Brother Jonathan, O.S.F.

In a word, it is an almost show. It's a good show and the idea behind it is fantastic. It takes the hero and symbol-of-us-all, from the medieval morality play, and transforms him into an unscrupulous "big man" of the underworld (a fairly accurate reflection of contemporary morals), and the whole thing is set to rock—wow!

Unfortunately, the potential for a dynamite show is not quite realized, and part of the reason is purely technical. Feinstance, the acoustics were egregiously bad, i.e. rotten (it's a high ceilinged church for Christ sake), so that we had to strain to hear half the time. What did come through was fine enough. The music was serviceable, the lyrics to the point, although some of the recitative words were more method dialogue than lyrics and would have worked much better spoken than sung. The staging by Brother Jonathan was always clever, often brilliant, sometimes amazing; ditto Elizabeth Keens' choreography—in fact, it was hard to tell who did what. The set (Brother Jonathan and Dennis Maher) was wonderfully simple yet full of surprises, as were the visuals by David Geary and Dolores Cregan.

Everyman (Eugene Washington) plays a petty vice lord who decides it's time to expand. Roach (Michael Darden) is a street goof who wants to be just like Everyman but is told in no uncertain terms by the latter that he wouldn't waste his spit on him—and it's not until the Angel of Death, sung beautifully and clearly by Robertha Williams and danced by Ernest Elton Andrews, comes to claim Everyman that he realizes Roach's sincerity in wanting to be his friend as he offers to make the trip with Everyman.

Mr. Washington projects a lot of power and authority in his performance and both Ian and I had wished he'd been miked (though the stage was miked at ground level) so his words would have been clearer. Mr. Darden had a nice comic style and an intense innocence that made him extra likeable. Now if we could have always heard him . . . Miss Fitzgerald as the fortune teller was good, as was Norma Serush as Everyman's Jewish mother. Neither one had the "proper" sort of voice (singing) for this type of show, but fortunately that did not stop them from coming through despite the bad acoustics. The Death Machine was genuinely scary and I particularly liked the staging used in claiming their victims. There was an incredibly poignant moment between Everyman and the Angel of Death that was a mind-blower for me. The live rock group (no name) was quite good, and they too succumbed to their high ceiling-ed echo chamber when the chorus' solo eclipsed the sound of their instruments and they lost beat-touch with the singers.

All in all, despite the acoustics problems and a libretto that's a tiny bit naive in places, it's an enjoyable evening—and it will be playing through the end of October (except Oct. 10, 17, 24). For reservations call 874-5242.

THE PARK MILLER

Earlier in the week we decided to check out the Park-Miller again after viewing the best gay porno flick ("Hot for Cash") that either of us had ever seen the week before. This time it was something called "La Surrealization Finale" ("The Last Thrill"). Though the feature was disappointing, it was still interesting and the bumpies in it made it worthwhile. As a matter of fact, two of the bumpies who were part of our hero's fantasy were in the previous week's feature mentioned above. The visuals were fine with some nice special effects and evidence of some imagination. I think the movie would have done better as a silent, but for some reason the makers (unnamed) insisted on tying the film to a pseudo-science fiction script that tended to be moralistic at that. Are you ready for that? Though our hero didn't actually sneak, I suspect that the voice-over used was that of his conscience or something, at least I hope it was. So when you see this one, don't listen and you'll see an interesting and sexy film.

Speaking of not listening, we wish the P-M would back its shorts with something besides the Worst Hits of the Forties played by the Worst Bands of the Fifties. Those poor Basket Boys need all the help they can get. Of the six shorts only two are worth mentioning. Unfortunately, one was untitled so it does little to talk about it. The other was called "Beware of Greeks Bearing (sic) Gifts." It's the noble friendship ideal with graphic plumper shots, and the younger man is so beautiful and goes at it with such passion that I sat through it twice in spite of my miserable cold.

In the coming issues (oh brother!) we'll cover the Jewel Theatre and the Adonis Cinema and the eros of it's still operating to see if they have kept up with the new wave in gay skinflicks which show the real thing instead of that simulated pap of years past. We'll also try to cover some of the restaurants, etc., that are gay owned.

GAA CONCERTS

One final note—for those of you who missed the GAA classical music concert a few weeks ago at the Firehouse, take heart, for it is the first in a series. The large turnout was, quite frankly, unexpected, as was the fantastic rapport between the audience and the performers. The general level of appreciation was quite high (standing ovations were not uncommon) and the fact that the setting was intimate really made it work beautifully. The next concert is tentatively scheduled for late November/early December. We'll keep you informed. Also, the concert was video-taped and is scheduled to be shown at the Firehouse in the coming (there's that word again) weeks. See you around the campus, sports fans.

the most fabulous bartenders in town, presides over this, one of the most attractive bars on the West Side. All the sociability doesn't ruin the cruising. GM

The Westsider, 2160 Broadway at 76th St. (874-8013). One of the newest and most exciting bars in the city. Dining room and bar on street level; pool tables, etc., in bolr 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 B'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 outta-sight! GM, mostly.

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

Pauline's Interlude, 2267 7th Ave. at 135th St. A Harlem landmark since before most of us were born. Mixed, but widely known as a gay watering spot.

CHELSEA

The Eagle's Nest, 11th Ave. & 21st St. You won't be allowed in without leather or western gear. If you do slip in, they won't serve you. GM only.

Everard Baths, 28 W. 28th bet. B'way & 6th Ave. (684-8935). Old, raunchy and with an air of marvelous decadence, this place goes on and on with its band of devoted patrons. Open 24 hours. GM only.

Fireside Inn, 41 W. 24th St., west of 9th Ave. (WA 4-0665). Johnny Vincent hosts this fine restaurant and good bar with dancing from 7pm till 1am. GM, some GF

Gianni's, 53 W. 19th St. (675-9809). A dancing bar for women only.

Nine Plus Social Club, 149 W. 21st St. (924-9387). A private club exclusively for lovers of leather. GM only.

The Stockade, 11th Ave. & 20th St. The newest leather lounge. Those not into that scene are not welcome. GM only.

VILLAGE

Bon Soir, 40 W. 8th St. bet. 6th Ave. & Mc Dougal (473-9859). Headquarters for dance-crazy young Latins. Almost as much fun as a trip to San Juan—and a lot cheaper! GM

Bonnie & Clyde's, 82 W. 3rd St. bet. Sullivan & Thompson Sts. (GR 3-9304). Newly renovated and now managed by Elaine, this place has everything: a big dance floor, free movies, Sunday bruches, the works. Mostly GM

Carr's, 104 W. 10th St. (255-9742). This place is to Villagers what the corner pub is to Londoners. Don't miss it. GM

Danny's, 139 Christopher St. (929-9321). A Village landmark with one of the busiest pool tables in town. Very cruisy. GM

Fedora's, 239 W. 4th St. (CH 2-9691). A very friendly restaurant with excellent food at reasonable prices. Fedora has a large, devoted following so make reservations. Mostly GM

Finale, 48 Barrow St. (CH 3-7538). The other famed Village eatery. Ray, his lovely wife, and his humpy waiters treat customers like visiting royalty. Mixed, mostly GM

Gay Dogs, 180 Christopher St. A 24-hour gay hot dog stand and snackery.

The Goldbug, 83 W. 3rd St. (677-9874). A dancing bar for the young set. Features include buffets and live stage shows. GM

Keller's, 384 West St. near Christopher (CH 3-1907). The mother and father of New York's leather bars. The Landmarks Commission ought to put a plaque on the front of it. Still popular. GM

Kookie's, 149 W. 14th St. (242-9226). Still the most popular of the girls' bars, Kookie's packs them in every night.

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

Luigi II, 104 W. 13th St. (929-9568). 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. (989-8999). A very cruisy leather lounge. The boots and jackets are often just costume here, so if you see someone you like but don't dig the S&M scene, suggest alternatives. GM

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

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

Paula's, 64 Greenwich Ave. (691-3360). A mixed bar with something different: Mexican food, a welcome change from all that Italian cuisine. 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 Roost, 28 Cornelia St. (CH 2-9557). Small, intimate restaurant with a tiny bar. The perfect place to go with someone you love. Int.

Squire's Nook, 18 E. 13th St. east of 5th Ave. (255-4746). 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 Tool Box, 507 West St. at Jane St. (989-9496). The bar seen onstage in "Applause." Dancing, movies and heavy. cruising. 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 remodelling. 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 noon to 4pm Sunday champagne brunches. Int.

Village West, 40 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

The Roadhouse, 570 Hudson St. at W. 11th (CH 3-4214). Give this new friendly Village bar a try. You'll like their wonderful ambience and the great food they serve Monday through Friday from 6 to 10pm. GM

GRAMMERCY PARK

Beau Geste, 239 3rd Ave. at 20th St. (475-9724). A two-level bar/restaurant with an exciting cave-like decor. GM

Leo's Lion, 57 Lexington Ave. at 25th St. (686-9608). Paul hosts at this friendly, reasonably-priced neighborhood pub. Nice people. GM

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 cars. 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. (228-9984). 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 6pm 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.

Love, 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 (846-8922). 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.

STATEN ISLAND

Beachhaven, Seaside Ave., Midland Beach (351-9625).

Bud-Buddy Club, 1400 Clove Rd. (447-0033)

Carming's, 86 Mills Ave. (442-9146).

The Mayfair, 3 Hyatt St., St. George (447-9771).

The Editors Speak

BIASED BOOK REVIEWS

John Leonard, editor of the Sunday *Times Book Reviews,* has messed in his pants, forcing on us literary diarrhea that calls for Airwick.

First, he commissioned Dotson Rader, an "artsy" outsider, to review Donn Teal's painstakingly accurate account of the gay liberation movement, *The Gay Militants.* Rader, whose principal connection with homosexuals, according to his own admission in the *Evergreen Review,* has been that of a passive participant in the act of fellatio, is a poor man's John Rechy.

Teal's book, admittedly, is for scholars and reference devotees, but even so it is a monumental work. Few others could have tackled the job with such precision. Rader, who seeks to earn himself a reputation as a gay lib expert, albeit a semi-straight one, put down Teal's book in his callous Sunday *Times* review. John Leonard would have done better to employ a writer with more meaningful credentials to review the first lengthy history of the gay liberation movement.

But Leonard, in his choice for a reviewer of E.M. Forster's posthumous novel, *Maurice,* has let loose with a stench of even greater magnitude. This would-be-editor chose anti-homosexual crusader Joseph Epstein (author of the "Why I Hate Homosexuals" diatribe in last year's *Harper's* magazine) to provide the public with a supposedly unbiased review of E.M. Forster's book. Epstein, you may recall, said that he would, if he could, *wish homosexuals out of existence.* A Jew playing Hitler. Giving him the front page *Times* review of *Maurice* (October 10, 1971) was, as Dick Leitsch pointed out, like giving a novel by Gore Vidal to be reviewed by William F. Buckley. Did John Leonard expect Epstein, this poor excuse for a critic, to give a fair and accurate appraisal of Forster's work? Hardly.

As long as John Leonard remains editor of the Sunday *Times* book review section, we may count, it seems, on poor treatment of gay books. If you are tired of *Times* patronization, write to that decrepit newspaper and clarify Leonard's idiocy.

NO MORE LESBIAN PHOTOS

It seems only yesterday that Martha Shelley, "self-styled" independent lesbian, took copies of GAY onto the floor at Rutger's University and tore them publicly, denouncing GAY as "sexist," and pointing to a picture of two bare-breasted women as proof.

Now, unfortunately, Ms. Shelley's outrage has been given legal "establishment" sanction by an absurd decision of the U.S. Court of Appeals which ruled (October 7, 1971) that explicit portrayals of lesbian sexual activity in magazines is "obscene" under general guidelines passed down by the U.S. Supreme Court.

Judges Harold Leventhal, George Mackinnon, and Chief Judge David Bazelon have stated in their opinion that photographs of two females shown "undressing, caressing, fondling and embracing" contained a "dominant appeal to prurient interest and . . . exceed contemporary community standards."

Explicit photographs of sexual activities among adults, it seems, have become today's heretical reading matter. The Middle Ages, replete with their tendency to book burnings, have reincarnated. Pictures, which might lead adults away from the beaten path of conventional sexuality, are being condemned. GAY deplores this trend, and is pessimistic about a reversal in the U.S. Supreme Court. Already, the highest court in the land is showing the reactionary, ugly face of Nixonian policies. Nixon's latest appointees will reinforce and continue this trend.

Navy Man Fights General Discharge

BY PERRIN SHAFFER

Annapolis, Maryland—On October 6th, the Navy informed Dental Technician Ronald Lynn Stinson (see "Naval Commander Peeps and Tells," Vol. 2, No. 60) that he would receive a general discharge two days later. Stinson has refused the discharge papers. His American Civil Liberties Union lawyer will ask a federal court to obtain a fully honorable discharge for Stinson as well as for other Gays similarly discharged from the services. This may be the first time that a Gay has applied to a court for an honorable discharge.

On September 8th, a Navy Administrative Discharge Board recommended that the Bureau of Navy Personnel (BUPERS) give Stinson a general discharge. The "evidence"—four photos of Stinson having sex—came from Stinson's former lover, who had threatened such action if Stinson broke with him. Despite the admittance by the five officers on the Discharge Board of Stinson's unblemished record, they voted 3-2 for a general discharge. The two dissenters voted for an undesirable discharge. Captain R.D. Steele, Commanding Officer of the Annapolis Naval Station, could have upgraded the recommendation to "honorable" before forwarding it to BUPERS, but he chose instead to rubber-stamp it.

The week before the discharge was to be given, BUPERS requested Stinson to undergo a psychiatric examination. Unlike the outside world, where professional ethics exist, an armed services psychiatrist is as likely to keep confidences as a Gay who's tricked with a celebrity. Stinson's lawyer, John Keats, smelled a Navy rat. Sensing that BUPERS was attempting to pry loose some information with which to buttress its intended less-than-honorable discharge, Keats advised Stinson to deny the request. BUPERS says that the denial fulfills the Navy's procedural requirements and completes the case record.

Similarly, Keats advised Stinson to also deny a BUPERS request to sign his discharge papers. Keats felt that it would signify acquiescence. However, Stinson was then told that the administrative officer of the Annapolis Naval Station will order him to sign. Keats has okayed this, "because our position all along has been that he's the good sailor."

Although Stinson could receive full benefits under the G.I. Bill of Rights, the Navy definition of "general discharge" reveals why its recipients are so often unemployed or under-employed: "A general discharge is a separation from the service under honorable conditions issued to a member discharged . . . whose military record is not sufficiently meritorious to warrant an honorable discharge."

