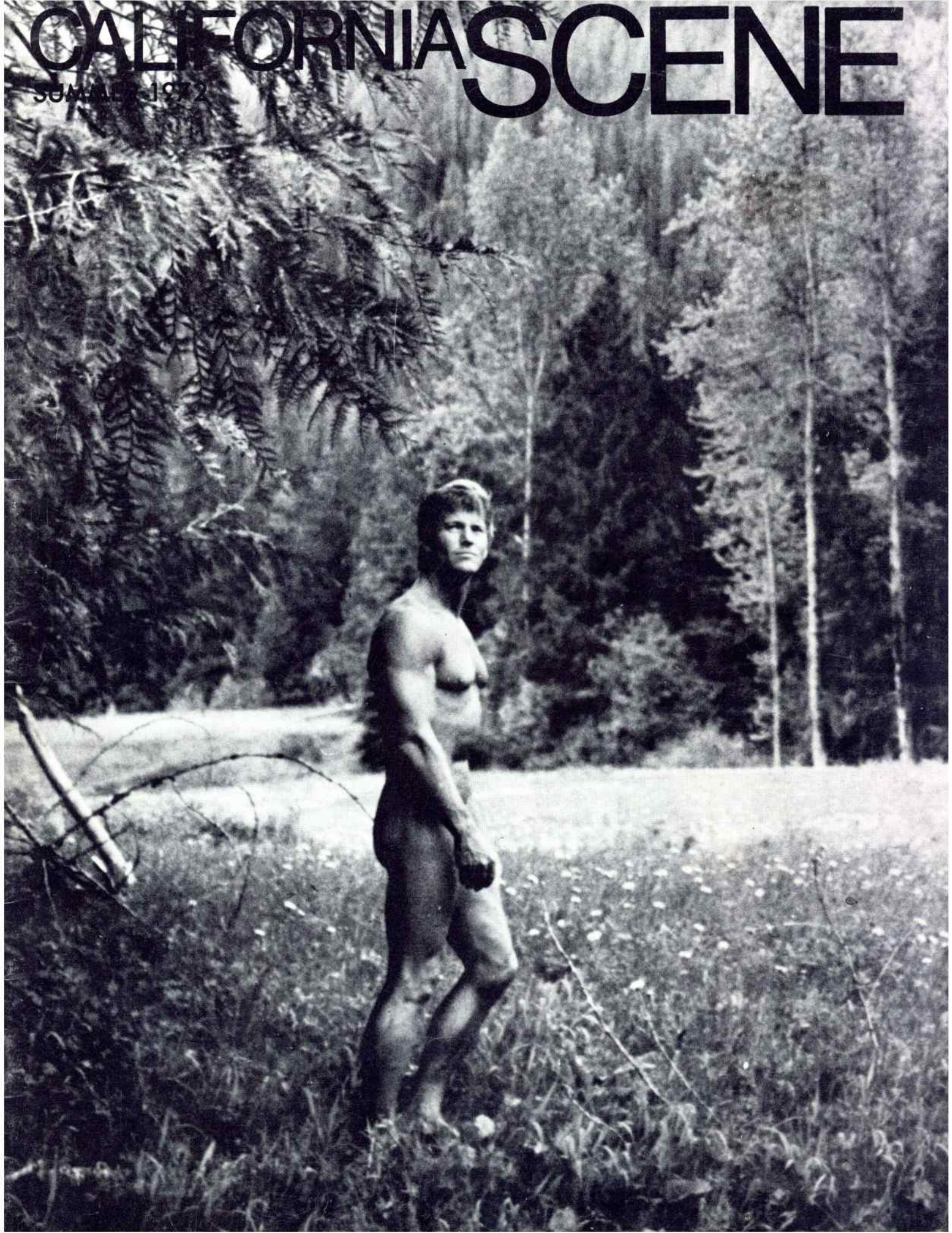


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SUMMER 1972



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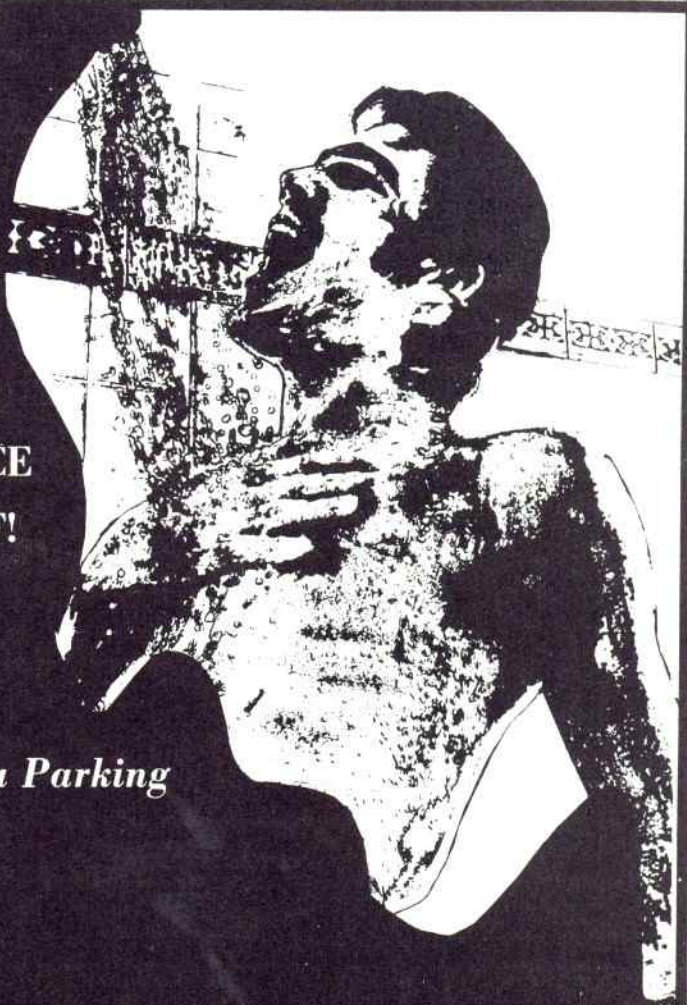
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To all our readers:

Due to a glorious Fourth devoted to absolutely wild times in the mountains in which all was abandoned to lust and so forth, this issue is ten days late. We promise to diminish our sexual adventures and explorations somewhat to bring out the next issue on time.

california SCENE ©

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SAN DIEGO



EDITORIAL

The big parade has gone by on Hollywood Boulevard. A disappointing turnout and a much smaller crowd of spectators than last year makes it obvious that gay liberation has made its point. Further publicity and recognition from the establishment can now best be gained by means of legal reform. Good organization within, and generous financial support from all segments of the homosexual community, are now more likely to achieve further progress than any other tactic. Furthermore, commemorating in Los Angeles a gay riot because a tacky underworld bar was raided in New York is hardly a good starting point for any program. The weekend before the Hollywood parade there was a senseless vice raid on a Los Angeles bar offering female impersonation shows. Ironically this bar is located close to the Black Cat, which when it was gay five years ago, suffered a brutal attack by the vice squad on New Year's Eve which resulted in a small and orderly gay demonstration on Sunset Boulevard a few days later. If a parade must be held in the future surely this would be a more worthy event to commemorate?

OUR COVER

This issue's cover is taken from a color photograph in Roy Dean's sumptuous *Before the Hand of Man*, from which we also obtained our April cover. The photograph was taken in British Columbia and the model is David, who represents the fourth and mature age of man in the book's sequence of pictures depicting the development of the male body in its natural surroundings. Mr. Dean's next publishing venture will be Tomatsu Yato's famous *Otoko—A Study of the Japanese Nude Male*, scheduled to appear in the fall. We hope to feature some of the remarkable portraits in this publishing first in the latter part of the year.

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Published Monthly By:

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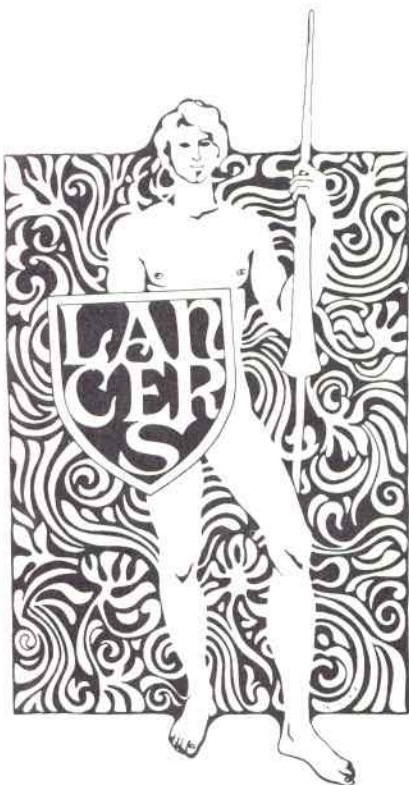
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San Francisco 72 by JEFF BUCKLEY

*ABOVE: THOM, on right with champagne, the CALIFORNIA SCENE's GROOVY GUY contestant.

Interest mounts in the Advocate's Groovy Guy Contest to be held on August 25th at the International Hotel near L.A. airport. The number of entries from outside Los Angeles is disappointing. Why, from the City by the Bay there are but three contestants, including our handsome CALIFORNIA SCENE entry, Thom (formerly of Fe-Be's, the Roundup, the Wilde Oscar). Unfortunately, that other groovy San Franciscan, Don Berry from the Wilde Oscar and the 527, pulled out of the contest as we went to press. And amazing to relate, neither San Diego nor Santa Barbara nor Sacramento entered anyone. The other entrants from San Francisco are David, sponsored by The Rendezvous and Richard, sponsored by The Town Squire, one of Polk Street's fine men's stores. Two thousand are expected to attend this mammoth event.

