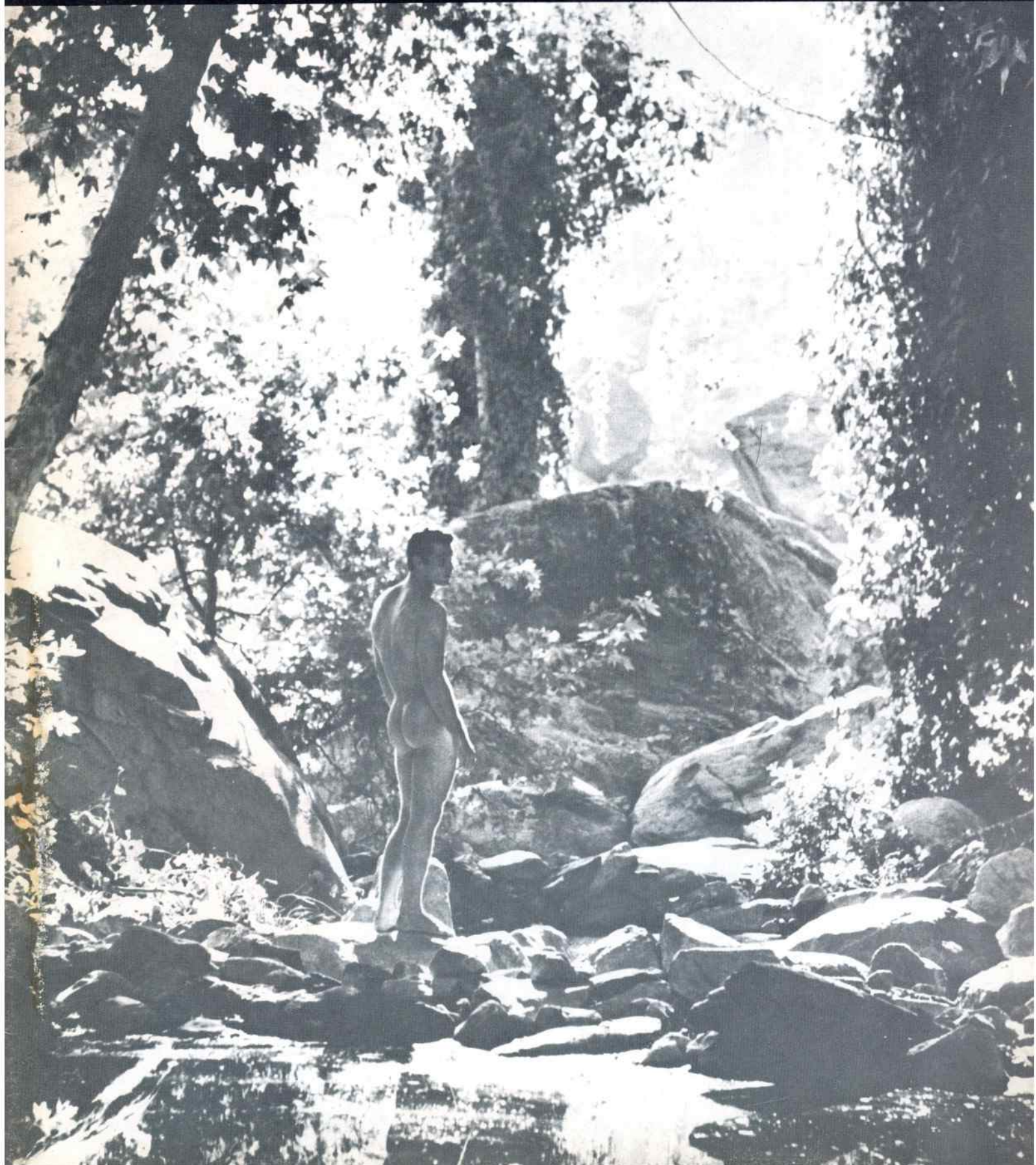


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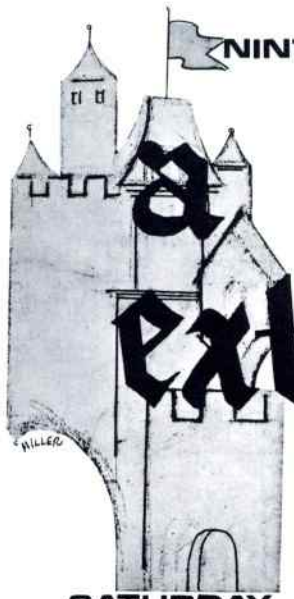
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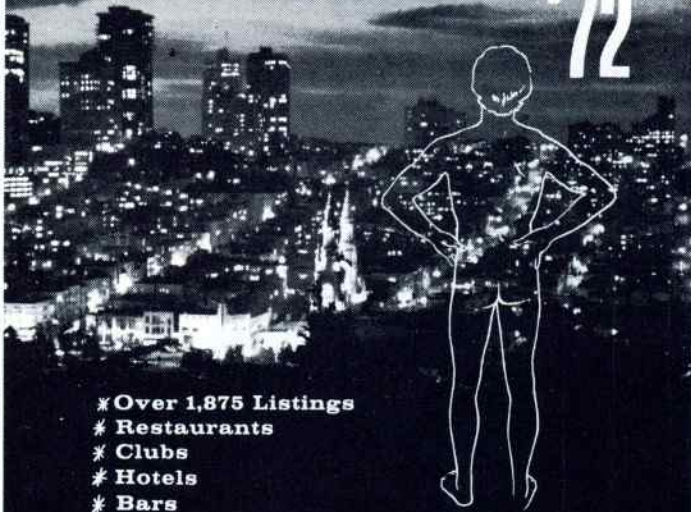
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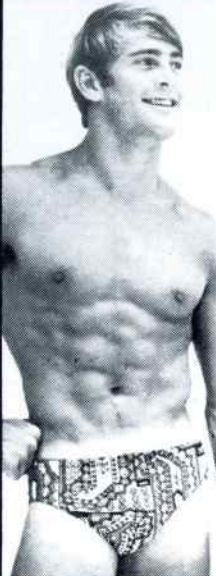


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EDITORIAL

So that bill sponsored by Assemblyman Willie Brown was defeated. Passage would have nullified the present Medieval laws against various sex acts between consenting adults. Even though the bill was predictably defeated, the margin of that defeat was less than many of the more pessimistic of us had expected (the actual vote was 25 for, 41 against). Many compromises were made by those in favor of the bill but yet it did not succeed. This was its first journey through the State Assembly, and its proponents promise to bring it back next year. One of the curious omissions was in the realm of prostitution—it was not to be legalized. Many of those connected with the bill were very pious on this matter, avowing that that is another question altogether. But is it? Either you have sexual freedom for everyone or you do not. Either a lady—or a gentleman—can sell their charms legally or they will do so illegally and all those possible license fees are never garnered. Nonetheless, all of us should support any measure that can bring about a healthier sexual climate for anyone, heterosexual or homosexual. We cannot have any form of discrimination in a free society. In the meantime draw the drapes during your next orgy and hope that your neighborhood vice cop is too busy having sex in his strange way to be an interloper at your affair.

california
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OCTOBER 1971 VOL. 2 NO. 8

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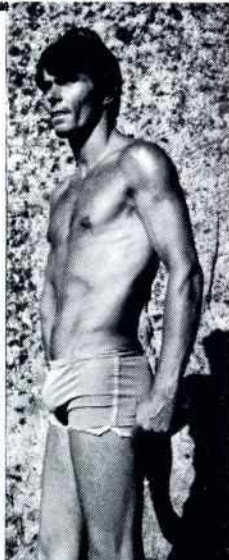
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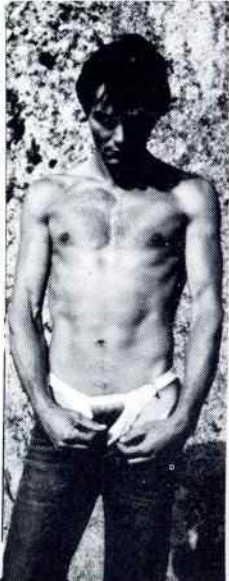
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San Francisco 71 by JEFF BUCKLEY

Election fever is in the air and while there is some doubt as to who will be the next mayor, in the contest for Empress, the more hilarious campaigning makes it, for the moment anyway, a camp battle between Rex Ann from the Polk-Larkin arondissement and Lorelei de la rue Folsom, also known as Los Angeles' revenge on San Francisco—none other than Paul of the Explorer and The Hayloft.

The Page One is drawing more than its share of the dinner and tourist crowd. David does not entertain every hour of the night so this must be what irritates the tourists who have held up this bar twice in the last few months. If these chaps will go there for Sunday brunch they will not only hear David but other Bay Area entertainers, all for the price of a champagne brunch (\$1.25). Afterwards I will discuss with them why they will make more money manufacturing liquid amyl in their hideout, if they will buy brunch and promise to abandon their evil ways. That other famous California entertainer, Hadda Brooks, has been autographing her latest album, simply named 'Hadda', over at Gold Street, where

she alternates with Gary Schneider at the piano. Gold Street, by the way, will be one of the foci (now there's a word) of madness on Halloween. Last year I was prevented from flying off the balcony in my leather G-string and pink chiffon wings when the genial manager pointed out that the amyl nitrite I was using for fuel had been watered by an arch fiend from Folsom Street who also coveted one of the prizes I was after. Later that night I well remember passing out on the downy chest of what looked like a pelican swimming in the pool at The Covered Wagon. Ah, those San Francisco nights. Suffice it to say that Halloween in San Francisco is the end, at least until the following weekend when that CMC Carnival draws most of the gay population of the state into Seamen's Hall, which is situated on Fremont near Folsom, within walking distance of The 527 Club on Bryant and The French Embassy, that notorious and overpriced doss house on the Embarcadero (but I'll admit gaily popular).

I recently mentioned Zhivago's in Sacramento—well, it's gone. Ernie's is closed temporarily and

should be open once more to the wild dance crowd by Thanksgiving. At the other side of Sacramento (take the Madison Ave. exit and go to Manzanita, then two lights to Fair Oaks) there is much activity ever since it opened at Fury's—so much so that young curious straights were beginning to attend and there were occasional problems. Now there is a membership requirement but this is easily satisfied if you identify yourself as an out-of-towner.

Noah's Ark by the Russian River (Forestville) is no more but closer to the 101 freeway there is a new tavern (beer and Sunday brunch) called Gaylord's. Located just south of Santa Rosa (the other bar here is The Monkey Pod) take the Steel exit and proceed west for about four minutes—in case you can't find it in the dark as your eyes have weakened from all that cheap amyl, the address is 3535 Guerneville Road. This is an excellent stopping off point when going or coming from that resort ranch in Mendocino County that so many pleased visitors are talking about.

The zany Serpents Club of San Francisco who held their annual



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REX ANN, another contestant in the race for Empress of all the San Franciscans. REX ANN holds court in the Polk-Larkin area at Totie's and other bistros.



