

GAY 50¢

October 25, 1971

Volume 2, Number 62

D.C. HEALTH CLUB UNDER ATTACK

Owner Fights "Disorderly House" Charge

Washington, D.C.—David G. Harris, the owner of the Regency Health Club, a private gay club with over 5,000 members in the national capital area, has been found guilty of setting up and maintaining a disorderly house. [Note: The Washington Regency Health Club and its branches in Boston and Miami have no connection with the famed Regency Club Baths in North Hollywood, California.] At the same time, his prosecutor, Assistant Attorney John F. Finnegan, found himself besieged (Sept. 15) here as dozens of homosexual activists staged a non-violent confrontation at the Superior Court of the District of Columbia. The activists demanded an end to "overzealous" prosecution of Mr. Harris.

The Regency was raided last April 14th and Finnegan, eager, according to his own private admission, to see the Regency closed, took the case after others had refused to prosecute.

The first trial (June 28th) included both the Regency's owner and its employees. The jury acquitted all employees, but was undecided in the case of David G. Harris. Finnegan insisted on another trial for the Health Club's owner.



The Regency Health Club: Assistant U.S. Attorney's target.

Members of Washington D.C.'s Gay Activists Alliance deplored Finnegan's decision, pointing out that there is already an overload of serious criminal cases facing the D.C. courts. "Why," they demanded, "is Finnegan so anxious to close the Regency? Why does he feel it is more important to prosecute a case where no one was harmed, no complaint was made, no one was even offended?"

Joel Martin, President of the Gay Activists Alliance (D.C.) said that because the Regency meets all legal and health requirements, its harassment by government officials will not be tolerated by the Washington homosexual community.

Martin also warned Finnegan that "gay people are prepared to deal effectively with their public servants who attempt because of their blatant bigotry, to harass, intimidate, or oppress homosexuals."

The following statement was released by GAA to the Washington Press:

The Gay Activists Alliance of Washington, D.C. vigorously protest the refusal of Assistant U.S. Attorney John F. Finnegan to meet with representatives of the homosexual community to discuss his overzealous behavior in the trial of the

Continued on page 16

Los Angeles Gay Vote Set For Test

Los Angeles, Cal.—The tempting notion that the gay vote might swing a significant election here has been set for a heavily publicized test October 19.

The 48th Assembly District, including Hollywood on the west and Mount Washington ("the Swiss Alps") in its center, is probably the best spot in California for the thrust: it's said to contain the largest concentration of homosexuals in the state. In any case, the action is fervid and the closets are few there. Just as few have been appearances by candidates for public office.

So when the new, surprisingly vigorous Gay Community Alliance invited all ten candidates for the vacant post to address a public meeting of openly gay citizens, President Dave Glascock figured one or two might have the guts to show. The subject, after all, was backing for the so-called Brown Bill, a piece of dormant legislation which would virtually eliminate (among other things) laws punishing homosexuals 18 and over for doing their thing on a consenting basis.

In fact, eight of the ten showed. Six of the eight swore some degree of sympathy for the bill and for gay civil rights in general. The other two, one of them prior Republican loser Bill Brophy, seemed edgy under the scrutiny of 150 fags.

Voting by the GCA after the September 19 meeting in the Metropolitan Community Church resulted in the choice of "our man." He was Richard Alatorre, 28, straight, a liberal Democrat activist and a onetime professor of Chicano studies at the University of California/Irvine.

Alatorre, in his first bid for public office, made strong points with a platform particularly appealing to his specialized audience. Aside from a sweeping endorsement of the sex law reform measure, Alatorre came out against bias in job hiring for any reason other than merit and in favor of "head of household" status granting tax exemption privileges to domestic couples regardless of their marital status.

Alatorre's chances to make it past the primary election were hampered by the fact that three of his Democratic opponents are, like him, Mexican-Americans in a district in which Chicanos are the single largest and most vociferous minority.

INSIDE

- A Visitor in Hollywoodp. 5
- Marriage-Minded Gaysp. 7
- Merle Millerp. 9
- German Sausagesp. 11



Gay Sexual Freedom House faces the nighttime skyline of Los Angeles.

Lenny Bruce House Site For Gay Swinger's

Los Angeles, Calif.—Five years ago in August the body of Lenny Bruce, arrogant, relentless, suicidally intense spokesman for an about-to-be-born American sexual revolution, was found slumped on a john in his secluded, fashionable Hollywood Hills home. He had died, inevitably, of a massive overdose of drugs and the cumulative effects of a lifetime of boozing, fighting and caring too much.

Today, in one of those impossible coincidences which Hollywood used to peddle in the guise of real life, a gay manifestation of that same revolution is going on openly, even matter-of-factly, in that

same home, sometimes doubtlessly in that same bathroom.

Sure, the ten-room spread overlooking the whole sweep of the Los Angeles Valley is heavily secured by multiple locks and a dramatic hillside perch which makes outside snooping on the action impossible. To gain entrance costs \$150 a year—if you are deemed qualified for membership in the stringently selected group.

But, once screened and accepted, the 750 members of Gay Sexual Freedom are welcome to make themselves at home in

(continued on page 13)

WHERE WIL YOU GO TONIGHT?

A DIRECTORY FOR DISCRIMINATING DISPOSITIONS

NEW YORK LISTING ON PAGE 23

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

BJS, 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, who 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

BOLD VENTURE, 6357 Hollywood Blvd. The old Almy 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

BURKHOUSE, 4519 Santa Monica Blvd. is billed as "a West Coast bar with a taste of heaven." 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 tens 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 ceiling. People loved it 'til someone came along with another gimmick. DAVID then transformed itself into a dinner house. A couple of months ago, change-over was completed to restaurant and cocktail lounge with cathedral ceilings, sunken bar and very heavy on the mirrors. With all this elegance and change, one wonders when they are going to remodel their men's room and make sure there is soap in the washbasin dish before opening their doors. GM, GF

DON'S MALE BOX, 1087 Manhattan. One of the most successful real leather bars in town packing in most 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 candid atmosphere. GF

DUDE CITY, 836 No. Highland. Possibly the most elaborate gay bar in existence. The 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, 7918 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 bare 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 till you

get fallen. GM

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

FARNS, 7978 Santa Monica Blvd. Very hip, young crowd. Not really a knockout but slays 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, 8557 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 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

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

HOLLYWOOD MUSIC CENTER, 4858 Melrose Ave. Offers nude dancers, art films, dancing, coffee after-hours, and a host of surprises. It usually books a live band for the weekend and the people pack the oversized rooms. It's a natural for cruising since there are all sorts of alcoves and little stairways. GM

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

LEMON TWIST LOUNGE, 6423 Yuca. This quiet place halted 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 decoys: it is a reproduction of an actual cave, complete with 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 below a block from the famed Hollywood and Vine intersection, has a markedly cruising atmosphere that the tourists eat up. This is perpetrated by a large number of transvestites, draghts 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 KEY, 7713 Beverly Blvd. Neighborhood tavern located opposite CBS Studios. Pulls most of trade from the kids in the neighborhood. Extremely friendly crowd and atmos-



The Garden District, 747 N. LaCienega Blvd., Los Angeles

phere. 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 walls to wall, ceiling to floor, murals were all done by John Kiamik of the 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, 1861 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.

TRADESMAN, 7505 Melrose Ave. Hollywood's most popular after-hours spot. Glam black and white 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 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 bikers clad in bronze 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 at "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 water you get! The bar area is very gay and a party atmosphere prevails. Appeals to the older Hollywood set. GM, GF

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 their 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

ACROPOLIS, 6230 N. Sepulveda Van Noyis Blvd., S.F.V. A jumpy spot in the West Valley. Open only a few months, the tavern attracts a younger crowd with their very carefree jukbox and spacious dance floor. Beer only. GM, GF

ATTIC, 1717 1/2 Victory Blvd. N.H. Campy with a fun crowd that can keep a newcomer glued to a barstool for hours! Whether you work 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 CAPE, 11059 Ventura Blvd., S.F.V. 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, 12179 1/2 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. Cost 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, 19273 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. Powder neighborhood beer bar with a few blacks 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 jukbox, 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 swears up to his name. GM

JOAN'S PRESENTS, 6413 Larkenshire Blvd. H.N.C. Comfortable dance bar that attracts both girls and boys. Features dancing and entertainment. Highlight of the evening is invariably when Joan herself lets loose on the drums. She's something not to be missed. GM, GF

KEITH'S, 11801 Ventura Blvd., S.F.V. 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, 12449 Ventura Blvd. Dates back to when full drag on stage was illegal in California. Ah, the good old days with Sahdji satcheting 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 chivvings and open meetings, they get their crowd with valets and one-night appearances by hypnotists and such. GM

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

The Editors Speak

CRUSADERS IN THE HEALTH CLUBS

What can you say about an Assistant U.S. Attorney who concerns himself with crusades against gay health clubs? That he doesn't want homosexuals to be healthy? That he's afraid he'll be tempted to visit one himself? That he already did visit one and doesn't want his wife to know? That he contracted a case of syphilis in his anal tract or broke his dentures on a cockring? That a butch hustler turned him down in the club because he had bad breath?

In the case of Assistant U.S. Attorney John F. Finnegan, who's been harassing Washington, D.C.'s Regency Health Club, the old standard "psychological" explanations are not enough. Psychologists might tell us that this anti-homosexual crusader is trying to prove his own shaky masculinity. But finicky Finnegan obviously has more severe problems.

And what can be said of the police department's undercover agent Paul Wyland who went into the Regency with a paper bag on his head to gather information? Is he so shy, sexually, that he can only face other human beings wearing a paper bag? Paul Wyland is the winner of GAY's Award for Unique Fetishes. He's a Paper Bag Queen.

But the Finnegans and the Wylands of the world will not win. While rapists and muggers infest the streets of the nation's capital, they concern themselves with private consensual sexual behavior behind closed doors. As laws change, men like these will disappear like venereal sores after they've gotten a proper shot in their rectums.

THE DAVID SUSSKIND SHOW

On October 10th, one of the finest programs on homosexuality was shown on the David Susskind Show. For the first time, seven lesbians, alert, attractive and relaxed, spoke honestly about their feelings to national TV audiences. And, for the first time, there were no psychiatrists, no philosophical opponents, no kooks, except, of course, for David Susskind himself. Susskind's feeble attempts at rebutting the healthy statements of these women were a sad commentary on his own phony liberal mumbo jumbo.

THE GAY PRESS

Recent articles in publications of interest to the gay community have suggested that GAY, expanding on both Coasts and in Middle America, is "challenging" the supremacy of other gay papers.

On the contrary, GAY welcomes cooperation, comradery and good will with all other such papers. The more the merrier! There is room for many different viewpoints, serious and frivolous, news-oriented and reflective. If gay liberation is to be characterized by a joyous, robust sharing of ideals and ideas, none of us can afford to think in terms of contest. GAY offers a firm hand of friendship to all publications working, each in their own way, to bring a more vibrant sense of living and an equal status to America's homosexual citizens.

Nudie Film-Makers In Court Squabble

Los Angeles, Calif.—The movie is simplicity itself, in fact, practically mindless. And worthless to boot, according to a Los Angeles judge.

A gorgeous stud with a sexy beard eases his way into a stranger's home in darkness, clearly intent on ripping off the valuables therein.

He blunders into the householder's bedroom, whereupon its occupant snaps out of slumber and leaps to his feet. The intruder is startled to see that his intended victim sleeps in the raw.

After a kind of tussle in which each appears to be defending himself against something, the burglar (noncommittally played by someone named Paul Fox) is pinioned flat on his ass, his unhappy expression conveying abject surrender to his no-holds-barred captor.

The naked dude atop him decides the erring Paul must be taught a lesson. He produces a handy, ominously long straight-edged razor. Threatening gestures signal his decree: The would-be thief must strip down. The terrified kid is allowed to rise, the menacing knife never far from his vitals. All things considered—including, perhaps, the sweatiness of the encounter—he strips down, albeit slowly, hesitantly.

The knife-wielder's stern anger is subtly softened as he watches. Maybe his mind wanders briefly from its resolute intent. But nope. A crime is a crime and must be punished.

Paul is open-mouthed, horrified. Man, ye wouldn't! Ya couldn't! No? Instantly he's spread-eagled on the floor again, flailing listlessly, his sensuous writhings hinting his resignation to the worst.

The worst! The worst is that he gets his beard shaved off.

"It's symbolic, you see," says male nudie producer Robert Mizer, whose Athletic Model Guild has been churning out such escapades for twenty years. Municipal Judge Harold Goldin, presiding over Small Claims Court, didn't see. Mizer's distributor was before him to demand that the proprietors of the Baron Theater pony up \$300 rental for two weeks' showings of *The Plucked Burglar*.



Paul Fox stars with Phil Seward in the AMG film, PLUCKED BURGLAR.

The distributor, Dick Fontaine, contended that the Baron accidentally received the print of the silent, ten-minute color gem in a shipment of similar male nudies, most of them considerably madder than Mizer's "kinda sweet, romantic" period piece.

So that's how His Honor was forced to put his mind to the matter September 20. "Is this obscene matter that was confiscated?" he asked Fontaine, who is incidentally owner of the rival Zenith Films as well as Mizer's agent.

No. Fontaine knew the print was missing, read a Baron Theater ad for something called *The Plucking Burglar*, hastened to the movie house and plucked the film out of circulation himself.

GAY

Publisher
Four Swords, Inc.

Executive Editors
Jack Nichols
Lige Clarke

Art Directors
Steven Heller
Tina Rosner
Howard Karsh

West Coast Representatives
Ron Taylor
Tony deVries

East Coast News Editor
Richard C. Wandel

West Coast News Editor
Donald Warman

New York Correspondent
Leo Skir

Midwest Correspondent
Erik Larsson

Washington Correspondent
Perrin Shaffer

Advertising Manager
Stefani Lyon

Advertising Assistant
Marcia Blackman

Wizards
Jim Buckley
Al Goldstein

Photos
Richard C. Wandel
Roy Leigh

Columnists
Dick Leitsch
Lige and Jack
Peter Ogren
John P. LeFroy
Gregory Battcock
Leo Skir
Aaron Bates
Sorel David
Thane Hampton

GAY is published BI-WEEKLY by Four Swords, Inc., P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Sta., NYC, NY 10011, with offices at 11 W. 17th St., NYC, NY. Telephone (212) 989-1660.

WEST COAST BUREAU: 373 N. Western Ave., Suite 203, Hollywood, Calif. 90004. Telephone (213) 462-3237.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES (First Class Mail): \$7 for 13 issues; \$13 for 26 issues; \$25 for 52 issues. Application to mail at Second-Class postage rate is pending at New York, N.Y.