There was an auction at the Roundup on June 28th for a young contestant in the recent Mr. Cowboy contest who suffered serious injuries in a bike accident. As so often before Jose donated his services and the impressive sum of \$1200 was garnered from the items donated. As for that Mr. Cowboy

contest, the profits were reportedly donated to some worthy but prosperous straight cause, as is so often the case with these functions in the Bay Area; very foolish when there are so many deserving gay persons in need throughout the year. It is time SIR started a fund into which such monies from charity benefits and other affairs could be channeled for use at the appropriate time. Token donations to selected straight charities should suffice in future.

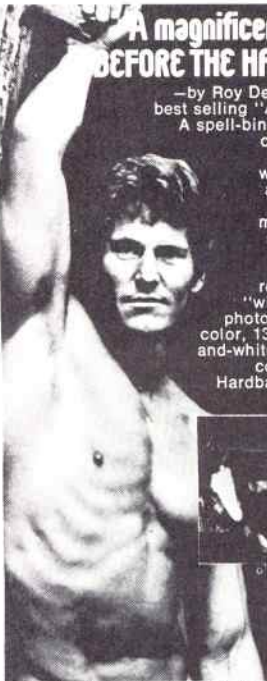
The saturation of greater San Francisco with gay bars, many run by straights going broke anyway, has brought intense and often unfair competitive methods with it. It is no secret that roughly one-third of the city's bars and restaurants are barely breaking even and Mr. Bob Ross of the San Francisco Tavern Guild was impressively serious at a recent guild meet when he said:

"If, after ten years we don't know how to run our places and keep our zippers up, then we have no reason for continuing in existence."

Again, when out on the town, bear in mind that gross indecency in a bar or other public place can land you in jail just as swiftly as

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drunk driving.

If you must dance, gyrate and groove, the Shed, the Big Basket and Vi's Club over in Marin are the places to go but for the smart set it is still Gold Street on weekends. Dancing or something that often resembles it is often possible at The Stud on Folsom Street and on certain nights at Fe-Be's when they have a western band.

A new bar, somewhat in the downtown fashion, is the Naked Grape on upper Market, not far from the huge two-level ballroom-bar complex called The Shed. The Shed stays open into the wee hours every night and is becoming a must on every visitor's gay tour of the city. In size it is the largest gay establishment on the West Coast. Nearby is the so-called Castro Village cluster of bars and shops—Leather 'N' Things, the Valet and others. The bars range from the wild Midnight Sun and its circus big-top interior to the more sedate bike club hangout called The Mistake. Other bars just doors away from each other are the Nothing Special, the Twilight and the Pendulum.

And did you see the sign on the wall at Pit's Stop (the leather shop at the back of the Boot Camp) which cautions against wearing metal cockrings on the way to the airport? The scanners used to detect weapons and such will reveal all to the guard and you will have a few moments of, well, either gay pride or acute embarrassment while you explain this accoutrement and divest yourself thereof.

While Gold Street continues to

attract gay San Francisco when Gary is at the organ or when a name performer is booked, other bistros featuring entertainment have had to change their policies due to rising costs and the phenomenal competition around town. The Page One has now an early morning breakfast and closes after cocktail hour. Brunch on Saturday and Sunday is as good as ever—copious champagne, and entertainment whenever one of the city's stars can



Photos by Crown Associates

Marching in San Francisco's June parade: TOP: Rick (San Franciscans), Bill Plath of SIR and Peter King.

BELOW: Some of the horsemen in the parade.

be persuaded to tackle the piano or sing.

For piano and organ music to lose your heart in San Francisco by, try The PS, Gold Street, On the QT, the Fickle Fox, the Union Square Lounge. If you miss David Kelsey you can find him at a more or less straight tavern (there are a few left in San Francisco) called the Curtain Call on Geary. On week-

ends Jose's famed accompanist—Hazel—plays through dinner at the 527 Club.

Notes from out of town:

Down Modesto way stop by (just off the freeway) and see what they've done to the decor at that friendly Mustang Club. Further south in Fresno there is only one bar to check out once more. The Association, a busy mixed bar—like Fran's, which is the old-timer hereabouts, caught fire early in June and it appears that it will be closed until the fall. And now that the new freeway 'twixt L.A. and S.F. is open, sexfiends in a hurry can make it either way in under five hours—and legally. However, should you go through Bakersfield and have a half hour, The Jolly Times is still there (take the California St. exit). Their float was much admired at San Francisco's Christopher Street Parade so it must be that dear old Bakersfield has come out of its closet at last.

Down south on the Peninsula, The Garden opened on University Avenue in Palo Alto. This beer garden is across from the Locker Room and near the B.Q. baths. Next door to the Garden is a mixed restaurant that is cruisy afterhours, particularly on weekends when The Shack, as it's called, stays open all night. On the other side of the freeway is another baths, the Golden Door. To reach these places take the University turnoff on the Bayshore Freeway.

Further south in San Jose but close to Cupertino, the Harbor is the newest bar. Just up the highway

(Continued on Page 29)



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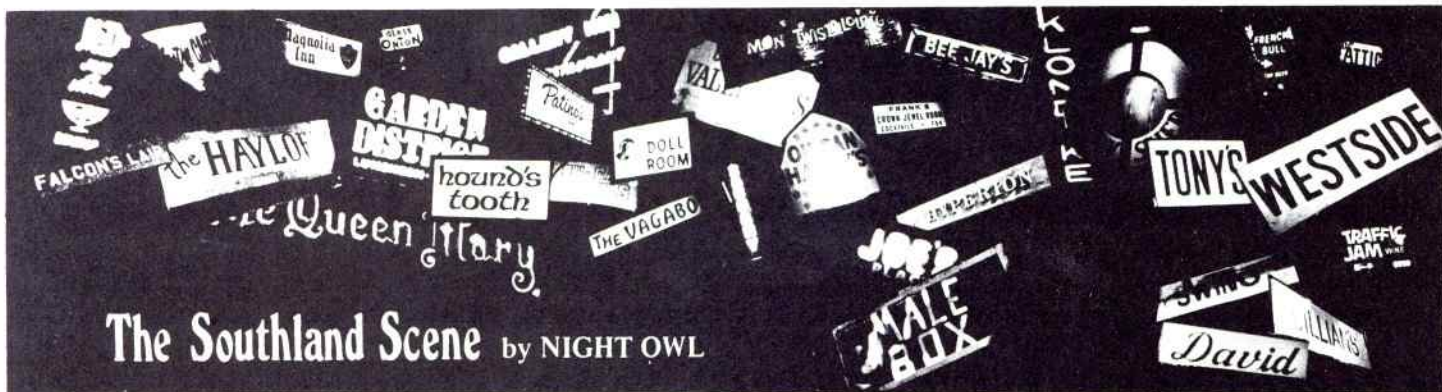
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The Southland Scene by NIGHT OWL

The extravaganza of the summer was the first Emperor and Empress Ball in Long Beach. Not as opulent as the memorable Queen of Hearts Ball last winter on the liner Queen Mary, this function drew almost a thousand persons from all over California to the Hyatt House in south Long Beach. Chosen to reign over the bars, clubs and oilwells for the next year were Leslie of The Inquire Room and Greg of The Inn. The master of ceremonies was Jose, the first Empress of San Francisco.

Everyone was stunned when Long Beach's most popular liquor and dining spot, The Inn, closed on the very night that the bar hosted this successful Empress Ball.

As for the big parade along Hollywood Boulevard—it was disappointing this year in both the number of floats and in the size of the crowd. There were no incidents but a handful of Christian zealots ran alongside the parade howling and yelling about hellfire and other myths in their book of fables. Their theology was as pathetic as their TOP AND CENTER: The June 25th parade along Hollywood Blvd.

BOTTOM: Ralph (ex-Little Cave) presented Don of Woody's Hyperion with the best bartender award at the Maggies held in L.A. last month.



illiterate signs and the police were the only people to take any notice of them.

Between Long Beach and San Diego a new dinner house made a brief appearance early this summer. Called King's Cross, it was located in Costa Mesa. After two months it closed. So, down that way the Little Shrimp in Laguna is still the only place to go for dinner or drinking. In Laguna the friendly local Gays can direct you to some 'mixed' cafes and such that you might find of interest but sadly this once chic resort is now overrun with hordes of tourists on weekends. Far better to continue on to San Diego.

Apart from being a new bar that is already on everyone's itinerary, The Outcast on Santa Monica just east of Hollywood at Hoover is now the most popular afterhours spot in the area. The Male Box also offers afterhours to members on weekends and at the other end of Melrose Gino's and The Tradesman have afterhours for the young hippie set.

Los Angeles now has a second tavern guild. As it has already had two meetings—one at the Male Box

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and the other at the Oak Room, it may be classed as in business. Founded by guys who disapproved of the HELP Tavern Guild's set of rules or who were miffed at not being asked to join that 70 bar-strong association, this new guild offers a less rigid set of rules to bars that join up. The new guild is called the Metropolitan Tavern Guild of Los Angeles but has no connection with the big gay church of that name.

When in Hollywood don't get carried away; no matter how hot and horny your blood may flow, excited by the blatant goings-on in some of the bars and porno theatres. The vice squad is as busy as ever and even though most recently they have concentrated on bookstores (where they do not concern themselves with the customers) such as Adam and Eve's on Vine and Woody's on Hollywood Boulevard.

Why, even a drag show at the small new Sunset East was busted on some ludicrous charge a few weeks ago, but the customers were not bothered.

Nevertheless, this just proves our constant reminder that the police can act in such a manner as long as the laws are on the books.

Here and there around town:

Fel Andrews does some clever miming to tapes—and behind the bar yet—at the Florentine Room on Melrose. For a change of pace you can check out the sex movies at the somewhat tacky Hollywood Music Center bar so popular with the cops—but they have not been arresting the customers when they

swoop, which is certainly a relief in and around Hollywood.