JONNI, who is also running for Empress.



Part of the throng at last year's CMC Carnival in San Francisco.

run there last year have decided to go en masse to Lake Mendocino instead this year (mid-October) reserving the ranch for quieter honeymooning and Thoreau sessions in the woods.

That Tavern Guild spectacular, the Beaux Arts Ball, should be one of the year's highlights when it takes place with attendant mayoral aspirants (and the incumbent) this October 23rd at the Hilton. If you

cannot get in it will be worth going to watch the arrivals in all their splendor. Surprises for all are promised. The theme of the event this year is 'Fairy Tales'.

Down the peninsula two baths have just opened. Joining The Golden Door in Palo Alto (but on the other side of the freeway not far from that haunt of handsome Stanford lads, The Locker Room) is The B.Q.—for Bachelors Quarters. In Redwood City near The Bayou, The Cruiser and Le Cabaret, the

new thermae is named Fred's Health Club.

The peninsula bars get a strong contingent of college boys—there are other institutions down that way besides Stanford—De Anza, for example, and that is one of the reasons all these aforementioned taverns do so well (not forgetting The Tinkers Damn, The Savoy and The Galley).

In San Jose, a daring afterhours spot across the street from The Gal-

(Continued on Page 20)



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The Southland Scene by NIGHT OWL

It must be a year since I heard of a raid on a bar such as took place on the last night in September at Patino's in the Silver Lake district. Five arrests out of 15 people in the bar on the usual nonsensical (but often ruinous to the victims of such contemptible police activity) charges. Unfortunately this popular dance and liquor bar is not a member of HELP, so it cannot be a testing case for that ever-growing organization of independent gay businessmen. I wonder has Los Angeles changed that much after all. Too many of us had believed that such raids were a thing of the past.

The Little Cave on Sunset near Silver Lake continues to make a comeback (it went straight for a spell during the early summer. Terry, a Hollywood handsome guy is the new manager (he used to be at the Gaslight) and Maria Sayles entertains at the piano bar from Thursday through Saturday. The authentic cave atmosphere is still there—stalactites hanging from the ceilings and cavemen paintings a la Altamira on the walls. The parking problem around there is also primitive so park across the street, especially on weekends (a few doors

away are two other bars of long standing, The Ramm's Head and The Four Poster). All these places are in the same police precinct as Patino's, so the relaxed kissy-kissy, show business greetings that have been the custom over the past year (in what we all thought was a new era) should be avoided when barring, although it is unfortunately true that the vice creatures will use any means to effect a pinch: ask the wrong person the time and you can end up with a charge of sodomy neatly typed on the charge sheet down at the Rampart police station.

Along Santa Monica Boulevard the Wagon Wheel, that authentically decorated western bar, is still in search of an identity: it is once more known as The Stampede, its old name before the recent extensive redecoration. Other new (or relatively so) bistros along there that may be worth your while are The Rendezvous, The End and The Hi-Lo Door, and of course the vast club known as The Bitter End West. This lavish club is a mixture of the best of San Francisco and New York. The separate tavern-bar caters to a drinking crowd while the

main part of the club draws a huge throng of groovy young people most nights. The manager calls it L.A.'s unisex bar cum dance club. Name combos perform and there is a dollar admission charge—really nominal when you consider the classy surroundings and the average priced booze.

Down on Highland there are still crowds of sightseers and cruising lads at Dude City, another ambitious complex of two bars, stores, a patio and more. A few doors away that old standby, The Falcon's Lair, has movies and slides as good as any you will see in town. The bike and club set still attend this beer bar, but lately The 1170 gets most of that action on weeknights.

One weeknight I did Ventura Boulevard in the Valley (and contrary to what you might think, there is much new in the Valley these days).

At The Hayloft, old standby that it is, movies old, new and original are still one of the draws. In fact, that night I saw a short made by some young movie buffs that would have garnered plaudits, as the trade papers put it, from a professional audience. Entitled "Off to Sea," it

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was a very funny spoof of an old Hollywood musical with pubescent teenagers playing the leads. The music and voices were dubbed in from a cliché-ridden extravaganza called "Hit the Deck." The kids were delightful but it was a directorial stroke of genius. The film was made for a neighborhood project but so universal was the humor that anyone could enjoy such a clever takeoff that was never crude, prurient or nudie.

Mention of movies reminds me that the documentary being made in Los Angeles since last summer should be released by the end of the year. Many well-known personalities will be seen in this straight production, including Matthew of Glendale, at one of whose celebrated parties a full movie crew arrived recently, much to the consternation of some of the guests.



MATTHEW OF GLENDALE awaits guests at a recent spectacular party at his California villa.

Not far from The Hayloft is a new beer place named The New World. Oldtimers will recognize it as the Laurel Club, once one of Los Angeles' showbars. The New World is conveniently located between The Hayloft, Keith's and C'Est La

Vie at one end and The Queen Mary and the Blue Angel West at the other. A little farther on, at the corner of Longridge and Ventura is the new butch bar, The Truck Stop, if that's your gig some evening (on the freeway take the Coldwater Canyon turnoff), and in the same area Dave (ex-Valli Haus) Waldor has just opened a new bar called The Canyon Room (on Woodman near Lloyd's Above Par and The Office).

A San Francisco-like success continues to favor The Oak Room Lounge (remember the lounge bit as there are two other places which are s---t out in the Valley using the Oak Room name). Our particular favorite is just a block north of Lankershim on Burbank. It opens at 6AM and has a cute manager from Ohio (these Ohioans have a certain knack out here—two guys from there, for instance, run the highly successful Traffic Jam in Long Beach) in case you want to swap tales of snowdrifts and lost tricks during one of this year's recurrent heatwaves here in the Southland.

So, in case you want to try the suburbs for safety, take the San Bernardino Freeway. Between Los Angeles and that city there are several places to go, including a large cozy English tavern style place in Pomona, but I'll list the establishments in the order in which you reach them coming from the west.

Traveling east from Hollywood there is a small health club, **The Levi**, which has been popular for years, is now open all night on weekends. Just off the San Bernardino Freeway at the Garvey exit, it is a private club and was in fact the first baths in the Los Angeles area to go private some six years under the name Samson and Delilah's. Ten minutes farther on take the Dudley Avenue exit in Pomona and go right to Holt. There you will see

(Continued on Page 20)

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CurtainUp

By DAVID HELLINGER & C. McALLISTER

THE MOONLIGHT FILE by Mick Daugherty. Directed by G.T. Shaw and starring Wendell Burton, Quincy Short and Marge Eliot. The On Broadway Theatre, San Francisco.

For over a month now this delightful play has been on stage at the medium-sized On Broadway Theatre. It has not received all the attention it should have but compared with so many recent new theatrical offerings it stands out demanding to be seen. Not that it is a blockbuster. It is a deft though occasionally melodramatic social comedy that provides a showcase for the talents of the three actors who comprise the cast. The plot concerns a black, amoral, young woman from the South, her cynical and worldly wise boyfriend (also black) and a bashful welfare worker who is yet a very determined believer in the civil rights of all his cases.

Despite the many funny situations and glib lines there is more than an undertone reflecting the tragic situation of so many shiftless and unemployable welfare cases. Playwright Shaw is wise to avoid preachy statements and so manages to make the three persons revealed on stage as believable and likeable human beings. Despite some of the funny truths pointed up throughout the play, no one, black or white could take offense at what is basically a humane look at one sad segment of big city life.

The acting is uniformly excellent but Marge Eliot as Miss Honey Moonlight, mother of many children and husband of no man, is exceptionally good. Wendell Burton, again the male ingenue, is ideal

in the role of the diffident but businesslike man from the welfare department though it seems to this reviewer that he will develop into a good comic actor rather than a forceful tragedian over the years. (He was recently seen in *Fortune and Men's Eyes* and on stage in *Butterflies Are Free* with Eve Arden.) Quincy Short is also very impressive as the humorous and cynical Junior, a tough but easygoing man-about-the-ghetto. It is hard to believe that this is his first professional performance.

The staging, lighting and of course, last but most important, the directing, were all that one would expect for such a professional evening. See *The Moonlight File* this month.

* * * * *

That old chestnut, *Harvey*, has been pulled out of the closet again, rid of its mothballs, produced by the Phoenix Theatre in New York and recently sponsored by ACT in San Francisco whence it went on the road to Los Angeles and other cities.

The new production is splendid in every respect. With its brilliant co-stars, Gig Young and Shirley Booth, in top form, the current revival of this Broadway hit of the 40's comes on our theatrical scene like a fresh breeze in the midst of a hot, muggy summer. It is a delight from start to finish.

This reviewer admits that *Harvey* has never been his favorite play. He saw the original production in New

York with Frank Fay and Josephine Hull, and in spite of its great popularity he wasn't greatly moved by it.

Times have changed, however, and we have changed with them. The pendulum has swung in another direction. The content of a work which once seemed naive and overly innocent now reaffirms our faith (too long disillusioned) in the innate goodness and generosity of our fellowman.

Even playwright Mary Chase's somewhat creaky mechanics of construction don't detract from our joy in *Harvey's* spirit.

When Elwood P. Dowd, in the person of Gig Young, comments that he has dealt with realities too long and the process didn't get him anyplace, we laugh and rejoice with him and admit (secretly, to ourselves) that sometimes, perhaps, sheer escape is not only enjoyable but quite necessary.

Young is a revelation as Dowd. Here is an actor who has long been admired and respected but has never made it as a top star in theatre or films. As Dowd he plays with a simplicity, a shining inner beauty which is a quality more right and true, and more winning, than any actor we have seen in the part.

Perhaps after this triumph Young will get the roles he has so long deserved.

The genius of Shirley Booth, of course, is well known. Her familiar charm and expert comedy timing are very much on display in *Harvey*. She is as responsible as Young for the production's success.

Director Steven Porter has led his supporting cast, too, into able interpretations. The production is stylish and moves confidently and easily toward its touching denouement.