The official views of this newspaper are expressed in the Editorial. Opinions expressed in by-lined columns, letters and cartoons, however, are those of the writers and artists and do not necessarily represent the opinions of GAY. Publication of the name or photograph of any person or organization in articles or advertising in GAY is no indication of the sexual orientation of such person or organization.

Entire contents of GAY Copyright (c) 1971 by Four Swords, Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or part strictly forbidden without written permission of the publishers.

New subscribers will receive whichever issue corresponds to the date on which they subscribe. Back issues of GAY are available for \$1 from Four Swords, Inc. Submission of double-spaced, typed, 5-page manuscripts, as well as drawings and photographs, is encouraged. Unused materials will be promptly returned and published writers will be paid upon publication. GAY does not assume responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts. Advertising rates upon request.

"Victimless Crimes" Hearings Attract Kooks

BY RICHARD WANDEL

New York, N.Y.—I've often wondered, since Mario Procaccino ran against Mayor John Lindsay and lost, what the gay social climate of Gotham might have been if he'd won. I remembered the comments that flew about during the mayoral contest. "If Mario gets into the Mayor's mansion, he's going to install wall-to-wall linoleum!" Could this scrappy little Judge be as tacky as he'd been pictured?

My chance to see him, in all his plebeian glory, came in the middle of September when I attended a special hearing on "Victimless Crimes." The hearing had been called by Assemblymen Anthony Olivieri, Stephen Solarz and Franz Leichter. Procaccino's comments, presented to the hearing, told me exactly what he would have done, had he been elected mayor.

Referring to "limousine liberals . . . tin-horn politicians, liberals, left-overs and leftouts," Procaccino painted a picture of New York as a "city under siege by criminals, pimps, prostitutes and homosexuals."

He was in splendid form reminiscent of his earlier statement referring to "faggots" made during the mayoralty campaign. "The sexual freaks of both sexes," he said, "flaunting their perversions in the current atmosphere of permissiveness, now have the temerity to demand that our legislature condone bestial carnality." His scenario read as expected: homosexuality is undermining the fabric of our great American society, causes V.D. and generally seems to be the sole reason for all America's ills. Of course homosexuals also constantly molest children "in order to initiate them to the rites of unnatural acts." I suppose a statement such as this should have been a real down, especially on a Monday morning, but somehow, I thought, laughter seemed to be a more appropriate response. The testimony of the others at the hearing was a good deal more serious, however.

As Solarz and Olivieri (Liechter wasn't there) did their best to look interested through the long afternoon, a parade of witnesses began to tell the story of homosexuality vs. the law. All the regulars were there: Jim Owles, Ruth Simpson, Ernie Reaugh. An award for the best phrase most surely goes to Arthur Bell for his "merry-go-round corruption" in referring to the syndicate bars. In reality I guess we all knew we were simply playing a game. Olivieri and Solarz both had their minds made up. Last year they both supported the Fair Employment Bill in Albany. They did manage to seem interested in a few statements though. Jim Owles told about the fiasco of the Suffolk County police, the arrest on Fire Island and the beatings in Hauppauge, Long Island. In an effort to demonstrate that sodomy laws are no deterrent he noted how on one recent trip to Fire Island, GAA had issued a press release, with a copy to the Suffolk Police, that he intended to commit sodomy as often as possible while basking in the Fire Island sun. When he referred to the Island as a "gay domain," Solarz quickly pointed out that straight's go there also. The Assemblyman has a house out there himself!

Solarz can be a bit annoying at times. Although he's supported us in the past, he still seems to have a few of his own hangups. Maybe I'm a bit touchy but I really don't see why anyone has to go out of his way to make sure that he's not identified too closely with homosexuals. At several points in the hearing the question of solicitation laws came up. Solarz seems fearful of eliminating them. Dr. Wardell Pomeroy (formerly of the Kinsey Institute) noted that repeal of the sod-



Assemblymen Anthony Olivieri and Stephen Solarz listen to spokesman on "Victimless Crimes."

omy law would affect solicitation. Solarz countered by noting that English law still outlawed solicitation. Yes, replied Pomeroy, but only on the complaint of someone not affiliated with the police. Later in the day I asked Solarz why it should be legal for me to walk up to one of the women in the room and ask her to go to bed with me, but not for me to ask a man the same question. He saw the inconsistency but remedied it by suggesting a law to make heterosexual solicitation illegal as well. Now that's what I call progress! According to Solarz, solicitation is offensive. Although he himself wouldn't be offended, we must protect those who would be. Stephen Solarz is, I suppose, a good Assemblyman with a reasonably decent understanding of gay legal problems, but he has still some steps to take if he

intends to earn my respect for him as a crusader for sexual civil liberties.

After all the scheduled speakers had finished, just as I was hoping that I could finally go home and enjoy some more festive occupations, Fran Winant, a DOB member, asked to speak. She presented a poem from a collection called *Looking at Women* which she had written in response to Christopher Street Liberation Day. An inaudible groan was felt in the room as she began, but the groan quickly turned into a contented sigh. The poem was all about pride and perhaps, just perhaps, it would enable the Assemblymen to get some idea about why we'd come to the hearings; ideas that stepped beyond such details as laws, hearings and politics and get down to the business of living.

As we left the hearings, I realized they

signaled preparation, the beginning of yet another session in Albany. More lobbying, rapping, planning and scheming on how to get our points through the thick skulls of Rockefeller's legislature. Another session, another round of work, but perhaps this time fruitful. "Informed sources" (there are always anonymous "informed sources") say that this year there's a damn good chance for sodomy repeal in New York State, and maybe even a Fair Employment Bill. Then we can worry about what comes next. Law reform is really, more than anything else, anti-closet legislation. Freedom for gays to build the movement which can attack those who would put us down at any level and in any location. If these elementary bills pass, then the real work will begin.

N.Y. Counselling Center Opens

New York, N.Y.—On October 1st a center opened in New York City—the first of its kind in this vast metropolis. It is called the **HOMOSEXUAL COMMUNITY COUNSELING CENTER**.

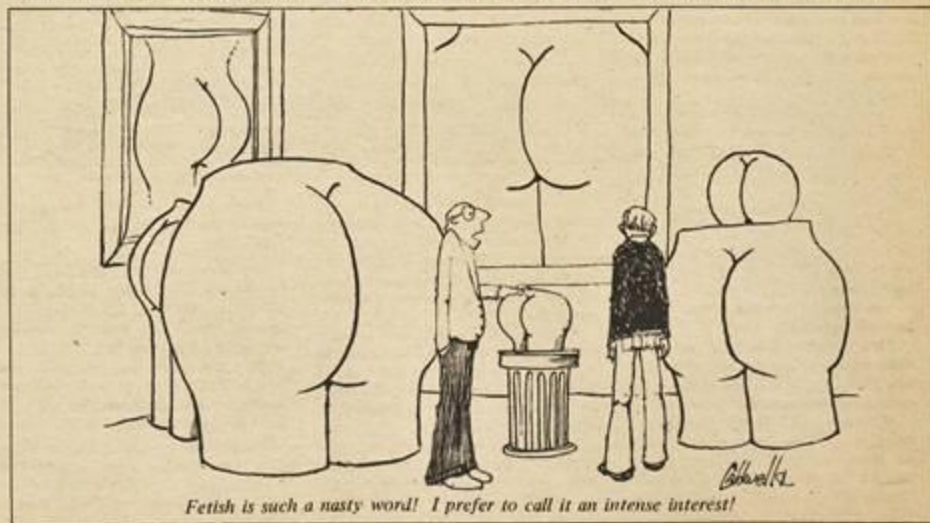
Since nearly all psychotherapists at large consider homosexuality a sickness and attempt to heighten guilt and to convert homosexual patients, it has been dangerous for homosexual men or women to seek treatment through the ordinary channels. The HCCC was conceived to remedy this.

Directed by Dr. Ralph Blair, it includes

a staff of people knowledgeable about the problems homosexuals encounter—for instance, with parents, in jobs and in facing themselves. Consultation services will be provided by social workers, psychologists, psychiatrists, pastoral counselors and select persons from the gay community now being trained.

The center is not simply for homosexual men and women having trouble with their homosexuality. It is for homosexuals who have problems of any kind. One should be able to receive enlightened treatment from a trained therapist with-

out risking disfavor for one's homosexuality. For instance, a lovers' quarrel between homosexuals, or incompatibility, deserves the same scrutiny as if the partners were heterosexual. Members of the HCCC have carefully selected their counseling staff—composed of women and men, both homosexual and heterosexual—on the grounds that they regard homosexuality as a primary and valid orientation. The telephone number of the **HOMOSEXUAL COMMUNITY COUNSELING CENTER** is 834-1159, and its headquarters will be announced shortly.



Fetish is such a nasty word! I prefer to call it an intense interest!

LOVE ON THE CUTTING ROOM FLOOR: A New Yorker Goes to Hollywood



Hollywood hosts are regular guys who know what good times are made of!

BY AARON BATES

PART ONE

Since nobody met me at the airport to offer me a screen test, I began to wonder if I would like Hollywood. Nonetheless, with a stiff upper lip, I made my entrance into the movie capital. I was to be staying with a friend of mine, whom I shall call Bill. Bill and I had never actually met. We had become acquainted through my last job when I was a New York-based editor and he was a Hollywood-based writer. Although we had gossiped for many hours, via coast-to-coast telephoning at the expense of my former company, we both wondered about our first meeting.

Luckily, everything clicked. He was tall, dark, broad-shouldered and handsome. In short, I couldn't wait to lose my virginity again which, on the first night, I promptly did. Thus, I had something to look forward to—my second night, my third night, etc. But not wishing to bore you with steamy passages, I shall confine my article to the days.

The following day Bill introduced me to a friend of his, the costume designer for one of television's leading comedy shows. The three of us had a delicious lunch at the *Garden District* at 757 N. La Cienega, a gay restaurant I heartily recommend for the humpy waiters as well as the food. Then on we went to the designer's home which impressed the hell out of me. Let's face it—after viewing all those Pat Rocco movies in New York, I'd begun to fear that all Hollywood was decorated in wall-to-wall tack. But I soon discovered that it was possible to live in Hollywood and have taste as well. Possible, but not probable.

It's amusing that in Hollywood (or Los Angeles proper for that matter) the natives often underrate their city: "I bet you can't wait to get back to New York, can you?" while in San Francisco, the natives tend to overrate the town: "Now that you've been here, you'll never want to go back to New York." The San Franciscans feel that they're living in a little

New York, minus the dirt and smog. They may have a point. Nonetheless, why would a New Yorker wish to settle for an imitation New York when he can have the real thing?

Los Angeles, however, was an entirely new experience for me or at least, Hollywood was. Hollywood is, after all, just one small area in a city that is spread out for many miles. But it is a very gay area. It is also new, brassy, clean, vulgar, western, palm-tree lines, neon-lit, and absolutely marvelous. The people I was fortunate enough to meet were, for the most part, warm, open, and witty. It was not a sophisticated kind of wit. If Hollywood lacks class, it makes up for it in humanity.

Of course, Hollywood has its phony side. All one has to do is walk into a large, overly-crowded gay bar to discover that. But the same is equally true of New York, San Francisco, Boston, or wherever.

Hollywood is also a city of disillusionment, a place where would-be actors and actresses arrive in droves to be "discovered" and wind up as waitresses, hustlers and exploitation stars.

But a lot of life can be found there, in all shades and all varieties. In short, it's a nice place to visit, and if jobs weren't so scarce, I could be happy even living there.

Anyway, Bill, the costume designer and I were comfortably nestled away in that large, tasteful home when our host

suggested that we take a swim in the pool. Still possessing my New York palor, I readily acquiesced. But what about a swimsuit? Luckily, our host had a dresser drawer filled with them, and the one I chose was sort of a Rudi Gernreich special. I was thrilled by the sight of the water, and I did my Esther Williams imitation, which surprised Bill and our host who were under the impression that New Yorkers didn't know how to swim.

It was about this time that a blond, attractive neighbor decided to pop by and complain about the smog. After all, I am from New York and had no idea of what he was talking about. I was perfectly content just breathing through my nose, a practice I have given up in Manhattan.

The neighbor went on to talk about the official gay transformation of a popular dance bar, the *Bitter End West* on Santa Monica off La Cienega. I listened attentively, expecting to see this modern miracle for myself, which I did several days later thanks to DSI owner Conrad Germaine and his lover Bob Kane.

Although I had never met these two lovers, they were friends of my roommate in New York and offered to take me out on the town. This was particularly nice, since Conrad, a king of smut peddlers, was up to his cock in an internal revenue audit and assorted legal harassments.

Nonetheless, we had a pleasant dinner at *David's* at 703 Melrose Avenue (I list the address for the benefit of you eating

enthusiasts) and then on we went to the popular non-dancing bar, *Dude City*, located on Highland between Santa Monica and Melrose. There I ran into problems because I had not brought with me an I.D. Actually, I thought the Dude was joking when I was asked for proof of my age. I mean, no one has asked me for proof in such a while that I start to cry every time I pass a mirror. Anyway, this lovely bar thought it doubtful that I'd reached my twenty-first birthday. I was absolutely thrilled, even though Conrad found the whole thing inconvenient. So we decided to try to make another entrance. This time I would be using Conrad's identification papers and it worked. The Dude reminds people of Disneyland, so I was told, so I acted noticeably impressed. The place was packed so we decided to attempt an entrance to the *Bitter End West*. Fully equipped with Conrad's I.D., I was once again stopped by the man at the door.

This time I had another little problem. I am twenty-five years old, while Conrad is thirty-two. The man checking my papers was also thirty-two and looked every year of it and then some. "My God!" he cried. "How can you be thirty-two? I'm thirty-two!" I smiled demurely and lowered my eyes. "But . . . but you're so well-preserved!"

"Thank you," I said, "I am, aren't I?" I smiled again and was allowed to pass into the inner sanctum. It was huge, crowded, and hot, but I was having a great time. I had so much liquor in me, I would have had a great time anywhere. It was dark, but I could tell that the bar was peopled with pretty people . . . which is true of Hollywood bars in general. One gets so used to seeing gorgeous men in Hollywood that one no longer thinks about it. Besides, I had Bill back home and I was more than satisfied. But fate has a way of playing nasty tricks. Bill's parents were planning an unexpected visit, and within a day or two, I was to find myself uprooted and relocated (as Angelo d'Arcangelo once put it) in that do-it-yourself warehouse, the Hollywood YMCA. Next issue: How I Was Voted Queen of the YMCA!