Moving further along Melrose you can experience yet another scene at the new version of Zachary's. The food is much improved and there is usually entertainment. The ambience here is reminiscent of the better New York gay bars. Sunday brunch is becoming popular.

Over by sedate Eagle Rock the Aquarius Baths had an anniversary party. Matthew of Glendale was there—how he manages to attend so many functions is a mystery—rumor has it that there are really two characters about town by this name. It's just that the other swinger is Matthew's Buddy.

In the Redondo Beach section of Los Angeles that usually busy Two Guys closed. The nearest bar is The Paddleboard or else that very popular liquor bar called The Vagabond in Inglewood, where too you will find one of the few beer bars around offering good organ music on most nights, to wit, at The Ruby Rue.

On Ventura Boulevard close to the Valli Haus, Lew of the Blue Angel has opened a small Mexican restaurant, El Poquito. Beer and wine are available with dinner. Weekdays lunch is served. Other eating places in the neighborhood are the Bla-Bla Cafe and the Rib and Claw.

On the Sunset Strip, Bobby of the still popular Star Room and the now closed Tartan Tail at the beach, is one of the partners in the plush and new Left Bank. Dinners are all about five dollars and most tables include that famous view of

city lights below in West Hollywood.

The afterhours activities are still much as they were last winter. The in places can still be recommended, but there are two in town that it would be best to visit briefly, if at all, due to the goings-on. It's best to ask around before last call about where to go so that you'll know what you're getting into. Remember, the difference between L.A. and San Francisco is that when a place is raided up north the customers are rarely bothered or questioned. Not so in L.A., this somewhat puritanical land of plastic plants and plastic politicians.

SAN DIEGO:

As The Downtowner closed recently there is now only one showbar in the city: the Show Biz. This always busy bar is primarily for straights and so the prices and much of the material is geared to this trade. If you wish to catch the Turnabouts doing their fast-paced and funny show, order a drink at the bar and stand off to the side. A seat at a table and one drink will run you about five dollars any weekend when the place is crowded. (The Turnabouts will be seen at North Hollywood's Playhouse the last week of this month.)

The afterhours coffee and make-out scene is primarily at the Pirates Den on Market Street. Here you will find a young groovy crowd all evening but no liquor, just beer. The other coffee spot is Jerry's Hole, located near The Swing. ●●●

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MOVIE TIME



By DAVID HELLINGER & C. McALLISTER



PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM—Paramount Pictures. Directed by Herbert Ross. Screenplay by Woody Allen. Stars Woody Allen, Diane Keaton and Tony Roberts.

This recent film is the work of that most intelligent comedian, Woody Allen. Despite all the glib one-line jokes and smart remarks, the whole endeavor comes across as a funny and slightly poignant look at a heterosexual mess who has more than the usual quota of sex hang-ups. It goes without saying that this obvious product of a dotting Jewish mama has nothing to do with homosexuality. There are a few unfunny gay remarks but, no matter, the premise was to make a film about a hetero-ugly duckling who seeks love and affection from the right girl. The title of the piece comes from our hero's obsession with old movies and the glamorous tough guys, such as Bogart, who peopled them.

Bogart is used to represent Woody's alter ego and an actor is got up in trench coat and loose false teeth to play him and turns in a creditable impersonation.

Play It Again, Sam is entertaining and funny, if slightly corny. As a comedy it is far more inventive and worth your money than say, *What's Up, Doc?* There's nothing great or outstanding or original about this film—I just found it entertaining and far more credible and carefully constructed than such recent sup-

posed comedies as *What's Up, Doc?* And like that film, this one was filmed in and around San Francisco. No wonder that with such overexposure the Bay Area is becoming overcrowded.

* * * * *

SKYJACKED. MGM. Directed by John Guillermin. Based on a novel by David Harper. Stars Charlton Heston, Walter Pidgeon, Jeanne Crain.

MGM's *Skyjacked* is an exciting film, now in first run at your local theatres. Although there is nothing unique in the theme of a commercial airliner in trouble, we feel this is the best film on the subject since *The High and the Mighty*. Starring Charlton Heston as the pilot, Yvette Mimieux as his stewardess ex-sex partner, and James Brolin as the nut who hijacks the plane, *Skyjacked* soars through a series of suspenseful situations, only a couple of which are obviously contrived. For instance, they are forced to land at a fog-shrouded airport, narrowly missing a small, private aircraft on the way in. There is the usual stoic heroism we have come to expect on the part of airline stewardesses and captains (especially if he's Charlton Heston), but the screenplay is so well written and so smoothly directed by John Guillermin that we found ourselves involved and willing to ignore the more predictable trappings.

(Continued on Page 20)



ABOVE LEFT: Burt Reynolds (on left) plays an inept detective in "Fuzz," a new cops and robbers film from United Artists.

LEFT CENTER: Don Murray, with Roddy McDowall as the ape-human and Hari Rhodes in the latest of the "Apes" films "Conquest of the Planet of the Apes."

LEFT BOTTOM: Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton together again in "Hammersmith is Out."

TOP RIGHT: Woody Allen gets some advice on how to make out like a movie hero from 'Humphrey Bogart' in Paramount's "Play It Again Sam."

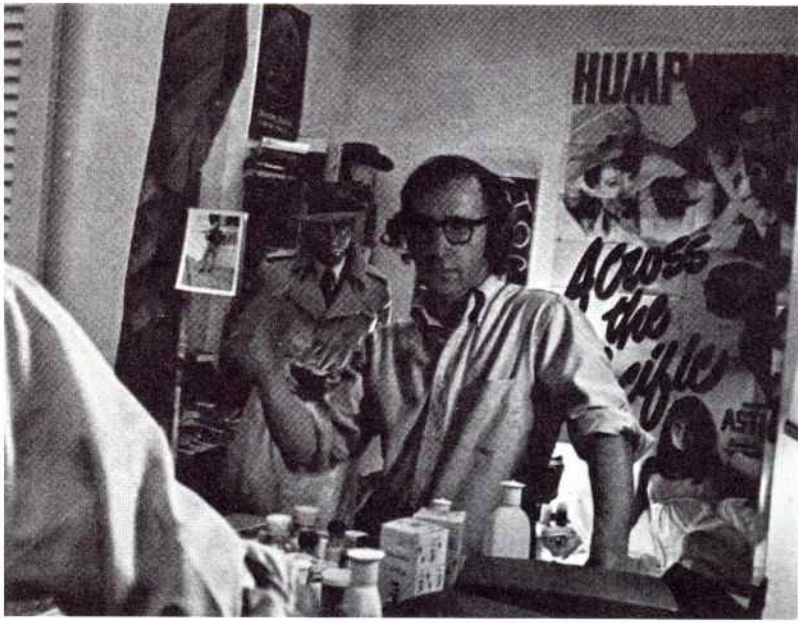
TOP, FAR RIGHT: Another scene from "Play It Again Sam" with Woody Allen and center, Diane Keaton, whose husband, Tony Roberts, encourages her to straighten out the sexually confused Allen.

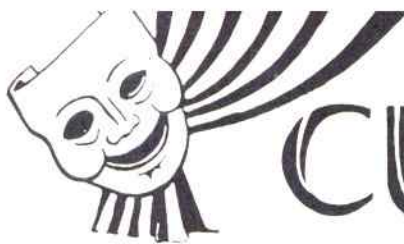
RIGHT CENTER: Richard Benjamin and his buddies drop by the local nympho's place for a little fellatio in one of the funnier scenes from "Portnoy's Complaint."

ON FAR RIGHT CENTER: Karen Black is the attractive but confused lover of Portnoy (Richard Benjamin) in the Warner Bros. version of "Portnoy's Complaint," just released.

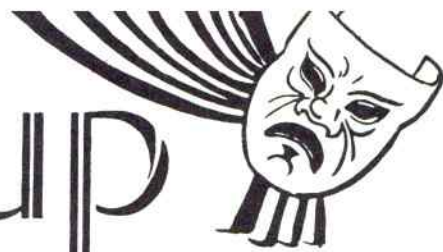
RIGHT BOTTOM: Walter Pidgeon, "Rosey" Grier and Jeanne Crain are three of the passengers in a jet skyjacked to Siberia in MGM's "Skyjacked."

FAR RIGHT, BOTTOM: Robert Redford plays the attractive, apolitical contestant for governor of California in the year's best movie about politics—Warner Bros.' "The Candidate."





curtain up



by KEN KANE & DAVID HELLINGER

OLD TIMES by Harold Pinter. Directed by Jeff Bleckner. The cast: Verna Bloom, W.B. Brydon, Faye Dunaway.

Pinter is open to many interpretations; his style and construction revel in the enigmatic, the superficially obvious that has inner meanings and philosophically deep implications for the human condition—particularly in the realm of sex, which is, after all, the backbone of life and living. Pinter hints, jabs, suggests all manner of sexual reasons for the way his characters behave. In his latest interesting play the same-sex love bit is very much to the fore although as elliptically treated as any subject in a Pinter play.

The what-might-have-been when three people meet after youth has gone and they are now grown up—though possibly not in a sexual way, is the theme of *Old Times*. Pinter employs nostalgia successfully. He has always had an affinity for it, long before the current rage made it tiresome. Alas, the production seen at the Mark Taper Forum was not blessed as well in the acting department as in the playwriting. Of the three roles, that of W.B. Brydon in the male lead, is the convincing one. Faye Dunaway is tremulously okay, but as the object of both their affections, Verna Bloom is very bad. The worst miscasting and worst acting of the year in my

book. For some theatregoers the airy and convincing soliloquies are the life of Pinter's theatre. The actors may be just puppets delivering Pinter's grand speeches—unless they are so obviously bad as poor Miss Bloom. Programs rustle, uneasy coughs sputter in what should be an electric silence. To deliver a definite opinion on this latest work of one of my favorite playwrights I would really have to see this play again with a better cast. Once more, it's a case of having to have a big name to entice John Citizen and wife into the theatre—in this case the name is Faye Dunaway. Give me good theatre and forget the big names.