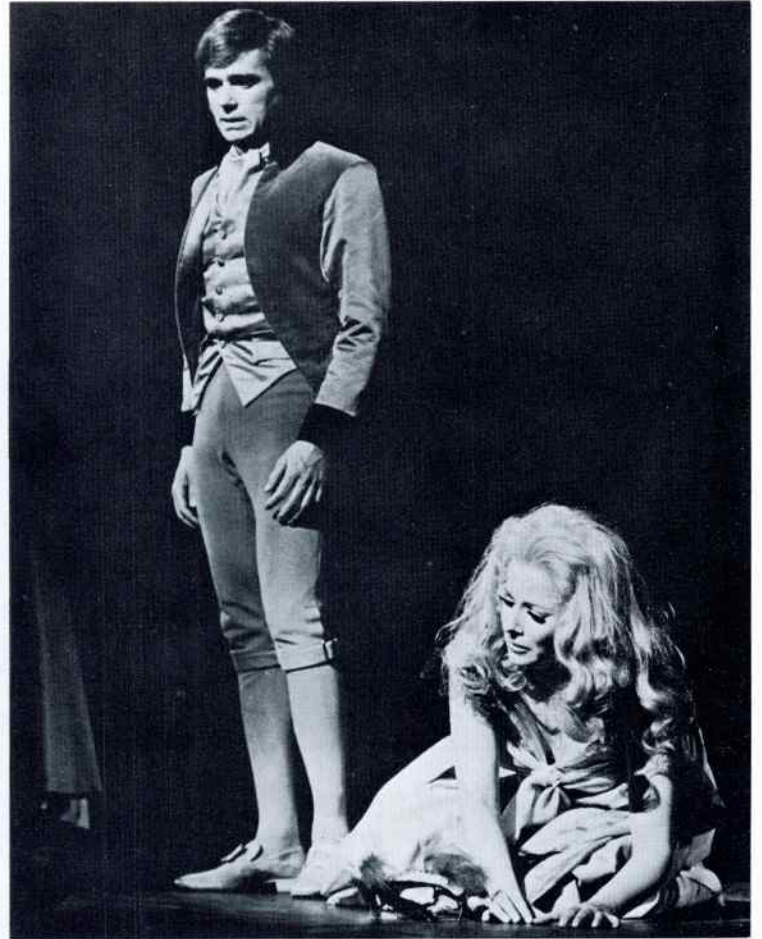
●●● —Douglas Dean

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ABOVE: Wendell Burton and Marge Eliot star in the funny and poignant "THE MIDNIGHT FILE," at San Francisco's On Broadway Theatre.

LEFT: Frank Poretta and Mary Costa, two of the stars in Bernstein's "CANDIDE," seen recently in California and soon to open at Washington's Kennedy Center.



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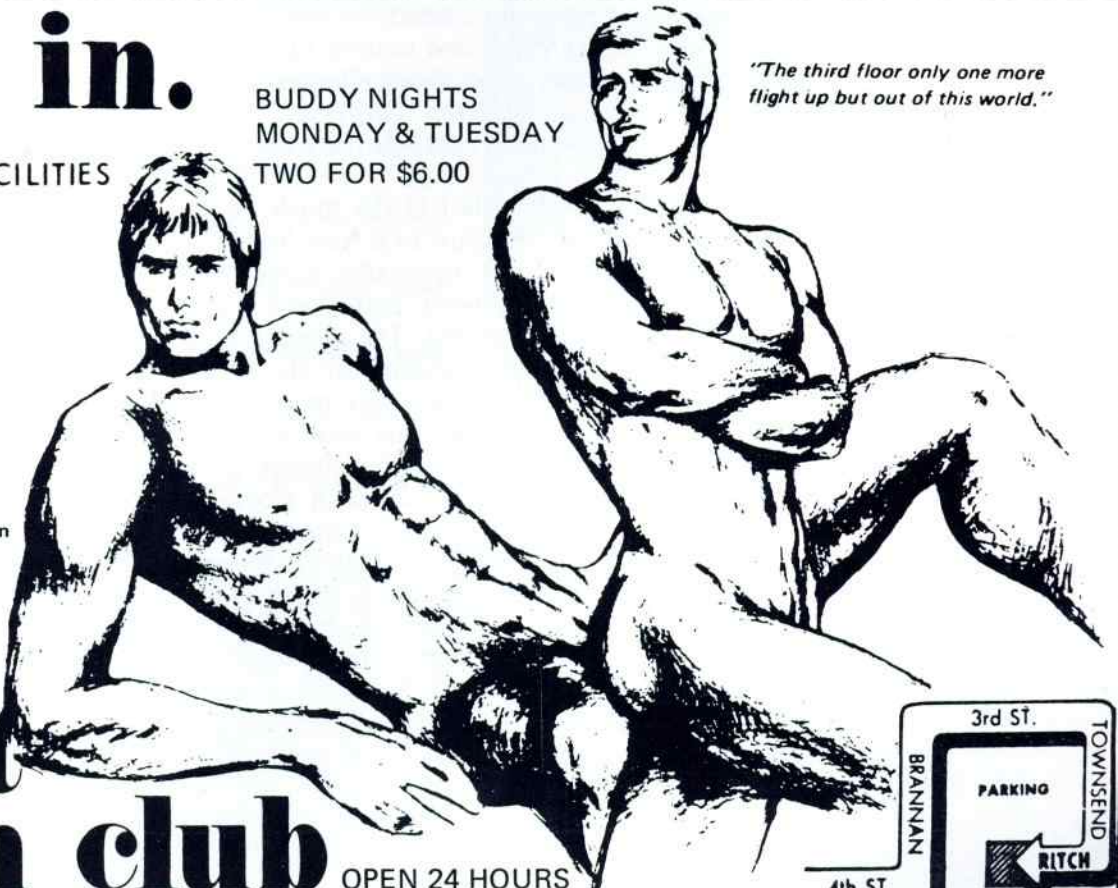
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SAN FRANCISCO





Movie Call Review



By DAVID HELLINGER & C. McALLISTER

SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY—from United Artists. Directed by John Schlesinger from an original screenplay by Penelope Gilliat. Starring Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch and Murray Head. In color.

The reviews of this latest British import have been exceptional, so off I went expecting a film out of the ordinary, especially when I noted that the director was the same man who steered *Midnight Cowboy* to an Academy Award. Now here I am days later wondering what all the columns of praise were about—unless the critics I read were all friends of Penelope Gilliat, the British-American critic who wrote the fragile screenplay and who alternates every six months as film critic for the *New Yorker* with Pauline Kael. Maybe it just goes to show that critics are, at best, good journalists but rarely good writers. Anyhow, this pretentious film that is at times precious and boring, shows us the weekend lives of three above-average yet rather dull Bohemian Londoners. Of the three Glenda Jackson is the best as the divorcee who wants the young sculptor (Murray Head) exclusively, but it is hinted in the story that he will opt for the aging doctor (Peter Finch) who makes up the third party in this emotional threeway, but even that would be for a limited duration.

The sculptor is just young and healthily promiscuous and the other two are disturbed by autumn leaves. Nothing new here and were it not for the snappy directing of John Schlesinger, the whole frothy concoction would have sunk after the first 30 minutes. Not that the direction is blameless either—telephones are used to the point where one is reminded about the theatrical strictures against their overuse

to keep a creaky plot moving. I just could not summon up any interest in this slight cliché-packed tale about three very ordinary and rather humorless people trying to get their rocks off. The supporting cast is wooden but then some of their lines are preposterous. To leaven the tedious goings-on, a ridiculously lavish Bar Mitzvah is thrown in to attract Jewish moviegoers; it just seemed to me to be patronizing nonsense.

Sunday Bloody Sunday is, despite the slightly daring theme, boring, bloody boring. Certainly not to be ranked with the best British films.

SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE—from American International. Directed and written by Mervyn Nelson. Stars Candy Darling, David Baker, Carleton Carpenter, Sylvia Syms and a host of others. In color.

Here at last is the much talked about film shot in a New York gay bar—it was originally called *The Bar*. It is both better and worse than I expected. The primary fault is that the confines of the actual bar (The Zodiac) were mostly used in filming and this soon becomes evident as the story unfolds. Then the rather soap-operaish story bit off more than even a more experienced filmmaker could have handled. There are thumbnail character sketches of the various patrons who incredibly range from transvestite to closet queen to butch bisexual married types. In no big city bar do you find such a mix, even on Christmas Eve, the time of the story.

Much of the character delineation is childish stereotype—the rough gangster who owns the tawdry establishment, the venal vice

cop, and so on. Much of the acting is downright hammy and the whole pretentious film is overlong. It is best described as being a good gay B movie—worse than *Boys in the Band* but not as amateurish as some of the New York sexploitation movies to which we have been subjected during recent years.

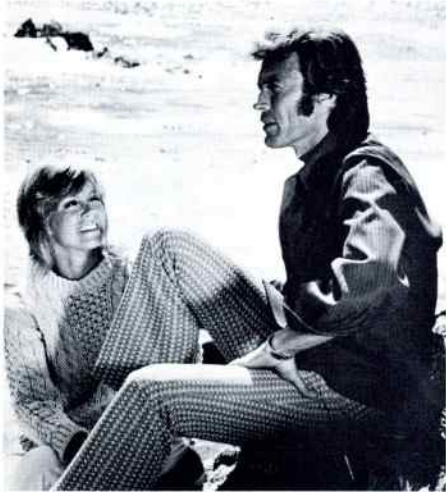
There are a few good characterizations but for the most part the painful dialogue makes the actors' roles difficult. Young old-timer Carleton Carpenter comes across very well as a bitter, aging auntie-type who bears a strong resemblance to the late Clifton Webb—though better looking. Carpenter has only one word to utter during the whole movie and here he was lucky, considering the aforementioned dialogue. Despite this he conveys by gesture and grimace a convincing half-dotty queen so familiar in certain bars across the land. The photography is generally good and the sound, for a change in such films, is also good. It should be successful on a double bill with another gay movie.

PINK NARCISSUS—a Sherpix release. Directed and produced by 'Anonymous'. Stars Bobby Kendall.

We have no further information as to the origins of this film.

Here is another gay film from New York, this one in uncertain color with uncertain grainy photography. Bobby Kendall is an attractive Latin guy—despite the name, who wafts his way through this '70-minute masturbation fantasy' as Hollywood *Variety* called it. This amateur effort was apparently shot in 8mm and blown up to 35mm and the result is less than pleasing. The well-endowed Kendall is the movie, but 70 minutes of a guy going through various dream sequences of little originality with oodles of chiffon over his cock and tacky sets from Woolworth's, is an endurance test for the audience. The striving after a surrealistic-symbolistic effect is very obviously contrived but there are a few good

(Continued on Page 13)



TOP LEFT: Candy Darling and David Drew in the American International release "SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE."

TOP RIGHT: The Wizard motorcycle gang hits the road in American International's latest bike drama, "CHROME AND HOT LEATHER."

CENTER RIGHT: Lou Steele and Uva Harden as the lovers who drift apart on Christmas Eve in the gay bar film, "SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE."

CENTER ABOVE: Michael Sarrazin (center) as the young doctor who becomes a drug addict in "BELIEVE IN ME" from MGM.

ABOVE LEFT: Clint Eastwood and Donna Mills in Universal's thriller "PLAY MISTY FOR ME" film on the Monterey Peninsula.

RIGHT: Peter Finch, Glenda Jackson and Murray Head, the stars of the highly acclaimed "SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY."

BELOW LEFT: Mia Farrow and Norman Eshley star in the latest Columbia movie "SEE NO EVIL."

BELOW RIGHT: Anne Baxter stars in "THE LATE LIZ," to be released this month.





Show Bars



Bill Kane Jerry Carpenter

The Jose is now on stage at The Orpheum Circus (Market at Hyde). He was never in better form and this ample stage suits his zany versions of operas and musical comedies. As he has been over the years and beginning at the Black Cat, he is ably accompanied by "Hazel" McGinnis at the piano. If you are in San Francisco at four thirty on a Sunday afternoon this is the show to see. No cover charge but the famous chamber pot collection helps defray some of the expenses of this San Francisco institution—you give what you wish. Bar prices are also the same and as everywhere else in the city due to the competition, still at 1956 levels.