A dozen go-go boys compete at a private Hollywood party for trophies.

Mike Umbers, Back Room Czar, Arrested Again

New York, N.Y.—Mike Umbers, one of the best known and most controversial figures in New York's gay community, has been arrested again. The charge this time is "possession of pornography."

Earlier on the day of his arrest a fire had broken out in an apartment said to be owned by Mike. The occupant of the flat (an employee of Mike's) was not injured in the blaze, but firemen and policemen on the scene found a number of cartoons of material they deemed "pornographic." They decided the material belonged to Mike Umbers and went to his Studio Bookshop and Gallery at 500 Hudson Street and arrested him and one of his aides.

The bookshop was closed and locked and Mr. Umbers and his associate hauled off to jail. Later the police went back to search the shop in hope of finding more incriminating evidence. When they left they neglected to lock the door. The night clerk, who knew nothing of the raid, arrived to find that the shop had been burglarized of over \$500 in cash and an as yet uncounted quantity of merchandise. Whether vandals or the police got the money is not known.

Bail was arranged for the two men in jail and the Studio is doing business as usual. Mike, who calls himself a "gay catalyst," is used to such trials and he is presently awaiting sentencing in another pornography case.

Just after the July 19 raids on nine Village after-hours clubs—including Mike Umbers' famous Christopher's End—Chief of Detectives Albert Seedman tried to smear Mike as a member of an organized crime syndicate. A few days later, Chief Seedman branded Umbers as the link between "gangland" people who wanted Joseph Colombo out of the way and the alleged assassin who tried to gun down the reputed Mafia leader at an Italian-American Civil Rights League Unity Day Rally.

Though Chief Seedman grabbed many headlines with his theory at the time, little has been heard of it since and no charges have been placed against Mike Umbers. A federal official concerned with organized crime has challenged Seedman's theory. Daniel P. Hollman, chief of the Joint Strike Force to Combat Organized Crime—and a participant in the July 19 raids—noted that the underworld does not assign a job of such sensitivity to a man like the accused Jerome Johnson, a drifter and an amateur.

"It would have been the first time that organized crime would have acted in this style," Hollman said. "Usually a rubout like this is a clean, professional job. You find the body in Rockaway somewhere with a bullet in the head."

Mr. Umbers disclaims any connection with either the shooting of Colombo or with organized crime. A good-looking man who used to be a hustler, Mike now operates a small gay "empire" consisting of the restaurant known as Gay Dogs, a publishing house, two bookstores, and Christopher's End, one of the first "orgy bars," now a juice bar.

"Some people try to paint me as a gay exploiter," Mike complains. "I'm not. I'm a gay catalyst. I try to make things happen and give the gay community things they want and can't get elsewhere. I think I do more for gay liberation in the long run than any of the organizations."

Since the July raids the Gay Activists Alliance has marched on Mike's places at least twice. They burned him in effigy one time, and once sent an "investigation committee" around to the Studio to demand an opportunity to look over Mike's books.

"When GAA marched on me, they paraded through the Village," Mike smiles. "Down here, you know, people will march for anything without asking



Mike Umbers stands inside the door of the Studio Bookshop, 500 Hudson Street, in Greenwich Village.

questions. The march got bigger and bigger, but when it got to my place and the kids found out I was the target, half of them jumped over to my side of the confrontation and shouted back at GAA. Most people here know I'm o.k."

Other defenders of Mike Umbers include his large, and constantly changing, staff of gay people. He can usually be counted upon to find some work for a gay person who needs a couple of dollars. Mike's reputation is that of being a soft touch. He lets kids without homes stay in various buildings he owns, gives food to street people with hard-luck stories, and has helped out a number of people who had medical problems or other difficulties.

At the moment, Mike is paying the \$350-a-month rent and other expenses of the street ministry to gay and other street people in the Village. That missionary work is being carried out by Bishop

Umbers Says "Listen, I'm A Good Guy!"

BY LEO SKIR

I phoned Studio Book Shop to try to get a photo of Mike Umbers for a story on him. I got Mike who told me he had no pix, also he was just sentenced to be interned the 16th of September for nine months for obscenity.

"What did you do?" I asked. "I made a phone call," he said. "You must be very eloquent," sez I. "I referred a kid to a movie-maker," he said. "He was underage. He got \$50 for the movie. I mean I was just trying to help him. He was a street kid getting two, three dollar tricks. I got him \$50. And they hang me for it."

"Justice is in heaven and not on earth, Mike," I said. "Can I come and take pix of you?"

"Sure," he said. He had a Pentax, no film. I got \$2 for a roll from Fred Jordan (I was in the Evergreen office), scooted over to the Studio Book Shop on Christopher Street.

Mike was there in the back room. Dark/black-Irish good looks, stocky build, a little tired.

Behind the desk is a kid I know from GAA (Gay Activists Alliance), looking a little sad/nervous. "I work for the Church," he said. "I have no connection with Mike."

I shake his hand. "Good to meet one of God's children," said I.

"I believe in this place," Mike said. On the wall is a Larry Rivers painting of a urinal, a painting used as a stage set in Leroy Jones' *Toulet*. Also a painting by Mike. Not bad. Mike was a painter. Two

Wayne Price and two other priests of the Polish National Catholic Church.

Mr. Umbers has been generous in giving gay organizations the use of his premises for meetings, discussions, etc., and he's funded community projects undertaken by gay people without capital. The short-lived community newspaper, *Gay Ways*, was one such project he underwrote.

Opinion in the gay community is split over whether Mike Umbers is friend or foe, but there is general agreement that the police are going to continue to harass him for a long time.

Jim Owles, President of the Gay Activists Alliance, says of him: "I know Mike Umbers' bar has been used as a drug drop and he's perfectly willing to see gay people get their heads split while he takes their money. He comes on like a father figure to these young kids and turns them into funkies for himself."

years in Paris.

"This is real," he said. "This is a real business. I built it. I'm fighting for it. I was here eight years. This isn't a fly-by-night place. My books. They're not like tit books. A gay book never dies. It's not the same. You see it's like this. A gay book never dies. A gay guy, he's like a summer butterfly. He flits from flower to flower. But he remembers. So, he picks up a book. It's a reprint. It's a kid he tricked with years ago. But he remembers. He sees the trick. He wants the memory. He buys it. Y'see that's what I'm selling. Fantasy. Paper flesh. I've got 50,000 magazines in stock, about 250,000 books in my warehouse."

"Mike, who pays \$5 for a book of pictures?"

"Lots of guys, guys over 40, guys you never meet. They're the guys the GAA never knew about. They ignore them. I don't. I'm their friend. GAA can call them closet queens 'cause they don't want to run screaming in the streets. I have pictures of the Christopher Street Day parade. The police said they never saw a parade march by so quick. It wasn't a parade, it was a police-escorted march. They got Quaker marshalls to see the kids behaved. I offered them a float. They refused. You saw the Thanksgiving Day parade. More queens there than Christopher Street Day parade. GAA has only the tip of the iceberg. Nine-tenths of the guys aren't touched by them. I know them. You should see the letters I get. There's one from a farmer in North Dakota, about Tom of Finland drawings. He tells me he tried to draw a little himself. It's

guys like this that come to me. They know my shop isn't a ripoff. I have my name and address on the books, not like the other skin books. They know the Studio Book Shop. There's a picture of it on the catalogue. Guys come here when they come in from out of town. CBS came here when they wanted to cover the gay scene. They know I'm a gay leader. GAA doesn't know, but they know."

Enter the Church. A man in priest's clothing, black cassock, turned-round collar came in carrying some food. Introduced self: Father Price, age 27, of St. Philip Neri of Boston, a Bishop of the Old Catholic Church. "We're ultra orthodox," he said. "We don't recognize the Roman Catholic Church."

"He's taking over Christopher's End," said Mike. "If the police bust in they'll be dealing with religion."

"About Sunday," the Father said, "I'll have to serve the beer myself. You can't handle it."

"Okay," said Mike. "We're founding a non-militant conservative gay organization. We'll call it TWO, like after ONE comes TWO."

"I know that," I said. "We're not going to run through the streets screaming like GAA," said Mike. "We'll apply economic pressure, not zapping. The Church will offer film shows and vocational guidance. We'll have a mental health help from a psychiatrist from Rockland State. It will be older guys. They'll want to support it. They've hung out of GAA."

"This is a real story, Mike," I said, "but I've come to take pictures." I loaded the film and began to snap.

I suggested we take pix of the End and the dancing. Mike sent out a call for a go-go boy but none was around. A kid he addressed as Miss Canada, looking sick and sad, was around. He told Miss Canada to come, strip, dance.

Miss Canada came from Canada, from Montreal. He used to work for Mike as a go-go boy.

"How much do you pay your go-go boys?" I asked.

"Fifteen a night," he said. "Canada's very tough. They keep you 72 hours in jail after a vice raid. They arrest everyone."

He posed (dressed) with Miss Canada while another assistant took the pictures.

"This place could be beautiful," he said. "It was. It was full of stained glass. The police broke everything. I got it from the police. I get it from GAA."

"I never found it anything but depressing," I told Mike. "It was always dirty, sad. The kids were silly and badly behaved. It had always a ripoff air about it."

"That's because I couldn't hang around," Mike said. "I had to hide from police all the time."

We were seated at Gay Dogs, a hot-dog stand beside Christopher's End. The guy behind the counter, very tuf-looking, was speaking to another equal-tuf in front of the counter:

Tuf no. 1: Get away.
Tuf no. 2: Why?
Tuf no. 1: 'Cause I said get away.
Tuf no. 2: Why?
Tuf no. 1: 'Cause I don't like ya, get away.

[Note: Tuf no. 2 gets away.]

Two strung-out kids speaking to each other. One to the other, "You ripped that gay off and you didn't give me ten percent."

Mike looked with distaste at the two strung-out kids. "I had to bounce that one. He had some girl-whore coming in all the time leaning on him, all over him. I told him to get her out, that the guys here didn't dig it. Then he got into drugs. I told him to go. I hate drugs."

NUPTIAL BUSINESS America's Number One Social Disease

BY NICHOLAS MARTINO



Father Robert Clement performs "holy union" in Manhattan's Church of the Beloved Disciple.

Leo Skir's recent crisply cutting article on the gay marriage service he attended set my mind whirling, which was very pleasant, considering that my mind, or for that matter, any of my other parts, hasn't been doing much whirling in the suburbs these days. At least, thank Aunt Agatha, out here we are spared such exhibitions. Poor Mr. Skir. It appears as if the incense incensed him.

My whirling mind (please see above) soon reminded me of one of GAY's editorials, published a few weeks earlier, from which I now quote: "We are thankful for our freedoms, which, we are beginning to realize, outweigh those enjoyed by sexually conventional people. Now, society is rebelling against the insane restrictions imposed by law and religion, and is beginning to enjoy homosexual lifestyles, which seem to offer wider and more relaxed possibilities for human contact." As much as I found myself really excited by that editorial, the question keeps coming back: How many of us do indeed realize, or even wonder about, the possible extent of our freedoms?

In order to nurture the joy of freedom one must, it seems to me, learn to distinguish the subversives within our midst so as to be on guard against them. Subversives fascinate me, I see them everywhere, and my greatest ambition is to testify one day before HUAC and tell them about all the subversives I've ever seen, but for now, since my Mommy and Daddy always admonished me not to bite off more than I could chew, I'll confine myself to just one of the subversive elements I've seen, the one called society, and its plans for subverting emerging gay lifestyles.

Does anyone realize what the upshot of gay marriages will be once they become popular? First of all, in a few years all those of us who are sufficiently ambidextrous not to feel either particularly "butch" or "femme" will be forced to take a stand. The femme guys, having finally realized their heart-felt ambition to hang drapes and dust furniture, will start to picket against butch chauvinism, using old Women's Lib literature to save money. The butch guys, being too fagged out after their nine to five jobs, won't bother to protest femme chauvinism any more than straight males now protest female chauvinism. The neatest trick of all,

of course, will be that the perennial old subversive, society, will have us right where it wants us. In fact, I have heard from a very reliable Washington source that Nixon met Hoover recently in a White House tearoom to, among other things, discuss the new Gay Lib problem. Together they decided to first bait us until we expend the better part of our vitality, and then to begrudgingly offer us a modicum of "acceptance" in exchange for our all taking marriage vows. Now what's in it for the government if we all get "married"? you might ask. You might also ask why I see society as subversive. You might even ask if I'm some kind of crazy paranoid freak, but that wouldn't be nice. Read on, and ye shall find the answers to these, and many of the other questions that have been plaguing Ann Landers ever since she started to wear dentures.

If we examine these questions in some kind of historical perspective we will find, first of all, that love, monogamy, and marriage were not always the inviolate institutions with which we who are the products of Western Civilization are so familiar. I know it's rather hard to stomach, but in many other parts of the world people don't necessarily think, or feel, as we do. Arabs have harems, and Arab men also reportedly go after other men, and even little boys. (Aren't foreigners so terribly quaint?) In some other parts of the world the emotion which we call love is rather less inextricably tied to questions of religion and holiness and virtue. Love, and even sex, are sometimes apt to be minor deities unto themselves, relatively immune from threats of eternal damnation.

Society, good old subversive society, usually has very base motives for constructing cultural institutions, and its conscious attempt to regulate love and sex is hardly an exception. Society is no one's fool. It realizes that if you in any way control someone's sex life, then you have the entire person by the balls, as they say.

In this light we can trace the mores and attitudes toward sexual relationships common to our Western Civilization all the way back to the Early Middle Ages. If you remember, Europe was in a real fix in those days. The Moslem invasions, the most important consequences of which was Islam's control over much of the Mediterranean, brought trade and com-

merce to a virtual halt, replacing the earlier wide flow of goods and ideas with a narrow parochialism. All important contact with Byzantium ceased, towns literally shrivelled up and died, and most of Europe sank into a totally agrarian economy, which brought with it a new special concern for the ownership of property. The emerging feudal estates, around which the entire population became centered, had to be completely self-sufficient, for no goods were available from outside. Soldiers could not be hired, for money was not in use, so the estates had to depend upon the peasantry even for their armies.

In its attempt to stabilize this state of affairs the Church, which coincidentally happened to be the largest holder of feudal real estate going, advised the peasantry that they should stay put and not complain about their poor lives, for the object of life was to get to heaven. On earth one was supposed only to work hard and prove to God that one had renounced all worldly pleasures, including you know what. Only the Church could confer legitimacy upon a sexual relationship, and without such approval anyone participating in such a relationship would definitely go to hell. Actually, marriage was supposed to have as little to do with sex as possible, for the marital relationship was to signify an affirmation of love for God, whose actions were to be imitated, including His actions with Mary, which left the bedsheets completely immaculate. God, you see, had never thought of inventing laundromats.