NO, NO, NANETTE—Starring June Allyson, Judy Canova and Dennis Day. Music by Vincent Youmans. Production supervised by Busby Berkeley. The Ahmanson Theatre, Los Angeles.

With the famous music of Vincent Youmans, brilliant costumes and scenery of Raul Pene du Bois, great choreography of Donald Saddler, under the imaginative direction of Burt Shevelove and with a personable and outstanding cast—plus what are called "The Busby Berkely Girls," *No, No, Nanette* can best be described simply as a happy show—a good old time at the theatre.

It is all light-hearted entertainment without any serious problems or messages, which accounts for its rousing reception by audiences everywhere—in New York it has now passed its 500th performance.

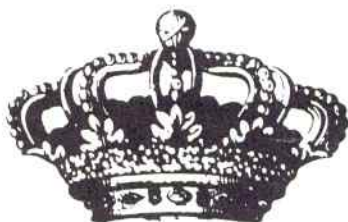
Nanette, while a natural for the older generations, also has much appeal for young moderns as it is not a restored static museum period piece. Nor is it pure camp. It is done with a simple sincerity and written (and revised) in the style of today.

The California cast stars such troupers as Judy Canova and Dennis Day, backed by a very large singing and dancing company of handsome young people, male and female.

The delightful score is divided up among the cast so that during the three acts everyone gets a chance to bask in the spotlight.

Standout productions are the lavish treatment given "Tea for Two" and the equally famous "I Want to be Happy" hoofing number. Even more spectacular is the Atlantic City beach extravaganza, with everyone in swimwear a la 1925 and the stage full of huge balls (beach balls, that is).

No, I cannot find any worth mentioning fault in this impeccable show. It is truly one that the New York original can be proud of. Happily, after Los Angeles next stop is San Francisco. ●●●



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TOP LEFT: June Allyson in the tap dancing scene from "No, No, Nanette" at the Ahmanson Theatre in Los Angeles through Sept. 2.

TOP RIGHT: Faye Dunaway, Verna Bloom and W.B. Brydon in "Old Times," the new Harold Pinter play which was at the Mark Taper Forum, Los Angeles.

LEFT CENTER: Judy Canova is back onstage as Pauline the maid in the revival of "No, No, Nanette" at the Ahmanson Theatre.



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This multi-dimensional pastoral chiller, so highly praised at the Cannes Festival, has been called a political parable, a love story, an exploration of death, a sex-and-violence film and a poem. In under one hundred minutes it manages to be not one, but all of these things.

This cunningly filmed in wonderful takes on the color wishes to see in i

Soon he and the leather-clad hunter, black leather gun-mitts making love to the town girls, become attracted to each other. The scene in which the teacher slowly removes the hunter's mitts before their love-making, is one of the tenderest and most erotic I have ever seen on film. AFTER DARK

May 1972

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Show Bars



Bill Kane Jerry Carpenter

Hit by the closing for the summer of both the Ivar and Huntington Hartford Theatres nearby, the Sewers of Paris has discontinued dinners. Cooked by a professional chef and watched over by the owner, meals here were far better than in most other Hollywood gay eating places. So, for the summer months the Sewers is presenting an after-hours show nightly in which Dee Dee Angeles from the Redwood Room is the star. The first show is at 2:30. So if you're tired of walking the streets or sipping coffee and just standing around 'til dawn, all that Hollywood ever has to offer afterhours, drop by and see the "Nutbusters' Comedy Revue" as the show is called at the Sewers of Paris, just off Selma Avenue and behind the Ivar Theatre. Quite mad and fun.

A brief note on the Highlighters:

This very talented group of five lately did a packed, two-day stint at North Hollywood's periodical gay showplace, the Hayloft. Currently appearing at San Francisco's Country Club, the group will be seen again down this way in August at the Playhouse on Magnolia near Vineland. The two-hour show which I saw included some especially clever live material as well as a wide variety of recorded selections. Some of these were very familiar but served up with much polish and style. In this case the old saying of "It's not what you do but the way you do it" is true.

Monti Rock the Third was the star attraction at Hollywood's Purple Lion until the other day. This wild and flamboyant entertainer has really come into his own after appearing on the Johnny Carson Show three times recently. He has a style and voice all his own. Despite his verbal acrobatics every word came across on the excellent Purple Lion sound system. Monti's next appearance on the Carson show is

something you should watch for—in early August, I believe, when he will be featured in a magazine's center-spread nude but probably wearing some of his collection of earrings and other exotic jewelry.

The very popular and talented Ann Dee is now the star of the Purple Lion's very comfortable show and supper room.

Down in San Diego there is once more but one showbar—the ever popular Show Biz. The Downtown-er closed earlier this summer after eight months of trying.

The casualty list of ill-conceived shows lengthens as it does each year. A musical version of *As You Like It* never got off the ground in Los Angeles and a gay version of Edward Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf* saw but two performances in San Francisco. The losses in both these ventures were considerable. On the other hand, the lavish and clever all-male *Dolly* became SIR's biggest moneymaker—but that was an exception. The care and attention lavished on charity shows makes it difficult for the professionals to compete either in resources or talent—witness the first-rate productions presented in the woods on the CMC Summer Run.

It is hoped that San Francisco's City Players group will emulate the success of *Hello, Dolly!* in their versions of Moss Hart's *Light Up the Sky*, which lends itself to gay interpretation. *Wonderful Town* is also on their schedule for the second half of the year. The Village, with its ample stage, will be the place to see these shows which have been in rehearsal for many weeks now.

During July and after, the PS reunites the talents of Jae Stevens and Steve Miller from Tuesday through Saturday. Remember too that this is one of the city's best restaurants in its price category. No nightclub mush is served here and

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after showtime you can cruise in the bar and listen to Vivian Grant at the piano.

Other bars offering shows are the Orpheum Circus (and try their spe-

cialty, Baked Stuffed Chicken—a full meal for three dollars) and downtown, that large, genuine nightclub that features go-go boys and Big Jimmy—the 181 Club. And

the newest showbar, the Country Club, present home of the Highlites, is already one of the most popular in the city (watch for the Highlites in L.A. next month at the Saully Awards).

There's much activity in and around the Los Angeles showbars this summer. Whether performers or bar owners are making money or not is a moot point. Most unusual is the new policy of post-drinking time shows at the Sewers of Paris.

The Playhouse, Charles Pierce's arena of late, hopes to present the renowned Turnabouts from San Diego's Show Biz on the 11th and 12th and on the 17th and 18th of July but check out these dates. In August Lori Shannon and the Highlites from San Francisco are scheduled. Tony's is featuring an ambitious all-live show this month which stars Billy Carroll, Lauren Bacall's fun look-alike. Tony's is just up Cahuenga at Burbank from the Ventura Freeway and near the Serpent 8, the Hanged Man, the Regency and many other places to go for a change. ●●●



1, 2, 3, 4. The Allan Lloyd-Lori Shannon Highlites seen this summer at San Francisco's Country Club.
5. Jim Bailey was once again on the Johnny Carson Show and performed live at the Century Plaza's Westside Room early this month.
6. Monti Rock III was also on the Carson Show and was seen for four weeks at Hollywood's Purple Lion.

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Book Reviews



Victor DeStefano, C. McAllister

HEDDA AND LOUELLA by George Eells, G.P. Putnam's Sons, New York, \$7.95.

Those two harpies, Hedda Hopper and Louella Parsons, come across as feisty and (at times) rather lovable old broads in George Eells' entertaining and well-researched biography *Hedda and Louella*.

If Louella, who is presently in her dotage, has been able to read the book she probably doesn't care much about that billing. After all, she was the reigning queen of the movie gossip columnists at least two decades before Hedda rose to challenge her.

Eells has done a remarkable job of paralleling the careers of these two fantastic females, phenomena of their time and the likes of which Hollywood (and perhaps the world) will never see again.

Both girls had relatively humble beginnings. Both had the guts and the moxie to stick to it and to overcome countless obstacles to get what they wanted out of their lives and careers.

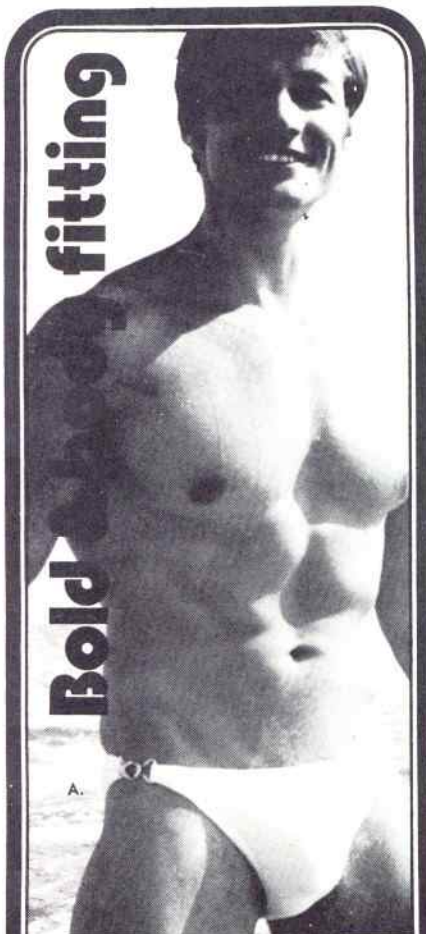
With Louella it was a never-ending battle against ill health. For forty years she fought tuberculosis and alcoholism. Today, at ninety, she sits in a private rest home in Santa Monica, rocking back and forth and mumbling to herself, breaking into tears on occasion and scarcely recognizing the few friends who come to see her.