At the Post Side Room in the capacious PS restaurant bar on Polk Street, the famous Allan Lloyd show is getting into the swing of things after an uncertain start due to the shape of the room and the inadequate stage. This live and mime revue is the same—with much new material, that packed the old Fantasy (now a busy dance bar called The Alley Cat) last winter. Apart from Allan Lloyd this polished trio is composed of Jae Stevens and Jimmie Little. At the Post Side Room there is a nominal charge of one dollar to enter but the drinks are the same price as in the restaurant and front bar where everyone's favorite lady organist, Mary McGill, serves up nostalgia in pleasant selections on the piano most nights. Downtown Pat Montclair and the show from the no longer gay Frolic Room may be seen around the corner at the plush 181 Club on Eddy. The camp decor is a facsimile of a nightclub in one of those famous Betty Grable mo-



SAN FRANCISCO

Jose, back with his wild treatment of opera, seen at The Orpheum Circus in his interpretation of *IL TROVATORE*. As in the past, his long-suffering pianist is "Hazel" McGinnis (on right, third photo from bottom).

vies. The show is better than when we last saw it at The Frolic—better coordination all around and a large cast that include some well-built go-go boys make this a popular tourist spot even though it has been open only a few months. Drinks are slightly higher here but there is no cover charge. ●●●



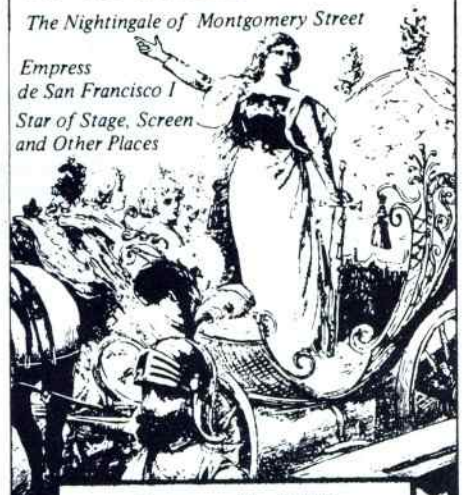
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MOVIES

(Continued from Page 10)

erotic moments here and there in what is at best an arch gay-art film to perhaps make it worth your time and money. Not as good as those interesting films from Kenneth Anger but more artful than the rubbish that Warhol puts out. When last seen *Pink Narcissus* was at the Presidio Theatre in San Francisco.

CHROME AND HOT LEATHER—from *American International*. Directed by Lee Frost. Screenplay by Michael Haynes, David Neibel and Don Tait. Stars Tony Young.

For the bike set, American International's *Chrome and Hot Leather* may provide 90 minutes of diversion. The flick stars Tony Young as Mitch, the aggrieved fiance of Kathy, a young chick who dies in an auto accident after being chased by a motorcycle gang. There are several very exciting moments as Mitch and three of his Green Beret buddies decide to emulate an outlaw quartet, in an attempt to locate the ones responsible for Kathy's death.

In the ensuing action, Mitch makes contact and the baddies are eventually brought to justice. Along the way, there are several moments of tension and excitement—all having to do with cycles, tempers and fights. Bare flesh was at a minimum. (Too bad, because Mitch was a doll!) Peter Brown (another attractive number whom you may remember from the Arizona Rangers TV series) was a member of Mitch's "gang." William Smith turned in a very convincing performance as "T.J.", the snarling, brutal leader of the outlaw gang—quite a build, if you groove on lots of muscle!

During the early portions, where Mitch and his friends are learning to ride their Kawasakis, we are treated to a number of excellent "dirt bike" sequences. Unfortunately, the realism and apparent knowledge of motorcycles was not maintained when the outlaws' big choppers bogged down in a bare two inches of desert sand. Nor was this the

only error made by our young screen writers, Michael Hayes and David Neibel. This reviewer previewed the film at the Academy Awards Theatre and this select audience laughed at several awkward places in the script. It was unfortunate, because the overall idea was good, and all the cast seemed well suited to their roles. Even the ending followed the same pattern—imaginative, and generally a good idea; but carried to a ridiculous conclusion.

In all, I found this film entertaining. If you dig good, professional shots of bikes in action, you'll probably like it.

THE LATE LIZ—a Dick Ross and Associates release. Directed by Dick Ross from a screenplay by Bill Rega. Stars Anne Baxter, Steve Forrest and Coleen Gray.

It is always a pleasure to view an Anne Baxter movie. In this interestingly titled film, she looks ravishing despite having to play an alcoholic country club mother role but *The Late Liz* is surely the oddest film she ever made. You see, *The Late Liz* is a religious message film with a big and very unsubtle Message. After the first hour, in which the viewer's interest is held by the unfolding of a reasonably plausible story, one begins to wonder how the director will resolve all the loose ends.

Then comes the awful realization that this is no ordinary movie but a religious-exploitation epic of the preachiest and most heavy-handed kind. In short, poor Liz (Anne Baxter) has run through several husbands and hundreds of bottles of booze before one of her sons returns from Vietnam and converts Mom to Jesus. Then follows a half hour sermon by a minister that has to be one of the biggest put-ons of the year. After two hours of such hookum Liz sets out to do good and win her dreary clubwomen friends across the land to the Good Book. I believe that the Billy Graham people had something to do with the production of this film,

(Continued on Page 22)

PAGE ONE



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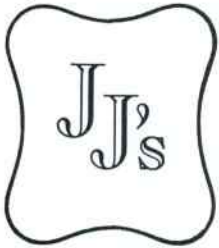
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Book Reviews



By Victor DeStefano, C. McAllister

Two fall books to make you think (and possibly act) are *Homosexual Liberation—A Personal View* by John Murphy and *On Being Different—What It Means to be a Homosexual* by Merle Miller.

The two books are interesting in themselves but they also complement each other in that they present contrasting views and attitudes of the new homosexual awareness.

Miller, the older of the two, is the better writer but he also comes with a distinguished record from *Harper's*, *The New York Times* and the world of publishing. He is the same man whose essay on coming out was published in the *New York Times Magazine* last winter. This book is essentially that essay with the addition of a chapter entitled "Afterword." It is as readable and as relevant now as it was when first published and would make an excellent rejoinder-cum-gift to uptight straight friends who tend to patronize yet really despise homosexuals. Merle Miller's book is published by Random House and is priced at \$4.50.

John Murphy, at 27, is half Miller's age, but they have the publishing business and a good education in common. *Homosexual Liberation* is Murphy's first book (published by Praeger at \$5.95). It is basically a lucid and well-written exposition of why and how this intelligent young man came to take a defiant and often militant stand on homosexuality. His facts are correct (and there is much useful information for westerners about the Stonewall bar incident in New York that led to the Christopher Street movement) and his logic is irrefutable. He makes no bones about his likes and dislikes and he almost admits to being politically naive, which this reviewer so adjudges him—but at his age who is not? (I

would certainly dispute his statement that the heterosexual world is moribund). He is fair when dealing with the history of homosexual movements of one type or another. His book has chapters on gay literature, gay movements and personalities, on meeting the Gay Liberation Front and so on. Concerning books with homosexual themes he rightly dismisses drivel such as *The Lord Won't Mind*; he enthuses over Genet, Vidal, Kate Millet and poets such as Auden and Thom Gunn (who now lives in San Francisco but how many people there have read his work?). In writing about homosexual literature he says that, "It is a depressing picture for the most part, but it truly seems that the worst is over. There is no reason now why homosexuality cannot be portrayed as what it is—a full life."

Mr. Murphy makes repeated derogatory references to the bar scene—and he means the Eastern bar scene, especially that in New York until recently. He is somewhat harsh, but it is true that the majority of the big city bars back East are run by shadowy types little better than dumb gangsters. The situation is changing and the new consciousness, of which the writer is so obviously a part, has much to do with this. (It would be of interest to hear his comments on San Francisco, its bars and gay life-style). On religion and the gay homosexual he is detached: "Even more unexpected are the responses of religious organizations to homosexual demands. Troy Perry, a fundamentalist preacher in Los Angeles, has founded a church for homosexuals that has become the model for others all over the country. Perry, a slick revivalist who reminds one person (me) of the outdated menace of Elmer Gentry, is nevertheless filling a legitimate, even desperate,

need of many homosexuals. His church is a place where they can be themselves, where, even if they are not religious, they can express the social side of homosexuality that is ignored by the straight world."

The reader will find it hard not to read this fine series of essays in one sitting and he or she will, like this reviewer, look forward to John Murphy's next book even though I question his present Utopian if not anarchistic political views.

C. McAllister

A guide that should have been brought to the traveler's attention early in the summer, but which is relevant at any season, is Roedy Green's *A Guide for the Naive Homosexual*. This is the definitive reference to gay Canada and is written in such a breezy and personal style that it would make good reading for the armchair traveler during the winter. I believe that it is revised and updated each year. If it were properly typeset and laid out, it would be cheap at three times the current price of one dollar. As it is, the fine type-print is an exercise for the eyes but even so, you shouldn't go to Canada without it. Copies may be obtained from the author at Box 8969, Station H, Vancouver 5, British Columbia.

I note in the latest and, as usual, most readable copy of *QQ* (the glossy every other monthly from New York) that it will no longer be sold on newsstands due to serious problems with their distributors (one of whom went bankrupt, as so many of these chancy outfits do). From what I hear around the office here *QQ* is not the only periodical to be considerably out of pocket due to the thievery of nationwide distributors, especially in the gay magazine field (fortunately there are some very reputable distributors working within California with whom it is a pleasure to meet, and not only over financial matters). Isn't it time for some gay person to enter the distribution field nationwide? Smaller magazines such as this would benefit immeasurably;

(Continued on Page 18)

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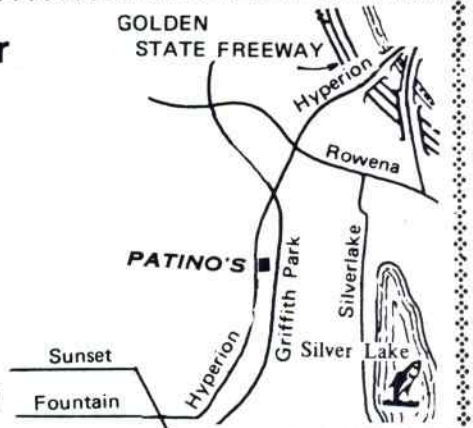
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TRAVEL TIPS



NOTES ON BAVARIA

By John G. Grant

Munich, "The City With a Heart," as it is known throughout Germany, has lately been challenging Amsterdam and Copenhagen as one of the favorite cities to visit. Most of us at one time have sampled the famous Munich beer or heard of the *Hofbrauhaus* and *Oktoberfest*, but in addition to being a fun city, Munich with its one and a half million population is also the leading cultural center of Germany.