During this time a basic change in religious imagery, the historian's terminology for which is the transition from epic to romance, made the Church far more appealing to the laity. Figures of Christ lost their frightening severity, becoming compassionate and beautiful, and for the first time Mary (The Virgin) began playing a prominent role. Meanwhile, the peasantry were eventually offered some half-assed claim to ownership of some of the lands they worked, the claim even being transferable to one's son, bringing about another cultural phenomenon. To quote Joan Robinson's *Freedom and Necessity*, "In sophisticated societies it seems it was the anxiety of a man to know that his heirs were his own that led to the cult of female virginity and the concept of the 'honour' of a daughter, sister, or wife.

"The chastity of women," as Dr. Johnson said, "is of the utmost importance, as all property depends on it."

To see how all this history affects present-day social patterns one has only to notice that many homosexuals as well as heterosexuals think of "faithfulness" in terms of virtue. The question with them isn't that that faithfulness may work better—they think faithfulness is better because it's more sacred, whatever the hell I'm supposed to think that means. My affection or love for another man should need no such justification. Besides, introducing God into a monogamous relationship only destroys it, creating a *menage a trois*.

On a more subtle level society, especially a highly industrialized competitive society such as ours, creates the kind of marital role-playing in which, for example, one party (the wage earner) goes out every day to a horrible job while to the other party is relegated the equally horrible task of comforting the wage earner when he or she returns home sick to the stomach. ("Poor honey-bunch, I'll bring you an Alka Seltzer for your aching tummy-wummy.") Such an arrangement virtually precludes the possibility of either party questioning the inanity, the cruelty, of the situation within which society has them both trapped. Their relationship rarely bursts forth as a positive thing, being obligated to concern itself with mitigating negative things.

Being conscious of this situation, when a man repeatedly calls me "baby," I cringe. I don't want to be cuddled. To be held, yes—but cuddled? Suffering, a suffering over something important, can sometimes be exquisitely exercised by tender and generous compassion. Trying to cuddle away petty aggravations instead of trying to become extricated from the situation causing such aggravation results in shit—no more, no less. Besides, if a man insists on calling me baby, then I must infer that he's Daddy (or Mummys?) and if we were to sleep together that would be incest, which is called a perversion. Personally, I scrupulously avoid anything which could be called a perversion.

Speaking of perversions, by the way, a couple of weeks ago I was talking with someone at a local bar (imagine my aggressiveness!) who happened to be look-

Continued on page 21

Fort Ord G.I. Raps Army

BY DONALD WARMAN

Monterey, Cal.— From the viewpoint of the gay young GI, the "New Army" isn't quite the same pile of shit the old one was.

At the command level, nothing apparently has changed. But one particular young GI, stationed at sprawling nearby Fort Ord, had some provocative comments to offer during an impromptu interview with GAY in one of the ambivalent bars which dot this artsy, stylishly tacky seaside retreat.

What began as the usual barroom fishing expedition became something else—more intriguing, in some ways—when it developed that the strikingly handsome 22-year-old interviewee was in an unusual position to speak where he knows. His duty assignment in the base permanent party is as preliminary interviewer in the mental hygiene section. He calls that "the only thing in the Army that's there to help the guys—not to bullshit and brainwash them."



(Because the young man is in the process of beating the Army by wangling a conscientious objector discharge, GAY agreed not to identify him. His qualifications as an unofficial authority on the scene are evident in his own words.)

SOLDIER: Ord is both a basic training base and a clearing house for guys back

from Vietnam. We get problems coming and going, but mostly coming—back from the tour, I mean.

GAY: It's the ones coming back we're interested in. How do you evaluate them?
SOLDIER: We have a formal line of questioning in which two psychological blocks come up right away—the value of the war itself, then the guy's sex life in Vietnam. That's the one you want to know about, isn't it?

GAY: How did you guess? Go ahead and talk.
SOLDIER: There are two main factors—syphilis and homosexuality. It often comes down to a case of one versus the other. The word—it's everywhere—is that there is something called the black Asian syphilis. It's incurable, and if you get it you have to go to some island somewhere and rot to death. I've been told myself that it's a medical fact. Anyway, the GI's believe it.

(Both the U.S. Surgeon General's Office in Washington and the U.S. Public Health Service in Los Angeles deny the existence of such a deadly strain or that the Army encourages fear of it. In view of what follows, the point is irrelevant.)

SOLDIER: I think that's the main reason the guys try the gay scene. That and the isolation over there, and the futility. Some of them who went over straight come back gay. What they do when they get back into civilian life, I don't know. You figure it out.

GAY: What do you do for them?
SOLDIER: That's up to the psychiatrists. Many times we manage to get them discharges, ease them out without messing up their futures. All I do is report that

there's a homosexual problem there. You'd be surprised how often there is.
GAY: I doubt it. What about here in the States? What do you see on the base?
SOLDIER: A horrible example of the Army's corruption and hypocrisy. The Army goes for this hard-core image—the all-American four-letter man. But the suppressed homosexual mood is everywhere, especially among the boys back from Vietnam. You feel it all the time. In the showers, say. You can sense when you're being looked at that way, can't you? Like you're being cruised?
GAY: I have a vague recollection.
SOLDIER: The Army doesn't exactly discourage homosexuality. It's more like it's ignored. I know a corporal who's a screaming faggot, but he does his job well and everybody ignores the other thing. As long as he's willing to shoot and shell over in 'Nam, they don't care. The only one they'll discharge is the one who doesn't want to fight.

But to get back to your question: Do I see any gay action on the base? No, not action. In an open-barracks situation it's too difficult to arrange. I'm told they go to town to do it. The ones who have a hard time are these gay kids who go in service thinking they'll have a ball. Then they get intimidated by the all-American four-letter man bullshit, and like as not they cop out and take a bad discharge. That's what I mean about the hypocrisy of the Army.

Actually, I think the military has a beautiful respect for the gay lib movement. There's a large gay activist group here in town. Believe it or not, as uptight as the Army is about the radical move-

ment in general, I've talked to a lot of lifers and officers who tell me they respect a minority that can make its place within the system, non-violently.

GAY: That leaves the door open for you to tell them that you yourself are gay.
SOLDIER: No! I'm not about to mess it up for myself! All I was pointing out is that the Army in some ways isn't as bad as I think it used to be—about the attitude, I mean. Besides, I'm not sure what I am. I have a lover in Los Angeles whom I see on weekends. I think I'm adapting to a homosexual life now.

GAY: Your first homosexual affair?
SOLDIER: My first and only. He brought me out when I broke up with my girl friend two years ago. I didn't know until then how deeply I could love another person. But there's still that need in me for women—to be the aggressor, the dominator. Women provide a beautiful kind of companionship. Maybe it's the American male ego image, but it's there.

GAY: Shall I go back over my notes and change the word hypocrisy to ambivalence?

SOLDIER: Shit, no. I'm getting out of the Army because it's such a phony crook. It represents the whole rotten hypocrisy of our system.

GAY: Why did you go into the Army to begin with?

SOLDIER: To try to get my head together, to find my place. Not in society—I've come to realize that society doesn't matter. I mean my place in life. It's a matter of conscience, I suppose. By the way, if you print this in your paper, don't send it to the base. I'll pick up some copies from you when I see you in Los Angeles, okay?

ON BEING DIFFERENT

A Mature Gentleman Comes Out



Merle Miller, author of ON BEING DIFFERENT, relaxes in his home.

ment in the Times and of the fact that Mr. Miller is well known and an extremely sensitive writer.

In the Times article, Mr. Miller told of his own brooding ruminations and self doubts; he wrote of his sorry attempts to hide his homosexuality, of his guilt, and of affectations silly and pointless, like his deep "radio announcer's voice" which he mastered when under pressure. It took an artist to convey all this. And these days, with "people coming out all over each other," as Professor Ros Regelson puts it, it takes more courage in some circles to admit shame than to proclaim that one is homosexual.

That Mr. Miller has given us this document of torment and of triumph was vitally important. We know that there are still millions of people suffering as he did. One could not possibly assess the costs of oppression against homosexuals without understanding the inner reactions of the victims. And with all the proverbial "homosexuality in the arts," Merle Miller stands at this moment the most accomplished writer to have come forth and written about his own experiences as a homosexual.

The sequel to the article is more passionate, more integrated and forceful than the article itself. I would guess that Mr. Miller's every decision which involved self-exposure brought him new strength. He writes in the sequel: "I am much more optimistic than when I wrote the piece, much; the laws, as I said, will be changed, sooner than I thought." Doubtless he has been heartened by encouragement, and even admiration, from unexpected sources, the sort that a person in hiding can never count upon, that a paranoid person cannot even imagine. One of the early astronauts concluded a conversation on the phone with Mr. Miller by saying, "I read your piece in the Times... It was very good, very important, very necessary." Imagine if someone had predicted before the article appeared that among the flurry of well-wishers to shine forth afterwards, one was to be an astronaut.

Since the article, Mr. Miller has received over two thousand letters, and answered many of them. He has done work with the GAA, persuaded the New York Times to give more space to gay protests and other doings, and used his leverage wherever possible to publicize books

potentially helpful to the movement.

On Being Different is a very short book—and in this respect high-priced, if you reckon the cost per word. An editor I know commented that Random House was nervous to present so slender a package of prose between hard covers. Anger welled up in me.

"Consider it a poem then!" I retorted; that is how I feel about the book.

Here is why it is so important. For anyone down in confidence, it becomes immensely helpful to be able to discern persons at three different posts along the as yet untraveled road. At the far end of the road are heroes of one kind—men and women who have overcome their guilt and are now strong in demanding their rights. Men and women with booming voices "Two, four, six, eight. Gay is just as good as straight!" These are the embodiments of the final freedom, the clarity that becomes possible when the battle for self-acceptance is won. They enjoy the kind of relief that may be expected when the road is traversed, the possibility of "life coming true," as Dr. Jean Balderston put it.

A second kind of hero, also inspiring but quite different, is the delicate and usually youthful hero or heroine who seems, almost by dint of a magic amulet worn around the neck, to have grown up without having had to worry about oppression. The person who is able to savor the grapes of life with a curious serenity—as if ignorant that there are giant forces for and against taking the grapes that hang within reach. We talk of the forces against sensuality, but they fall alongside the power urging us, within the bounds of ethics, to eat the available grapes as fast as we can. This force—the knowledge of our impending death, as applied by many to their own case, have done wonders to nullify the strongest opposition arguments to sensuality.

But this second kind of hero is dubious. He is a model but inimitable. The circumstances that may have shaped him were not one's own; or if they were, his capacity for detachment, the serenity of his spirit, makes him seem alien—a creature of some generation to come, the product of some society as yet unaccomplished.

The third kind of hero is the flesh and

blood kind, the one we may most easily underestimate. He is the person who has suffered but not surrendered, who has for the sake of his own survival identified every detail in his mental cell, and who has charted those details so that others in similar cells can see them. I am speaking of the artist, the person who believes that in consciousness there is strength. To deny that he had lacerated himself, unnecessarily, foolishly, pathetically, would have been for Merle Miller to have been less than an artist, less than truthful, and far less effective in the long run than he was. To have done so would have been to understate the magnitude of society's oppression against human beings like him. To deny his despondency, his bewilderment, his misgivings, would have been to pretend that the tentacles of oppression had been too weak to penetrate within his mind and dismay him.

I (who personally am a rabid roofer for the GAA and find it hard to listen when the slightest aspersion is cast on them) find myself also a rabid fan of Merle Miller. While organizations like the GAA are rallying against the opposition and forcing publications to take articles like Merle Miller's, and rousing newcomers to guard their rights, there remains the need for contemplative people, solitary people like the victims themselves, to describe in words for those still tormented the maze of impressions and emotions which make their lives hell. This is what Merle Miller has done.

If properly understood, On Being Different can prove of immense value not just to troubled homosexuals, or to homosexuals generally, but to anyone struggling for the courage to love a self unacceptable to a majority. The person might be old, or black, or Jewish, or physically short, or poor. Some of the fundamental problems are the same. What misgivings does one feel? How does one handle them? I'd like to quote parts of the book to you but there isn't space here. For many, four-fifty may be a lot for a "sleender" book, but it's a damn good book, and makes an excellent present for a friend or parent. If you buy it for someone, borrow it later on. I would guess that libraries concerned with showing how the world has looked to at least a few million homosexuals would want to stock it plentifully.



BY DR. GEORGE WEINBERG

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

Merle Miller's celebrated article in the Sunday Times, and a sequel describing the public's reactions to it and his adventures afterwards, have just been published by Random House. The title: On Being Different: What It Means To Be A Homosexual. The first part, the piece that already appeared, brought more attention to the matter of how homosexuals are treated in this country than any piece ever written. This was the result of its prominent place-

GLEN'S TURKISH BATHS TWO LOCATIONS

SAN DIEGO
*Open 24 hours
*All private rooms
*Steam-Sauna
*Color TV lounge
*Gym facilities
*Sun machines
*Pool table
*Canteen lounge
*Coffee—Hot foods
*Cold drinks



LOS ANGELES
*Open 24 hours
*Sundeck
*Steam-Sauna
*All private rooms
*Gym facilities
*Color TV lounge
*Coffee
*Hot food
*Cold drinks

(714) 234-7755
867 4th Ave.
Corner 4th & E
Downtown

(213) 264-9400
4550 Brooklyn Ave.
1 1/2 Blks. E. of
Long Beach Fwy.

TO ALL MEMBERS OF THE CALIFORNIA STATE LEGISLATURE

I support AB 437, the so-called "Brown Bill," and I hereby petition your vote for passage of this urgently needed legislation for sex law reform.

Any contribution—even a dime—enclosed with your petition will help finance this drive.

GAY COMMUNITY ALLIANCE
525 N. Laurel Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90048

I () am, () am not a registered voter in the state of California.

Date Signature

THE END

18 & OVER
WELCOME

7994 SANTA MONICA BLVD.
LOS ANGELES

Beer & Wine Dining & Dancing

WHY NOT JOIN US AFTER HOURS

NO COVER OR MINIMUM MON. THRU THURSDAY

SOMETHING YOU DO IN THE DARK

Something You Do In The Dark, by Daniel Curzon, G.P. Putnam's Sons, 200 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016, \$4.95, 352 pp.