Hedda spent many years trying to establish herself in a career as an actress. She was neither a total success nor a complete failure. Somehow she always found jobs, but her acting career was undistinguished and real fame eluded her. Late in life, when she got her chance as a columnist, she grabbed the bull by the tail and rode the ride of her success for all it was worth. One of the very revealing chapters in the book concerns her relations with her son, who, despite her meddling, became

The ninth edition of the *Bob Damron Address Book* has made its welcome appearance. The new book contains more listings than before—2,350 to be exact, and a good indication of the growth of gay economic power, though unfortunately straight underworld money is responsible for some of that growth here in California and for much of the increase on the East Coast. Of places listed in last year's book over nine hundred have closed or gone straight. This reputable guidebook is as accurate as can be. There are few mistakes or omissions in the forty pages devoted to California. Overlooked—they were surely open when the book went to press—are such busy bars as Sam's in Long Beach, JP's in Sausalito and Mac's in San Jose. The addresses for bars and baths in Canada, the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico and Hawaii are as up-to-date as those for the continental states.

All the listings are accurate but phone numbers are not given; sometimes a phone number may not be listed and its availability could save a traveler a long drive to a remote part of a strange town. There are few comments and the page of explanations at the front gives the pertinent key information. However, Bob Damron visits the major cities annually on what must be at times a strenuous itinerary and the professional tone of the guidebook is evidenced by this. Rarely does his patience run out but on one New York place he comments: "New York still has a few rude bartenders, but this [bar] takes the cake or something stronger." That's truly gay New York.

Remember that the new Damron Address Book is marked '73 on the cover. Pirate editions of earlier Damron Address Books abound so make sure you purchase the genuine article which is still great value at \$4.



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an actor in his own right.

Hedda Hopper died in the mid-1960's.

Neither of the ladies was a good writer. Louella's style was silly and cliché-ridden. Hedda's pen was poisonous. Both of them were highly prejudiced human beings, and in their columns they frequently failed to get the facts straight and made gross errors in their reporting.

But Louella had a good heart, never intended to hurt anyone, and she had a great nose for news. She might have misspelled a few names here and there, and she might have mixed up a few dates, but the items in her column were always provocative.

Hedda used her position to exploit some of her political beliefs, and she was roundly criticized for it. Her news stories, however, provoked wide controversy and she was read by millions.

Throughout their struggles, described in Eell's book, the reader feels a certain affinity and admiration for these dizzy dames. In the end, however, they emerge as lonely and pathetic creatures, perhaps as much a victim of our social system as their own ridiculous ambitions. Their attitude to homosexuality in show business was unfavorable though at times ambiguous. One gets the impression, on reading the book, that if a gay actor or actress confessed all to these self-elected arbiters of morality they might overlook most gay transgressions against their code. The crime, in their twisted minds, was not to be told, not to be consulted. Woe to the personality who slighted these strange women and whose peccadilloes should later be noised about Hollywood.


Eells has also performed a service in de-bunking some of the rumors about their private and professional lives. But does he convince the reader on that notorious story about how Louella got her big break from Hearst after the yachting tragedy he was involved in? The reader must decide for himself.

This reviewer, during his Hollywood heyday, was presented to both Hedda and Louella, and his

name appeared on more than one occasion in their columns. In his opinion, George Eells has done an excellent job of catching the spirit of these two quite amazing figures of Hollywood's Golden Age. ●●●

—Douglas Dean

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6
SUNSET
BEACH
THE BUOY SHED
THE STABLES
BROOM HILDA'S
Los Angeles

7
How About
Cocktail Hour
At
WILDE OSCAR
SUTTER'S MILL
THE 527
NOTHING SPECIAL
FE-BE'S

8
Intimate
Dining
LILLIAN'S RESTAURANT
(Hollywood)
THE P.S.
on Polk Street
San Francisco

9
The Essence of
Gay San Francisco:
Sunday Brunch
THE P.S.
GOLD STREET
PAGE ONE
ORPHEUM CIRCUS
ON THE QT

10
THE B.Q. BATHS
(Palo Alto)
FRED'S BATHS
(Redwood City)

11
The Fabulous
Turnabouts
Tonight
&
Tomorrow
THE PLAYHOUSE
N. Hollywood

12
NEW in SACRAMENTO
THE OTHER END
THE ZODIAC

Dick Starr
at the
Organ
RUBY RUE
Inglewood

13
FRANK'S
CROWN JEWEL
Downtown L.A.

JJ'S
Pomona
Bar and Restaurant

14
In
Modesto
It's
THE MUSTANG
THE GAY NINETIES
Stockton

15
7th Anniv.
All Weekend
Celebration
BLACK KNIGHT
N. Hollywood

16
Today!
3rd
Grand
Anniversary
Party
WELLINGTON
CLUB
Long Beach

17
GOLD STREET'S
2nd
Anniversary
Free Buffet
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18
GODSPELL
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19
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FORSOOTH
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20
In
SAN DIEGO
THE BARBARY COAST
THE SWING
THE CLUB
ATLAS SAUNA
DAVE'S BATHS
THE DOLL ROOM

21
For the Bike Boys
THE FALCON'S LAIR
THE 1170 CLUB
THE BUNKHOUSE
THE STAMPEDE
THE HAYLOFT
THE BLACK PIPE
TRUCK STOP
THE OUTCAST
Los Angeles

22
NO, NO, NANETTE
with
June Allyson
Judy Canova
Ahmanson Theatre
Los Angeles

The Boys in the Band
Recommend
THE CLUB BATHS
Turk St.
SAN FRANCISCO

23
Gala Buffet
5-8 PM
THE HYPERION
Los Angeles
30
in Long Beach
THE INN
Sunday Brunch

24
Monday
Is
Levi Night
at
THE FALCON'S LAIR
Hollywood
31

25
Tonight
Gala 3rd Anniv.
Party
CHANCES R
Hayward

26
After the Beach
The Crowd Is
at
THE FRIENDSHIP
Santa Monica Cyn.
L.A.

THE HOLD
GOLDEN BULL
LA CARAVELLE

27
In
The San Fernando
Valley
THE PLAYHOUSE
THE SERPENT 8
QUEEN MARY
FRENCH BULL
HAYLOFT
TRUCK STOP

28
The
San Franciscans'
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29
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TRAVEL TIPS



THE SOUTH OF FRANCE— Le Cote d'Azur

Paris is, of course, no more all of France than Los Angeles or San Francisco is all of California. The French Riviera comes together in such a crush of luxury and a crunch of tourists that if being royally pampered amidst hordes of every conceivable nationality were your sole aim in a vacation, then you would need to venture no further in Europe than Nice or Cannes or Monte Carlo. Jaded somewhat in its elegance and challenged for its title of Queen of the summer Mediterranean by the Costa del Sol in Spain and by the islands of Majorca and Ibiza, the Cote d'Azur still remains fabulous, exciting and exotic—as well as crowded, expensive and haughty.

From Paris two incredible trains (there are more if you prefer a slower passage) whisk you from the heart of Paris to the heart of Cannes in about nine hours. The fantastic *Train Bleu*, an anachronism of all-Pullman luxury that once was almost a private club for the rich and the royal, pulls out of the Gare de Lyon at precisely 2045, arriving in Cannes about 0800 the next morning. The daytime departure is the modern Trans-European Express *Le Mistral*, sleek, plush,

shiny-new, leaving Paris at 1320 and arriving in Cannes a little after supper time. Take your pick of a good night's sleep or a fantastic panorama of scenery from the heart of France and then prepare to wine, dine and love in the land of fun, sun and hustlers.

Cannes is the young and lovely mademoiselle of the Cote d'Azur with golden beaches (the sand is imported from Africa and they add about 150 thousand cubic meters annually to keep the beaches golden) and a sexy international clientele. Her prices will keep your francs moving like play money from a Monopoly game.

The beach is the center of life in Cannes. If you want to meet the natives or the young foot-traveler, you'll head for the little public beach nestled against the seawall at the extreme west end of La Croisette, the main boulevard that separates the beach from the plush seaside hotels. (And note that you'll have to bring your own beach towel or go without because the hotels refuse to let you remove theirs!)

Or if you like the splendor that only money can buy, try *La Plage Sportive* nearby and about in front of Le Grand Hotel. For about 20 francs they'll rent you a mattress, a towel and a shade umbrella for half a day. The rental days at the beach are divided into two parts: up to around one in the afternoon, and then after one in the afternoon. So, depending upon your arrival time, expect to pay twice. The restaurant at Le Plage Sportive is probably in the Michelin guide—the food is *that* good and *that* expensive. But con-

sidering that the clientele is a who's who or who's with who currently of the international gay set, it's worth the price for the curious.

L'Ondine, a collection of bright yellow beach umbrellas, is at the far east end of La Croisette and is probably the granddaddy of all the gay beaches and still a most popular gathering place. Over a nicoise salad and a bottle of wine, you will find the answer to that burning social question—who made out with whom last night. *L'Ondine's* is where everybody goes the morning after to show off the conquest.

But before the beach one needs a place to stay and staying any place in Cannes is anything but cheap. Even finding a place in Cannes, in season, at any price without a firm reservation can be a real drag. Two small comfortable two-star hotels that are at least somewhat cordial to the gay traveler are the *Hotel PLM* at 3 rue Hoche and the *Hotel Home Sweet Home* at 55 bis, Boulevard d'Alsace. A single will run you under \$10.00—facilities down the hall—with breakfast and a comfortable bed.