Every year, some 2700 Gays receive less-than-honorable discharges. Gays contacting Frank Kameny have never received such discharges. Because of a 1969 Supreme Court decision (O'Callahan vs. Parker), the armed services can no longer try a serviceman for a civilian crime committed off-base and off-duty. Only the Navy still threatens Court-Martial and prison if a Gay won't accept an undesirable discharge. Kameny threatens to publicly expose this threat unless the Navy retains the Gay or grants him a fully-honorable discharge. Until now, the Navy has agreed. Because of Stinson, Kameny is exposing the practice and demanding Court-Martial of Navy personnel responsible for "unlawful threats of a Constitutionally impermissible Court-Martial."

Nudie Book Czar On Bond

BY PERRIN SHAFFER

Washington, D.C.—While the September 27 issue of GAY was going to press, Dr. Herman Lynn Womack was being freed on bond (see Volume 2, No. 60, "Guild Guide Publisher Jailed"). Judge Barrington D. Parker set these conditions for Womack's release pending appeal:

1. *He must continue to reside in Washington, D.C.*
2. *He must not publish any more publications such as those declared "obscene" at his trial.*
3. *He must dissociate himself from his Guild Press, which published the "obscene" works, and from his Potomac News, which distributed them.*

Although Womack was in jail for weeks before bond was granted, he occupied a private room at the jail's hospital. His heart condition asserted itself on his second day in jail. The general consensus is that the greatly overcrowded D.C. jail could cause a heart condition, if one didn't already have it.

The 2½ to 7½ year sentence dealt Womack means that he could be paroled within 2½ to 7½ years after entering jail. Frank Kameny believes that the sentence would have been less, had the trial not been by jury. In cases of "controversy," the *plaintiff* chooses whether the defendant shall be tried by judge or jury, rather than the defendant choosing. There will be no jury at the U.S. Court of Appeals, at which Womack will be tried next.



Dr. Herman Lynn Womack

GAY

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T.C. Jones Is Dead!

Duarte, California—T.C. Jones, female impersonator famed for his accurate mimicking of such actresses as Tallulah Bankhead, Bette Davis and Katherine Hepburn, died of cancer on September 25. He was fifty years old and is survived by his wife, Connie.

T.C. (for Thomas Craig) Jones served in the U.S. Navy and later attended Carnegie Tech's drama school. He made his Broadway debut dancing in the chorus of "My Dear Public" and still later toured as a comedian with Imogene Coca in "Polonaise."

Between stage jobs Mr. Jones did his female impersonations in clubs and eventually became so well known he headlined shows in Las Vegas and was featured on the Ed Sullivan, Jackie Gleason, Steve Allen and other television shows. These appearances catapulted him into Leonard Sillman's "New Faces of 1956" on Broadway, a show which established Mr. Jones as both a star in his own right and one of the two greatest female impersonators of our times. (The other, of course, is Lynn Carter.)

Mr. Jones' one-man show, "Mask and Gown" (one critic said "it may be a one-man show, but there are a hell of a lot of women in that man") toured the world during the Fifties and Sixties, stopped on Broadway in 1957, then toured the nation's summer stock theatres. Later Jones played the female lead in a San Francisco production of "Blithe Spirit" and appeared in a number of films including "Unlocked Window" and "The President's Analyst."

The passing of T.C. almost marks the death of a whole art form and special genre of theatre, according to some connoisseurs.



T.C. Jones: "We'll miss you dahling!"

"The whole point of it," said Billy Kamp, a former professional impersonator who criss-crossed the nation for years making the rounds of the clubs, "was to astound. We tried to look and act like women, to convince the audience that they were looking at women. The kicker came at the end of the show, when we took off our wigs, or exposed our breasts as false, and stood there as men. That was the magic and that's what the audiences loved. People loved to be fooled in the theatre."

T.C. Jones maintained the magic. He had a fantastic collection of costumes, some of them reportedly given him by the actresses he mimicked, and a huge assortment of wigs. The climax of his act came when, after an evening of appearing to be a woman, he swept off his wig to reveal a masculine, very shiny, bald head. There would be a moment of stunned silence broken by a few gasps, then thunderous applause.

More graphically than woman's lib or the entire process of psychiatrists and anthropologists, T.C. Jones demonstrated that the main difference between male and female roles lay in clothes, mannerisms and body movements. Perhaps it was inevitable that his career peaked in the Fifties when gender role playing oppressed men and women so much. Mr. Jones satirized those roles and audiences all over the world loved him for it.

Today, when the art of female impersonation has degenerated, for the most part, into bearded men wearing outrageous make-up and overly-padded bras, becoming caricatures of women; semi-sex changes with hormone-induced or silicone-injected breasts, and drag queens mouthing lyrics while Barbra Streisand records play off-stage, T.C. Jones will be missed. Not only could he impersonate women, he could accurately mimic specific women. No doubt his mourners include Bette Davis, who once said T.C. Jones did a better Bette Davis routine that she could.

Los Angeles Police Use New Technique

Los Angeles, California—How can a dedicated vice squadder nail a homosexual if the "lousy fag" is too smart to get caught in a public place?

Or to allow a stranger into his car, or into his home?

Call him up.

This new technique in the Los Angeles Gestapo's appointed mission of sanitizing Sodom has pulled in a second respected leader of the increasingly jittery gay community here.

Robert Humphries, an ebullient, upfront, forthrightly homosexual do-gooder whose judgment seems not always the soundest, was busted in the home of a friend October 5th, minutes after he pretended to go along with an anonymous phone call reeking of enticement.

The charge was the usual one: soliciting an act of prostitution. Penalty on copout: $100 and sign up as a known sex deviate.

Humphries, 37, is the founder and "director-general" of the United States Mission, a loose band of unaffiliated Christians who do welfare and charity work among the needy of all sexual persuasions. As most of its missionaries are gay, most of the assistance runs in the direction of needy or fucked-up homosexuals.

Humphries got hit, however, not for his devotion to his principles but because of his sense of humor.

He belated followed his friend, Rev. Richard Nash, into the bucket (for an hour) as the result of his contribution to the defense fund Los Angeles gays were trying to raise on behalf of Nash. The Unitarian-Universalist minister was busted in July on the same count, but in Pershing Square, a free-fire zone for the zealous plainclothesman. (See Issue No. 61.)



Robert Humphries

Humphries, whose calling keeps him perpetually broke and begging, offered up his unique contribution to The Cause in the form of a mimeographed, widely distributed statement on U.S. Missionary Stationery. It read, it part:

"We believe that Rev. Nash or the officer (who busted him) or both have the absolute right to commercialize sex with each other, or with others, singly, jointly, or in groups, and that this right belongs, God-given, to every human being . . .

"In demonstration of solidarity with Rev. Nash, we hereby undertake to provide oral or anal copulation for anyone submitting proof of a donation fo $20 to a religious institution of his or her choice, along with a statement from the person in charge of the recipient institution indicating awareness that the donation stems from prostitution. This is appropriate to a long tradition of temple prostitution which has prevailed in India from before Christ."

Humphries says neither he nor anyone he knows took the "offer" as anything but a jibe at the futility of California's 19th Century sex laws.

But a tireless local queen who was then writing a gay "news" column for the Los Angeles *Free Press* reproduced it verbatim, including the phone number and the post office box through which such assignations could be arranged.

Nobody cared except the vice squad—and only weeks later. The timing was significant.

On October 4th, Nash's attorneys petitioned Los Angeles Municipal Court for a writ of discovery which would force the fuzz to let them look at all the written material connected with his charge.

The next day Humphries happened to be at the downtown Fourth Street home of Gay Liberation Front leader Morris Kight, gay movement citadel and the object of constant police surveillance. Humphries had used his friend Kight's phone number in his "offer."

He was summoned to the phone. The caller was young, horny, lonely, a stranger in town with $20 to spare. Was the offer still good?

Humphries—remember, he's not the coolest of heads—pretended to go along with the gag. He agreed to meet the nameless stud immediately at the post office box (one Kight uses) to confirm that the money had been paid to and receipted by an authentic churchman.

Twenty minutes later, when it became obvious that Humphries wasn't going to leave Kight's place, two young men in casual clothes appeared at the door, asked for Humphries, and arrested him for having solicited one or the other of them.

While Kight was phoning around for a a bail bondsman, an anonymous call came from him. The message was the same. Kight said something like, "This is no date referral service," hung up and went to meet the bondsman at Rampart Division police station.

Sprung on $625 bail, Humphries reported that the second call had been made in his presence, at the station, by the same pair who had arrested him.

(Dick Nash later told GAY that he himself had gotten the same proposition at his unlisted number from a man who said, "Morris told me to call you.")

It looks like a winter of show trials ahead in sunny Sodom. And, in the matter of the telephone bit, a possible launching toward the U.S. Supreme Court.

The David Susskind Follies

BY JOHN P. LeROY

The last time David Susskind did a panel discussion on homosexuality, he omitted the women. This was the night of atonement. The topic was lesbianism, and seven courageous women were thrown into the arena of television land to let the public know that lesbians are people. Having attended the taping in a cramped overly air-conditioned studio, I can only echo Gregory Battcock's pronouncement upon his being a panelist under similar circumstances: Things were really what they seemed. What I witnessed at the studio is the way the show will come across your TV unless sponsors and censors interfere.

A partisan audience was on hand. Before we went on the air Susskind admonished us not to misbehave or else he would have to get rid of us, which was like asking the crowd at a football game not to cheer when their team scores. With many familiar faces from GAA, the gay press, and Women's Lib groups in the audience, it looked as if I were about to witness the twentieth century version of a gladiator combat, where the seven women panelists were nervously preparing to do battle with whatever verbal thrusts Susskind was to throw at them. The director counted down. Grand music faded up. Titles flashed across the monitors. We were On The Air.

Susskind gave his introduction. "Tonight we will discuss Lesbianism. We have seven lesbians. They are all actively engaged in trying to change the laws and public attitudes. We will discuss their life styles and their goals." The panelists were Lilli Vincenz, who formerly contributed to GAY and who made the movie "Gay and Proud," Rachel Parker, Barbara Gittings, who is liberating the libraries by making them include more and better gay literature, Lynne Kupferman, a secretary, Reverend Angora Kennedy, a Unitarian black minister who was married twice and is the mother of five children, Anna Savato, vice president of Kalos, Connecticut's most active pro-gay group, and Barbara Love, who co-authored the book *Sappho Was a Right-On Woman*.

Though I'd like to be able to relate the program blow-by-blow (no pun intended), I can only point out a few of the highlights and sum up my reaction to the whole affair. Susskind asked the panelists to mark the point in time when they became homosexual, and Barbara Love asked David when he became heterosexual. David copped out, and Barbara Gittings exposed the ridiculous question by simply stating that you realize what you like to do sexually as you grow up. There is no moment of decision—only an act of self-recognition. She went on to say that there is a growing trend for lesbians to view their way of life as something good, right, moral, and natural. The audience broke into applause. Susskind, feeling outnumbered, tried to quiet us down by reminding us of how much time we were taking away from the discussion. It wasn't necessary, for the reaction of the audience was very much a part of the discussion.

The topic ambled around to how one tells one's mother, and the women said they met the issue honestly. One of the panelists wanted to bring home her proposed lover.

"Did you ever feel that homosexuality is a sickness?" asked Susskind. None of the women felt sick by being lesbians, only annoyed by the attitudes of the "straights." Those panelists who did see psychiatrists were told that there was nothing really wrong with them with regard to their sex lives, though they tried to help them with other problems. It was emphasized that being "cured" was not the goal of therapy. Barbara Gittings added that psychiatrists are often unscientific, their samples are biased, and they have no direct experience with gay life in general.

The discussion shifted to the problems of employment and whether or not to let the "straight" world know. Lynne, a secretary for a publishing house, had no problem since her homosexuality was revealed in the *New York Times* literary supplement, and Barbara railed against the lies in the library, for she tried to make an honest enquiry into what she was, and told of grotesque studies where the size of the arms, neck and craniums of gays and straights were compared in hopes of finding some differentiating factor.

All the panelists agreed that such gay groups as GAA, the DOB, and various organizations on college campuses were of tremendous help. Angora Kennedy, who is a black lesbian, tied in the movement toward black nationalism, women's lib, and gay lib as important factors in helping those like herself achieve a greater degree of self-respect.

Susskind then told us that he'd be very upset if he found out his children were gay, for he regards it as a sickness derived from some form of family disorganization. The audience hissed. Susskind refused to discuss why, but admitted that he would not throw them out of the household. Differences in opinion resulted from the meaning of coming out. The talk then grew labored over whether or not homosexuals are sick, immoral, and wrong, or whether or not it is society that is at fault.

A refreshing change was introduced when Dr. George Weinberg, a frequent contributor to these pages, asked the panel if there were any advantages to being a lesbian. One of the women found that feeling good about it to be enough of an advantage. Another panelist emphasized the independence she experienced at not having to raise and support a family. Susskind shifted the discussion to role playing. He touched on a sensitive issue. Is there a boy-dominant, girl-passive role in lesbian relationships? It was admitted to go on to some extent, but Lilli Vincenz emphasized that there was less of it than in heterosexuality. Nevertheless Susskind kept harping on a pseudo-husband-wife syndrome, for he was obviously trying to demonstrate a popular stereotype, and show that it was valid. When he asked if one of the partners had a crew-cut, he was hissed and laughed at.

Barbara Gittings gave a very cogent explanation. She found it necessary to dress as a boy upon her first arrival in New York because she felt it was expected of her if she was to make contact with other lesbians. There was nothing other than the popular stereotype to go on at the time. This sort of thing is rapidly disappearing and, Barbara added, it is a good thing that it is. Angora Kennedy praised the women's lib movement for making artificial roles less important. Susskind asked if her lover was emphatic and energized as she was. He reacted not at all to what she said, but the confident way she said it.

Again, the discussion became labored and confused as the panel groped for a way of defending homosexual unions without falling into stereotypes or making them seem ridiculous. One panelist characterized them as friendships. Susskind kept baiting them by asking the panel if they wanted to marry their lovers. A round of applause was drawn when they unanimously agreed that whatever they may be, lesbians are not going to conform to heterosexual values.

Having exhausted the topic, Susskind shifted to the impact of women's and gay liberation on their personal lives, and all agreed that gay bars were less necessary, and that gay groups at colleges and universities had helped tremendously. Angora Kennedy reported that she had a positive experience being the mother of five children, and felt no need to hide her homosexuality. She would encourage her children to develop sexually in whatever way seemed natural to them, even if it meant that they too might become gay.

Barbara Gittings went a step further and positively stated that society should make no effort to repress homosexual inclinations in any child or adolescent. Approval should be given to both gay and straight relationships. Another panelist saw homosexuality as society's problem, not the homosexual herself.