BY PETER HADLEY

It seems fashionable nowadays for homosexual propagandists to knock every bit of writing or film or television happening that doesn't cast that old "Gay Is Good" glow. Every time that homosexuality is treated as a down trip more fuel is fed to the fires of Gay Revolution. 2-4-6-8, Gay is just (or twice, depending on how militant you are) as good as straight, and all that. But here is a book that is most definitely a tragic story about an unhappy homosexual, yet is one of the most compelling gay novels ever written, and which everyone, straight or gay, should read.

Something You Do In The Dark is about a young man of 27, Cole Ruffner, who has just been released from more than two years in prison for getting caught in a police entrapment in the tearoom of a Detroit park. Bitter and rejected, he conceives the idea to kill the cop who tried to force him to blow him in the back seat of the police car, a totally demented but frighteningly real fag-baiter named Keel. During the course of



Photo by Pat Rocco

his "rehabilitation," Cole witnesses the entrapment in a bar of another homosexual by a handsome police plant who first tries to pick up Cole. And little by little, Cole becomes more and more radicalized. Yet his transformations are not due to any sense of pride in himself, but rather

because he sees the horrid injustices all around him. His friends become cooler toward him, his probation officer wants to remould him to fit the straight norm—"the blade of grass that sticks out is the one that gets cut down first"—and even the gays whom he tries to help turn against him.

Gradually he learns how to force others to accept his homosexuality, and whether they like it or not is their problem.

In one episode, Cole visits his dying father, and begins to build a new bond with the old man. But when his father bursts in on Cole and a man he has picked up, even his father, in spite of his sickness and dependency, throws him out of the house. "I'd rather die alone in my bed," he shrieks, "then let you touch me again."

But throughout the book there is a dreadful sense of personal worthlessness, that even seeing himself as the despised victim of a cruel and unjust society cannot erase. It is the malaise that makes anyone believe because he's heard that he's a creep so often from so many sources, he begins to believe that it's really true. A very real and terrifying ambience to move in.

The book's chief virtues, aside from the absolutely brilliant narrative style and wonderful dialogue, is a sense of a strange time displacement. It seems as if everything takes place pre-Gay Lib, although the time is the present. And that is as it should be: the locale is not New York, San Francisco nor Los Angeles; it is Detroit, a city not remarkable for its intellectual advances or cultural leaps. In short, it is the America that does not revolve on advanced social ideas. What in New York is contemptuously referred to as a white liberal (read mealy-mouth)

judge is a true liberal in a setting like Detroit. Yet he has the bold-faced audacity to commend the ensnaring police department for doing homosexuals "a service." "First of all," he says, "they protect such men from exploitation by the ruthless. Second, they give them the opportunity to rehabilitate themselves and make themselves over into thoroughly adjusted, upright members of the community... homosexuality is not a crime, it is only a misfortune."

And so on, and so on, blah, blah. One can readily see the framework that Cole Ruffner must operate within. And one does not have to be a sex offender to feel the pinch in such a society. We who live in a large metropolis, where there are many other homosexuals to support our sense of personal worth and who fit in with our infinitely diversified lifestyles should take a closer look at our less fortunate brothers and sisters, who do live behind the times and who have a much harder time just coping with their homosexuality, to say nothing of enjoying their lives as homosexuals.

Seen in this light, *Something You Do In The Dark* is not only a powerful narrative of an unhappy soul in a hostile and uncomprehending environment, but is a revolutionary book in its own right. It is a taut, tense, dynamic and exciting thriller as well—the final chapters are shattering—and very difficult to put aside once you've begun it. It should be read by homosexuals who should know how the other half lives, and by heterosexuals who should take a good hard look at what Middle American society has been doing to gay people for a long time. It's not a pretty picture, but it's an important one to see.

JUST LOVE THOSE GERMAN SAUSAGES!

BY DICK LEITSCH

Like so many Americans who grew up during and right after the Second World War, I was taught to hate Germans. Those Hollywood movies picturing them as rude, smug, conformist, imperialistic, sadistic bastards had their effect on me—an effect compounded by my mother's typically English anti-Hunism.

When Bob suggested we add Germany to our summer itinerary this year I was appalled. Why should we waste our time and money in that awful place full of goose-stepping Nazis? Especially Bob, a Nice Jewish Boy, why should he want to go there and spend money with, and put out sexually to, a race of children of concentration camp wardens? Bob's parents had the same reaction, marking this as one of the few occasions when my in-laws and I agreed on anything.

As usual, Bob proved right. I loved Germany and the Germans are the Master Race in bed. There's a higher ratio there than anywhere I know of of good-looking men, and the Germans are delightfully civilized. The country is rather what America should be. The people are prosperous, the economy booming, the scenery is beautiful, the cities clean, there are no ghettos or slums, and the people are free in a way we, with our Puritan heritage, will never be.

This freedom is exemplified by the way gay people cruise. There's none of that game-playing that characterizes cruising elsewhere—the long looks and no action, the reluctance to show one's hand first, the fear of rejection, the corny lines.

Our first night in Frankfurt was spent in the Come Back, the city's best gay bar. I was sitting there, minding my own business, when a stunning blond entered. I stared, and he smiled and waved as though we were old friends. After he got himself a beer, he came over to me, kissed me full on the mouth, dropped his hand to my thigh and said, "Mein Name ist Fritz."

We struggled for a bit to make conversation but, as he spoke no English and I spoke no German, that was difficult. Soon he dropped his hand to my basket, looked into my eyes and took my half-full glass of beer from my hand and put it down. Taking my hand in his, he led me out of the bar and around the corner to his house.

If a German likes you he'll let you know it quickly and directly. You may not like him, but rejections don't bother Germans, particularly not southern Germans. It wasn't until we got to the northern part of the country that we found the old familiar cruising patterns of posing, posturing and game-playing.

In the southern cities, street cruising is as direct as bar cruising. If a guy likes your looks he gives you the Big Cruise, the kind that women employees at New York's City Hall are complaining that they get from construction workers. I can't see why they are kvetching. I find it delightful when a man stops on the street, stares hard into my eyes and says, "You are beautiful!"

This happened to me first in Frankfurt on the main shopping street, the Kaiserstrasse. There I was with my map, German-English dictionary, and my phrase



book, minding my own business. A guy walking toward me was stunning enough that I had to look at him and he steadily gazed back into my eyes. I expected we'd pass, glance back at one another, and probably end up meeting, American-style, at a shop window with a phrase like "Live around here?" or something equally tacky.

Not so. We continued staring until we were a few feet apart. He stopped dead in his tracks, still holding my eyes with his. What could I do? I stopped too. "You are very beautiful," he said. "Would you do me the honor of coming to my house?" The guy looked like Helmut Berger, but with a technique like that I'd have gone home with him even if he had been Bela Lugosi—or Bella Abzug.

Besides civilized cruising, the very polite Germans have something else going for them. They are very kind to one another, considerate, and particularly nice to old people.

In America, one can sit for hours in a gay bar and never have social contact with anyone (except in bars like New York's Westsider, or some of those San Francisco bars, where bartenders or waiters act as social directors and get people to "mix"). This is particularly true of the "meat rack" bars where, if you speak to someone he'll probably grunt back. The Germans see bars as social centers and make it a point to speak to people who seem to be alone and invite single people to join conversational groups.

Dancing bars there are like parties in the homes of well-bred people. One dances not only with people one wants to make, but with as many people as possible. There seems to be an unwritten rule that young people should ask older ones to dance. I saw many young, handsome men sit out dances, but every young person seemed to have his "duty dance" with the older men, and the older guys were always on the dance floor.

From my mental picture of Germans, gained as I said from Forties films, I imagined a race of conformists. If dancing is a criterion, Germans are far less conforming than Americans. In dancing bars here, everyone dances pretty much alike, as though some choreographer had planned the whole thing. There, everyone does his own thing, making up his own (sometimes ridiculous) steps and movements.

In outdoor sex the Germans outdo America, too. That scene is so nasty and furtive in New York, for example, but in Wiesbaden and Frankfurt it is romantic and rather grand. The Reisinger Park, across from Wiesbaden's main train station, is a large, lovely area of flowers, pavilions, fountains and sculpture. All night long gay men cruise the paths, stopping now and again to socialize with friends and sometimes slipping off the paths to have a bit of sex. What's more romantic than sex under the stars on a soft lawn to the music of a splashing fountain?

What is possibly the most memorable sexual experience of my life occurred in a Frankfurt park between the Eschenheimer Tor subway station and the Altes Opernhaus. This one too is full of flowers, lakes, fountains and paths leading to cul-de-sacs. To one side of the park is a rose trellis, a large framework with three sides and a roof, all covered when I was there with heavy, musky-smelling blood-

Continued on page 21

LEO FILM ENTERPRISES presents LAWRENCE DEAN'S Production "THE SAVAGES"—A Feature-Length Sound Film in Eastman Color Starring DAMEN ROC — LANCE BROWN — JIM FROST — DODI SUTHERLAND — SCOTT BLAINE — TERRY YOUNG. Written, produced and directed by LAWRENCE DEAN.

A TALE OF THE OLD WEST



A RED MAN, A WHITE MAN, TOGETHER THEY RAPED AND KILLED TO GET WHAT THEY WANTED, AND THEY WANTED MOSTLY—MEN!

NOW SHOWING

THE SAVAGES

EXCLUSIVE L.A. ENGAGEMENT

Plus—Special Added Attraction—

"RELATIONSHIPS"

THE HIP PICTURE OF THE YEAR—
In The Tradition of WARHOL'S "LONESOME COWBOYS"

CUT OUT AND BRING IN OUR NAME FOR \$1.00 DISCOUNT!

DRAKE THEATRE
7566 MELROSE AVE. • 653-9217
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

SHOW TIMES: DAILY 12 NOON - 2 - 4 - 6 - 8 - 10. FRIDAY & SATURDAY LATE SHOWS—12 MIDNIGHT

The Last Estate



Gregory, Shirley and Jill: What a bunch!

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

"Little Miss Muffet Sat on a tuffet, Eating her curds and whey."

Anon.

On Friday, September 3rd, at 7:40 p.m., while I was fooling around with my friend Angel in the bedroom, the doorbell rang. I shouldn't have answered it, but I did.

It was Jill Johnston, carrying her usual pack sack and a big brown bag. "Quick, I have to take a shower," she said.

"Well, you can't," I told her. "Look, here is the salad stuff. I'm making a salad. They're not here yet, are they?"

"Nobody's here except me and Angel," I said.

"Who's Angel? Where is he?" she wanted to know.

"He's in the bedroom and so am I. Did you invite people over here?" I queried.

"Well, just the Fasteaus."

"Jesus Christ, Jill. Why didn't you call me? What do you mean you're making a salad? You can't give people a salad for dinner. Good grief."

"Oh, didn't I call you? I thought I called you. Yes, I remember, I called you."

"No you didn't, Jill. Christ. What am I gonna do? What about Angel in the bedroom?"

"Oh, didn't I? Oh dear. Well, they're coming at eight."

"Jill, it's a quarter to eight. What will they think? I'm supposed to be such a good cook and you've invited two people to dinner without even telling me. What are their names at least? What will we serve them? There's a tin of white asparagus in the ice box. I brought it back from France."

"Well, Susan Brody is coming also. Susan is writing an article about me in Esquire. She goes everywhere I go so she can observe things, you know," said Jill.

"Oh, Christ. I don't know what to do, I've got to get back to Angel in the bedroom. She'll probably write something awful about the dinner in Esquire and blame it on me. Good lord."

"It's O.K. I'll tell her you didn't know. Can I take a shower now?"

"No. You have to wait. We're going to want to take showers first. Start making your salad in the kitchen," I said.

FIVE MINUTES LATER

"Jill, what the fuck are you doing? Get off the phone. Are you calling Montreat again? They'll be here in a minute. I bet they'll all come on time. You can take your shower now."

"Guess what? They may give me custody of Richie [Jill's son]. I've got a lawyer. My friends, these people from Minnesota, are going to help me look for a house. Think I'll look for something

around Stony Point. There's a progressive school up there that would be just right for Richie. They're very loose. No hang-ups. I'll live up there with him and send him to the "free" school. Did you see Viva on television?"

"For fuck sake, Jill, everybody is coming in a minute. Nothing's ready. Take your shower. I don't want you in the shower when they get here. You have to let them in, you know."

"I can't get in the bathroom. I think your friend is still in there," she said.

"Oh, is he? I thought he'd left. Let me go see. If we were having a decent dinner I'd invite him to stay."

"Why don't you ask him to work in the kitchen?" Jill suggested.

"Because he won't know what to do,"

FIVE MINUTES LATER

"Jill, was that the bell? Push the buzzer."

"Oh, was I supposed to push the buzzer? I don't know where it is. LET THEM IN. LET THEM IN."

"Well, you have to push the buzzer first. I'll do it. You go to the door..."

SUSAN BRODY ARRIVES

"Gregory, this is Susan Brody. She's doing an article on me for Esquire."

"Oh. Hi. I've been reading your stuff for years," I said.

"You couldn't have," said Jill. "You don't even know who she is. You just asked me who Susan Brody was. Here are some eggs. Should I boil them and put them in the salad? Actually, I don't like boiled eggs in a salad. What can we do with them? Here."

"Christ, Jill. What can I do with a half dozen eggs for five people. I'll make a Spanish omelet. A tortilla, I think they call it in Puerto Rico. I can use the blender. There's some heavy cream. And cauliflower. And pimiento and olives and Italian sausage."

"You have cauliflower? You didn't tell me there was any cauliflower," accused Jill.

"Never mind. It doesn't matter because I'm using the cauliflower. You've got enough garbage in that salad already. Where did you apprentice, in a cafeteria?" I asked, unkindly perhaps.

"We should get married," Jill remarked coyly, to Susan Brody from Esquire.

"Oh, I don't eat very much. Don't worry about me," Susan Brody said, diplomatically.

THE ARRIVAL OF BRENDA AND MARK FASTEAU

"Brenda and Mark, this is Susan Brody. She's writing an article about me for Esquire. Gregory is in a state because nothing's ready. Don't you have another salad bowl? One isn't enough. What kind

of vinegar is this?" said Jill as she introduced the guests.

"What are you drinking?" I asked everybody. "I think I have just about everything. Would you like a gin and tonic?"

"O.K., I'll have a gin and tonic," said Mark.

"Have you any juice?" asked Brenda. "I'll have a gin and orange juice, if you have any."

"I get drunk very easily," said Susan Brody from Esquire. "Do you have anything that's not too strong?"

"I'll have my usual," said Jill. "Except I don't like those onions you put in it the last time. They don't have any taste."

A WOMAN'S PLACE IS IN THE KITCHEN

"Well, now that everybody has their drink, let's get out of this hot kitchen and go sit in the study. It's much more pleasant," I said.