For those interested there is the famous "State Opera" (National-Theatre), the rebuilt Cuvilliés Theatre (pure rococo style) and about a dozen others offering excellent performances. Numerous museums, concerts and art galleries will fill out your day, but if you prefer the countryside, there are excursion trips to the nearby lakes, the beautiful Alps, and the fairyland castles of mad King Ludwig of Bavaria (not really medieval structures as they were built just 100 years ago).

A visit to the castles of Neuschwanstein, Hohenschwangau and Nymphenburg with its famous porcelain factory will be one of the highlights of your trip and Salzburg, Berchtesgaden and Garmisch-Partenkirchen can easily be reached by car or train.

The Schwabing district of Munich, in which the various universities are located has its own charm and *Gemutlichkeit* and while there are no exclusively gay bars, you will find it not too difficult to make contact with the students and artists. Many of Munich's over 4000 restaurants, Weinstuben and bars are located in Schwabing and a visit to its many Italian, Yugoslavian, French and Chinese restaurants will be worthwhile.

Language should be no problem since English is understood in most shops and restaurants and is spoken by most of the young people.

You might also want to try a visit to Munich's many beer cellars where good food and beer is sold at very reasonable prices.

At Mullerstrasse 47 you will reach *Gusti's Ochsegarten*, not very far from Sendlinger Tor Platz, where the bike and leather boys have found a home. Everyone is welcome here, except hustlers, and Gusti, a very charming lady, has many American friends who make it a point to stop in Munich and pay a visit. The two nice bartenders will make you feel at home and Gusti will introduce you around and chat with you a little if you feel like it. There is no dancing here, but good, lively music and you will enjoy the drinks, friendly atmosphere and the people. I rate it the best bar of its kind in Germany.

I heard of a crummy bar in Frankfurt last summer that never did any business until they switched over to catering to the leather boys but the owner was not the jolliest soul around so as I write I do not even know if it is still open.

A few blocks away *Teddy-Bar* at Hans Sachstrasse and Mullerstrasse is another bar where you will be well received and Toni will do all he can to make your stay in Munich a pleasant one. All age groups are represented here with quite a few of the younger ones (not hustlers) showing a preference for the older, solid Bavarian men. Dancing only during the "Munich Fasching" which is the equivalent of Mardi Gras, and quite a time in Germany.

Rex Bar, Reisingerstrasse 15, is a quieter spot. If you prefer the young set and dancing, you should visit *Ali Baba*, Augsburgstrasse 15, which is nearby, or *Fred's Pub*, Sendlingerstrasse 30 (entrance on Schmidstrasse), right through the Sendlinger Tor, where there is a well-frequented tearoom).

This should give you a start; there are many more bars in Munich, all close at 1AM, except the

(Continued on Page 25)

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BOOK REVIEWS

(Continued from Page 15)

even the best-selling *Advocate* and Bob Damron's *Address Book* would show a decided spurt in sales. Distribution is half the battle where gay publications are involved—some persons estimate that less than 20 percent of the gay populace have access to or read any gay publication.

* * * *

A really different twist to the sex epic is rendered by Karl Flinders in his new novel, *Up Daddy* (The Other Traveller, \$1.95). Flinders may be remembered for his bisexual *Twelve Inches* quartette; but in *Up Daddy* his style and general exposition are considerably improved. The story involves a father and his twin sons, beginning when the mother dies of cancer and the boys are suddenly dropped into Daddy's custody. They are 13 at the time.

Daddy comes home unexpectedly, after a visit to the doctor. At 32, he has just been informed that he needs periodic prostate massage. When he discovers his twin boys engaging in mutual masturbation, he decides not to berate them or act as if he found their behavior shocking. To convince the youngsters of his acceptance, he removes his clothes, and from here we progress to Daddy's solution of the massage problem. A little hard to swallow here and there, the plot thickens and . . . need I say more!

I found the story compelling to a point where I could not leave it, though there were places where the heavy sentimentality, on top of some unlikely happenstance, made me shake my head and wonder. Taken as the author probably intended it—a gay, sexy spoof . . . high camp and fun—the book succeeds and makes for several hours' pleasant reading. Flinders tends to be a little glib at times, but he writes smoothly and professionally . . . a standard we have come to expect in The Other Traveller series. ●●●

—Victor de Stefano

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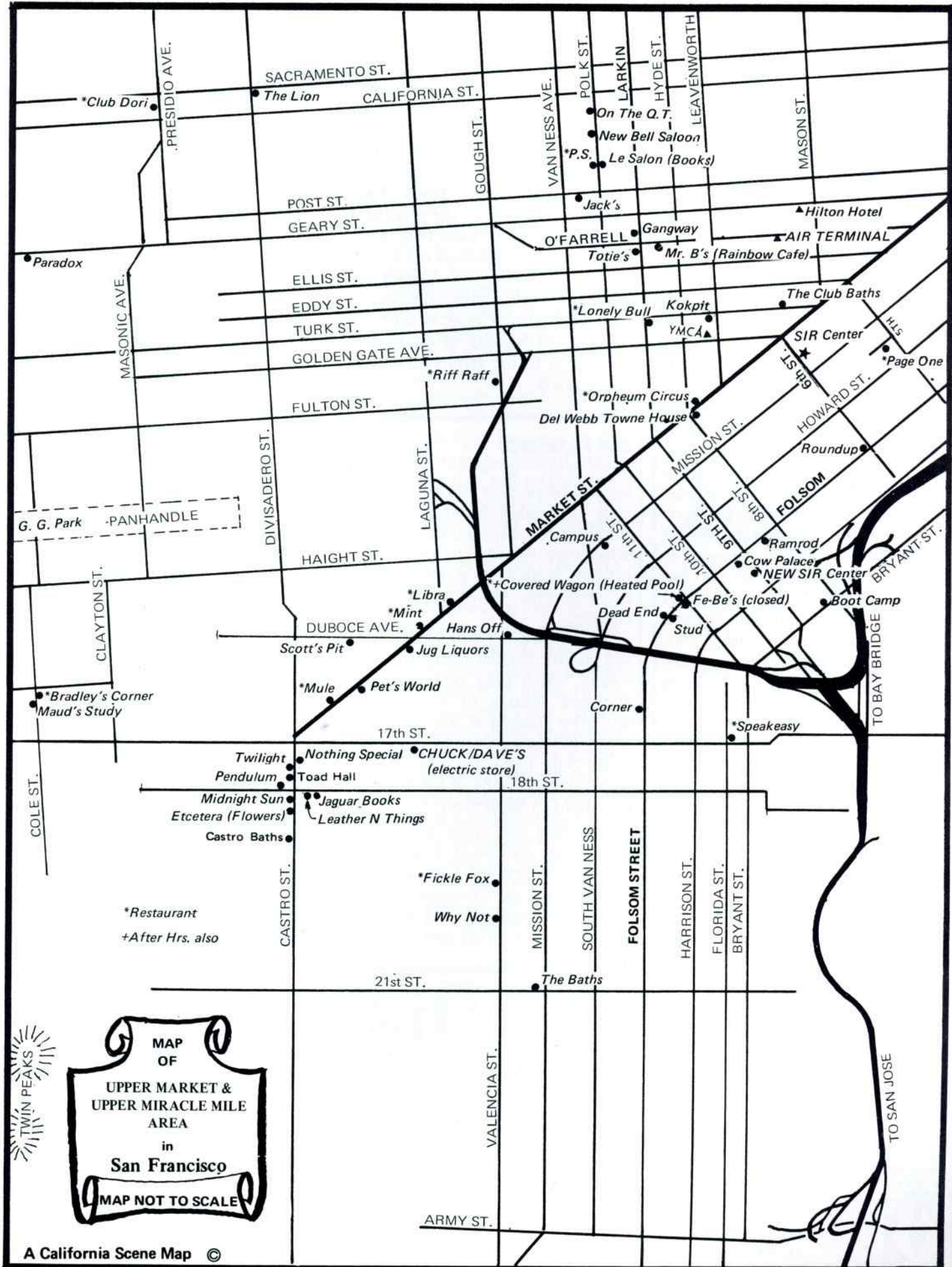
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 MAP NOT TO SCALE

SOUTHLAND

(Continued from Page 7)

the large sign for JJ's restaurant and bar which has been under new management for a month and is one of the busiest bars in Southern California already. Liquor and food are served, including a champagne brunch on Sunday. Down the street is a popular beer bar called **The Tender Trap** and a few blocks away are the also favorite **Rathskeller** (downstairs in the Mayfair Hotel—go to back entrance) and the favorite **Alibi**, which is just off the mall. In case you are out touring with Mother, there is also a girls' bar in Pomona—it is **The Oasis**. Near El Monte, in the City of Commerce, there is a new beer tavern called **The Mouse Trap**.

From Pomona to San Bernardino takes about 20 minutes on the freeway. There you will find the everlasting Skylark and if you turn off the Barstow-Las Vegas freeway at Baseline you will come to The San Franciscan, which like many of these places we have just mentioned has dancing and occasional shows. These last named are beer taverns. After San Bernardino it is Palm Springs where this season Dave's of San Francisco are the new masters of the Villa Caprice motel. Other motels are The Sahara and The Desert Palms but next month I should have more detailed news of this area.

Long Beach is down two bars this month. Chick's on Artesia closed then reopened straight when

the very popular bartender betook himself to The Inquire, the new liquor bar a few blocks away on Long Beach Boulevard. The Artesian never reopened and now The Hootenanny (on Willow) is closed. The Traffic Jam is still the most popular in the area and across the street The Shanty gets a mixed crowd of guys and gals. Afterhours the place to go is The Box Office (also busy during bar hours). It is located on Atlantic near Del Amo. The Lagoon (on Santa Fe near Anaheim Street and the Wellington Club) is especially popular on Sunday afternoons for the buffet in the attractive outdoor patio. ●●●

SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from Page 5)

ley (dinners now served here, as well as Sunday brunch) was shuttered by the cops who did not like what they found—but the customers did: nude go-go waiters and other delicacies were to be found therein.

Also down the peninsula it was a sad month for the many friends of "Sally," that jolly figure who was the first czarina of the peninsula and who worked at The Savoy, the new bar-restaurant in Cupertino (near San Jose). He died from asphyxiation in a fire at his home late one night in September.

The first big show at the new SIR Center will be at various dates between November 13th and 21st. This annual extravaganza is to be called "Madness '71" and will be directed by Joe Vigil and produced

by Chuck Zinn. These shows are both original and funny and often better than anything being offered in commercial theatres coast to coast.