Susskind again stated his conviction that homosexuality is a sickness, and a round of vituperation ensued. The panelists tried to make Susskind appear narrow-minded and doctrinaire, but oversimplified the issue in the heat of the debate. It was Barbara Love who bailed things out by flatly accusing Susskind of imposing his value judgments on the whole discussion. The audience applauded, and Bob Ruecker of GAA got up to ask a question, but expressed his indignation at the idea that homosexuals are mentally ill and at the biases of psychiatrists.

Susskind took another tack and asked if it's a myth that lesbians hate men. They all agreed that it's definitely a myth. While it was not quite correct to say that they don't reject them, they did admit that they don't relate to them sexually. The panelists were careful not to make themselves exclusive, but indicated a predominant preference.

Another GAA member asked why gay men and gay women can't work more closely together toward common goals. The panelists admitted that the males and the females were rather far apart, but that progress was being made. Angora Kennedy opted for separatism on the grounds that women need to be by themselves so that they can form their own identity and get themselves together before they can feel ready to join in with the men.

Susskind queried some of the straight women who work in his office for questions to ask the lesbian panelists. "How would you feel if you were straight and were approached by a lesbian?" was one of the questions, and one of the panelists met the challenge head-on by replying, "I was straight and I was approached by a lesbian." A terrific roar of laughter followed.

The program concluded with a plea for a change in the image the public has for the homosexual. The audience released its pent-up feeling by giving the panelists a tremendous cheer, followed by the famous GAY POWER chant. Susskind walked off the platform with a sense of relief. He seemed glad to be rid of the situation and looked as if he wondered if there might be a better way to earn a living.

How will the public react? On the whole, I think the impression will be favorable, all things considered, in spite of David Susskind. The women presented themselves with a poise and a sense of self-assurance that demonstrated that they were very much like any self-respecting healthy liberated female. This is all to the good, for not even the most hard-nosed bigot would find very much in the behavior of the panelists that would conform to popular stereotype.

In spite of being labored and somewhat dull in spots (what talk shows aren't?), the views of the lesbians came across, and the public should come away with the impression that homosexuals are people and, aside from what they like to do in bed, they're equal to anyone else, no matter what David Susskind says.



Seven quick-witted women and a dim-witted moderator

What Molly Brown Missed in Denver

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

(The following report on Gay Denver comes from the author of THE GAY INSIDER, A Hunter's Guide to New York and Thesaurus of Phallic Love, *available from The Olympia Press, 220 Park Ave. So., NYC 10003, $2.95 plus 25¢ handling charge.)*

"Gay life in Denver is a bore, the people are uptight, and the only place where anybody shows hard is the Club Baths (at 1359 Court Pl.)," warned a couple of the elegantes associated with the Santa Fe Opera Company when I was about to take off for the Mile High City in the Rocky Mountain Empire.

Some sweet prognosis! Not only that, my letter to the GLF of the U. of Colorado at Boulder had been returned marked "Addressee Unknown," precluding contact, *and* I had already accepted an invitation to stay at the *other* bathhouse, the Club Steam Baths (2935 Zuni St.), from its owner, a man who had introduced himself by telephone as ARCHBISHOP Mark Harding. I could see myself laving off the cum with holy water. Prospects of enjoying myself—let alone getting any varied glimpse of the gay culture in and around Denver—seemed mighty slender.

IT'S HOW YOU APPROACH IT

But once more I discovered that an attitude of getting the most by looking for the best and being determined to swing with what is locally unique—initially forbidding *or* appealing—is the only way to approach unknown territory. That and counting on the kindness of strangers. Denver was heretofore entirely unknown to me, but I came away with a feeling that I belonged there. As an uptight bore who'd found birds of a feather? Hardly. I started swinging (without any plumage at all) from the first half-hour I'd been graciously checked into the handsome, spanking clean, dramatically-lighted, fragrant, and pleasantly located (in a huge corner building) tubs on Zuni far from the madding crowd of downtown Denver, and was still swinging (after a long break) when the attendant gave me my wakeup call the next morning. An hour before breakfast with the Archbishop . . .

My lean and warm-loined first encounter at the baths explained after a delicious mating that he didn't go to the bars himself, but that he had heard good things about the Pirate's Den a few blocks away at 1705 Federal Blvd. (Use back door, it's located behind the straight Jolly Roger.) I raced over in the car provided by a friend from California who was working on the same movie I was then doing in Santa Fe —only to encounter an all-but-empty parking lot.

A DUDE, BUT NOT FROM DUDE CITY

A radiant blond in his early twenties—fresh and comely as one of the forbidden fauna of Dude City in Hollywood, whom I expected because of his Coast Look to be unapproachable like so many stunners you find in Southern California, those who assume you are on the make if you smile and say hello, slid into the seat of his pumpkin-colored sports car and started the motor. I nevertheless approached him and asked if this was the Den.

He smiled. A friendly, warm, welcoming smile, and replied, "This is the place, but they close at eight."

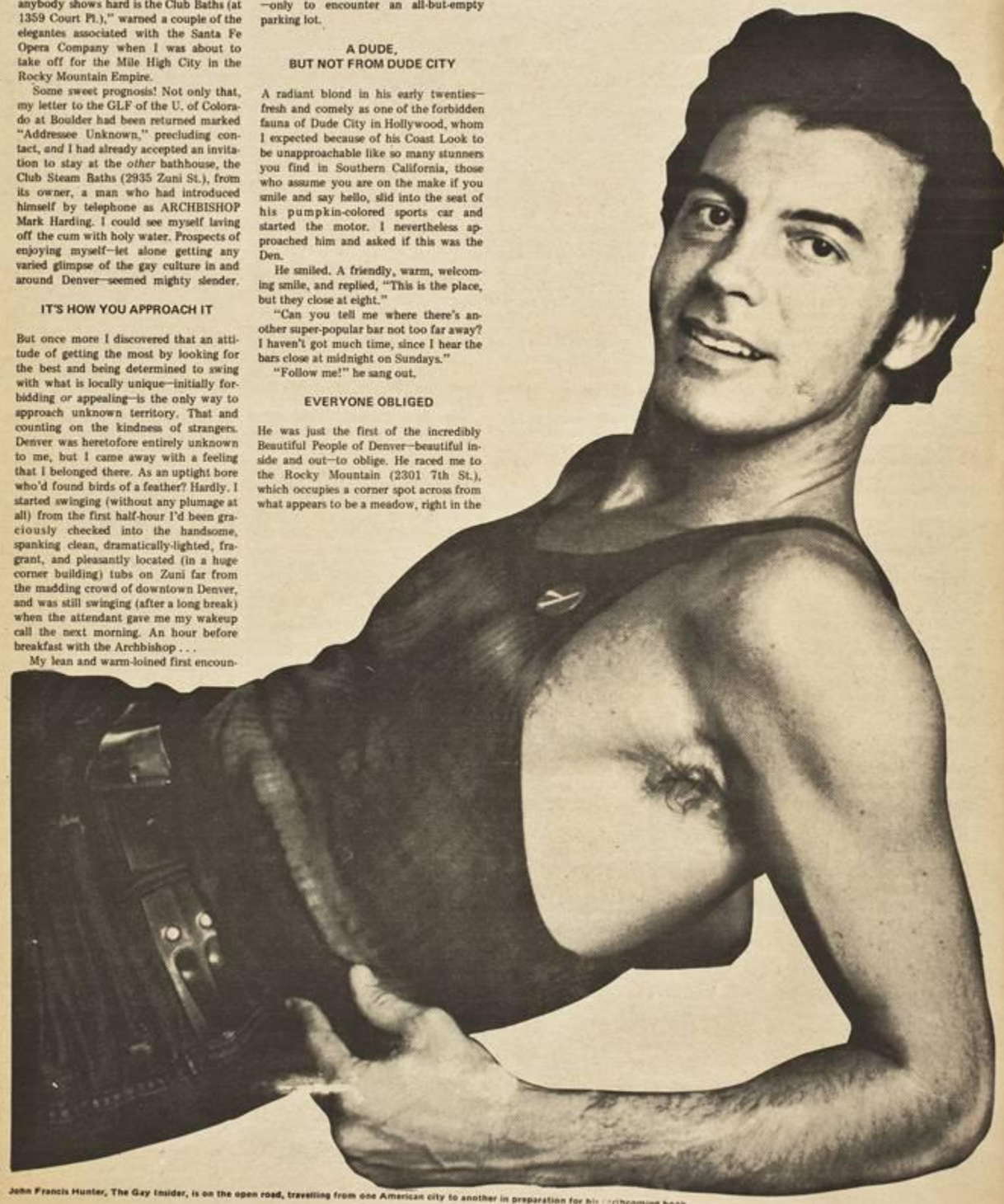
"Can you tell me where there's another super-popular bar not too far away? I haven't got much time, since I hear the bars close at midnight on Sundays."

"Follow me!" he sang out.

EVERYONE OBLIGED

He was just the first of the incredibly Beautiful People of Denver—beautiful inside and out—to oblige. He raced me to the Rocky Mountain (2301 7th St.), which occupies a corner spot across from what appears to be a meadow, right in the city. It's like a country tavern. Inside I was immediately struck by the lively, fun-loving atmosphere, of a kind which I was to discover in each of the succession of bars I was accidentally scheduled to visit that night: laughing lesbians shooting pool, animated youths every bit as splendid-looking as my guide, relaxed and alert older men, and a bartender, Keith, who deserved every bit of attention he got.

Instead of trying to shake me once he had brought me to my destination, my guide introduced me around—and within ten minutes I had been invited to join a party of his friends headed for Colorado Springs and the Exit 21 there (2028 Sheldon Ave.).



John Francis Hunter, The Gay Insider, is on the open road, travelling from one American city to another in preparation for his forthcoming book.

I was also introduced to a slim but motherly-looking woman (pre-Revolutionary, that is) in her late fifties or early sixties who had followed me in with a party of young men, and told that she owned the Pirate's Den.

We shook hands and both turned away—since on either side there were people talking with us. Suddenly there was a drink in front of me—"From Vivian," explained the charming Keith.

EXPOSED MYSELF

That is when I decided, because of the time limitations, to announce that I was writing a book (the forthcoming *THE GAY INSIDER U.S.A.*) and wanted to ask a few questions about the bars, etc. Usually I'd rather remain incognito—and especially in a town characterized as "uptight." Which can mean "syndicate."

"This may turn you off because you may be sensitive about publicity—," I began.

Far from it. In another ten minutes,



Denver—surrounded by mountains—is a city of free spirits.



Vivian, who proved to be one of the sweetest and friendliest women who ever walked, and I were leaving the Rocky Mountain—of which she is also part owner—for a grand tour of the bars of Denver. She was carrying a wad of bills that would have put a Studio Bookshop dildo to shame, but there wasn't a moment's hesitation about getting into the car with me, an utter stranger.

Of course, another car filled with her loyal retinue from the Den—described locally as "a gay family place where everyone is treated like a special guest"—came along as a discreet convoy. The people who work for Vivian adore her, are inclined to protect her—and then prove to be just as magnanimous as she is once they have checked you out and found you're "good people."

ON THE TOWN WITH VIVIAN

It was a whirlwind tour, and everywhere we were greeted as honored guests, first because of Vivian and next because the bar owners were delighted to give out information. Where there isn't apparent syndicate-police collusion, but rather truly free gay enterprise, people vie for gay patronage. There were no mugs at the doors, no skeptical queens waiting tables who were put off by Vivian's consistent "exposure" of me as "a writer from New York who's writing about the gay life here."

Whether it was ouR-Den at 5110 W. Colfax (where leather is western is indiginous), the similar Triangle (I just can't locate the address in my notes, but I remember Russ, who runs it), or the folksy Cherry Creek Tavern at 1301 Lawrence (where on Monday night you can devour a nickel dinner, home-cooked, and every night dance and do the polka with "Mama," the owner's mother), it was the same: STRANGER IN TOWN? WELCOME TO DENVER. HOPE YOU SAY NICE THINGS ABOUT IT, BECAUSE WE LOVE IT!

Briefly, the texture of other popular Denver bars is as follows: Court Jester, at 1617 Court Pl., somewhat elegant (with or without the "piss," as you see it); Capitol Lounge, at 1518 Broadway, rough or, maybe, "raunchy." Side-by-Side is a big, brassy, busy dance bar, with facilities for drag shows, and attracts a cross-section of the young and hip and bearded and black and funkily-dressed gays from the entire wide spectrum of Denver gay life. Not to be missed, and also a grand way to end an evening, being heavily cruised. Vivian excused herself the last half hour, quite obviously to leave me to make out. But that was done back at the baths and, despite my usual *ordinary* luck at the baths, with quite an *extraordinary* body-builder who had a sense of humor and a desire to talk before *and* after. Definitely a sense of humor: I had forgotten my plastic traveling vial of baby oil, and so we had to fuck with Crest!

WHY ARE DENVERITES NICE?

Just why the Beautiful People of Denver are so personable was explained to me by the aforementioned Archbishop Harding after breakfast at the manse which adjoins/contains the ornate little chapel of the Catholic Life Church (2257 W. 32nd St.).

Claimed the rotund, jolly and outspoken Harding—who is anything but the pompous or lunatic cleric I had expected him to be: "It somewhat ties in with our natural environment. We are so close to the wide-open resort areas and the soaring mountains that attract all kinds of people we can't afford to be xenophobic. Tourism is the number one industry of this state. We've become the ski capital of the U.S., and the gay skiers flock here with the others. The gay people here have a wide choice of lifestyles to pick from: the hillbilly life with shit-kicking music all the way up to being quite arty. Basically speaking, once they get organized here, gay people can be themselves. No facades really necessary, because Denverites tend to take you for what you are—and respect you if you're a good citizen.

"The Spanish-American represents a large percent of the gay community in this town, and Chicanos aren't repressed about their gayness when they're really out of the macho closets. Also there are a lot of blacks who are both Panthers and active in gay organizations.

"The Gay Lib people (of Denver *and* Boulder, which *does* have an active group during the school year, but not very radical) may gather four or five hundred up at a ranch outside Denver, while at the same time the bars are swinging in town. There is some cliquishness here, but it's breaking down as the so-called closet queens—the successful professional people my age—are getting quietly involved themselves."

Quietly involved?

NO GAY POWER SHOW

"There's never been a gay parade or demonstration, and the reason is not so much that the straights aren't ready to respond, it's that the gays are making progress in other ways. This is a city where you get more done working quietly and building a respect for yourself and your organization."

Harding reminded me that Colorado is the third state officially to sign in the adult consenting law, which will go into effect in July of 1972.

"The governor didn't sign this (overwhelmingly supported, in the legislature) law just for homosexuals, though," he maintained. "He signed it, too, for the man and woman who want to chase each other around a king-sized bed in the privacy of their own home and to do 'whatever.' He signed it because of the probationary officers who might have some sexual secrets they don't want anyone to know about."