"Oh, we can't leave Jill in the kitchen," said Brenda.

"We'll stay here with Jill," said Mark. "I don't mind the kitchen," said Susan Brody.

"It's very hot in here and there's no place to sit. Anyway, Jill will never get her salad made with all of us in here. We'll take our drinks into the study," I suggested.

"We can't leave her in the kitchen," somebody said.

"Oh, go in the study," said Jill.

TYING UP THE LOOSE ENDS

During dinner Jill appeared to be passing around her diaries, which look like small account books. Apparently people

weren't supposed to be reading them because the next day Jill called to complain about the nerve of people reading her personal diaries. The guests didn't leave too early. As a matter of fact, I thought they'd never leave. I'm going to put up a sign saying:

GUESTS THAT ARRIVE AT EIGHT MUST LEAVE BY TWELVE. THOSE ARRIVING AT NINE OR NINE-THIRTY CAN STAY UNTIL ONE OR ONE-THIRTY

Jill's salad was barely edible. My tortilla was actually something of a triumph, if I may say so myself. For wine we drank a Magnum of Chateau Angelus St. Emilion 1967. For dessert we had fruit and cheese. Jill hit the Cognac bottle like a hurricane. The Fasteaus (Brenda and Mark), both lawyers from Harvard who are aware that this is a society we live in and not a machine, are both exceedingly attractive to both the eye and the intellect. Susan Brody could use some loosening up, according to Jill. Anyway, she was utterly charming. Oh, I just thought of another sign I'm going to put up:

THERE WILL BE NO CONVERSATION ABOUT LIBERATION. I DON'T CARE WHAT KIND OF LIBERATION.

A half hour after everybody finally left, I got a phone call. It was Jill. "If anybody calls me tomorrow, take down this number. Tell them to call me here." Ah, dear reader, I didn't ask questions. I took down the number.

"The garage was closed. I couldn't get the camper," Jill volunteered.

"Well, I hope they don't call too early," I said, and hung up.

You can now buy this beautifully designed Hypermiator (penis enlarger) direct from the factory - shipped the same day we receive your order.

This amazing new design and technique has been thoroughly and scientifically tested, and proven effective and safe.

Our Hypermiator will:

- Increase size of penis, both diameter & length
- Obtain immediate rigid erection, even though normal erection is difficult.
- Cause penis to be more sensitive to touch
- Increase staying power
- Increase desire

30 day money back guarantee if not completely satisfied with our products.

WHAT YOU RECEIVE WHEN YOU PLACE THIS ORDER:

- A complete Hypermiator Unit with instructions, ready for use.
- Plus a bonus offer of the only Magazine written about the subject showing before and after pictures, complete history (with pictures) on all the known devices and methods ever used for enlarging the male penis.

For this complete package bargain send cash, check or money order in the amount of . . . \$29.95 To:

SAEPAS ENTERPRISES
Post Office Box 44003
Houston, Texas 77006
ADULTS ONLY (please print)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____



Lenny Bruce

Continued from page 1

recreations ranging from nude group sex to stereo-listening, intellectual palaver, cruising, skinny-dipping, anything short of the physically violent.

The secret G.S.F. membership roster supposedly contains celebrity names in Southern California politics and the professions, as well as the expectable entertainment figures.

The group's founder, a smoothly professional super-promoter named John Raymond (né Massey), says all those reports are true. And he confirms the persistent impression that the weekly gay gatherings serve as a meeting ground between gays on the make and gays anxious—for one reason or another—to be made.

But, Raymond insists, that's not the essential point of his operation or of its two companion groups, Top of the World, Inc. (claimed membership: 1,000) and the American Sexual Freedom Movement (ditto 1,500).

Top of the World comprises swinging singles. A.S.F.M. aims to attract straight couples and singles. Like G.S.F., each other group has its weekly meeting night, during which members have virtually free run of the facilities.

None of these special-interest groups is necessarily exclusive of the others, though. The common denominator of all is a desire to ease sexual hang-ups through uncomplicated, unceaseful interrelation in which erotic desires are worked out and the personality of each member is theoretically liberated to pursue a higher goal: that of self-realization through involvement.

"Sex is like money," says Raymond, an unabashed (and often undressed) young bisexual who apparently suffers no lack of either. "Once you've got enough of it, it's not important. You accept it as a basic, predictable thing, and you turn your energy to something more."

To what more? Raymond, whose well organized, efficiently managed group programs for his members are directed to just that question, told GAY:

"To a change of attitude—negative to positive. Self-improvement in every area of life. A determination, once and for all, as to how you want to live your life.

"Do you know what I think the greatest frustration in life is—along with sex, that is? It's work. What you work at, under what conditions, and what you get out of it. We have qualified instructors—we teach them ourselves, and we're always looking for more. We try to pull into a member's consciousness that part of himself which determines where his head is really at. If we're successful, he can go from there."

In an unusual interview with representatives of GAY in the officially restricted Hollywood Hills haven, Raymond declined to single out any specific instance of G.S.F. therapy having altered a member's consciousness.

"We've been organized only a year," he conceded. "But we see progress—and growth—every day."

Asked if he might be considered as running a sexual Dale Carnegie course, Raymond chuckled that the comparison was apt, adding: "Of course, Carnegie probably never dreamed that his ideas could be applied this way."

"But why not? It works one way, it works another. We're all in it together. When you understand that, it's a tremendous relief. If somebody finds a lover here, or even finds an overnight trick, that's fine. But essentially it's the bigger thing that matters, you see?"

When In Hollywood

for Dining



OLIVER

365 N. La Cienega Blvd.
Hollywood
652-4210

for Cruising



THE NEW SPOTLIGHT
1801 N. Cahuenga Blvd.
Hollywood

for Intimacy



The Lemon Twist
6423 Yucca St.
Hollywood

CAREERS
in
Movies · TV Stage
Commercials
Modeling

If you are interested in any of these fields you should be registered with one of the best public relations firms in Hollywood. You can't be everywhere . . . but they are.

CONTACT

Craig & Associates

PUBLIC RELATIONS
(213) 461-3461

6565 SUNSET BLVD.
SUITE 210
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90028



- YOUNG CROWD
- Color TV Lounge
- Air Conditioned
- Complete Gymnasium
- Young Sound Music
- Total Security
- THE ENVY OF ALL BATHHOUSES

MEN
AT WORK
(Around the clock)

Every Thursday . . .
HEAD music NIGHTS
21-35 only please

1136 N. Fairfax
W. Hollywood
656-3826

OPEN 24 HOURS

If you want to look good and feel younger
Shaklee Distributor
Natural Vitamins - AT COST!

Home: Joe Bell 654-7536 24 hours. Business: (213) 656-3826



GAY TRASH 200 ft. 8mm

A montage of Color and Black and White - \$16.00

NITE INTRUDER

400 ft. 8mm Black & White \$23.00

SPECIAL: both films for \$32.

STATE AGE . . . Send \$2 Sample and List.

R.F. #775 - 6311 Yucca Street
Hollywood, California 90028

The Cruising Photographer

QUESTION:

What is your reaction when someone calls another a bitch?



Harold Forbes, New York, N.Y.
 "Bitch" like many similar words can be said in jest or anger. Though I have used it at moments of uncontrolled anger, I don't like it because to me it is one of the most cutting, downgrading words in the English language when used as such. Used jokingly it is as mild as any common four-letter word and as acceptable as they may be."



Howard Darnell, New York, N.Y.
 "Well, that's a dangerous question! It depends on who's calling whom a bitch. I believe it's rather tacky, but then again it makes a point. Rather a damn good one, I must admit. Straight or gay, I think of a female when I use or hear the word 'bitch' since it does describe at times our sisters. But that's a dangerous statement since that's labeling one."



Bruce Voeller, New York, N.Y.
 "I don't like to be goody-goody about it, but I'm against put-down words like bitch. It is sexist and anti-woman and it implicitly condemns being gay. We get enough verbal put-downs from outside the gay community without adding to things ourselves. I slip up when I'm pissed off at someone and later regret what I'd said, because we have to come to really live 'Gay is Proud.' That doesn't include using negative names about each other."



Marce Sanford, Marina De' Ray
 You hear it so often that the word has lost its meaning. Everyone knows that a bitch is a female dog. Among friends it is a common greeting, but when used behind one's back it is degrading. When using the word "bitch" myself, I use it in fun and as a greeting towards friends. I can think of a few more appropriate words to use if I were to bad-mouth someone.



Doty Bakala, West Los Angeles
 What is a bitch? I'm very democratic, what someone is is what they is. As long as they have a quarter, it's all right. Some of my best friends are bitches, and I've never known any dogs. If they're bitches, Thank You, I'll take one.

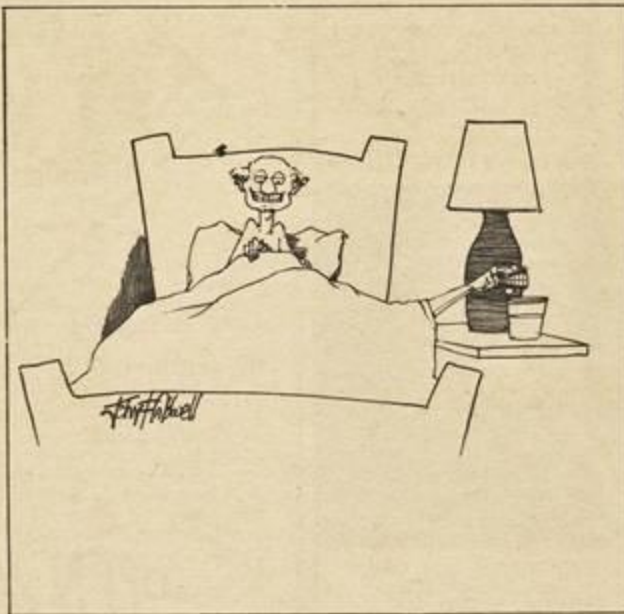
Pem Points

OUT IN THE BOONDOCKS

Dear GAY:
 I work on the car ferries that go across Lake Michigan to and from three ports in Wisconsin. I am gay myself. I myself live in a town of 10,000 people. I think they, the gay people, are all closet queens here, because I can't name one in the whole town. I am in the closet myself. I am 30 years old and am bashful, chicken, or what have you. I haven't had sex with anyone in over eight years. I have had sex with the grand total of six persons. Of the six, 2 were only one-sided. They are all married and moved away from here. I have met some people that I know are gay but I'm afraid to do anything. Writing this letter is the bravest thing I have done in years; it took from September 8th until now, September 20th, just to write this letter.
 I hope to some day come out to N.Y. and see how people live out there. I like your paper; it has been very informative to me; I started with your first issue. If you publish this letter, I hope it will help someone who is like me, afraid to do anything. Writing this letter I think has helped me.

Sincerely yours,
 Michael E.
 Michigan

ED. NOTE: Hearing from you, Michael, and from people in similar circumstances helps us too. Thanks very much for writing.



THOSE GAY G.I.'s

Dear GAY:
 I enjoyed Dick Leitsch's piece on gay GI's in the Frankfurt area (Germany—"Blowjob Brigades") in the August 16th issue. I just got back from a year in Frankfurt and I know whereof he speaks.

Come Back. I think the Come Back is still probably the best cruising bar. Come to think of it, that might mean it's still the best hole-in-the-wall that's there.

Keep up the good work!
 Yours very truly,
 T.P.
 Columbus, Ohio

I LOVE GREGORY BATTCKOCK

Dear GAY:
 I was very disappointed this past week when I picked up my copy of GAY. I leafed through very quickly, looking for Mr. Battcock's LAST ESTATE only to find that there was no LAST ESTATE to be found.
 Mr. Battcock and Jill Johnston (though I'm not sure about Jill) are perhaps the most contemporary, if not the most relevant, today in art and writing. I find it incredible that you could allow yourselves to miss one week of Mr. Battcock's writing.
 I hope that the future will not be as disappointing as this last week. You should, perhaps, even think in terms of publishing a weekly, rather than a bi-weekly newspaper.

Sincerely,
 D.A.N.
 N.Y.C.

ED. NOTE: Gregory does have a way of endearing himself, true. In person he's quite like his columns, spaced out, but close-to-the-bone. We love him too.

Loosely About Women

A MARCH IS A MARCH IS A MARCH

BY SOREL DAVID

Billie and I were sitting around the other day, bored to death. Nothing was happening, the radio was into non-stop advertisements and our TV was on the blink for a change. We decided to go over to DOB to ask them if they had a small cause we could support for a while. You know, something we could get interested in for a bit, write up a few leaflets, make some signs, and like that. Nothing big, nothing important and broad-scoped, with far reaching effects for the likes of the human kind anywhere. Just something little, a mini-movement like campaigning for a street light to be placed outside of PS 104 or maybe crusading for a Chinese superintendent for the Two Bridges school district. You know what they offered us? The women's movement. Now I ask you—is that the best they could do? We ask for something small and they give us the women's movement. And doesn't the lesbian community care at all about the non-representation of Orientals in the Two Bridges district?

So what of the women's movement? The big end of August march has come and gone. The Village Voice reporter said, "In the past year, women have perhaps gained little in power or tangible accomplishments. But the women's movement has grown in determination." She then went on to report that most of this determination and energy has been invested in behind-the-scenes wheeling and dealing, whatever that means, rather than in the march this year. Well I wondered where all the determination and energy had been invested this year, because they sure weren't getting it on too good at the march. I thought the whole business a

pretty dismal affair, myself. Did you know that there's a definite reason for holding the march on the particular day that they do hold the march? It is, after all, to be an annual event, which justifies my use of the present tense here, indicating this continuance and such. I didn't know that. I thought they just picked the end of August as a likely time when everyone would be around, back from vacations and waiting for the year to start. I also thought that maybe it had something to do with combating the mood of new clothes for the kiddies and back to school nonsense that prevails at this time of year.

But no, there's a reason. There's always a reason, a definite reason. It seems it's an historic date. August 26, the day that women got the vote, or is it Elizabeth Cady's birth date, I can't be sure. Maybe it's the day that she found lasting relief from hemorrhoidal distress. Anyway it's something terribly important. I don't know why, but for some reason I get a big kick out of mentioning things like hemorrhoids in polite company. I think it's because it puts so many ridiculous people up tight. And there certainly were a fair number of ridiculous people in evidence that fateful day. Not the marching, the marching part was okay, although grossly inferior from the point of view of cools, to the Christopher Street gay thing. It was the nonsense up at the bandshell-podium in the park part, that was the big drag. But the marching was okay. I was surprised to see so many straight types gambling along the ave with the rest of the crowd. (I don't understand why the gays march up Sixth Avenue, while the women have to walk up Fifth. They must think they're all kinds of upper eastside fancy and chic or something.) There were probably more of what I would call your

standard career girl cuties, with the latest in skirt lengths, false eyelashes and hairdos, women I would call chicks, if I didn't know better, regular chick types, or chippies, on a less charitable day, than your usual liberated blue work shirt types. This caused no end to confusion and consternation on the part of bystanders and policemen assigned to the parade, most of whom came with preconceived notions about the kooks and weirdos they were going to see, only to find that most of the marchers looked suspiciously like their very own sweethearts and wives. I rather enjoyed watching the strange mixtures of emotions crossing the faces of most of the male onlookers. They wanted so badly to hate, to laugh and scoff and feel superior, but they couldn't quite get into it.