Night action in the Riviera is in three definite stages. Dinner, bars, then clubs. Dinner at *Le Mistralet*, a tiny restaurant with marvelous food and a yummy group of diners, is at 9 rue Rouguiere and is one of those out-of-the-way places that a traveler always hopes to find. *Le Chandelier* on rue Tony-Allard directly behind Le Grand Hotel is one of those glorious semi-gay places that shouldn't be missed for at least one meal. (And if the food is not too good,

(Continued on Page 25)

THE THINGS THEY SAY ABOUT US!

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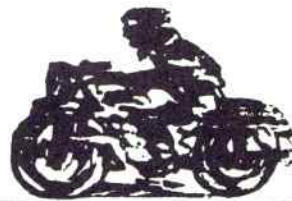
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Rover's Column



The club calendar has been so full since last we reported to you that it would take two Rovers to cover adequately all the activities in L.A. and S.F. so let's confine ourselves to the highlights.

A standard highlight in the spring is the Victoria Vaginas' Memorial Day. This year they put so much imagination and expertise into their show and bike events—both were superb—that there was nothing left over for the culinary department, which featured meat loaf, macaroni, hot dogs, need I go on? Certainly no one goes to these affairs to eat (food), but Rover did hear many unfavorable comments. Other than this disappointment the two hundred-plus in attendance had a great time, especially at the Saturday night cocktail party where many appeared in costumes designed after the Grecian games theme. Outstanding numbers from their show will be repeated at this club's installation of officers at Troupers Hall in Hollywood this month.

Those Teutonic terrors in L.A.—the Glockenspiels, to give them their accepted nickname—had a party early in June. Well, recent newspaper stories credit *Fiddler on the Roof* with being the longest running show of all time. Not so. The Glockenspiels achieve this honor with their eternal "Rose of No-Man's-Land" presentation. The

way-out Red Cross Nurse is bigger in each segment and this year she was enormous: there's no end in sight. The day after this marathon the Saddlesores gave a well-attended poker run which ended up at a canyon home with an approach that was straight out of the castle in *The Wizard of Oz*. On the way up to this eyrie there were so many spills that many of the stalwarts in the crowd walked up for the food, beer and trophies that ended a pleasant day's run.

The Golden State Cowboys are mighty proud of the very successful run they held at that fun ranch in San Diego County. Almost two hundred enjoyed great weather, great hosts and great people. Even the program was different and an original touch. Next year they'll probably have to limit the number accepted on this now very popular run to one of the best sites in Southern California.

In the Bay Area the San Francisco Serpents had a well-received run to a secluded and scenic campground at Lake Mendocino. Many rate this second only to the fabulous CMC July 4th Run in all-around organization and fun.

Around the city there were a slew of open meetings at the famed Gilbert Street address. At the end of June the CMC gave a dress preview of their July 4th shows and the audience went wild—they've al-

ready had feelers from several Las Vegas impresarios. And also in SF some club members took me out to a place that was a change from the usual gay restaurant menu. The place: Chaya at 700 Monterey Boulevard. The food: authentic and delicious Mexican food. Quality is assured as one of the owners prepares all the food personally. So try it, mention Rover and receive a gratis glass of wine with dinner—usually Dom Perignon.

Lastly, I forgot to welcome San Francisco's newest bike club, the Cyclorunners, to these columns last month. They already number nine members and sport a clever road-runner insignia on their overlays. Next month I'll have a full report on the year's spectacular, the CMC Run and news of the Outcast's special evening for Matthew of Glendale; I am happy to say that no punch will be served at these functions.

And remember to wear a helmet at all times. The bill requiring all bike riders to wear helmets was defeated in Sacramento last month, the fifth attempt to reduce the serious injuries resulting from car-bike accidents. Less important but noteworthy: new motorcycles will be required to have the headlight light up when the engine is running. And meanwhile may all your tumbles be in bed. ●●●

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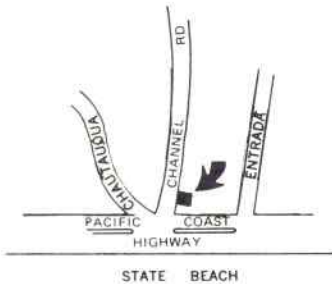


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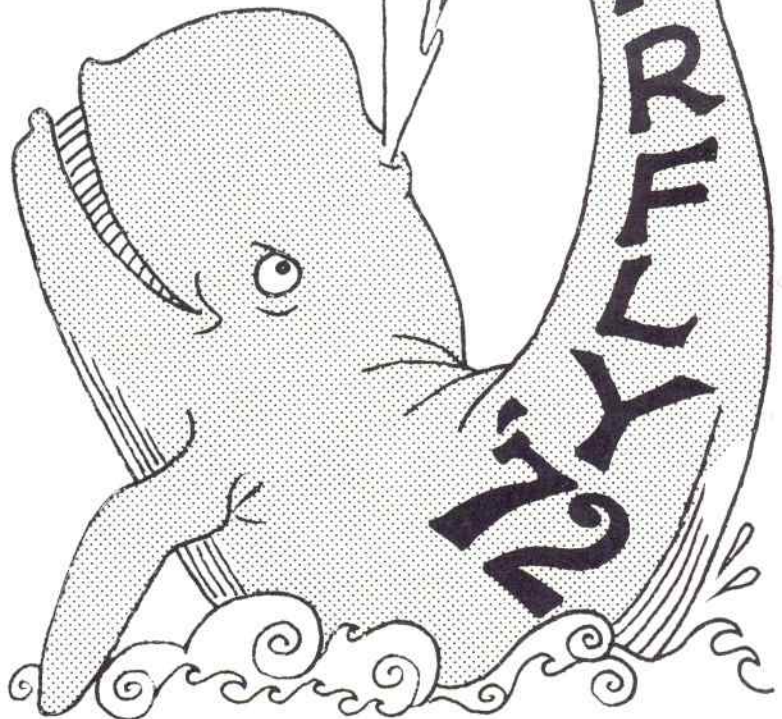
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MOVIES (Continued from Page 8)

Some of the cinematographic effects were decidedly superior. In the sequence where the plane is forced to land in the Alaskan fog, one had the feeling of speed. Although this reviewer has viewed a number of similar depictions, this is the first time that the difficult descent was so graphically done. The aerial shots of Soviet craft were also convincing ... or are we giving away too much of the plot? While this flick contains nothing by way of sensual excitement (rated GP), it will arouse a number of other emotions. Good old-fashioned entertainment.

THE CANDIDATE—Warner Bros. Directed by Michael Ritchie. Written by Jeremy Lerner. Music by John Rubinstein. Stars Robert Redford, Peter Boyle, Melvyn Douglas.

As timely as the latest election contest and as engrossing for its look behind the scenes as *The Godfather*, *The Candidate* is surely in the running as one of the year's best films. Made with all the expertise and technical wizardry for which Hollywood used to be famous, *The Candidate* has more than that. A finely scripted screenplay, clever and fast-paced direction and a superb cast make it a film to see. Furthermore, it has a cleverly assembled cast who resemble famous political faces—Robert Redford reminds one of the Kennedy-Tunney modern liberal politician who garners as many votes for his sex appeal as for his program.

The Candidate is an instructive and entertaining film that tends

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toward the cynical though who isn't cynical after some contact with the political world that we know. Neither the Democrats, with their big labor bosses nor the Republicans with their patrician bankers spouting insincerities are spared. Needless to say, the Republicans come off very badly and once or twice in an otherwise finely directed film the producers' sympathies begin to show, to the embarrassment of the audience.

There is rarely a slow scene in this detailed look at the political world of California in particular and its shameless exploitation of television and the mass audience at the other end of the boob tube. The implications are very disturbing but valid.

Filmed mostly in Oakland and in and around San Jose and San Diego, the locations give added veracity to a film every politically minded person should see.

The performances are outstanding and the opportunities to overplay avoided. Robert Redford and Don Porter are excellent as the ri-

vals in the race for senator and Peter Boyle gives his best performance to date as the scheming campaign manager. No detail has been overlooked in the construction of the screenplay; the dialogue is sharp and convincing. The supporting cast is perfect and the crowd scenes deserve some type of special award.

If *The Candidate* is not up for an Academy Award next April, one can be certain that its message has hit home and influential persons have tried to dull its certain political impact in this very important election year.

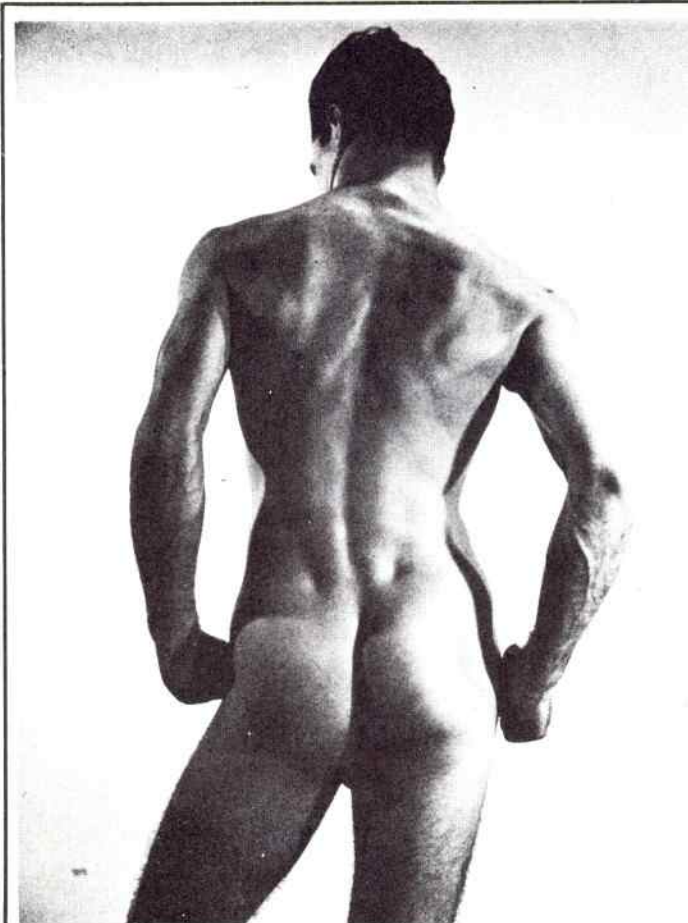
HAMMERSMITH IS OUT—An independent production. Directed by Peter Ustinov. Stars Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton and Peter Ustinov. In color.