As for his own church, founded in 1969 and chartered in 1971 as in "independent Catholic communion," with a congregation composed of roughly half homosexuals and the other half "just anything, happily coexisting together," it was created as an outreach to homosexuals and other minorities. It operates without collections, tithes or pledges—just donations in a box on the wall. It also plays host, down the street at its newly-renovated community house, to the MCC of Denver—whose pastor, Rev. Ronald Carnes, I met over coffee with Harding.

HARDING HAS BUSINESSES

The religious leader's largesse and indifference to squeezing dollars out of his parishioners (whom he serves through what he terms " a ministry of listening") may be partly due to the fact he owns two successful businesses of a somewhat different nature from his church: the baths where I happily stayed and the Ace Books & Arcade at 920 18th St., an adult book store and mini-movie house.

Harding finds no paradox in this situation. "We do not believe there's anything wrong with pornography. Sinning is in the eye of the beholder. If something (pornography) depicts people as they are it cannot be a lie and cannot be harmful . . . You cannot separate the spiritual, the aesthetic, you've got to take the whole pie. We can build fences around animals, but not around human beings. Hitler tried that . . ."

SERVED IN ANOTHER UNIFORM

This colorful priest—who was once a nurse after he left the R.C. church because its priests "speak out of two sides of their mouths, condemning homosexuality, then sneaking into the baths to do their thing"—sums up his views about sexual morality with this anecdote:

"A man came to me after looking at some heterosexual pornography, worried that he might be gay because it drove him to the point of masturbating. I was baffled as to why he was concerned, if it was straight stuff that turned him on. He said, 'My mother and father told me that if I masturbated I was going to grow up and be queer.' All I could say back to him was, 'Son, I believe in the Fourth Commandment that tells you to honor thy father and thy mother. But please note it ends there. It doesn't say that you've got to honor their ignorance!' "

Harding expresses entire sympathy with activism and proudly marched on Sacramento with his California brethren in July. He also rode (like monumental Queen Salote of Tonga at the last British coronation, I would suspect) atop a flower-decked limousine in the Christopher Street Liberation Day West parade. Moreover, he fought against police harassment of the baths in Denver and successfully got a court order prohibiting police from capricious "inspection" of such places on an old health code ordinance. Once the cops could enter at will, but now their coming in—with credentials and on specific business—is restricted to "reasonable" hours. Harding went to court represented by an expert lawyer (straight, and with whom I talked at length about the "free climate of Denver"), and says:

HIP JUDGES IN DENVER

"Ours is a happy ending to a legitimate struggle. For one thing, two district court judges refused to be appalled by the word homosexual."

Admittedly, drag queens can't leave a stage, mingle with customers or walk down a street, while there is no legislation against "women's dressing as men—which makes the law ipso facto unconstitutional as it applies to one and not the other," a situation which Harding deplores. No one has done anything about it yet.

"Still there is little harassment of gays cruising around the State Capitol grounds —known as 'Sodomy Circle'—or in Cheeseman Park or City Park, east end off Colorado St., or at the Washington Park pavilion by North Lake."

A very butch leather type who "regretted" I had to leave Denver so soon and couldn't experience "our scene," sounded the only cautious note I heard, when he suggested that my long (then) hair "might put off some Denverites in some of the bars." But, he added, "they're still willing to try to get to know you here, however you dress. I think you're a damned nice guy, and *as* such I'd like to fuck you."

That kind of thing is neither boring nor uptight in my book—and isn't *rank* sexism, if you ask me. But I'll go deep into *that* subject and what the extremes of opinion are on it in California, for instance, when I report on raps with gays there regarding my willingness to be a judge at the 1971 Groovy Guy Contest.

Student Gays File Suit

BY PERRIN SHAFFER

College Park, Md.—On Sept. 29th, the Student Homophile Association (SHA) filed suit against the governing body of the University of Maryland for denying a $250 funding. The suit is supported by the ACLU. According to Warren Blumenfeld, coordinator of the newly-formed National Gay Student Center, it's probably the only instance in which funds have been denied a recognized gay campus organization.

The inception of the incident was in May and June, when the Student Government Association (SGA) drew up its 1971-72 budget. $458,000 was expected to be realized from the $18 annual activities fee levied on each student by the university at the start of the school year. SHA, founded last year, was one of 30 organizations slated to receive funds. However, this was the first time that the university's governing body, the Board of Regents, was to approve the budget, owing to pressure from the Maryland state legislature. Constituents had told the legislature that they didn't think SGA was properly allocating funds in the state-owned university. Consequently, when SGA submitted its budget to the budget committee of the Board of Regents, the committee recommended that the regents cut the SHA appropriation at its September 17th meeting. Louis L. Kaplan, a member of the budget committee and chairman of the Board, explained that "We have received hundreds of letters objecting to that kind of funding. We made no moral judgment." Campus homophiles reading that statement in the September 6th issue of the university's daily *Diamondback* newspaper, thought it a very *im*moral judgment. It sparked another of those intense student-administration confrontations which are one of the hallmarks of the times.

SGA was first to respond. On September 14th, the SGA legislature passed a motion condemning the Board of Regents. SGA president Madison Jones charged that the cut was recommended "strictly on the basis of the sexual orientation that the regents wish to impose on the students. He told the *Washington Star* on September 16 that "The deletion of the money shows the regents are completely out of touch with the campus. They gave us no explicit explanation of why the cut was made." The professional staff of the student activities office and many of the counseling center staff also protested to the regents.



Madison Jones addresses the Board of Regents wearing a long calico skirt.

The September 17th meeting of the Board of Regents in Baltimore revealed how futile such protest was. Since it was open to the public, homophiles (those sympathetic to homosexuals) attended. Jones, who labels himself "basically straight," pleaded for funds wearing a long callico skirt to stress his "personal freedom" as well as support of SHA. Larry Lawton, head of SHA's Actions Committee, reiterated a promise made to the regents several days prior to the meeting: funds would be used only for informational purposes—to set up a library for SHA, to print publicity releases, and to hold an annual symposium. In addition, he read the section of the College Park campus Human Relations Code, which bans discrimination due to sex orientation. Regent Hurley asked the campus Human Relations Director to explain, whereupon Kaplan invoked a board rule which allows only the head of a campus to speak for the administration. But Chancellor Charles E. Bishop was described by one homophile as having suddenly contracted lockjaw. "With so many gays present, maybe he was afraid that if he opened his mouth, a cock would fly in."

As expected, the liberal regents appointed to the Board by Maryland's Governor Mandel were outvoted by the others. Neither Jones, nor Lawton, nor D.C.'s ubiquitous homophile leader, Frank Kameny, could persuade the regents to state their reasons. SHA was the only organization denied funds.

The September 21st editorial in the *Diamondback* verbalized the campus's sense of outrage. It stated that SHA "is a recognized campus group whose members pay their activities fees and it has a constitution on file with the Student Government Association. Thus, it meets every legitimate rule for receiving funds from the activities fee." The editorial quoted Bishop, giving post-meeting reasons for the regents' action, revealing that the regents—and Bishop—did not agree with that campus recognition. He cited "pressure from outsiders," presumably referring to the hundreds of letters sent to the regents. (One observer has commented that "outside agitators" is a term reserved for those who disagree with those in power.) To this politically expedient injury, Bishop added insult. "Bishop compared the student homophiles to Alcoholics Anonymous. 'Both groups have a problem,' he said." He then volunteered a reason for refusing future funding: "SHA . . . is a minority group." The editorial noted that "Women's Liberation and the Black Student Union, which fell in the same basic category, received large sums, however." The stinging conclusion warned that "any minority group can be subjected to similar discrimination, as long as a few off-campus bigots write to their favorite regent."

A few days after the editorial, Frank Kameny presented the issue to the ACLU. Kameny says that it's one of the few legal cases to arise from the 100-some campus gay organizations which have formed since the late 1960's. Since all of the other cases are still in court, there are no legal precedents for SHA.

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"Nice" Shrinks Are Nutty Too!



Sisterhood Feels Good! Dr. Wolff wouldn't approve of these "erotic" lesbians any more than would the U.S. Court of Appeals. (See Editorial)

Loosely About Women

BY SOREL DAVID

LOVE BETWEEN WOMEN by Charlotte Wolff, M.D. St. Martin's Press, New York, New York. 1971, 230 pages.

Love Between Women by Charlotte Wolff, M.D., is beyond a doubt, beyond all shadow of a doubt, a stupid book. Looking across the title page, at the list of credits opposite it, I think I'd like to change that first sentence. *Love Between Women* by Charlotte Wolff, M.D., author of such winners, such all time big hits and old favorites as *The Human Hand, A Psychology of Gesture, The Hand in Psychological Diagnosis*, as well as that well known psychiatric classic, *On The Way To Myself* (a funny thing happened on the way . . .), is beyond all doubt a stupid book. Hands—ay? A thousand terrible dirty jokes immediately come to mind, but I shall restrain myself. I just wanted to indicate, with the inclusion of the author's other titles, the vast and knowledgeable background Dr. Wolff brings to this her purported "scientific study" of the lesbian. The blurb on the back cover claims that "She has been actively concerned with the problem of female homosexuality during the whole of her professional life . . ." That's the tip off right there, the first clue that Dr. Wolff is not the friend and champion of lesbians she claims to be. As anyone who's the least bit hip to what's been going down Gay Liberation wise these past two years knows perfectly well, we are not a problem.

Furthermore, the general sloppiness in style, the numerous unnecessary and romantic generalizations and statements unsupported by fact make it doubtful that Dr. Wolff would recognize a "scientific study" if somebody came up and hit her on the face with one. But at least she's hip to the fact that she's supposed to pretend psychiatry is a science. I remember a couple of shrinks coming to DOB one time, it was just about this time last year, as a matter of fact, who weren't even *that* cool. These morons were trying to pass off a four pronged classification system with Cannibals and Vampires, Utopia Seekers, Players of the Master Game, and Young Colts as the four categories. Who are all these lunatic shrinks and why are they going around town saying all these terrible things about us? But to get back to the specific brand of nonsense in question, in Wolff's first chapter, labelled simply, Background, we find this startling generalization:

Lesbian feelings have two distinct features:

a) Their highly aesthetic quality and reverence for beauty
b) Their intense emotionality. (p. 18)

Obviously she hasn't spent much time hanging around Gianni's when the New Jersey truck driver stompers come in. But to be more serious, the statement is the first indication of an implicit theme running through the book. The woman hates sex, her admiration for lesbians, *and she does seem to admire lesbians*, seems to stem from this notion that we are somehow, non-sexual beings, that lesbians are into this intense emotionality and aesthetic reverence business to the exclusion of the erotic. I don't know where she could have gotten this silly idea, probably from reading too many of Dick Leitch's columns.

Completing the paragraph from which the above quote was taken, Wolff comments, "An element of unavoidable frustration, greater than in male homosexuality, gives lesbianism a tinge of tragedy. (aw gee) It results from the impossibility of complete sexual fulfillment . . ." (p.18) Well, well, back to that again, the old "you're nobody till somebody loves you" with a penis syndrome. But you can easily see what she's into—she's obviously infatuated with some kind of suffering, idealistic, tragic, noble lesbian figure. Indeed, her highest praise is reserved for a woman interviewed in the book, who never had sex or any kind of a real relationship with another woman, but spent her entire lesbian life worshipping various women from afar. "Here was a true idealist," Wolff says, "A woman who had experienced platonic love of such significance and strength that her life was changed . . . She seemed to me as near a saint as a person can possibly be." (p. 108) The poor woman, she may have been close to a saint but she wasn't much of a lesbian, a *nut case* is probably closer to the truth. Dr. Wolff seems to have a penchant for running into these virgin, spinster lesbian types, three out of the five women interviewed in the book reported having been involved in long one-sided platonic love affairs with married heterosexual women at some time during their lives. Where is the voice of the average normally-sexed lumpen-proletariat lesbian? Certainly not here.

Finally in the third chapter we get the famous new theory on lesbianism. Basically it's the old Freudian stuff reworked. Yes gang, *penis envy*, penis envy again, but this time it's justified because males are more highly esteemed in this society. The lesbian rejects the feminine role because it's essentially a losing proposition, she wants to become male in order to secure her mother's love and affection. And so, the up-shot of it all is that us lezzies go merrily along through life look-

continued on page 21

California Law Reform Bypassed

Sacramento, California— The California sex law reform measure, hailed by gays as their "bill of rights," went to its first major test on the legislature's lower house early in October.

It got gangbanged on a bed of Bibles.

The bill, named for its sponsor, San Francisco Democrat Willie Brown, would effectively eliminate penalties for all sex action between consenting persons 18 and older.

Among its added attractions was a provision to abolish Penal Code Section 290, requiring police registration of anyone arrested on a sex charge—regardless of the outcome of the case.

In an Assembly of 79 members, 24 Democrats and two Republicans supported Brown's magnum opus. Twelve Democrats and 29 Republicans killed it. The remaining 22 didn't appear for the showdown, though some of them were visible in the Capitol before and afterward.

The tone of the opposition was set by GOP orators from San Diego and Pasadena, one of whom laid the groundwork in Leviticus, Timothy and I Corinthians. The lines stood firm in the face of an eloquent, unexpectedly high-minded defense from a handful of unlikely supporters who conceded they risked political suicide by voting their consciences over their constituencies.

For Brown, a tenacious, feisty Black, just getting his bill to the floor was a moral victory of sorts. It took him seven years to do it.

While virtually identical legislation was becoming law in Illinois, Connecticut, Colorado, Idaho and Oregon, Brown's three previous presentations of his bill were squashed in assembly committees.

He said he'll try it again next year, but the Los Angeles-San Francisco gay contingent in the galleries was frankly disheartened at that prospect. Election year isn't the time to expect a politician to vote his conscience in California, where the national schizophrenia is in its most advanced stages.

A sidelight on that: The same day the Assembly decided to bypass sexual rights of adults, Ronald Reagan vetoed a bill which would make it easier for public schools to offer instruction in the prevention and cure of VD, now epidemic on even the junior high school level.

Reagan said he felt VD instruction should be in the hands of parents, not outsiders. The measure had passed both houses with virtually no open opposition. But it is now regarded as dead: it is 25 years since a California Legislature has overridden a gubernatorial veto.

New Drug Curbs Sex Urge

BY ERIK LARSSON

Chicago, Ill.—A new drug which curbs the sex drive in men is capturing the attention of criminal court judges in West Germany even before it is certified for public use.

Schering AG., its discoverer, claims to have "successfully" tested the new drug, cyproteronacetate, on 547 men in Switzerland and West Germany, and West German health authorities are expected to rule on public use by the end of the year.

Plans call for Schering Corp. to market the anti-sex drug in the U.S. under the name Androcur. However, Schering and Schering AG. are not related, except for this marketing arrangement.

West Germany is fairly open-minded about sex, but a few pockets of puritanism persist. One former resident reports a West Berlin judge sentencing one man to two years in prison for kissing another man in public three years ago.