I didn't see much lesbian action during the march, a few individuals here and there, but that's all. Where were all those fiercely committed souls always sounding off at DOB meetings and such, I wondered. Later I found out, they were all up at the bandshell playing big shot—ah yes, the aggressive female homosexual personality. Nothing, not even the big lesbian takeover, which occurred after the first hour or so of what was supposed to be a few short speeches and lasted for about 45 minutes, could relieve the tedium of the proceedings. Why do they bother saying the speeches will be short at these things, did anyone ever hear of a function where the master of ceremonies got up and said—"and now we will have a series of long boring speeches for your discomfort and annoyance." Yet that's what always happens. Not only were the speeches a stone drag, but aside from Betty Friedan and the many minor notables of the lesbian center hanging around, none of the movement superstars showed.

I mean being bored to tears by Gloria Steinem is one thing, but listening to Miss, er, I mean Ms., Nowhere Bronx day care center organizer for about an hour is quite another.

By now it's quite clear to one and all that Betty Friedan is going into politics. She kept on pushing a heavy conciliatory line—compromise, a well-known and tell-tale sign of electoral concern—saying over and over that women's liberation is men's liberation too. Meanwhile a cluster of Radical feminists in the third row belied her word by loudly screaming *Off The Prick, Off The Prick* at regular intervals. Friedan is an interesting case, despite the fact that most of the movement heavies consider her passe and a sell-out by now, I found myself quite impressed with the woman. Though basically ugly, she has something, a certain power, a kind of sensuality and sexual magnetism that made her, in my view, the most attractive woman there. It's rare to find a mature American woman who hasn't suppressed every vestige of her sexuality in favor of some absurd kind of respectability. One could imagine her functioning in the bedroom or on the podium with equal ease. Or maybe, all I'm really trying to say is that I could dig a roll or two in the hay with her. As one who has long believed in electing politicians on the basis of their looks, I'd vote for her. I think a royal triumvirate of Abzug, Friedan and Shirley Chisholm laying down some heavy shenanigans on the Washington scene would be a gas.

But the best word for the day was uttered by our very own Denny of operation move-in and Gay Community Center fame. She got up there and said, "Lesbianism is not just another way of doing it!" That's heavy, I dig it. Lesbianism is not just another way of doing it!



D.C. Club Under Attack

Continued from page 1

Regency Health Club. Because he not only flatly refused to talk with the people who are really on trial here—the gay people of Washington, D.C.—but also did not even have the common courtesy to reply in writing to our request for a meeting, we find it necessary to pursue the needed meeting with him this morning and confront him with the issue wherever he tries to hide: in his office, the streets, the public corridors of the courthouse, or even the men's room.

GAA members and friends met early (8:30 a.m. 9/15) and demanded a meeting with Finnegan. Their request was denied. Harris' trial, which began the same morning, went on as scheduled.

As Finnegan left the office to attend the trial he was accompanied by ten deputy marshals and U.S. Attorney Robert Watkins, presumably to protect him from the angry homosexuals.

David Harris, in a telephone interview with GAY, said that Judge Bacon bypassed 45 cases on the docket and saw to it that his case was processed immediately in another courtroom.

Present in the courtroom's audience was Dr. Franklin E. Kameny, Chairman of (D.C.) GAA's Legal Committee and President of the Mattachine Society of Washington. Dr. Kameny noted that Judge Orman Ketcham "conducted a proper trial," and showed his awareness of sensitive issues involving the gay community.

"First," Dr. Kameny told GAY, he acknowledged my presence at the trial (Kameny had run for Congress earlier this year) and welcomed me to the proceedings. Then, later in the trial, the judge sent a bailiff over and asked me if I'd come and speak with him. We said hello,

and he assured me that he had to conduct the case on the basis of the law as it now stands—as bad as such a law might be. He wished the gay community good luck, however, in its effort to change such laws."

Two jurors disqualified themselves because they considered homosexuality immoral. Another juror, a woman, stated that she was vigorously opposed to interference with private, consensual sexual behavior among adults, but that she did not feel her attitude would affect her judgement as a juror. She remained on the jury.

The jury's decision was based on three guidelines set down in a previous case in the U.S. Court of Appeals (D.C.), (M.A. Payne Vs. U.S.). The guidelines were as follows:

1. What activities were proceeding on the premises (The Regency Health Club) and were these activities against the law? Or, were they subversive to public morals?
2. Did the owner know what was going on?
3. Is Mr. David G. Harris the owner of the Regency Health Club?

David G. Harris replied honestly that he did know what was going on behind closed doors in private rooms. He also stated that he was the owner of the Regency Health Club.

Finnegan produced witnesses for the prosecution including an undercover agent, Paul Wyland, who had entered the Regency Health Club wearing a paper bag over his head. Arresting officers Brouillard and Marshall were also called to testify.

The jury debated for four hours before reaching a decision. At one point, shortly before returning a verdict of "guilty," ju-

rors passed a note to the judge to ask for a definition of the word "subversive" (to the public morals). Judge Ketcham replied by citing Webster's Third International Dictionary which defined "subversive" as any attempt to "undermine" or "overthrow."

The final charge, of which David G. Harris was found guilty, was that of being the proprietor of a disorderly house patronized by homosexuals.

The Regency Health Club, located at 413 L Street, N.W., has been open since October, 1968. "This is the first incident like this that we've ever had," David Harris told GAY, "and we hope that it will be the last."

Sentencing takes place on October 14, 1971. "I intend to appeal the case," said Harris, "and, in fact, some members are already talking about setting up a defense fund."



GLEN'S TURKISH BATHS
TWO LOCATIONS

SAN DIEGO
*Open 24 hours
*All private rooms
*Steam-Sauna
*Color TV lounge
*Gym facilities
*Sun machines
*Pool table
*Canteen lounge
*Coffee—Hot foods
*Cold drinks

(714) 234-7755
867 4th Ave.
Corner 4th & E
Downtown

LOS ANGELES
*Open 24 hours
*Sundeck
*Steam-Sauna
*All private rooms
*Gym facilities
*Color TV lounge
*Coffee
*Hot food
*Cold drinks

(213) 264-9400
4550 Brooklyn Ave.
1 1/2 Blks. E. of
Long Beach Fwy.

When in Los Angeles
visit

Metropolitan Community Church

2201 So. Union
Los Angeles, Calif. 90007
(213) 748-0123
HEAR REV. TROY D. PERRY

Persian Rugs

ROOM SIZE
6 x 9.....\$28
2 x 4.....\$4
4 x 6.....\$15
9 x 12.....\$59

Also Many Other Sizes
NOW OPEN SUNDAY 1-6
DAILY 10-6
8303 WEST THIRD ST.
(3rd & Sweetzer)
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

WHOLESALE TO DEALERS
10% DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS

MALKO
IMPORTING CO.
Phone: 655-1328

BANKAMERICARD - MASTERCARD

NOW-THE ALL NEW

Stan's
ADULT BOOKS &
MOVIE ARCADE

now

MALE ACTION MOVIES

NOBODY, BUT NOBODY IN L.A. HAS A LARGER SELECTION OF ALL MALE BOOKS, MAGAZINES & FILMS.

for only 25¢

LOS ANGELES
1117 N. WESTERN AVE
464-7033

OCTOBER 25, 1971/GAY/PAGE 17

The Stampede

Is Back!

Open 24 Hours A Day

COCKTAILS
COFFEE AND THINGS AFTER HOURS

Stampede

7832 SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD
HOLLYWOOD 656-4249

ADVERTISE IN GAY

A New Medium

"I received three calls the first evening the paper was on the newsstands... In all, I would say that I received in the neighborhood of 35 to 40 calls," writes one satisfied advertiser.

ASK FOR GAY:

DISPLAY ADVERTISING

Los Angeles


West Coast Bureau: Ron Taylor
373 North Western Avenue
Suite 203
Los Angeles, California 90004
Telephone: (213) 462-3237

New York

East Coast Bureau: Stefani Lyon-
Post Office Box 431
Old Chelsea Station
New York, New York 10011
Telephone: (212) 989-1660

SPECIAL ELECTION
OCTOBER 19

VOTE FOR

Alatorre 

48th
ASSEMBLY
DISTRICT

Endorsed by GAY COMMUNITY ALLIANCE and

William Glover Morris Kight Rev. Troy Perry Larry Townsend
Dana Hobart Cliff Lettieri Don Slater Harry Weiss

SUBSCRIBE TO GAY

You don't have to be a homosexual to love GAY! But it helps. Girls like GAY too! If you're a Jewish, Negro lesbian, there's something in GAY for you. Or, maybe you're a handsome truckdriver who's lonely... or a soldier who wants an easy way out of Vietnam. A subscription to GAY could be your big chance! There's nothing "dishonorable" about GAY although Uncle Sam may think so. Mothers! GAY is for you too! Do you know that your chances of rearing a homosexual child are one in ten? Be prepared. If your little monster digs his own sex, you'll have to know what kind of

thought waves he's having. Fathers! GAY will put you at ease. No, your little gay son doesn't want to screw you. He only wants you to understand his head. GAY will help you do that. Everybody from scared "closet queens" to bold, outspoken butch types is reading GAY for the latest news and the wildest views. The best homosexual writers in the USA are contributing to this exciting newspaper. Step in the '70's with a bright new outlook on life: a GAY outlook! Subscribe sooner than immediately!



Photo by Colt Studio

I understand that I will receive a copy of GAY in a plain brown envelope (first class mail) and that I will receive:

..... 13 issues of GAY for \$7 26 issues of GAY for \$13
 52 issues of GAY for \$25

..... Outside U.S., Canada & Mexico: \$1 per issue

GAY is Bi-weekly, sent 1st Class.
Please allow three weeks for your subscription to be processed.

MAKE CHECK PAYABLE TO: Four Swords, P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Station, NYC, NY 10011.

I certify by my signature that I am over 21.

NAME
 ADDRESS
 CITY STATE & ZIP

ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS MAILED IN PLAIN BROWN ENVELOPE

NEW SHOW
ALL NEW POLICY
 3 BIG HRS. OF ALL MALE ACTION FILMS IN COLOR and SOUND
 AT THE NEW LOW PRICE OF **\$3**
ADONIS CINEMA
 719 8th Ave. (In. 45th St.)
 CONTINUOUS 11:35AM TILL MIDNITE
 LATE SHOWS FRI. AND SAT.

COMPLETE MASSAGE
 by graduate Greek massage. For appointment, call 342-3710
 Residential or Studio
 22 W. 25th Street
TONY MEDES

ATLANTIC CITY
 Rooms by Reservation Only.
OCEAN HOUSE
 127 S. Ocean Avenue
 Tele: (609) 345-8203
 Open all year Low Rates

YOGA CLASSES
 The Continental Bath and Health Club
 Offers a Course in
YOGA
 Taught by GAY's Co-Editor,
 Lige Clarke
 230 West 74th Street
 Manhattan
 Telephone (212) 799-2688
 Admission to Baths Only
 Yoga Courses Complimentary
 Monday evenings, 8 P.M.

MEET THE AUTHORS IN PERSON

SAT., OCT. 23 FROM 2 TO 5 P.M.
JOHN MURPHY
 author of
 "HOMOSEXUAL LIBERATION" \$5.95

SAT., OCT. 16 FROM 2 TO 5 P.M.
ARTHUR BELL
 author of
 "DANCING THE GAY LIB BLUES" \$5.95

at the
OSCAR WILDE MEMORIAL BOOKSHOP

291 Mercer Street, N.Y.C. 10003
 (1 block west of 8th St. & B'way)
 tel. (212) 673-3539
 Note: On Mail Orders, Add 30% per book ordered.

MEXICAN SPANISH FLY IN LIQUID FORM
 A great gag! It is powerful - just a drop or two will start the fun. Keep a supply on hand for parties, conventions, etc.
 1 Fl. Oz. \$3.00
 R.H. - P.O. Box 239
 Gary, Indiana 40401

FILM FESTIVAL IN COLOR

TALL TIMBER

plus
SELECTED SHORTS

PARK-MILLER MIDNITE SHOW FRI & SAT NITE
 AIR CONDITIONED
ADULTS ONLY
 43rd St. (Bet. 6th & B'way) BR 9-3970 Continuous 9:45 A.M. - Mid.

Natural Erections
 New product developed by Toledo Laboratory. Create a NATURAL ERECTION as often as you desire, and for as long as desired. Have the ability to perform the sexual act immediately following a sexual act. Regardless of age, this will give potency even if now impotent. Men in their 50s and 60s now enjoying daily NATURAL SEX. We repeat, NATURAL ERECTION... not a phony extension. This product solves impotency, premature ejaculation, satisfaction of partner, capability and frequency of sex. Do yourself and your women a favor. Inform your acquaintances of this advertisement (\$25.00)

Tray Laboratories, Inc.
 P.O. Box 4693
 Toledo, Ohio 43620

Sir: Rush me the new Tray Product by immediate return mail. If it does not work as stated, I shall return the product and my money shall be refunded in full. I am over 21. (Enclose check or money order.)