A few years ago that talented duo, Mr. and Mrs. Burton, made one of their worst cinematic disasters called *Boom*. In addition to the Burtons, it wasted the talent of Noel Coward. This bomb was recently on TV, a sure indication of

its worthlessness. Now here we are in 1972 with what is surely a sequel to *Boom*—in sheer idiocy, waste and bad taste. This awful film is called *Hammersmith Is Out*. The culprit is firstly, the fellow who wrote the screenplay. Then much of the blame must fall on Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton and especially on the ample shoulders of Peter Ustinov, who directs this waste of celluloid. Ustinov may be seen on the late night talk shows doing impressions of strange foreign types but these vignettes are funny for just a few minutes, not for the two hours he plays that tired old Hollywood stereotype—the addled European psychiatrist. To make this film worse, dear Elizabeth (so good in the recently worth seeing, *X, Y and Zee*) is cast as a Tennessee Williams type of Southern waitress in a sleazy diner, but after a few scenes she dispenses with the Southern accent and just plays herself.

Richard Burton is the Hammer-

(Continued on Page 24)



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Footnotes & Essays

by LARRY TOWNSEND



Observations of power and paranoia

As we draw ever closer to the national conventions and the elections which will follow in November, we are also treated to an occasional glimpse of the frantic backstage maneuverings. These will periodically emerge above the surface, just long enough for an astute observer to note them, then drop away into the obscurity of the "smoke-filled rooms." By putting two and two together, however, it is possible to formulate a guess here and there as to what is actually going on. The end goal of it all, of course, is the retention or acquisition of power.

Because our homosexual subculture is finally beginning to organize itself, we find a few of our own people who are attempting to enter the lists of local and national politics. I feel this is a healthy sign, al-

though I have my doubts as to the degree of success these well-intentioned activists are going to achieve. If nothing else, their efforts will provide a valuable learning experience . . . perhaps will start to erode the bland naivete so characteristic of the idealistic activist. (As we go to press, I note that Senator George McGovern has announced his unwillingness to support either a gay rights or a marijuana plank in the Democratic platform.)

Unfortunately, but not atypically for our minority, we find a peculiar attitude on the part of our "brothers and sisters" . . . an ambivalence, if you will, when they are asked to support the efforts of those who should be their spokesmen. I think it's the old, gay paranoia which we have seen so many times before. Because we have been

screwed for so long a time, betrayed by the very people in whom we have placed our trust, we hesitate to go all out in backing the men and women who are (or who claim to be) on our side. This is really too bad, because *some* of them are sincere. *Some* of them are true altruists. Others, of course, are out for Number One. Yet even these self-seekers are going to gain something for us if we back them up. After all, they are not going to maintain the demi-god positions they seek unless they achieve something for those groups by whom they hope to be idolized.

But suspicion and lethargy run deep in our untested ranks. We have never had a taste of power, and without having been able to sample its essence we find it difficult to project an image of its substance. We have seen the charismatic leaders of the black community, for example, amass great personal wealth and prestige. We can see the bitter fruits today, resulting from the sincere efforts of labor organizers twenty and thirty years ago

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... entrenched power structures which can only sustain themselves by demanding more and more from an already shaky economy, organized crime at the helm of several major unions. . . . We see all of this, and we shake our heads and we ask ourselves if it's worth the effort to start the gay community down the path toward the same eventual fate.

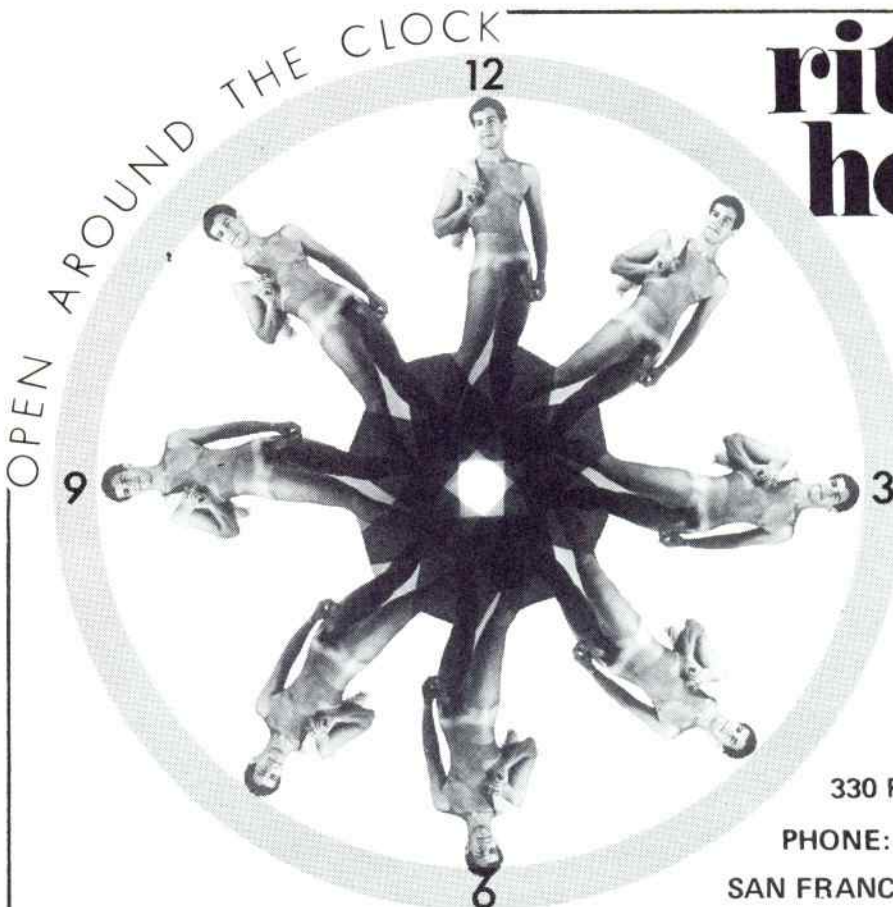
My own feeling is this (remembering, of course, that I am personally involved in some of the situations alluded to above): If our gay community is ever going to achieve a semblance of freedom and equality under the law, it is going to be necessary for us to learn the game of politics. There must be some of us who obtain the necessary backing and who engage ourselves in the contest. If we see some of our leaders feathering their own nests along the way, we will simply have to live with it. I can see it already, but I am not ready to blow the whistle on anyone. Remember the California Republicans' "Eleventh Commandment"? *Thou shalt not put down thy fellow party members!* It

has worked well for them, and it can work well for us.

Although we are a minority which is bound together by only the most tenuous of threads—namely, our personal sexual practices—we can still achieve the freedoms we seek. But we can only achieve this by the use of power . . . represented by money and by votes. To assemble this, we must place our faith in those who are capable and willing to lead us. We must overcome our own feelings of guilt and begin to realize that we, too, are human beings. . . . American citizens born under the same constitutional guarantees that allow everyone else to express himself and to live his life with a degree of dignity and autonomy. The leaders of other minorities are allowed to take a salary or expenses from their organizations. This gives them the freedom to work full time for their causes. We should begin to think about this. We are asking our people to give of their time and energies without compensation for the losses they sustain in their own businesses

or professions. When we hear that someone is taking even expense money we immediately question his honesty or the legitimacy of his intentions. How foolish! Even us liberation fairies have to eat!

And as to lethargy . . . I've never seen the like! Being a conservative (whatever that is), I can appreciate the quandary of a man with a sensitive job or an uptight family—his refusal to stand up and be counted. But I cannot understand the man who refuses to give even minimal support to those who are working for him. God knows, there are enough organizations in the field for a person to choose one close to his own political orientation. The ethical groups will not release the names from their membership or mailing lists; nor will they misappropriate the funds entrusted to them. Think about it, and if you are overwhelmed by the guilt inherent in your own homosexuality, why not transfer a bit of that and start feeling a little guilty for letting it all stay exactly the way it's been for the last 3000 years? ●●●



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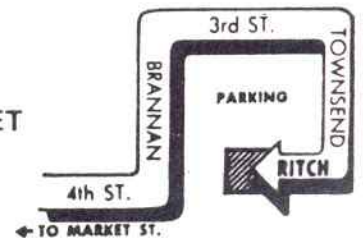
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SAN FRANCISCO



MOVIES (Continued from Page 21)

bin but he's really a Mephistopheles come back to earth and makes a deal with one of his keepers, very credibly played by Beau Bridges (son of Lloyd) under these adverse circumstances. Beau marries Elizabeth and the Satanic presence of Burton guides them upward to power and wealth. Let me say that the whole thing is so god-awful that it is really not necessary to go on further. What a waste of talent, money and the audience's time.

Why do people of such superstar dimensions fall for such roles? What perverseness entices them to act in such a film? A promise to a dear friend? A late night agreement when everyone is stoned at some wild party? We humble cinema-goers will never know—nor really care. I have marked it down on my growing list of the year's worst films.

PORTNOY'S COMPLAINT—Warner Bros. Directed and written by Ernest Lehman. Based on Philip

Roth's novel. Stars Richard Benjamin, Karen Black and Lee Grant.

This bizarre offering, based on the bestseller about the young Jewish man with sexual problems, is outrageous and occasionally, outrageously funny. While certain that *Portnoy's Complaint* could not be filmed, I was prepared for the worst. The result is no more ridiculous than what happened to *Myra Breckinridge* in transition to the screen.