Today some West German judges are reported interested in offering the new drug to sex offenders as an alternative to imprisonment.

Discovery of the drug was reported by the *Chicago Daily News* in a dispatch from West Berlin July 30. The report carried Schering AG.'s denial that Androcur is a chemical castrator.

It said the drug, produced as a tablet to be taken daily, inhibits sperm production allegedly without damage to testicles, and that "full sex function is restored" six months after treatment ends.

Schering AG. estimated that 40 per cent of patients will probably be child molesters, both heterosexual and homosexual. Another third are expected to be exhibitionists or exposers. The balance the company projects as rapists, arsonists (who usually have some kind of sex hangup too), peeping Toms and "deviants not necessarily having criminal tendencies, like transvestites."

The drug, which works by countering the male hormone androgen, also shows promise of controlling the male hormone production in women, the kind that can lead to abnormal hair growth and masculinization of the body, the *Daily News* reported. It is this latter use on which Schering Corp. was reported focusing for U.S. distribution.

Prices for Androcur are expected to be high, considering the costs of testing, the small potential market and the great expense of synthesizing the drug, which does not occur in nature.

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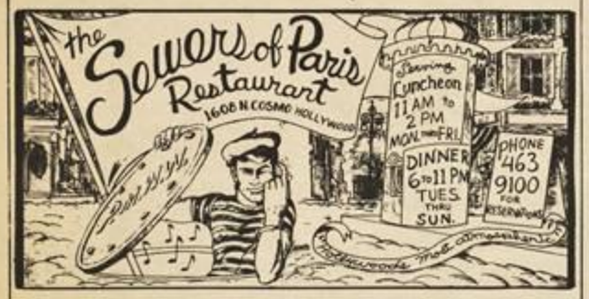

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Washington Winners in the Groovy Guy Contest

Holiday in Washington

continued from page 1

claimed to be a writer for GAY. Leitsch went to get the room changed.

My sister Pat joined us for dinner at the Holiday Inn restaurant which was decorated in a rustic Australian motif. Dick had the liver, which seemed O.K. I had the beef which was all right. Pat and Aaron had steaks which were awful because they ordered them "medium" and that's something you aren't supposed to do. For wine there were two bottles of a decent 1966 Pommard—that was a pleasant surprise.

The contest, scheduled for the "Dixie" room, didn't begin on time, but nobody seemed to care. They had a little bar up there, you see, and who ever heard of a sober judge?

Finally we "judges" took our places, the lights went dim and the thing started. Somebody in leather hot pants, a cowboy hat and a whip did a song and dance number that consisted primarily of snapping the whip at a young man who looked puzzled. So did we. Then there was a number about London, or Royal Guardsmen. In the middle of it a lad, made up to look like a little tin soldier circa 1935, came out and marched around. Somebody else sang a song. The audience, all decked out in ties and jackets, loved it and politely applauded.

At long last the "judges" were introduced. Dick and Aaron were applauded as "columnists for GAY" and I was "a professor from the University of Tennessee." God knows where they got that one.

Then they produced the "Groovy Guys" who were all very nice, but looked pretty much alike to me. Apparently all the judges had trouble telling them apart, but we plunged forward bravely, keenly aware of the embarrassment and ridiculousness of it all. The "Guys" all had short hair, white skin and they were clean shaven. They came out several times—in "jacket and tie" (sic), "jeans and a T-shirt" (sic) and "trunks"(sic). And they made them answer questions so the "judges" could know just how intelligent they were—questions such as "What would you do if your mother saw you walking down the street . . ." and "Are some of your best friends over forty?" Controversial questions that got howls from the audience and shy grins and glances toward heaven from the contestants and very puzzled expressions from our "judges."

It was actually a lot of fun. The contestants deserved silver stars for nerves and bravery, the audience for their admirable restraint toward the judges . . .

Before heading back to Mars, we set out to visit a Gay bar. On the way there, right in front of the Supreme Court, we got a ticket for passing a red light. "Is this any way to treat visitors to Our Nation's Capitol" I demanded. And "We're making a pilgrimage to our shrines of Freedom. You shouldn't give us a ticket." My queries were punctuated by the tinkle of beer bottles falling out of our VW bus to the pavement.

At the motel, the next morning, Dick anxiously woke everybody lest we sleep past "check-out" time. We had an appalling lunch at the Australian restaurant—Aaron ate a disgusting London Broil, Dick toyed with a "turkey roll" sandwich and I nursed a rubbery and totally inedible omelette that was the greasiest thing I ever saw. We had ice water and coffee with artificial cream that contained a lot of chemicals. You'd think somebody in Washington could have invited us over for an elegant brunch. Somebody suggested we see the Kennedy Center. Aaron tried to take some snapshots of us posed in front of the drippy fountain in the parking lot. Obviously he is inept because it would take him so long to focus the thing one's carefully placed smile would turn into stone.

We took the train back. Aaron took some more pictures in the dark, at Dick and me waving good-by from the train. I insisted we get a parlor car. "What's so great about a parlor car?" demanded our adventurous correspondant, Aaron Bates. "Ten dollars extra for *this*? I don't have a job you know. Ten dollars means a lot to me." "So get off at Newark and take the Hudson Tubes. You can get a refund," I suggested, helpfully.

* * * * *

My friend Martin Ries, who used to direct the Hudson River Museum in Yonkers and live in a nine room rent controlled apartment on West 145th Street, recently moved to New Rochelle and at the same time got fired from the Hudson River Museum. The move to the suburbs really changed his life. (And the lives of his wife and children too; apparently they all went crazy.) Recently Martin sent me two complimentary tickets to the NEW ROCHELLE POLICE BENEFIT DANCE (i.e., The Policemen's Ball). Following is the "thank you" letter I wrote to Martin:

Dear Dr. Ries:
We find it difficult to express our appreciation for your kindness in sending us the complementary "badges" to the New Rochelle Policemen's Ball at Glen Island Casino. It's been some time since we enjoyed an evening with old friends at Glen Island and this affair is one we regret very much having to miss.

Those fond memories of Glen Island! We recall those gentle mornings when, one and all, we would squeeze into the family car and with grandma clutching her pretty bonnet in the rumble seat, set forth to enjoyable forenoons of relaxxation under spreading oaks and blue spruce pines clinging to the banks of the Sound. Those were the days!

Who could forget the time mother (how overworked she was, but never complaining) forgot the salt? Daddy even pretended he hadn't noticed—that's how much of a gentleman he was! Grandma was the first to discover mother's oversight but she too—a grand lady to the very end—was loath to bewail mother's carelessness. Familial devotion knows no bounds!

Remember the summer of '46? And the fine afternoon that sister (a sore loser at gin rummy, wasn't she?) caught Bobby's eye? It was a perfect summer, back in '46 and love was in the air. And very much in sister's gaze!

Of course, the object of sister's attentions and the gleam in sister's eye was a black chick from Spanish Harlem. It was enuf to give poor, beautiful and gentle grandmother a coronary, but the "dilemma" was accepted by mother as an illustration "'. . . of God's love for all his children . . .' Mother saw love everyplace—even in a bottle!

Indeed, God's love knows no bounds! May God be with "New Rochelle's Finest" during their well deserved respite from the rigors of maintaining law and order. And may He watch over our brave, widowed mother (currently dragging sister through the courts to snatch away daddy's inheritance) and may He bestow upon our local police the energy and conviction to ". . . go in and get those niggers before they get us."

May He be with you.
Sincerely yours,
Gregory Batteock
Associate Professor of
Fine Arts.

CHEERS!

Draft Resister Counsels Hundreds

BY DONALD WARMAN

Los Angeles, Calif.—"The draft is falling apart faster than thev can pull it together."

Peter Sorgen is convinced that his statement is a fact. If it is, he has done at least as much as any other man in the United States to make it true.

Sorgen claims—and his files bear him out—to have kept nearly a thousand young homosexuals out of the draft during hs five-year crusade-career in gay draft counseling.

The portly, 35-year-old Army veteran and former salesman is acknowledged by lawyers, psychiatrists and counseling services throughout the west as a specialist's specialist on an avenue many of them admit they are afraid to travel. Sorgen not only goes the route with his clients, he beats the bushes along the way, looking for more.

Until recently, Sorgen was averaging three or four counselings a week in his Hollywood hotel room with youths who had read ads in the underground press paid for by the Gay Liberation Front under the heavy catch line *Revolutionary Homosexual Draft Resistance.*

Actually, Sorgen's summer was routine. The selective service law had expired and Congress was contemplating its collective navel on the meaning of it all. Then Congress decided to fuck 'em all one more time around, and Sorgen's business is booming.

He couldn't be happier. "*Now* is the time to get them," Sorgen exults. *Them,* to him, is the military. "The courts are amenable to protest and appeal. *They* haven't got the guts to protest or appeal anything.

"Then there's this gimmick in the new draft law. A kid entering college this year, or in the future, doesn't necessarily get a deferment. That's how goddam desperate they are. And it'll shake up the kids plenty."

Sorgen really operates on two fronts. He spends half his time getting acknowledged homosexuals separated from the armed forces so smoothly that no scars are left. That involves letter-writing, long-distance counseling and application of pressure in high places.

But he prefers to process his clients before they get into the service at all. "Save them the fuckin' hassle I went through," he mutters.

The basis of his pitch to the reluctant draftee is contained in the Los Angeles GLF's draft resistance guide. The personal interviews—usually only one is necessary and seldom runs beyond half an hour—are Sorgen's acknowledgement that no two cases are exactly alike. (See accompanying story.)

Sorgen's results are impressive. "I've talked to a thousand guys. I know I got 950 of them free of it. I put the rest on appeal, and I think I got half of those off, too. They usually don't bother to tell me what finally happened."

That little tinge of bitterness at the end is not unwarranted. Sorgen, through GLF, asks $25 of each client as a contribution to keeping him equipped with room, meals, stationery, stamps and telephone.

"Most of them pay something," he shrugs. "Sooner or later." Meanwhile, he depends on contributions payable to the Los Angeles Gay Liberation Front, P.O. Box 29280, Los Angeles 90029.

"Don't get the impression," he tarows in quickly, "that there's nobody else doing gay draft counseling. Dr. Franklin Kameny in Washington, D.C.—(201) 362-2211—has been into it for ages. Step May, a Chicago GLF-er, does terrific work at the Great Lakes Naval Station. There are some people in Tacoma—I don't know what their names are—who seem to be active along this line, too.

"What we need is a well-financed, well-motivated, well-trained group operating all over the country. What we have now is three or four people."

So is that a discouraging condition?

"No. Anything beats nothing. They talk about drafting 100,000 next year out of 3,000,000 eligible. The only way to stop the thing is by blowing up the materiel or by denying them the manpower. I'm not violent myself, so I work on the second element."

A Session With The Draft Counsellor

Los Angeles, Calif.—Peter Sorgen, king of the gay draft counselors, customarily meets his clients in his cluttered, cramped hotel room on Santa Monica Boulevard. There, GAY was invited to sit in on a typical session in which counselor and reluctant draftee met for the first and probably last time.

The subject this time is 22, an on-again off-again college boy who previously failed to win conscientious objector status when a draft appeals board ruled him "insincere." He had contacted Sorgen through a Gay Liberation Front ad in an underground paper.

This time the youth is willing to try the gay gambit, although he'd rather be thought of as bisexual.

With a draft lottery number of 139, he was in the first "extended" group which would have been called about the time the draft law expired.

BOY: I didn't say anything about being homosexual when I took my pre-induction physical. Is that going to make any difference?

SORGEN: No. When you say it now, it'll be a new ball game. In going to the physical, there are actually only two specific things you should have to do to get a 4-F on the basis of being gay. First is the medical history questionnaire, the one you signed before. They have, bless them, removed the question on homosexual tendencies, because Sen. Ervin didn't think good American boys should be asked whether they're fags. What you have to do is go to the bottom, to the line, 'Is there anything else about you which might disqualify you from serving?' Since they've taken the old form apart, we'll have to pull it together again. Write it—in large letters. Just removing the question doesn't remove the military code or the big hassle you have to go through in the military if they find out. And if you have anything else that might disqualify you, put that down as well. Sinuses, weak back, flat feet, poor vision, anything. The more things you load them with, the more they'll stumble under their load and the easier it'll be.

BOY: I could also put down drug use.

SORGEN: Hey, that's good! What kind?

BOY: Mescaline, acid.

SORGEN: I don't think they'll give you a dealie on that.

BOY: They didn't before.

SORGEN: If you'd used heroin I don't think they'd want you in. They don't have enough of that for the people that're already in. Then you give the paper away and go through the rest of it. When you finish, the sergeant will say something like, "Congratulations! You've all been accepted." Don't believe anything they say. They're just giving you a hype. The most recent month there was a draft the rejection rate was 70 per cent. They called for 24,000 and wound up with 7,000. So they're hurting. That's why they have to go through with these things. Then they'll announce the people that have to go see the psychiatrist. Your name should be on the list.

BOY: Like, I saw the psychiatrist last time.

SORGEN: What did he ask? Anything?

BOY: Naw. He told me the war would be over soon and I didn't have anything to worry about. I talked to him about ten minutes.

SORGEN: Well, now they're really speeding them up. They get five minutes now, so it's not what you'd call real searching, no way in hell. In fact, he'll probably ask you two questions in three minutes. Most of the time they spend writing on the form. Now let me give you some words of wisdom about what and what not to say. A couple of things you definitely won't tell him: what are your sexual activities or with whom you've been to bed. Under no circumstances. It's ridiculous for them even to ask, but sometimes they'll lay the tripper on you like this: "Yeah, you can have a 4-F if you give me the names of 25 people you've fucked."

BOY: Military or civilian?

SORGEN: Yes. They do that. One of these days they're going to have 100,000,000 names. They're building a list. You just tell them to go to hell. No description of your sex activities, either.

BOY: What difference does that make?

SORGEN: For one thing, they're felonies in California and it's not a good idea to admit to those. And if they decide to take you anyhow, you're set up for a court-martial because you've already admitted it. Information you give military psychiatrists is not privileged. It can be used against you—just like talking to a cop. Don't tell them a goddam thing.

BOY: So what should I tell them? Just that I have gay tendencies?

SORGEN: Personally, my advice is to give them the (Gay Liberation Front draft resistance) pamphlet. Tell them you belong to GLF, you live a gay life style, go to gay bars, have gay friends, live with gay people in the gay milieu. Now some of them will try to trick the kids here, ask them questions with the Latin words ("Do you perform fellatio?") figuring the kid won't know the words. All kinds of screwball shit. Don't let them sucker you out of your stand. Just get the message across—that's the big thing. At this point—like four or five minutes into the hour—they've made up their minds what they're going to give you. I suggest you ask him then what classification he's going to give.

BOY: It's up to the psychiatrist?