NAME AGE

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

THE PROSTHETIC RUBBER RECTAL ORIFICE
 TAB, the foremost name in functional artificial vagina, proudly offers for your consideration the singularly most innovative sex-tool to reach the market.
 Understandably we are quite aware of the potential ramifications in making such an offering and as such will solicit only on the basis of orders for a medical model suitable for students of human anatomy. Technical specifications follow:
 1. Mounting consists of polyurethane form-shaped block 8" long, 3" wide, 4" high.
 2. Rectal opening is of liquid latex with special attention paid to the delicate construction of the anal aperture.
 3. Strategically placed hair complements the overall esthetic appearance of the organ.
 4. Canal is of superior design fabricated entirely of pure gum rubber. It provides the naturalistically restrictive tactile put attendant to the human sheath.
 5. Unit's self-cleaning feature consists of surgical tubing connected to a 3-ounce refillable water chamber.
 When placing order you may specify male or female design, differing in that the female rectum is several degrees tighter and hair covering is sparser. Shipment expedited same day on bank drafts. Personal checks held for clearance. Include age statement and signature. Send \$22.00 to TAB, 507 Fifth Ave. NYC, NY 10017.
 DEALERS: Wholesale Inquiries Invited

starts today
BI-BI LOVE PLUS BETTER LATE THAN NEVER!
 AND MORE
ANNOUNCING
CASEY'S COMING
 OCT. 25TH
 ALL MALE CAST
THE JEWEL THEATRE
 3RD. AVE. (BET. 12TH. & 13TH.) 212/260-1090
 CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCES FROM 11:30 A.M.

from **Sweden**
COMPLETELY UNCENSORED
 Films Photos Magazines
 Only after seeing our full color brochure will you believe the films, photos and publications we have for you. The best product can't compare! Delivery guaranteed - wherever you are. We have what you want, not what you've been accustomed to getting.
 APEX PRODUCTIONS, DEPT. 1-147
 Box 39064 • 5-100 S4, Stockholm 39, Sweden
 PLEASE ENCLOSE \$1 FOR POSTAGE

KARAVAL
DISCIPLINE PRODUCTS
 71 Page Illustrated Catalogue of Chastity Belts, Scold's Brides, Punishment Collars, Anti-Sitting Harnesses, Servings Shackles, Electric Prods, Dungeons Chains, Thumbcuffs, Ball Gags, Bondage Collars, Lady Trainers, Partial Penetrators, Discipline Harnesses, Whips, Slave Brms, Spanking Blocks, Stocks, Locking Corsets, Spanking Harnesses, Etc.
 Send \$3. to KARAVAL, Dept. G
 4834 Briarwood, Houston, Texas 77035

DELAY CLIMAX
 NOW AVAILABLE WITHOUT PRESCRIPTION! A FORMULA YOU APPLY THAT HELPS A MAN DELAY CLIMAX UNTIL BOTH HE & HIS PARTNER CAN ACHIEVE MUTUAL SATISFACTION. LABORATORY APPROVED - YOU MAY BE FOOLED BY HARMFUL SUBSTITUTES. Send \$6.95 to LAB, P.O. BOX 3376, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. 10017.

SUPER NATURE TABLETS
 For All The Things You Want To Do. No man should be a Sexual Wrangler or Failure, for Virile Powers can be made to Respond at Will. NINA of Germany - that's me - I have the Amazing Superior Tonic Tablets. The pills that put Youthful Desire into Aging Bodies. A box of 30 for \$3.00. Send to:
NINA OF GERMANY
 324 S. 1st St., Alhambra, Calif. 91802

INSTANT LOVE POTION (GAG SUGAR)
 Powerful, effective, designed to get action. Looks like regular sugar - when you add a little to a cup or glass of liquid for someone to drink, the fun will soon begin. They'll love you! Send \$2.00.
NINA
 324 So. First St.
 Alhambra, Calif. 91802

MELROSE SOCIAL CLUB

(Formerly Lionheart Baths)

IS VERY SOCIABLE !!!

A PRIVATE CLUB NOW ACCEPTING MEMBERS

MELROSE SOCIAL CLUB

7269 MELROSE HOLLYWOOD—937-2122
OPEN 7 DAYS
24 HOURS A DAY

the Herb Lady
Dept. G, Box 20515/Edendale Sta.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90026

USED FOR CENTURIES TO STIMULATE
STRENGTHEN AND REJUVENATE THE BODY

Korean GIN—SENG
root \$3/1/2 oz.
50 capsules/\$8

Chinese FO—TI—TIENG
powder \$3/oz.
50 capsules \$7.50

Also Ginseng, Ginseng, etc.

have you heard what's happening at the **INDENITABLE**

151 E. 50th St. / Fl. 8-0310



FISH NET SEE-THRU in 100% nylon. Super easy way to give your body some air. Keeps you warm in winter, cool in summer, too. All items available in black or white. **S-M-L-XL**. Torso shirt—lapped fit—\$6.95. Bikini brief—\$3.95. Set of torso shirt and brief—\$9.95

AH MEN SKINWEAR



POUCH FRONT BRIEF Bikini styling for super support and lift. All nylon tricot with set in front pouch. Fast drying. Great for travel. (Black, white or nude). You may order all of one color or assorted. **S-M-L-XL**. 3 for \$9.95, 6 for \$18.95



PUCCINI BRIEF "underwear" in geometric nylon tricot prints with an Italian flair. Bikini styling. Washable. **S-M-L-XL**. 3 different prints \$9.95, 6 assorted prints \$18.95

NEW! NEW! Send 25¢ for new catalog!

AH MEN

2 Locations to Serve You
WEST HOLLYWOOD
8933 Santa Monica Blvd.
Phone 274-5673
LOS ANGELES
2716 Griffith Park Blvd.
(at Hyperion-Mayfair Center)
Phone 666-5513



CALIFORNIA SCENE
ALL THE BAR AND SOCIAL SCENE NEWS FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN DIEGO PLUS MOVIE, BOOK AND THEATRE REVIEWS. 60¢ monthly or \$3 yearly postpaid.
SAGITTARIUS PUBLICATIONS
Box 24022
Los Angeles 26, Calif.

WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT?

A DIRECTORY FOR DISCRIMINATING DISPOSITIONS

MANHATTAN

MIDTOWN

The Beacon Baths, 227 E. 45 St. bet. 2nd & 3rd Aves. (647-0322). Take the elevator to the 11th floor and enjoy the merry cheer, modern facilities. Reasonable rates, popular, open 24 hours. Free, confidential V.D. tests every Wednesday from 2pm 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. (386-9880). 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.

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

Mammasa 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), live.

Sauna Baths, 300 W. 58th St. at Columbus Circle (above Chad'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.

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

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

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

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

UPDTOWN

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 outa-right! GM, mostly.

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

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. W'way & 6th Ave. (644-8935). 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.

Freside Inn, 411 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.

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

Nice Plus Sodal Club, 149 W. 21st St. (524-9387). 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

Don Seir, 40 W. 8th St. bet. 6th Ave. & Mc Dougall (473-9559). Headquarters for dance-crazy young Latinos. Almost as much fun as a trip to San Juan—and a lot cheaper! GM.

Bennie & 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 brunches, the works. Mostly GM.

Caro'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 cruiy, 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 to make reservations. Mostly GM.

Finale, 48 Barrow St. (CH 3-7538). The other famed Village eatery. Hay, 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 Goldbus, 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.

Julias, 159 W. 10th St. at Waverly Place (229-9672). Internationally famous as NYLU'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. (929-9566). 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. (589-8999). A very cruiy 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

UPPER EAST SIDE

The Country Cousin, 1313 3rd Ave. bet. 75th & 76th Sts. (879-4614). The "in" eatery of the gay set. Excellent food and all the Beautiful People you could want to see, GM, some GF.

Harry's Back East, 1422 3rd Ave. bet. 80th & 81st 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 out-of-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. (234-9303). A charming, intimate bar which serves as the social center for East Side guys. Guys are welcome too.

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

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

The Zeddie, 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.

Chigo'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 W'way (799-2688). Much more than a bathhouse. "Cönnie" 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

SKIN FLICKS

At the Park Miller last week, along with the usual Beaded-Boys-meet-Montovani dinner, was a great surprise called "Hot for Cash." Four personable guys with well-built, healthy, sun-tanned bodies troop around the desert in little color doing healthy, sun-tanned, colorful things. There's actually a decent plot to connect the fuck-sessions, the camera work is fine, the soundtrack features lots of good blues and Stones (used imaginatively for mood), and after watching the Beaded Boys try to get it up, it was a true turn-on to see real action by people who enjoyed it. If this movie plays in town again, by all means see it.

THE GAA CONCERT

The GAA benefit concert, presented September 26 at the Fishhouse, was another surprise. I had expected maybe a few madrigals on a nice little eclectic program. What I got was a Complete Cross-section of 16th Century Music, sung a capella by a good-looking (and sounding!) group of men and women led by Jack Light. The voices were clear, precise and alive, and the material (especially a group of bawdy catches) was highly entertaining. In addition, there was an exciting Prokofiev sonata played excellently by Bernie Berkman, violinist, and Tom Reixkow, pianist; plus a Brahms trio done by Mr. Bertram, Mr. Hryniuk, and Richard Andrews, cellists. Plus three songs by Richard Strauss and three by Joseph Fauremure, sung by Steve Roland. It was good to hear a singer use his voice as a vehicle for the songs for once—not the other way around.

Good old GAA. They give you so much for \$2. More concerts are in planning. Call GAA for information and go to the next one.

MEN
COME TO
CYPRESS BATHS

Sauna team undeck

Join us noon-midnight all night Friday & Saturday
Closed Sundays
3241 N. Figueroa (corner of Cypress) Los Angeles
223-8711
NOT A PRIVATE CLUB

PURPLE LION

7127 Sunset Boulevard
874-1134

REFLECTING YOUR GOOD TASTE

COCKTAILS DINING DANCING

Only one Gay or Bisexual in ten has ever been to a Gay Bar... Aren't you missing something?

Exciting, all gay social organization with full national service. Elegant parties, introductions, screened listings. Meet Gays all over the U.S.

ACT NOW! Send \$1 for huge information packet

CLIP OUT

Yes, send me information on GSF. I enclose \$1 to cover postage and handling.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

GSF
654-3491

5235 Santa Monica Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90046

UPPER EAST SIDE

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.

Er's 11th Hour, 193-14 Jamaica Ave., Hollis (HO 5-9846). Very friendly neighborhood bar.

Fontaine Blou, 69-05 Queens Blvd. at 69th St. (429-9593). Dancing to live rock music, free movies on Tuesdays, champagne buffets Sunday nights.

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

Trysling Place, 120-31 83rd Rd., off Lefferts Blvd., New 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. (BSU 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

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

Body-Buddy Club, 1400 Clow Rd. (447-0033).

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

The Mayfair, 3 Hyatt St., St. George (447-9711).

CLUB BATHS

"The Most Lavish Bathhouse Ever Built"

FEATURING The CLUB BATHS gets "SCREW" newspaper AWARD **4 CARPETED FLOORS**

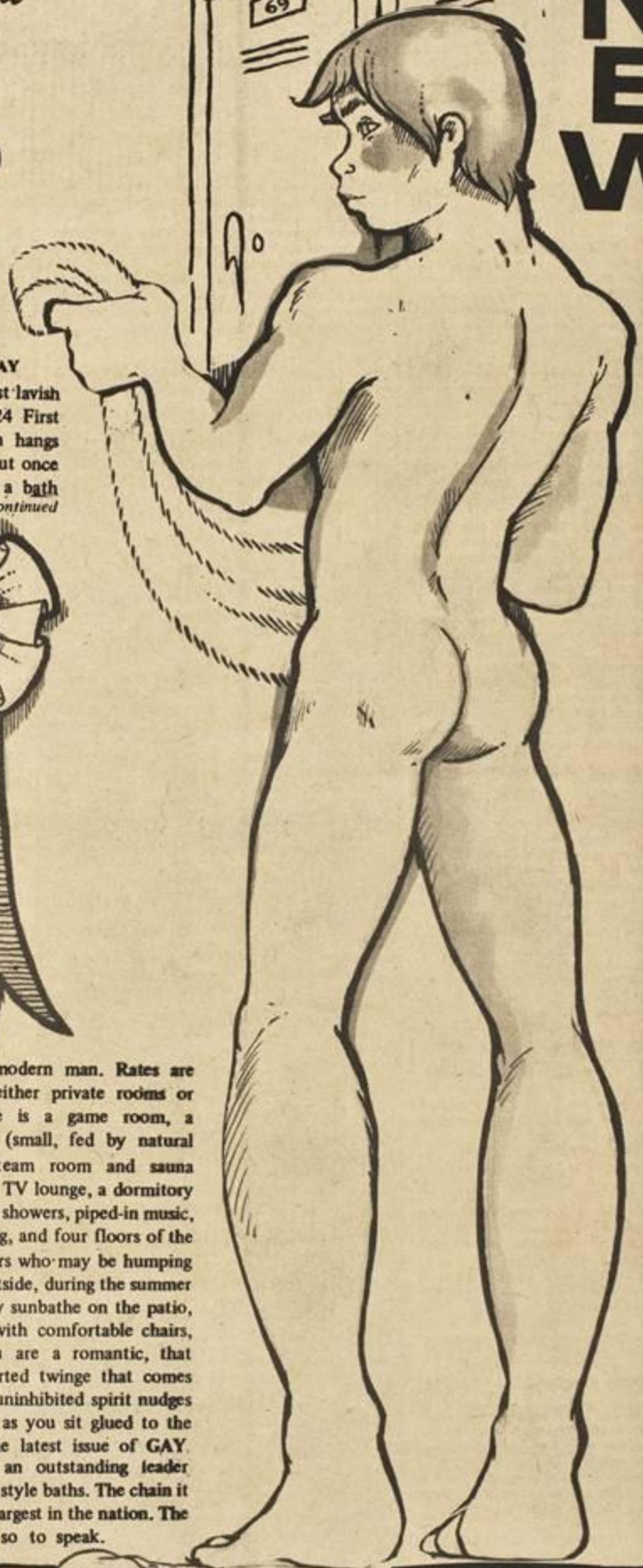
EVERYTHING
SUPERCLEAN
and
NEW

SCREW SAYS....

BY LIGE & JACK They co-edit GAY

The Club Baths is one of the most lavish of bathhouses. It's located at 24 First Avenue at First Street. A sign hangs unobtrusively on the building, but once inside you will see that this is a bath

Continued



made for the modern man. Rates are reasonable for either private rooms or lockers. There is a game room, a swimming pool (small, fed by natural springs), a steam room and sauna (spotless), and a TV lounge, a dormitory section, carousel showers, piped-in music, lush red carpeting, and four floors of the humpiest humpers who may be humping that evening. Outside, during the summer months, you may sunbathe on the patio, fully equipped with comfortable chairs, awaiting, if you are a romantic, that peculiar lighthearted twinge that comes when a smiling uninhibited spirit nudges you suggestively as you sit glued to the page, reading the latest issue of GAY.

The Club is an outstanding leader among the newer style baths. The chain it belongs to is the largest in the nation. The "Hilton" chain, so to speak.

SPECIAL

STUDENT

RATE
2.50

Toby

"IN FUN
CITY..."

24 FIRST AVENUE
Between
1st & 2nd Sts

THE CLUB BATHS

Tel. 212-673-3283



VISIT ALL 14 Fabulous Club Baths throughout the USA