I also heard a rumor that San Francisco's very special costume group, The Coits, may revive their hilarious and clever version of "The Women." I certainly hope they will do so as the 1969 production was something to remember—a theatrical milestone of sorts, for sure. ●●●



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WHEN A LAD NEEDS A DOCTOR

By MEDIC

An occasional patient asks about fetishism of one kind or another during a general checkup. There is little to worry about here as most people have minor fetishes that are usually within the broad bounds of normalcy. Again I find it opportune to quote from someone more versed in the matter than I. Professor Dickes, a New York psychiatrist, wrote a paper on fetishism recently in which he said:

"Clinical interest in fetishism has centered on the state of mind involved in the fixation of erotic interest on an object or body part which is inappropriate for normal sexual purposes, but which is needed by the individual for the attainment of sexual gratification. These objects may be a part of the body such as hair, the hand or foot, or perhaps an object of personal apparel, such as a shoe or a handkerchief.

"The range of fetishistic behavior is broad and stems from the nearly normal to the severe. A certain degree of 'fetishism' is quite commonplace and may be considered as being within normal limits, so long as behavior proceeds to normal intercourse and the use of special 'props' is not mandatory for success. For example, the normal overevaluation of the loved person has been noted to extend to many of his or her possessions. This is well illustrated by the many treasured mementos people keep. Also, a stage transitional to full-fledged fetishism may be noted in certain people whose sex partners have to fulfill special criteria such as a special hair color, or a peculiar body configuration. An understanding of the psychodynamic development of the fetishist requires an understanding of earlier developmental states and of the objects associated with them. Significant among these inanimate objects is one that has been termed the transitional object. This may be defined as an object that acquires a special importance as a defense

against anxiety which is first noted at a child's bedtime. Its origins can be traced back to infancy. Early, along with thumb-sucking, a bit of cloth may get into the mouth or may be held in the hand as the infant sucks. As time goes on, this object begins to acquire a special importance in satisfying the instinctual needs of the child. Mothers frequently encourage the use of pacifying objects, which lessen the demands upon them. Later, the importance of this original object may be transferred to a toy or teddy bear which then becomes an aid to the children in dealing with various tension states and anxiety; an aid that lessens what should become a normal ability to tolerate frustration.

"The degree of comfort the child obtains from its treasured possession is soon noted by the parent who may then utilize the possession as a pacifier and as a means of avoiding direct dealing with the child's anxieties. The mother, for example, may note the child's growing anxiety over separation from her, and, instead of attempting to manage the anxiety directly, gives the child the special toy in order to avoid a confrontation and its ensuing conflict. Thus the parent furthers the value of the object to the child and in the child's mind its treasure begins to develop many psychological meanings. Primary among them is the concept that the object, as a pacifier, replaces the lost comfort of the breast and feeding. Later the concept of the mother herself, who is "lost," is added to the constellation of ideas that embrace the object.

"Most children, after a suitable time, become mature enough to discard their special objects. Some children, however, are unable to discard the toy, pacifying blanket, or other possession. The object may actually be used for sexual purposes and may even assume more impor-

(Continued on Page 25)

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MOVIES

(Continued from Page 13)

which would help explain things. So now you fans of Anne Baxter (and she is good in this film) can go prepared. I wasn't.

* * * *

BELIEVE IN ME—MGM. Directed by Stuart Hagman. Screenplay by Israel Horovitz. Starring Michael Sarrazin and Jacqueline Bisset.

Israel Horovitz' screenplay follows the rapid degradation of a young doctor (Sarrazin) as he falls deeper and ever deeper into the trap of narcotics addiction. Although the acting, cinematography and direction are all within professional standards, this reviewer had the impression the script might have been more profitably exploited by some government agency, interested in scaring the pants off any young kids who were just learning to trip out on speed. It was this constant, underlying, moralistic preachiness that bothered me, I think . . . that, and the very obvious devices that explained how the doctor was hooked on amphetamines—first pills, then inhalants, finally "shooting up."

When the girl (Jacqueline Bisset) falls in love with him and moves in to share his apartment, she too gets hooked. Meanwhile the love scenes are blown up as the two heads groove on each other in diffused slow motion with gooey music for dialogue, all in the manner of those

French movies which revel in close-ups that show the heroine's enlarged pores and pimples.

Perhaps I am being too harsh. I didn't like *Love Story* either, because all that soft focus, mushy "sensitivity" leaves me flat.

I think this film will offend the hippie, who will see it as another attack on his way of life; it will bore an adult, gay or straight, who has little or no interest in the drug scene. Impressionable youngsters may identify with the lead characters, and if it makes a few of them kick the habit, I'll say "Hat's off!" I can't see much other reason for having made it.

* * * *

PLAY MISTY FOR ME—a Universal release. Directed by Clint Eastwood. From a screenplay by Jo Heims and Dean Riesner. Stars Clint Eastwood and Jessica Walter. In color.

This is actor Clint Eastwood's first directorial effort and very creditable it is. As the male lead he also gives a good account of himself, playing the role of a laconic but sexy disc jockey, but he was fortunate in choosing an intelligent screenplay and a uniformly good cast.

Play Misty for Me is a good suspense film that suffers from the gratuitous insertion of some unnecessary and unconnected sequences, possibly to relieve the tension and flesh out the plot. The most obvi-

ous fault is the excessive use of almost travelog-long shots, aerial and otherwise, of the Carmel-Monterey area. Another fault, and this I found offensive, was the usual Hollywood fag vignette, *de rigueur* in most films these days. In this example Eastwood meets an auntie decorator acquaintance whom he tells to go off and cruise some sailors while he talks to the lady, et cetera. Whereupon the decorator swishes back with, "Oh, you know I don't like seafood." Yuk, yuk, yuk, from the preview audience. It makes one wonder how really familiar even intelligent heteros are with the homosexual scene.

Then there was a silly segment nearly 10 minutes long where the hero and his best girl of the moment fondle and embrace nude under a small waterfall to a trite love theme obviously written by the friend of someone connected with the film.

Withal, this drama of a disc jockey and his entanglement with an unusual woman listener (most excellently portrayed by Jessica Walter) who always requests Errol Garner's "Misty," is a film worth seeing.

* * * *

SEE NO EVIL—Columbia Pictures. Directed by Richard Fleischer. Screenplay by Brian Clemens. Starring Mia Farrow.

See No Evil has to be one of the year's best thrillers. Starring Mia Farrow as the blind girl, on a coun-

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try estate with a homicidal maniac on the loose, this Columbia release combines all the elements of a classic horror film. Through the titles, we see the booted feet of the murderer as he watches George and Betty Rexton (Robin Bailey and Dorothy Alison) pick Sarah (Mia Farrow) up at the train station. She is just returning from a sanitarium, where she has been recuperating from an equestrian accident that has left her completely blind. She is to stay with Uncle George and Aunt Betty at their country estate. The starred boots of the killer stalk them, but the audience never sees his face.

Sarah, who still harbors a deep affection for horses, meets Steve Reding (Norman Eshley), a wealthy breeder and is ready to pick up the threads of their interrupted romance. Mia Farrow and Norman Eshley are both competent actors and good to behold.

Sarah isn't sure, experiencing all the predictable doubts. When Steve sends one of his boys for her, Sarah is taken to his neighboring horsey establishment, giving the murderer a chance to do in Uncle George, Aunt Betty, and Cousin Sandy. When Steve brings Sarah home, he leaves her at the door. She makes her way through the house, completely unaware that the place is literally littered with corpses—Sandy having been tossed across the other bed in Sarah's room.

She goes to bed, and is awakened in the morning by Steve, calling to her from the window. His opportune arrival prevents Sarah from discovering Uncle George's bloody remains in the bathtub, where the blind girl has been drawing her morning bath. Skipping this at Steve's insistence, Sarah takes a ride with him . . . recaptures the thrill of being on a horse and being kissed by her one and only. Again, Steve leaves her at the door. The unsuspecting Sarah enters the house, where the audience is allowed a quick glimpse of the murderer's boots. The fiend appears to be having some sort of orgasm on a downstairs bed, while his erstwhile victims await poor Sarah's discov-

ery. And when she does discover them . . . mercy! It may all sound implausible but the direction is such that you don't have much time to think.

This is one picture that will make the hackles rise along your spine. Pauline faced no more perils than Sarah, but director Richard Fleischer does it better! I highly recommend this film to anyone who digs having the you-know-what scared out of him! The faint of heart had better stay away! ●●●

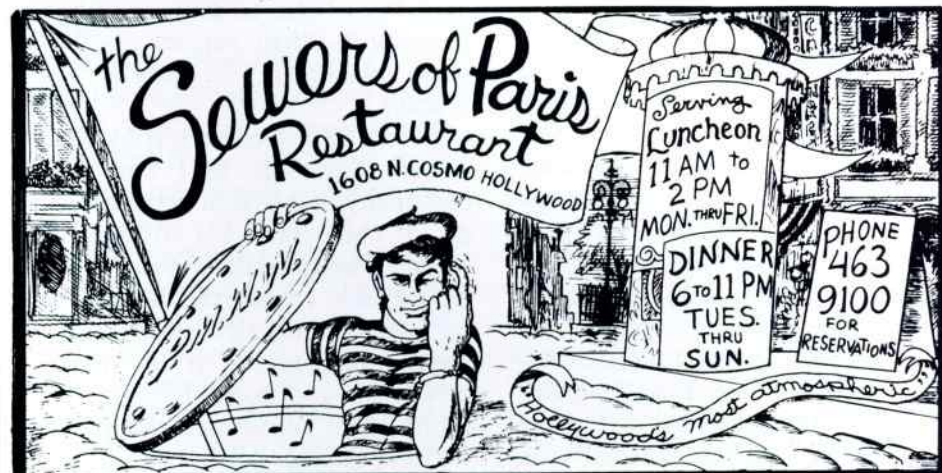
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FOOTNOTES & ESSAYS

by LARRY TOWNSEND

Through my work with the HELP organization, I was recently granted an interview with Los Angeles County Sheriff Peter J. Pitchess. As the attitude of both the sheriff and his two senior inspectors who were present during the meeting left room for hope, I would like to explain some of my reactions. The very fact that this man made himself available for an interview is, I think, significant.

The sheriff's office is off an unexpected corner corridor in the old Hall of Justice. He is separated from the public by only a young deputy at a desk in the hallway, and by an outer office with a trio of attractive secretaries. I suppose no one would get in without an appointment, but I've gone through more hassle trying to get to the desk sergeant in the LAPD Hollywood station. This, too, is significant. It marks a decided difference in the level of fear and distrust with which the two departments regard the general population. Of course, the sheriff is an elected official . . . hence more sensitive to the feelings of the voters. A two-edged sword, public reaction might have cost votes 20 years ago, if people thought their sheriff was "coddling queers." As noted by one of the inspectors I interviewed, this situation has changed radically in the last decade.

When hearings were held to decide whether or not to grant a beer license to an establishment that is going to become a gay bar, there

used to be many people who would come down and object. This seldom happens today. In fact, there are few complaints from neighbors unless some of the patrons are very much out of line. Sheriff Department statistics indicate only 68 arrests for lewd conduct since the first of the year . . . most of these in park restrooms and other public places. That certainly does not appear to be an anti-gay campaign. "And half of those arrested," remarked the sheriff, "were transients or known criminals, more likely to have been there to prey on the gay community than for sex . . . robbery, blackmail . . . maybe even murder."