SORGEN: Completely. He may or may not tell you, but ask him. If he says 1-A, get back to us. We'll start the appeal process. We don't settle for anything less than 4-F. If he says 1-Y, we'll appeal that too. The book says 1-Y means you can be called only in a declared national emergency, but that doesn't mean a thing to a local draft board. They'll call you again for another physical a year later.

BOY: I told you I was bisexual. Do I say that to the psychiatrist?

SORGEN: I wouldn't. You might get in too deep. They play games. They'll ask a kid, "When you were 16 did you ever ball a girl?" Sure, he tried it, but he's 21 now. So the guy says, "Ah! You're heterosexual." "No, because for the last five years I've only balled guys." He'll put down definite heterosexual tendencies and label you 1-A. So don't mention it, don't mention even one girl. They'll use that. That's one of the ways they'll trap you. Everybody's had girl friends and everybody's had boy friends, so that doesn't mean anything anyway.

BOY: Suppose I get 1-A.

SORGEN: They'll send you downstairs into a room with a sergeant and an American flag. He'll say, "Those of you who want to go in, take three steps forward." Stand there. Refuse to be inducted. We'll appeal.

BOY: Is there a time limit for that?

SORGEN: No stated time. It should be done the next day, though. I've seen these things go on for five years. I've counseled guys 24. With the new program, you're only supposed to be eligible for one year—your 19th year. But if they give you 1-Y, they can call you again and again. I've seen them give half-Y's, quarter-Y's. Gay people in particular are told to go home and think about it, they'll realize in their hearts they're straight. Bullshit!

BOY: What about the repercussions? If I get 4-F?

SORGEN: You won't get a federal job. Otherwise there shouldn't be any. You're supposed to be listed as 4-F with no explanation. Let somebody from your draft board peek and give the reason; we'll take them to court. Even the state governments aren't supposed to know. Only the federal, and only when security is involved. Like if you're the guy who takes the cloth and wipes the button that blows up the world, they want to know if your hand shakes, and why. By the way, that would be the greatest way in the world to get 4-F. I'm amazed more guys don't try it. Run down there, yell, "I wanna kill! Gimme a uniform! Gimme a gun! I wanna kill!" They wouldn't touch you.



Peter Sorgen

N.Y. DOB Raided

New York, N.Y.—Ninth Precinct police staged a raid (Oct. 10) on the new DOB center on East Third Street. As the weekly dance was in progress, a small group of detectives entered the building, asking who was in charge. They were followed by uniformed police who overturned beer and ice and arrested two women who identified themselves as leaders of the group. No warrants were shown. The two women were followed by a small group of women who stood vigil outside the precinct, the group grew larger as people arrived from the GAA Firehouse dance. Once inside, a deputy Inspector appeared to take control of the situation. The captain of the precinct on duty was apparently embarrassed to find himself confronted by a group of demonstrators, who had already managed to have a lawyer call the precinct in protest of the police action. As a result of the unexpected reaction of the gay community to the arrests, the police decided to drop the charges and to give the women summonses for illegally storing and selling beer. The women pointed out, however that the beer had been given out on a "donation basis" and, as such, was legal. The two women were released and the demonstrators dispersed after loudly noting the connection of the police with the syndicate and promising that next week's dance would be bigger and better no matter what the ninth precinct did.

The Wrong People
The Wrong Book

BY LEO SKIR

There is no need for dishonesty in writing a novel about homosexuals any more than there is in writing about Jews or blacks. But there is a need, absolutely, when writing of these groups to know that they are fighting for their lives.

The Wrong People is about homosexuals. The phrase in the novel comes from the mouth of a female prostitute. She is fighting with the novel's central character, "Ewing" (sounds like a type of waterbug), for the love/loyalty of a man with whom they both are sleeping. She spits at him, tells him he is a *maricon,* one of the "wrong people." As the novel develops, it turns out that she is right, so very right.

Ewing is one of those too too rich screaming self-torturing homosexuals I am very familiar with. I am familiar with them since I meet them *in fiction* all the time. He is the villain of the play *The Green Bay Tree,* one of the most successful British dramas. He is the villain of one of James M. Cain's most successful novels—*Serenade.* And I've now seen him in any number of British and American films. As a Jew I know who he has replaced. He has replaced the Stage Jew (with his red, Judas-red, not Jesus-red, hair). The Jew who is super-rich and controls others, the Jew as super-thief. Now the homosexual is the psychotic killer or the super-clever rich man manipulating the lives of others.

The scene is Tangier. The publisher is respectable McGraw-Hill. The author is Robin Maugham. The story, like Maugham's *The Servant,* concerns one man's falling into the trap of another. In this case the fly getting into the spider's web is "Arnold," a 35-year-old schoolteacher at "Melton Hall," an "approved school"—a correctional school for young teens in England. He is on holiday. He is thinking, just thinking, about coming out of the closet. Evil Ewing brings him out, gets him a boy, sets him up in his villa, plying the poor 35-year-old virgin with enough alcohol to make the book a temperance tract.

Why is he doing all this? Getting the guy laid, taking him out night after night, telling him the story of his life? For any normal human reason? Companionship? The normal warmth one human can feel for another? Nonsense! You do not know what homosexuals are like. Besides being filthy rich (like Jews) and spending all their time in bars and dishing each other, they *intrigue.*

The evil-rich fag is doing this so he can be *more* evil. Not content with being able to buy the young Moroccan boys (even Berbers who are like almost *white,* for goodness gracious, what more could you want than a young *white* boy!)—he wants—hold your cocks boys!—a young English boy. And he wants the just-broken-in Arnold to go back to England, get one of those innocent pink-and-white urchins, *under age* (gee whiz! of course that's what homos really want! little pink wormlike pink cocks! I forgot they are all child-molesters at heart!) and *ship him off to Morocco!*

Well now, our white ingenue has been making out with his A-rab boy night after night, but the thought of letting a white English lad into such a life makes him shudder. Finally, after accepting assurances from the (older) Evil Queen Ewing, he agrees.

He sends the tender white lad off to Morocco, but later on getting a letter from the boy mailed while *en route,* a letter in which the boy says he has changed his mind, he decides he must rescue the boy.

The novel here loses any hold on reality. Arnold turns up at the villa of the Evil Queen, is manhandled but manages to call the British Embassy who comes to rescue the lad who has just arrived. Arnold knows he will go to prison (though he has not touched the lad—his evil caresses he has reserved for his non-white Arab boy-friend). But knowing he has preserved the lad from a fate-worse-than-death—he has some satisfaction.

At the book's end we see the Evil Queen, still free in Tangier, drinking (again! those gentiles do drink!) gin and Dubonnet and intent on picking up another victim. I mean, even if he had been successful with the last, who ever heard of a spider being content with one fly?

What are we to make of this book?

I do not think it is a simple-minded ploy sent out to earn money cashing in on the simple-minded public with its homophobia and its romantic picture of decadent-rich homosexuals. No. I think that Maugham's impulse comes from a moment of revelation—a "revelation" I believe to be false. It is: that at the bottom of the sexual impulse—in this case—the homosexual one and perhaps it is essentially—for Maugham—the homosexual one, there is . . . EVIL. Not simply the desire for sex, but the desire to go through pleasure into an inhuman world, to turn life inside out like a glove, to experience the non-personality of the other, the ability of the other person to lose self—masculinity, career, sexual object choice. And Maugham recoils from this. If this is Freedom, he says, let us make the least of it. If by casting off England, the schools, the laws, the rigidity—we fall into this Eastern-delight world of sensuality—NO! Let me out of Paradise!

A quote from the book's conclusion: "The iron gates swung open. The headlights of two cars moved slowly up the

continued on page 21

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The Cruising Photographer

Can you think of any types of places you would condemn as unrespectable spots for cruising?



Albert Block, Brooklyn:
"Personally I can 'condemn' no places as unrespectable for cruising. These things are up to a person's own tastes. Cruising can be a full time experience! As for my own personal tastes, I believe that cruising is quite o.k. (and excellent by the way) most any place–on all city streets and subways. The only places I personally dislike cruising are at the tea room scenes.

Beauty is to be admired anywhere it is seen. Cruising is just that with the hope of some positive results occurring. The city of New York fortunately has been well endowed. All proclivities can be engratiated. The important thing is to be yourself and be obvious–it would make cruising an even more pleasant experience than it already is. Good luck, anywhere, anytime and anyplace!"



Terry Perez, Whittier, Calif.:
"The Whittier Employment Office, because all you will find is the 'Richard Nixon' types. Seriously, the gay bars because of the unstable relationships you can get involved in. Most people there are looking for the same thing. There are not enough of the 'right ones' to go around."



Robert Raffone, Queens:
"If you mean cruising with the intention of just meeting people, my answer is no. However, if it means having sex on the spot, my answer is yes. I personally find places such as tea rooms, parks or trucks unrespectable as well as offensive. Cruising such places may have been necessary in the 50's or 60's, but have no place in the 70's. If the gay community is to gain respect from the straight society, we must first learn to have enough respect for ourselves and our gay brothers to restrict our cruising to such places as the GAA Firehouse or any of the many bars in New York, which certainly have a better atmosphere. In short, I feel that sex without love is nothing and one cannot make love in a tea room."



James E. Corell, Los Angeles, Calif.:
"I don't think there are necessarily unrespectable places to cruise. A person must use his own judgement in any given situation that personal judgement must take into consideration his surroundings and the possible moral and legal aspects. We can work to change society but at the same time we must live within some limits."



Frank Zerilli, W. Hollywood, Calif.:
"Public rest rooms for many reasons. They are there for a purpose and cruising is not one of them. Some people do get offended if they are cruised in a rest room and it creates a lot of dislike toward the gay community. Of course it is also dangerous with the vice and possible lunatics you can meet there."

Pen Points

BETTE MIDLER

Dear GAY:

I was disappointed in your article on Bette Midler. Leo Skir appears to have little or no talent as a journalist.

His questions on Bette Midler were ultra-personal, callous and downright stupid. There is just no other word for it.

In the article he criticizes her for putting down others, when he does it to her in sneaky double print.

"Do you wear a bra?" "Do you wear bottoms?" I ask you, are these questions relevant to her career? To her as a performer? How very asinine and unprofessional.

He later remarks how her show of concern toward her backstage admirers turns him off. He must be awfully cold and callous to say that. Does he want her to be cold and aloof as most of our celebrated performers?

He watches to see if any of her admirers shy away from close body contact. What is he trying to point out? He sounds very anti-female, a misogynist in the truest sense.

He constantly asks what is her thing with gays. I can understand his pushing of gay pride, but not to the point of where you gag.

Toward the end of this ghastly "interview" he mentions that he stared and she stared. What good reporter would sustain this uncomfortable silence unless he was either non-professional or deliberately antagonistic toward Miss Midler?

His attempts at being witty and clever were wasted efforts. As a journalist it will take quite a while before Leo Skir achieves the ranks of the mediocre. He is definitely much less than that now.

L.H.
N.Y.C., N.Y.

ED. NOTE: Leo did capture some of the pizazz and marvel of Bette Midler's performance, but we agree that his interview in the latter half of his article–an interview that took place under harried conditions in her dressing room after the show–captured his own disjointed thoughts rather than Miss Midler's. She is, without a doubt, one of the truly great underground stars. We're rooting for her, hoping that she'll soon be well established in the overground too!

Leo Skir says: I'm sorry you didn't like my review. I do like Bette Midler very much, both as a performer and as a person.

A NIXON CORRESPONDENT

Dear GAY:

I was more surprised than anyone else when the Honorable Pat Nixon accepted my fabulous and terrific suggestion that she pay frequent, unannounced good will visits to you and the avowed Communists you associate with.

Sincerely,
Hilarious Detective

ED. NOTE: Communists are just as boring as right-wing finks like you.

BISEXUALS CAN BE LONELY

Dear GAY:

Could you advise me through your "Letters" column if there's a social club for married bisexuals? I'm married with two children and I'm convinced that there are thousands like myself who would be more relaxed if we could rap and otherwise groove with guys of similar persuasions and circumstances.

I'm 39, 5' 11", 165 lbs., Italian-American and I'm prone, through my public relations career, to organize and follow through on socially stimulating activities.

I cannot receive mail at home or at the office.

A reply in GAY would be gratefully appreciated.

Sincerely,
P.M.

ED. NOTE: Membership in the Sexual Freedom League, which has chapters in ten cities throughout the U.S., may be one way you can contact those who share your feelings. Its national headquarters are located in Berkeley, California. Post Office Box 1276 (zip code 94701). The SFL, for several years now, has welcomed those with bisexual orientations. Good luck.

CORRECTIONS FROM A BISHOP

Re: Mike Umbers, Back Room Czar, Arrested Again. GAY, Oct. 25, 1971, Page 6:

Dear GAY:

Grace, Peace and Apostolic Benediction. Amen.

We were delighted to see your article on Mike Umbers in the October 25th issue of GAY. It is our opinion that Mr. Umbers has taken a lot of abuse from gay groups who know little or nothing about the man and do not seem to have any interest in finding the truth but rather in promoting nonsense to make them feel of some import. It was nice to read an article that did not condemn him to eternal damnation. We are afraid that the article did contain reference to us and our work that was incorrect.

First we are referred to as both Polish N.C. priests and also Old Catholics. Neither is correct. We are the Bishop of N.Y. and Metropolitan Bishop of the Americas for the Free Orthodox Catholic Church which is in communion with and the American body of the Dutch Orthodox Catholic Church–the original church of the Utrecht schism. Separated from Rome over the question of papal infallibility, our lines of Apostolic Succession come from Antonio Cardinal Barberini (the younger).

Second: Mr. Skir associates us with St. Philip Neri Seminary in Boston which would make us a Jesuit and also Roman Catholics. We did study there but we are not of that house.

Third: Mr. Skir quoted us as saying, "We're ultra orthodox. We don't recognize the Roman Catholic Church." This is as far from the truth as hell from heaven. What we said was that St. Peter was the first Bishop of Antioch before he was "translated" to Rome and that if supremacy belongs to any one See of the Holy Church it is Antioch and not Rome. Therefore we do not recognize the authority of the See of Rome over the See of Antioch or the other Catholic Sees.

Fourth: We are not running Christopher's End and are not in the business of bars–we had talked of Mr. Umber's closing C.E. and us making a community center out of the location but nothing ahppened in that line due to lack of funds.

We thank you in advance for printing this letter to make the corrections in Mr. Skir's articles. We remain yours in Peace and in His Service.

† Matthew Christopher
W. Robert Matthew Christopher Price
Bishop of New York

continued from page 1

love in the Hollywood 'Y'

Austen.

Naturally, once situated at the Y and without any friends to speak of, I was lonely . . . for the first hour or two. Then I decided to take a shower and the whole floor came out for the occasion. Needless to say I was flattered, until I realized that turning on the showers was an instant signal for this mass migration. It was strictly Pavlov's dogs all the way, but I didn't care. Every time I dropped the soap, something marvelous happened. In fact, I would have spent my entire Hollywood trip in the shower room but my skin got so clean it began to squeak. Besides, there comes a time when one becomes saturated in more ways than one.

Anyway, it was about this time that I met a handsome Israeli college student whom I shall call David. He was one of the horniest young men I ever met, but I never expressed any desire to sample the goodies. So we remained friends (or "sisters," if you prefer). David was one of those dizzy persons who never knows whether he's coming or going, but as long as he knows he'll be coming 90% of the time, he's happy.

I suggested to David that we do the town, and naturally he took me literally. He charged into every gay bar within miles as if the entire Arab army were at his heels.

Although I found the *Gaslite* and the *Lemon Twist* to be very pleasant neighborhood bars, David was in the mood for a crowd scene of Biblical movie epic proportions. We decided to aim for a hippie-ish dance bar called the *Gas Station* in order to satitate his sudden craving for chicken. Well, he managed to pick up the dinner he wanted so we all drove to the trick's apartment so he could eat it. Meanwhile, I entertained several visiting friends in the living room, while hungry David transformed our host into a plucked hen. Still unsatiated, David made the worn-out trick take us back to the Y. David's next act was to rip off his clothes and dash madly for the shower room.



Master (Aaron) Bates loiters on the steps of the Hollywood "Y"

I had been forgetting that sex can never take the place of sleep and I was thankful to be alone for once. I was sound asleep when suddenly there was a loud rapping on my door. "Quoth the raven, nevermore!" I screamed as I angrily thrust open the door. As it turned out, David, in a spirit of generosity, had picked up a good one and wanted to share the wealth. How could I refuse? After all, the number was equipped and it would take me hours to get back to sleep again.

Around dawn, I reached dreamland with thoughts of sleeping forever. No such luck. David was checking out. In fact, David *had* checked out but had returned to say good-bye. How very sweet, I thought. I should have know there was a catch. The catch was a tall handsome blond and David needed my room.

So there I was, wandering the halls while David was humping away to bliss. I was tired, but I wasn't upset. I was upset later when I received a note from the Y's resident director. Apparently one of the maids had been shocked by the sight of a naked David hopping in and out of my room. In fact by the time David was finished the entire Y had marched through my doors. What was the poor maid to think? Basically that David was the owner of the room, right? Anyway, the resident director gave me specific instructions that "residents will wear sufficient covering at all times when leaving their rooms . . . or else." The "or else" was the part that got to me. Imagine! Getting kicked out of a YMCA! My God, it was all too grand to be believed!

David finally made an exit when his eighty-year-old grandparents picked him up and carted him away, never for a moment suspecting what a stick of dynamite they were innocently harboring.

From then on I decided it would be a peaceful week, going to the Grauman's Chinese Theatre and looking at the stars' names on Hollywood Boulevard and other touristy things. The theatre was fun, but fighting off the swarms of Jesus Freaks on the boulevard was a disaster. Now there's nothing wrong with digging Jesus if you go in for that sort of thing, but my dears, these were absolute zombies. Every time one opened his mouth, I expected him to close with "Jesus will save you. This has been a recording."

Thanks to friends Conrad and Bob, I visited *Falcon's Lair, The Farm, The Hub* and a number of other popular and to me, a bit overcrowded spots. The bars were about the same as they are in New York, except cleaner perhaps, cheaper and often with prettier people, but anyway you slice it–a gay bar is a gay bar is a gay bar. After a while one begins to think one has been to places one has never seen before.

I'm running out of space, so to cut a long story short, Hollywood (even though I wasn't discovered) is a hell of a nice place to visit, though I'm too much of a New Yorker to ever consider living there. Besides, L.A. can't compare to little old Manhattan when it comes to smog, murders, muggings, rapes, and thefts. It warms my heart to think about it and to keep that adrenalin flowing.

Tune in next issue when I complete my Western tour as disaster strikes in San Francisco. This last segment will be entitled *My Nights in the Call House* . . . and it's a sizzler!

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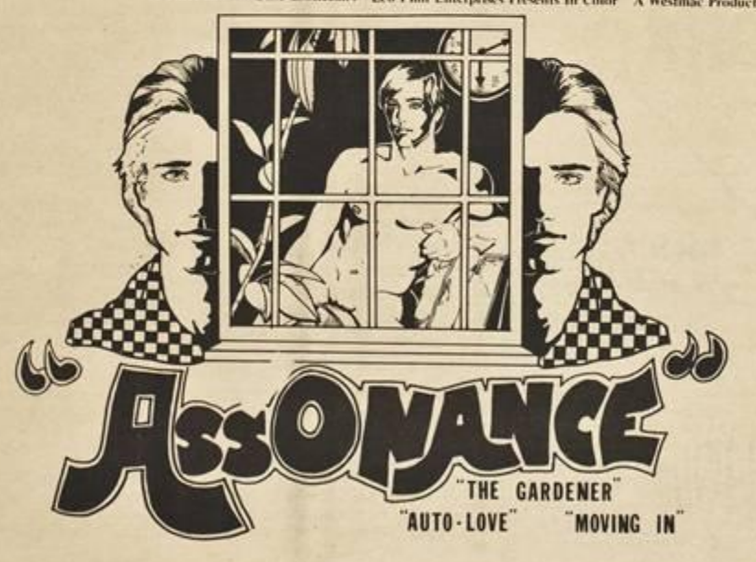

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Beverages

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The Greatest Gay Novel

continued from page 1

"Dedicated to a Happier Year," *Maurice* is set in the period of the early 1900's. The novel, written on many levels, may be read as a love story or as a plea for individuality in an era of strict conformity. Maurice himself may be a symbol of the new century, a century of liberation from the hang-ups of Victorianism. But most of all, the book is about *gay* liberation, in the truest sense of that now trite phrase.

In his "Terminal Note" (written in 1960), the author tells us: "I tried to create a character who was . . . handsome, healthy, bodily attractive, mentally torpid, not a bad businessman, and rather a snob. (His homosexuality) puzzles him, wakes him up, torments him, and finally saves him. His surroundings exasperate him by their very normality; mother, two sisters, a comfortable home, a respectable job, gradually turn out to be Hell; he must either smash them or be smashed, there is no third course."

Homosexual organizations may ask us to politicalize our anger and psychiatrists may ask us to adjust to their conception of "normality." Clergymen promise us pie in the sky in exchange for a life of self-denial. The bitter truth is we can help one another only to a limited extent; gay liberation (all liberation?) is an individual matter and must come from inside us, not from outside forces. Each of us must make his own decision whether to smash convention or lay in the road to be steam-rollered by society.

The happy successful homosexual (as Michael Harrington implies in *The Accidental Century*) is the true revolutionary. He realizes the falsity of society and recognizes the reality behind the facades. The liberated homosexual, like Nietzsche's superman, must be above social norms and unfettered by the conventional rules.

There is an old cliche that the gay life is a lonely one. Ignorant people think we're lonely because we have no binding marriage contracts to force companionship. That's not so. Companionship, friendship, and "marriage" based on love, not contracts, is achievable in the gay world. The loneliness of the homosexual is akin to that of the dying man. He is not part of the pack and the daily distractions and concerns of the masses are not his. When one leaves the pack to walk alone, either into the Valley of Death, or through life to the beat of a different drum, one loses the feeling of being part of the herd. The solitary marcher has to be lonelier than a member of the mob.

The alternative for the homosexual is to deny the drum beat he hears and try to march in step with the masses, pretending conformity to alien expectations. There is no third choice.

"I'm a bit of an outlaw, I grant," Maurice's first lover Clive tells him, "but it serves these people (heterosexuals) right. As long as they talk of the unspeakable vice of the Greeks they can't expect fair play."

That was a daring, even revolutionary, thought to put down on paper in 1913, so soon after the trials of Oscar Wilde vividly demonstrated the enormous viciousness and hypocrisy the straight (and latent faggot) establishment can muster against overt homosexuals.

Those trials also proved that the other world won't deal honorably with us and, in effect, warned us that our only hope for survival lies in "doing in" the straight world to protect ourselves. "They" want control over our minds, our bodies, and our very souls. To be really human and fully free individuals, we must tell that world to "Fuck off," make our break with it, and follow our own conscience, just as Maurice does.

To the alien in a hostile land anyone, even those dearest to him, may wittingly or unwittingly be the enemy who betrays. He must suspect, and if necessary, exploit, supposed friends as well as declared enemies. Maurice realizes this and is not ashamed to use the system against itself for his advantage and protection. When his mother catches him kissing Clive he tells her:

"Mother, you needn't tell the others I kissed Durham."

"Oh, certainly not."

"I was rather upset and did it without thinking. As you know, we are great friends, relations almost."

It sufficed. She liked having little secrets with her son; it reminded her of the time when she had been so much to him.

Two issues ago in this paper I deplored novels about homosexuality. I'm happy to report *Maurice* is not about homosexuality; it is about homosexuals "who wish neither to reform nor corrupt society but to be left alone." More importantly, it is a brilliant defense of individuality. It is also a revolutionary handbook, a success story of how one man (perhaps two) found happiness by accepting these revolutionary facts:

(a) "Home emasculates everything." The heterosexual family structure and its members may tolerate and even consciously accept homosexuality, but there can never be true understanding between the heterosexual and homosexual.
(b) Religion offers nothing to homosexuals "who base their conduct on what they are rather than upon what they ought to be."
(c) Society, which pretends to exact such high moral standards, probably doesn't mind anything despite its poses.
(d) One must "Rage against the world" in order to survive in it.
(e) Pride, nationalism, class, family, social position, careers, and all the rest are meaningless. What is important is being an individual, accepting reality, and avoiding illusions as they obscure reality.

There are two illusions Mr. Forster specifically warns homosexuals against: the overly-romantic notions of homosexuality and platonic love preached by the turn-of-the-century hellenists; and that body contact for its own sake is love. Such contact, he says, is trivial.

Besides being a great novel (*The New York Times* has already dubbed it "a wonderful novel to read—rich in its subtle intelligence, beautifully controlled in its development, deeply moving—in short, the work of an exceptional creative artist working close to the peak of his creative powers"—strong praise for a gay novel from a very straight publication!), *Maurice* is also a love story. It will bring the gay reader (and many a straight one too, I'll warrant) to tears faster and more enjoyably than Mr. Segal's tacky *Love Story*.

I've not cried over a novel since I was seventeen. In London, last spring, when a friend arranged for me to be able to read the first half of the novel in manuscript, I made an absolute fool of myself blubbering in public. Now that I've read the last half, I'm pleased to announce that the story ends happily, leaving the reader (this one anyway) exhilarated.

Christopher Lehmann-Haupt of the *Times* found the ending "unbelievable," but granted that "someone who can completely identify with Maurice" might feel differently. Lytton Strachey, a campy old queen who, the author says in the "Terminal Note," provided the model for the Oscar Wilde manque character, told Forster Maurice and Alec's romance wouldn't last more than six weeks.

Both Lehmann-Haupt and Strachey missed the point, I believe. Whether Maurice and Alec find eternal bliss is unimportant. What counts is that our hero has freed himself from guilt, fear, snobbery and convention. He will survive no matter what; no longer a part of the mass Maurice is an individual and individuals survive. Never for him the slit wrists, the psychiatrists' couches, the desperate attempts to "reform" society so that he can find a niche in it, nor the feasting with panthers. The liberated man can survive anything—even solitude.

Gore Vidal was right, there are no explicit sex scenes in this novel. I'm sure this will disappoint many gay people, particularly those gay men who won't read a book unless it has a torrid sex scene on every other page. These people are sad, but probably less sad than our nation full of heterosexuals who don't read books even when they do have explicit sex scenes. America is not a very literate country and, to paraphrase Oscar Wilde, nearly everyone barely able to read seems to have taken up writing instead.

The publishing dam has broken and a flood of "gay lib" books will inundate us this fall. I've read many of the manuscripts and I know some of the authors. If you plan to read just one, I urge (and warn) you to make that one *Maurice*. You'll laugh and sometimes you'll feel as though your guts are being pulled out; the book will, as hippies say, "do a number on your head," but, by God, you'll feel great when you finish the novel.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

"I have no faith in the people," E.M. Forster once wrote, "I have faith in the individual. He seems to me a divine achievement and I mistrust any view which belittles him."

Edward Morgan Forster was born in 1879 and is generally considered one of the greatest figures in English letters. His reputation is based on his six novels, all produced between 1905 and 1924. *Maurice*, his seventh, was written in 1913-14 and published for the first time this autumn. His other works included essays, criticism, short stories, and the libretto for the opera *Billy Budd* (which he co-authored with Edward Crozier).

Morgan (as he preferred to be called) told friends he stopped writing novels because he simply "had nothing else to say." What he'd already said was important and well-said, and his novels have been popular, particularly with young adults, since the books first appeared.

Forster was fascinated by the struggle between good and evil that goes on in each of us, but his characters are seldom noble or villainous. Each of them, as *The New York Times* said in the author's obituary, "acts according to his own illusion, but the writer shows that the illusions are self-defeating, that the search for security and love is meaningless without understanding what these things really mean."

Above all, Mr. Forster was concerned with the importance of the individual. People as individuals were as important to him in private life as in his books. In an essay he once wrote, "I hate the idea of causes and if I had to choose between betraying my country and my friend, I hope I should have the guts to betray my country."

His concern for people was reciprocated. The press, critics and even other writers who form that literary establishment which can often make a pack of ravenous jackals seem almost civilized by comparison, always treated E.M. Forster with admiration and respect. He earned that respect. His novels, all written 47 to 66 years ago, have not dated and are as fresh as tomorrow's underground newspapers in their concerns.

Sixty-one years ago, in *Howards End*, Forster said human beings must communicate, that we must sympathize with one another, and we must realize that every group in the social structure has a contribution to make. What different associations the names Duchau, Montgomery, Saigon, Watts and Attica might have for us today had somebody paid attention to this homosexual sage!

The author's later years were spent at his beloved Cambridge, where he was an honorary fellow. At King's College he welcomed students to his rooms, gave them sherry and permission to call him Morgan, and picked apart their writings. Sometimes they picked at his works, too. He had never married, and most of his closest friends, many of them members of the "Bloomsbury Group"—Lytton Strachey, Virginia Woolf, Roger Fry, John Maynard Keynes—died long before him. The university was his home and the students became his family, friends and intellectual sounding-boards.

When word of the 91-year-old author's death reached Cambridge on June 6, 1970, the students raced out and lowered the King's College flag to half-mast. The British Museum opened its vaults shortly thereafter and took out the manuscript of Forster's only gay novel, *Maurice*. Though written 57 years ago, *Maurice* is a gay lib manifesto more sophisticated and radical than any ever seen before. Once again the sage has been shown to have been a prophet. Maybe this time someone will listen.