I found this an interesting observation, especially as I have been personally involved in getting a couple of these PC 647a arrestees out of jail. The one specific activity we would like to see the Sheriff Department (and all police departments) discontinue is the use of plainclothes officers in parks and johns. One uniformed patrolman, we feel, could do the job just as effectively and at a lower cost in expended police man-hours. Yet the sheriff's contentions are difficult to dispute. He has possession of the records and the statistics; I don't. Although I feel he was probably expressing an honest belief, I do think there is some lack of communication between the top and bottom. Sheriff Pitchess' neutral attitude toward the homosexual community is not always reflected by the deputy in the street (or park restroom).

In an attempt to remedy, at least in part, this feeling of social dis-

tance between the individual deputy and the gay citizen, there is now a proposal pending that would establish neighborhood meetings. Following the pattern now being used in black and brown neighborhoods, sheriff department personnel (especially West Hollywood) would sit down for a few hours with interested homosexual residents and discuss the feelings existent on either side. This has helped relieve some tensions in other ghettos, why not try it in the gay ghetto?

Inspector Lanier, head of Administrative Vice, indicated a willingness to work through the HELP Tavern Guild in heading off minor, chronic problems inside member establishments. Here was another "first," and with this man at the head of the department we may see some meaningful reevaluation of attitudes. The inspector is soft-spoken, apparently both intelligent and concerned with the community problems that were brought to his attention.

Although I do not like to use this column as a means of advancing HELP or any other organization (I belong to several), I do feel most strongly that the response of Sheriff Pitchess and his senior officers points up a most important truism. Long ago, one of our great American wise men observed: *Honey catches more flies than vinegar*. In the gay movement (with a small or capital "M"), the real progress is going to be made by organizations like HELP or SIR or ONE, Inc. By working within the law, through the courts when necessary, and with the backing of all the legal talent they can assemble, these groups



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are able to meet with public officials on a professional, non-emotional basis. Such conferences are not surrounded by an aura of hostility or hysteria, as happens when a loud group of demonstrators intimidates a man and forces their leaders past the guards.

I do not advocate weakness or apology, either. Don't misunderstand me. I don't think that *this* earth is going to be inherited by the meek. But there are ways of showing strength besides carrying placards and shouting beneath a politician's window. When a concession is given as the result of logical discussion, it tends to be far more lasting than one granted grudgingly in the arena of fear and anger. Some of our more radical elements point to the gains of the black community following their riots. I don't know. Is Watts any better off today than it was in 1965? They have a hospital, I grant you. Do they have a movie theatre? Major department stores? An adequate transportation system? A better social climate in their schools or any place else? And the gains that they have made . . . where and how have these come about? Think about it. Think about East Los Angeles and the brown neighborhoods. What have all these riots gained for them?

As I've said before, and as I'll continue to say as long as there is a publisher willing to print my words: Our salvation lies in the ballot box . . . in the votes of our own people and those understanding elements within the heterosexual population who believe in our constitutional liberties. There is no other

sane approach.

So, I would thank Sheriff Pitchess for his courtesy and his interest. He has taken the first, significant step toward amelioration of ignorance and prejudice. His concern is based on logical fact and an attempt to understand a group of his fellow human beings. When the time comes to mark your ballot, you might remember that. And now, onward and upward (upward?)—Today the sheriff; tomorrow . . . Chief Davis? ●●●

TRAVEL

(Continued from Page 17)

mixed bars and coffee places which close at 3AM. Ask around if you feel hungry for a late snack or if any of the mentioned bars have extended hours.

Outdoor activities take place in the famous park called "Englischer Garten," the right entrance is on Prinzregentenstrasse 1, "Haus der Kunst" (a museum) and facing it you walk along to the right, till you reach a little bridge in the park. As soon as it gets dark the park in this section becomes very lively and picks up again after the bars close at one o'clock. The park at the statue of King Maximilian II and nearby parks at the bridge and river Isar also have their nightly visitors.

The baths and all night clubs are not to be found a la California, but still Bavaria is my favorite region in all Europe and the only place that comes near Munich for the leather, bike and S/M set is Amsterdam. If you are planning to come to Bavaria soon please drop me a line care of this magazine. ●●●

MEDIC *(Continued from Page 21)*

tance than the parent.

"The widespread use of these objects should not cause us to underestimate their potential for danger to eventual psychic maturity and health. It is almost always the parent, or a substitute for the parent, who introduces the object to the child and fosters its use, usually because of their own anxieties and difficulties in adjusting to the child's demands."

I might add that fetishism is much more common among males than among females. There are at present conflicting opinions from Freud to Kinsey as to why this is so. Basically this is related to anatomical and biological differences and the matter is the subject of continuing studies.

* * * *

A patient asks about picking his ears, as much a nervous operation as a hygienic one, and the possibilities of infection. Briefly all I can say is that the accretion of cerumen (wax) is something which varies from person to person. Some individuals may have to visit a physician as often as every three months, others never. Matchsticks and other non-sterile objects should not be used to cleanse the ears.

Most of the questions I am asked these days concern either VD or plastic surgery. Again, the usual operations requested by males are on the nose, the eyelids and neck. Concerning the efficacy of hair transplants I can say that they usually do not work except for a person with a heavy coarse hair growth. ●●●

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Rover's Column

The big event of the fall season was the arrival of four members of the South Pacific Motorcycle Club in San Francisco. The Sydneysiders were met at the airport and escorted back to town by a caravan of bikes and cars. The mad dash along the freeway was all recorded on color film. This started more than a week of festivities honoring the group—gala dinners, swim parties and brunches, climaxing on the weekend of September 18th and 19th. On Saturday the 18th the host club, the Constantines, gave a large party at Seamen's Hall at which, I hate to declare, punch was served! The band was also uninspired. Anyhow, the Aussies graciously presented all club presidents with a memento and then it was off on a tour of the bars, some of which delighted the visitors. Others they found puzzling. Next day the Serpents hosted a mightily success-

ful brunch and by the time the Aussies were to leave for New York and then Los Angeles they were exhausted and overwhelmed. (In New York two of them had to rest up for a day from fatigue). Passing through Los Angeles in midweek the local clubs made the two days like a New Year's weekend—a special show at Troupers Hall in Hollywood by The XYZ's, a talented social and theatrical club, was the big event of their stay. An overflow crowd gave this show the thunderous applause it deserved. Afterwards hosts and guests were all invited to The Handle Bar for an incredibly mad evening.

In Los Angeles during September the South Atlantics (those friendly offshoots of the CMC) introduced their new officers at another big garage party at which the vodka, scotch and gin flowed. Matthew of Glendale was unavoidably absent

this time—he was honeymooning in Chicago. No punch was served.

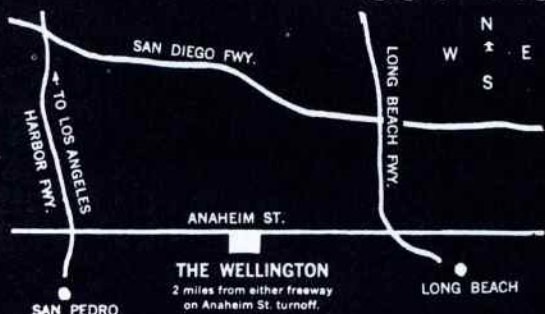
Everyone likes to see his name in print and if it is on a permanent metal plate attached to a large wall plaque, so much the better. These were presented to the three riders who had their bikes christened (all Harleys) at The 1170 in L.A. recently. These christenings take place at many of the bars but most of the recent ones have been either at The 1170 or The Male Box. I hear The 1170 has ordered a dozen more plaques for upcoming ceremonies.

The last of the L.A. club campouts until spring is The Saddlesores Field Meet this month. Preparations are now under way for The Elder Lovelies' annual anniversary party which is always the highlight of the fall season in LA (on Thanksgiving weekend). And it goes without saying that the highlight of the San Francisco fall season will be the gigantic CMC Carnival on November 7th (see details in ad elsewhere in this issue). ●●●

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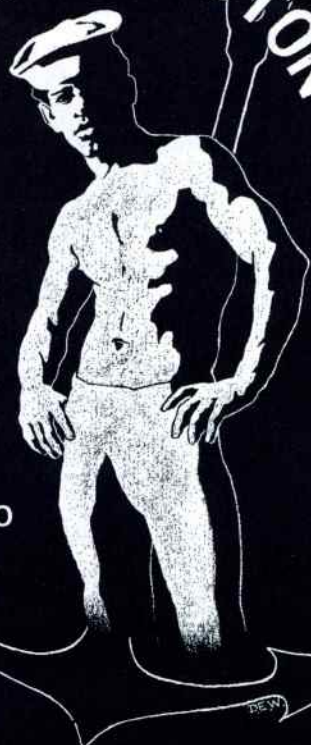


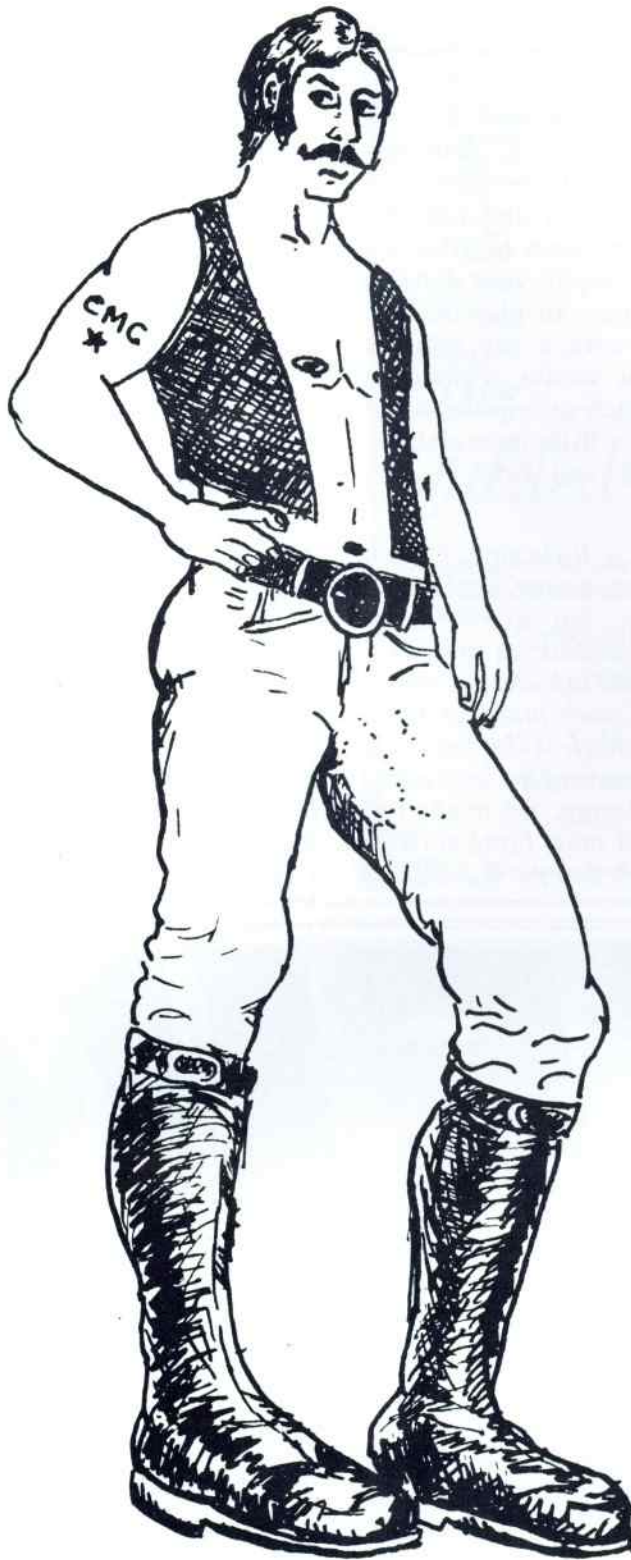
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READERS FORUM