–Dick Leitsch

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The Wrong Book

continued from page 13

drive, and the gates closed behind them."

So: Genesis iv. 24 "So he drove out the man and he placed at the east of the garden of Eden Cherubims and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life."

The homosexual in this novel is not a villain because homosexuality is oppressed, as Shylock's Shakespeare is a villain because (as he notes and Shakespeare noted) the nice gentlemen of Venice spit at him. He is not like Richard Wright's Bigger who must strike out, however futilely, at a world that denies him. No. *He is a villain because that sexual impulse to which he has given himself has led him to corrupt others.* Tangier with its whorehouses does not represent a corruption of the homosexual impulse. It is, for Maugham, the unmasking of the true nature of that impulse.

What can I say to this? The wrong book? Perhaps not. There are Jews who have written books on their conversion to Christianity saying that the Jews are wrong and those who have persecuted them through the ages are right. These books perhaps are needed if only as monuments to the horror that oppression can bring.

In the Talmud it says that the most terrible thing that happened to the Jews during their years of servitude in Egypt is that they learned to accept it. These are the "slaves, the sons of slaves," the generation that Moses forced to walk in the desert, the generation which did not know liberty, which could not fight to enter the Promised Land.

The jacket informs us that Maugham is "more properly addressed as Lord Maugham."

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Loosely About Women

continued from page 9

ing for mother substitutes to worship from a distance. Well, I'll tell you Charlotte, I've heard that one before. There is also, in this chapter, a discussion of possible genetic causes of homosexuality. I mention this because it illustrates perfectly the sloppy absolutely unscientific way this book is put together. After some confusing nonsense about pseudo-hermaphroditic types, lesbians with enlarged clitorises who are part male, she talks about endocrine malfunctions during the foetal stage producing male brains in female bodies. Now what the hell is a male brain? No explanation, no criteria for distinguishing male from female brains are presented, it is merely stated as obvious: a male brain in a female body, and we're supposed to believe all this because Charlotte is, after all, an M.D., a position close to the Godhead in this culture.

Charlotte Wolff, M.D., is either a scatter-brained idiot, or, what is more likely, a sharp cookie cashing in on the current "homosexual vogue" by turning out a quick money making pro-lesbian book. *Love Between Women* is a waste of time. Pass it up, by all means.

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HOLLYWOOD LOS ANGELES

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

BJ'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, 8409 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 coexist beautifully. Serves food at reasonable prices. Int.

BOLD VENTURE, 6357 Hollywood Blvd. The old Alley has had a complete refurbishing. Boasts a nautical theme throughout the aquariums 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

BUNKHOUSE, 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 fun 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 tehs 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, changeover 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 packing in mobs 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. Switches 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 existance. 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' Mac Arthur 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 6am 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 6am 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 reeling 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 runs. GM

HUB, 7864 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, but 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, 7511 Santa Monica Blvd. Popular room. Very cruisy with a line that stretches around the block every Sunday afternoon. GM

LEMON TWIST LOUNGE, 6423 Yucca. This quiet place hated 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 sardine 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 decors: it is a reproduction of an actual cave, complete with drawings, stalactites and all. GM, GF

LITTLE CLUB, 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 marvelously corrupt atmosphere that the tourists eat up. This is perpetrated 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 stairway 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.

SPOTLITE ROOM, 1601 N. Cahuenga Blvd. What can you say about a tradition? In this one's case, it certainly is 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 a head bar, 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.

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 there 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 supper 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

THE BEACH

FRIENDSHIP CAFE AND LIQUOR SALON, 112 West Channel Road, Santa Monica Canyon. Directly across the street from State Beach (roughly 75% gay), one must cross Pacific Coast Highway through a tunnel that spills out directly in front of this fun spot. After a long day in the sun, the bikini clad bronzed bodies pack the dance floor well into the morning hours. During the winter when the "tourists leave," the locals still make it one of the funnest places around. Famed clinical psychologist Peggy Sue Gomez reigns supreme during the colder months as "Empress of Crazy Canyon" as she sings, dances and wears pretty hats. GM, GF

HOLD, 147 West Channel Road. Friendly beach bar across street from SS Friendship and Golden Bull. Follows the same trends from summer to winter as does Friendship. Features dancing. Very busy during summer on weekend afternoons. GM, GF

LA CARAVELLE, 54 Channel Road, Santa Monica Canyon. Pseudo-elegant cocktail lounge and restaurant. Prices are a little too high, but the food is generally above average. Their service has been known to send customers storming from the dining room. Just watch which 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 price you can't beat their Sunday afternoon buffet. Int.

SAN FERNANDO VALLEY

ACROPOLIS, 6230 N. Sepulveda Van Nuys Blvd., SFV. A jumpy 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, 11717½ 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, 12179½ Ventura Blvd. Popular dance/cocktail club. Frequently features live entertainment. GM, GF

C'EST LA VIE, 11920 Ventura Blvd. Like 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 ceilings to duplicate the appearance of a real hayloft. It has a funky Western jukebox, 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. Highlight of the evening is 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 restaurant/cocktail lounges in the Valley. Serves champagne brunch every Sunday for $1.35. GM, GF

QUEEN MARY, 12649 Ventura Blvd. Dates back to when full drag on stage was illegal in California. Ah, the good old days, with Sahdji sacheting down the runway with chiffon flying and wig coiffed to perfection. Underneath the gowns, the artists were required to wear slacks, shirt and tie. It got rather comical in the very dramatic numbers when they would wear those sultry off-the-shoulder gowns only to expose a white shirt and black tie. Today, however, in more permissive times, Sahdji and crew are knocking both straights and gays cold with their elaborate shows. Undoubtedly the most professional in L.A. GM, GF

STUD, 3913 W. Olive, Burbank. Unique as a leather bar since, instead of featuring the regular fare of leather bars like bike christenings and open meetings, they get their crowd with movies and one-night appearances by hypnotists and such. GM

TONY'S, 10618 Burbank Blvd. SFV. Having dumped the show CHANGES that brought people from all over town to this spacious room, TONY'S is going through some changes! Fire dancer Fel Andrews is now pouring there to a hearty crowd and that's really the only attraction that a club needs. GM, GF

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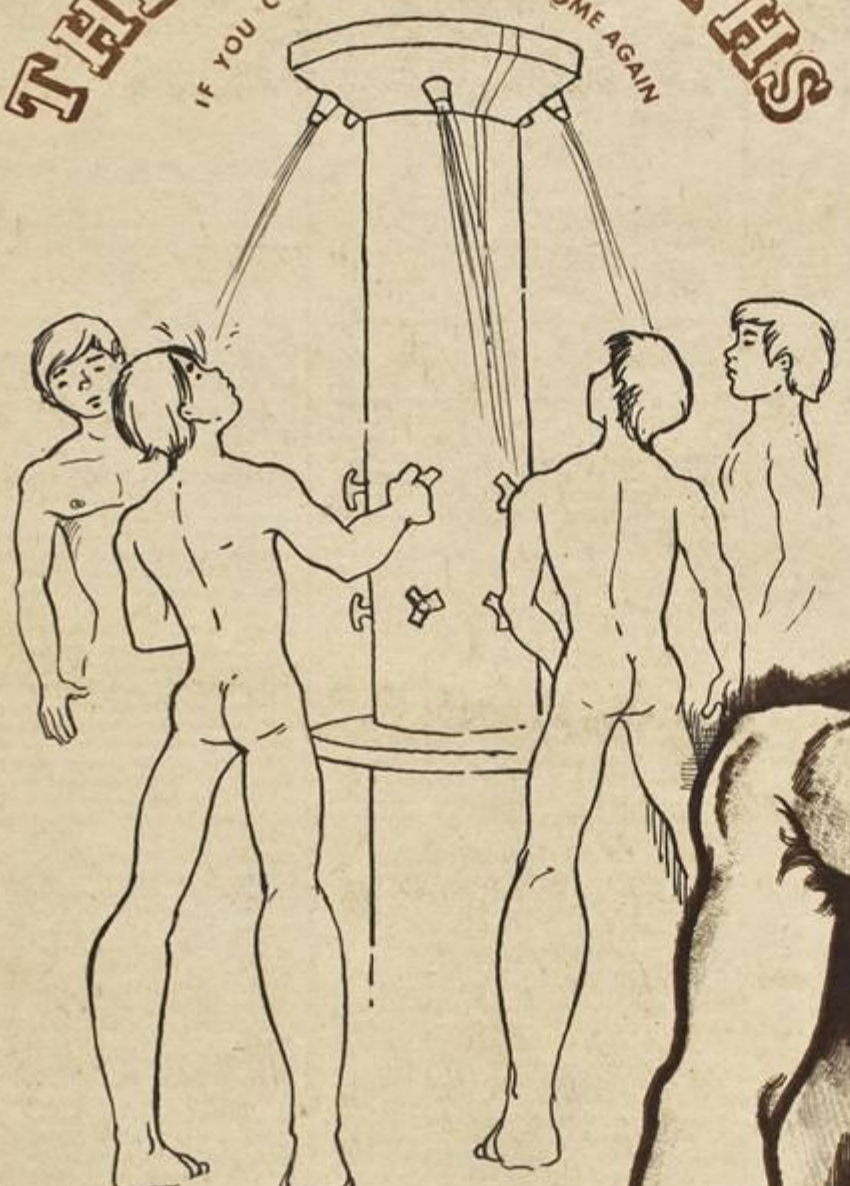
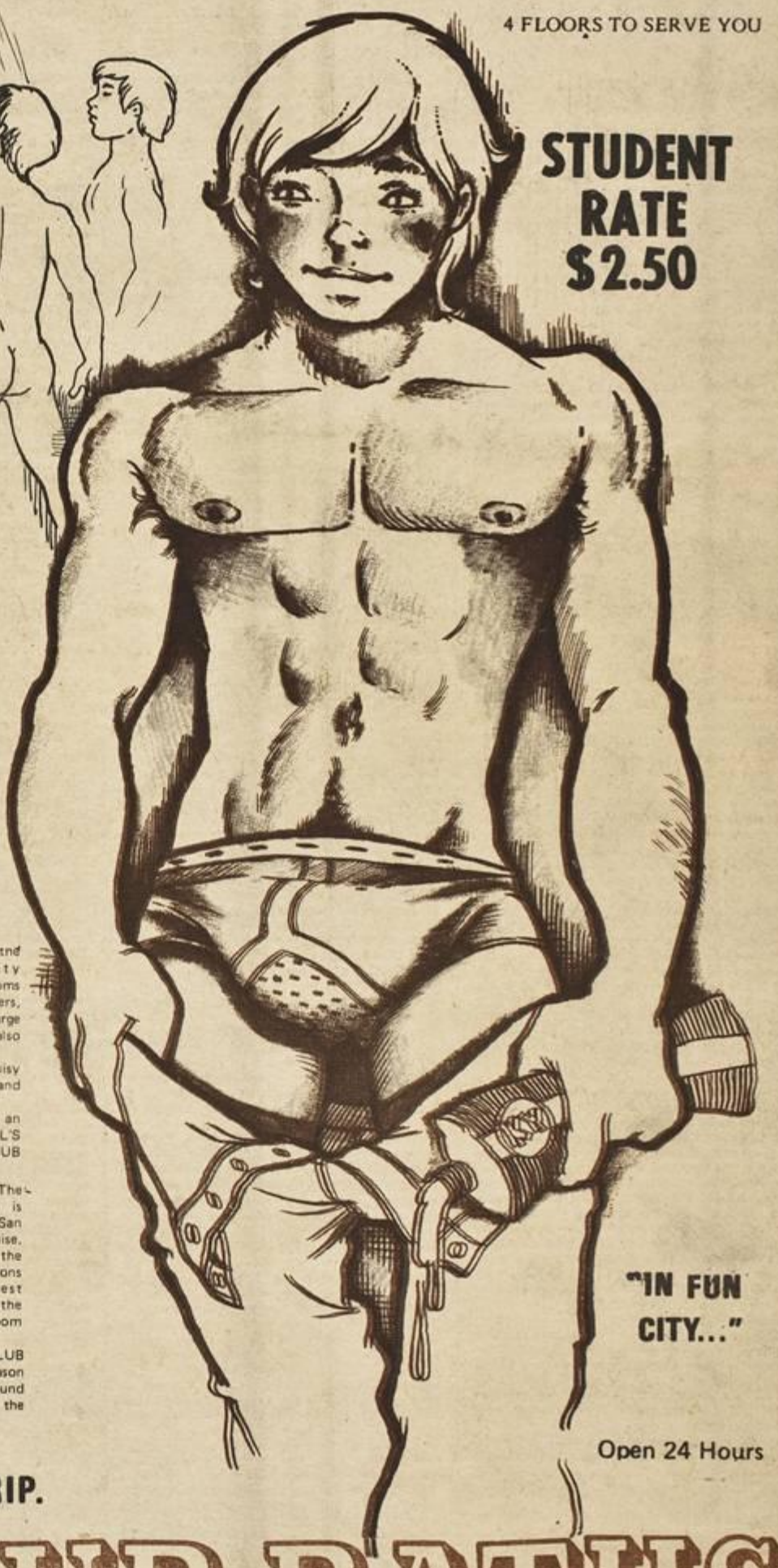


STUDENT RATE $2.50



Everything at the CLUB is bigger and better, from the spacious cedar sauna and refreshing spring water plunge to New York's largest double steam room and only carousel shower.

THE CLUB BATHS



The prices at the CLUB BATHS are the best in town for the quality accommodations you receive. Private rooms are $8; walk-in lockers, $6; and gym lockers, $4. Time limit is 15 hours with $1 charge per hour for overtime. Student rates are also available.

THE CLUB BATHS is extremely cruisy with a wide range of ages, sizes, shapes, and colors to choose from.

THE CLUB BATHS is, indeed, an experience you'll never forget. MICHAEL'S THING is proud to recommend THE CLUB BATHS

The fun area is the basement. The famous circular shower head which is designed after the ones at DAVE'S in San Francisco is a fun way to shower and cruise. The shower is at the entrance of the excellent steam heat rooms—two sections with the inner room the hottest (steam-wise). In the basement is also the mini-pool, Sauna room, and work-out room with exercise equipment.

The sanitary conditions at THE CLUB BATHS are exceptionally good. One reason is that two full-time porters clean up around the clock. Also, the staff makes the atmosphere seem warm and congenial.

ENTIRELY CARPETED

"IN FUN CITY..."

Open 24 Hours

GO DOWN- IT'S WORTH THE TRIP.

THE CLUB BATHS

24 First Avenue **Between 1st & 2nd Sts** **Tel. 212-673-3283**

VISIT ALL 14 Fabulous Club Baths throughout the USA

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