Gentlemen:

The writer (or writers) of your last editorial on gay marriages shows him (them) to be more than a little sick, cynical and old. My lover and I have been together for six years and despite your derision we are continuing to plan our formal marriage with a gay minister officiating this winter. Perhaps if you came to such an inspiring event you would be a little more enlightened. Wally R. and Peter B., Los Angeles

We are often a little sick, cynical and old after an insane weekend in San Francisco, but somehow we recover and continue on promiscuously in a state of blessed singleness. We still think marriage is for heterosexuals (a few, at least!) If you two are having an interesting reception and orgy, we might just attend, but we must bring amyl to help us through that part of the cer-

emony where the two promise to love, honor and obey. —The Editors

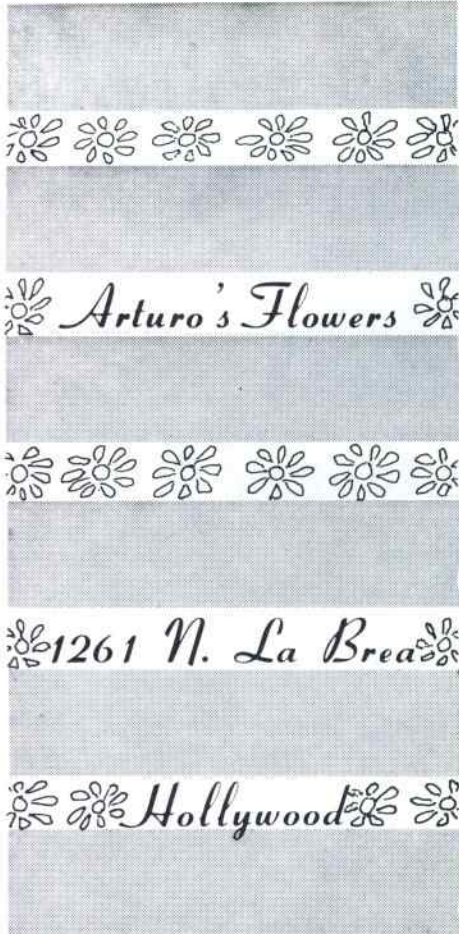
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Whatever became of the effort to start an empress in Los Angeles? And last year's winner? G.L., Los Angeles

Lack of interest and a badly planned campaign left the Empress Roski out on a limb. We heard that Roski had returned from Hawaii and may be at this year's contest which will be held at Ciro's on November 8th. Miss La Rey will probably win. We hope this new empress receives a more cordial welcome at the San Francisco Empress Ball than did last year's. Los Angeles could certainly do with some camp livening up compared to San Francisco. That is one of the things an empress could do for all the bars—butch, dance or girls' bars.—The Editor

Editor:

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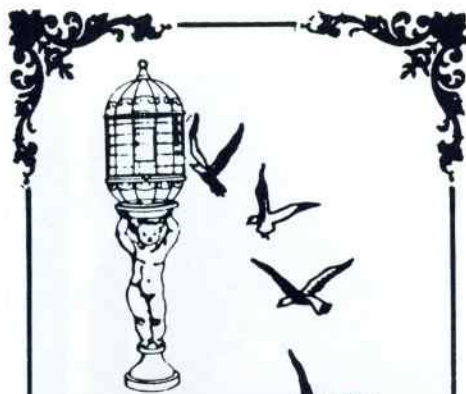
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editorial on gay marriages! Knowing the writer quite well, it is easy to interpret his intentions as merely pointing out that there are other issues and freedoms which should be paramount in the gay rights crusade. I would like first to be able to exist freely without the constant fear of arrest or reprisal for being gay. Whether I do this alone or with someone is not important. The issue is that if I choose to love and cherish someone I don't feel a necessity to register with a city licensing bureau and flaunt a sexuality which is not yet completely acceptable to everyone to prove my love.

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(Continued on Page 32)

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(Continued from Page 31)

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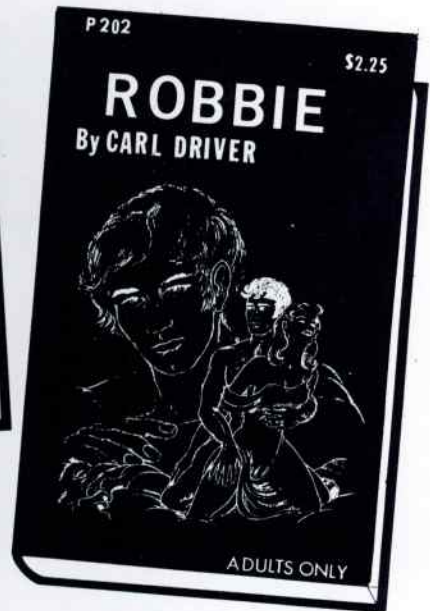
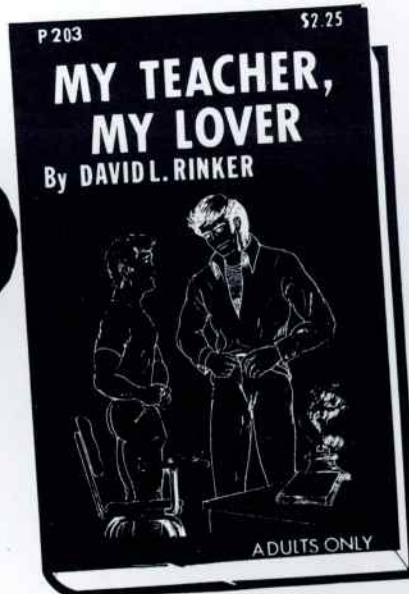
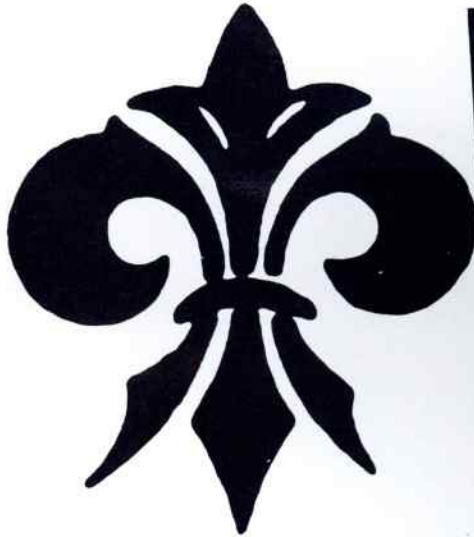
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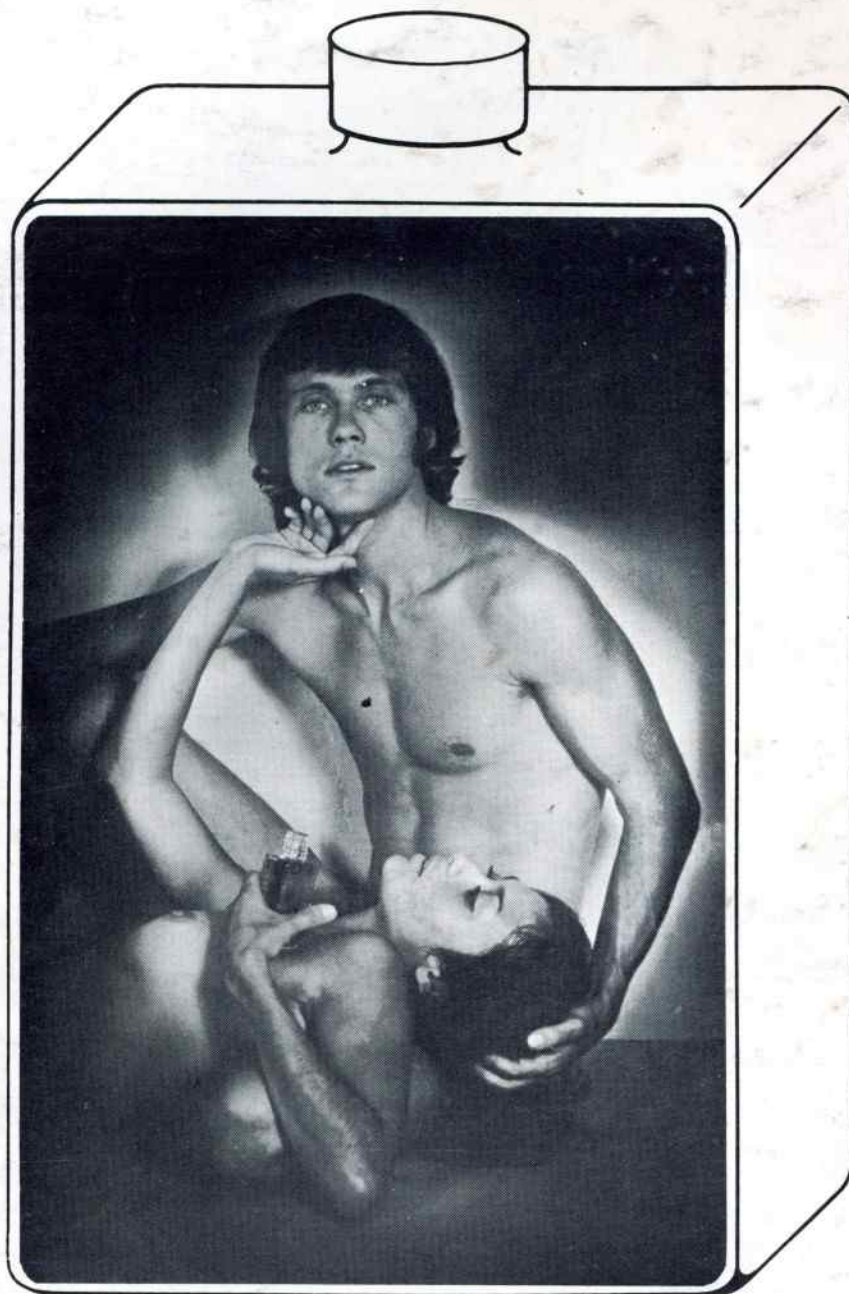
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