(Continued on Page 30)

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TRAVEL (Continued from Page 17)

you can always console yourself with taking home one of the very available waiters!) Le Chandelier looks like a chic Liberace movie set right down to the candles and red silk. Expensive.

The main bar, and the swingiest one in town, is *Les Trois Cloches* (The Three Bells) at 7 rue des Freres-Padiginac. The size of the place and the mob inside is only matched by its prices. \$2.50 to \$3.00 for a whiskey! Twenty-five percent of the place is filled with hustlers, but oolala! what hustlers. They can haggle with you in at least four languages and you'll end up so charmed by their assets that you'll feel that by paying them they are doing you a favor! The *Zanzi Bar* on rue Felix-Fraure, just around the corner from Le Mistralet, is another popular spot but usually only late and usually only in season. At other times, it is as deserted as a barn.

Drag shows at nightclubs have been the rage for so long, that no one can remember anymore when drag first started. The two best in town as the season starts are the *Club Lee-Lee* just behind the Grand Hotel, and the *Miss James Club* right next door to Le Mistralet. Both are late starters and both are expensive with a 10-franc or so cover charge or entrance fee and drinks about the same price. The 'in' show clubs vary from season to season, so it is best to consult a reliable guide like *Swingers OverSeas* before taking off.

After Cannes, Nice is somewhat like the dowager aunt. A half hour away from Cannes by train, Nice is

almost another world. Prim and proper and a little subdued now, Nice still offers some of the wildest outdoor cruising on the Cote d'Azur.

The Parc Albert I, after nine o'clock at night, is something most people wouldn't believe. Straight tourists have been known to come flying out from the walks and bushes at full speed after inadvertently wandering into a nest of lovers, or after having their 'private parts' (ahem) unceremoniously grabbed.

There are beaches at Nice but all stony and no one of them seems to have built a following among Gays. The best place for daytime meetings is the stretch of foot-breaking pebbles directly in front of Park Albert I. The area around the shower seems to be currently in favor.

Le Chat Noir, just down the street from the opera house, and *Chez Robert* on rue de la Boucherie near the steps of Avenue Jean Jaurès are the town's two best eating spots. On weekends at *Le Chat Noir* there is usually a drag show and for about 30 francs you can wine, dine and fun with a high-camp show. The jokes are fast and usually funny but your French has to be good. Drinks at the upstairs bar facing the deserted marketplace, run about 6 francs and the bar gives you an excellent view of the promenading night-walkers in the marketplace.

Monte Carlo offers little, if any, action at all. During the day the focal point of interest is the Olympic-size municipal swimming pool halfway between the train station and the gambling casino. The dress-

ing rooms have been known to have more than one moment of glory for a visitor. At night, the action centers around the Casino itself. For a few francs wagered you used to be able to meet Kings and Queens. Now they gamble in private rooms and you gamble with your fellow tourists. All in all, it's usually much more interesting that way. Note that the last train to anywhere from the Monte Carlo station is around 2300, and though the park in front of the Casino gets interesting after midnight, you have to be either staying in Monte Carlo (don't, it's a bore) or driving.

A place world-renowned but not too easy to reach except by car is fabled St. Tropez. Still a sleepy little Riviera beach town despite Bardot, what action there is centers around a bar-restaurant-hotel called *Au Bout du Monde* on the rue des Charrons. The leather set frequently makes St. Tropez the target of a motorcycle run and those nights that the leather set takes over the *Au Bout du Monde* are truly something to write home about. Then St. Tropez can be said to really, really swing. The local nude sunbathing beach shifts from season to season so if you go, you'll have to ask around. Anyone will be happy to tell you where it is and, usually, even show you *their* favorite little place in the dunes. But watch out for that tricky Mediterranean sun. Burnt buns is an all-too-common first-time tourist complaint.

Two other places worthy of note: Marseilles, which is more like a north African city than any other

(Continued on Page 27)

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By MEDIC

Warts, Venereal and Otherwise

Warts (verrucae) are viral infections which may occur any place on the body surface. They are most commonly seen on the hands and feet, but are seen very frequently on the genital and anal areas. They are also seen in scar and scratch lines. In most cases warts have more cosmetic than medical significance. However, when they occur in the warm moist regions of the mouth, chin, penis, vagina, anus or rectum, they frequently become irritated and painful, and may bleed. They may be present for many years without apparent change or problem whatsoever, then suddenly grow rapidly. I have seen one case in which the warts extended from the urethral opening in the head of the penis through the entire urethra and into the urinary bladder.

Warts are usually limited to the outermost layers of the skin; in some cases, however, they may extend deeper. There may be a single wart or they may appear in groups of two or three or large clusters sometimes reaching into the hundreds. They may be too small to see without magnification or may be larger than a quarter.

In my opinion, warts are contagious, yet it is frequently difficult to get a doctor to admit this. The usual response is "We don't know exactly how they are acquired." This is true, for exact transmission of warts has not been well demon-

strated. From my clinical experience I'm sure that warts are transmitted by direct contact. It is not uncommon to find a wart on one side of the penis and a "mirror-image" wart on the partner's vagina or anus. Another type of "mirror-image" wart is seen on the vagina and on the finger a girl uses to place her tampon. No one is sure how long the incubation (time from contact until the warts are evident) period is for warts. I have followed a few cases of known penile wart-anus contacts in which the newly contacted anal warts were not evident until three months later. In each of these cases there was minor irritation or damage (small fissures or breaks in the surface) to the anus at the time of contact.

Whatever one's hang-ups (doctor's or patient's) are concerning warts they must be overcome before successful treatment can be achieved. Both doctor and patient must commit themselves to full treatment.

There are several recognized methods of treatment: chemosurgery—application of certain chemicals, is one; cryosurgery—application of extremely cold or electro-dessication.

Some authorities even feel that suggestion (psychotherapy) can be helpful in treating warts. And while it is not uncommon for warts to disappear spontaneously, without

any treatment being instituted, most cases should be treated in the doctor's office. If the warts are extensive a general anesthesia may be necessary and they are then treated with electro-dessication. This usually requires a few days in hospital. Since warts of the anus or rectum often imply sexual activity in that area admission to the hospital may be embarrassing to some patients.

Many patients and doctors tend to overlook venereal warts (condyloma acuminata). Venereal warts must always be differentiated from condyloma latum, a name for a form of secondary syphilis producing a small lump similar to that produced by venereal warts.

The lead article in a recent issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association* contained a relevant study of rectal and pharyngeal gonorrhea in males. The group studied was white and middle class. The reasons for the patients calling on a doctor varied but of the 79 men examined about one-third had come for a general medical examination.

The findings of this study indicate that gonorrhea is as widespread as ever among homosexuals. For example, of the 79 men, 26 were found to have rectal gonorrhea, 10 had urethral gonorrhea, 11 had pharyngeal gonorrhea and 3 had rectal and urethral gonorrhea. Among other worthwhile observations in the article was the following: "From our experience, gonorrheal infection of the rectum or pharynx appears to be largely asymptomatic, unlike gonorrheal urethral colonization." What that means is that you can have gonorrhea of the rectum or throat for quite some time and not suspect it. Finally, the study listed the patients examined by occupation. Of the 79, 12 stated that they were students, four accountants, 2 teachers, 2 bartenders, 2 lawyers, 8 clerks and 1 hair stylist. There was 1 each from diverse trades such as printing, nursing, cooking and nightclub entertaining. As the ads say, "Come Clean"—get a checkup this week. ●●●



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TRAVEL (Continued from Page 25)
 city in Europe, and the Ile du Levant.

Marseilles is a city teeming with Arabs and the traffic in dope and narcotics is legend. Despite its sinister appearances—the police patrol, even in the daytime, with cocked submachine guns!—it has a flair and a flavor that you won't find anywhere else in Europe. Definitely recommended for the adventure-some types who like their men rough and male. Two small clubs squashed into small rooms on opposite side of the same street are the centers of the gay bar action. The *Chez Clairette* and *Le Mistral*, both on rue Curiol just above La Canebiere, which is the waterfront.

Halfway between Marseille and St. Tropez, off the coast of France near the little port of Le Lavandou, is a world-famous nudist colony on the Ile du Levant. You can only reach Le Lavandou conveniently by car and the island only by launch. There are few overnight accommodations on the island so everybody camps out. The woods above the

pier and the beaches at night are something you would only believe could happen in the Arabian nights. That nude-butted sleeping bag set, both straight and gay—and on Levant there doesn't seem to be anyone who even approaches straight—is something else!

Say what you will about France—and just about everybody seems to knock it!—there is no place that can offer half the variety or half the fun. So leave your inhibitions home, take your vitamins along—you'll need all the extra energy you can get—and take off for the south of France. You'll be poor and sore when you come back but you'll have no regrets. ●●●

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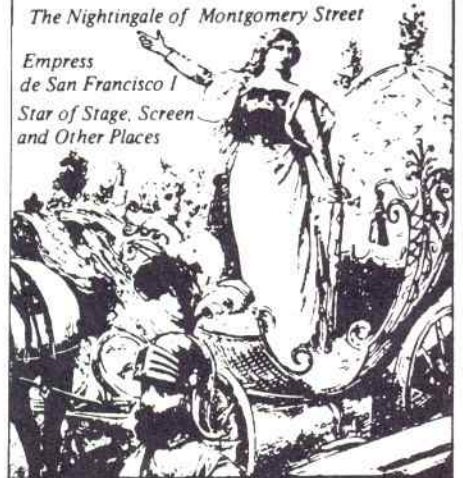
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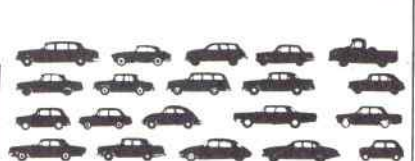
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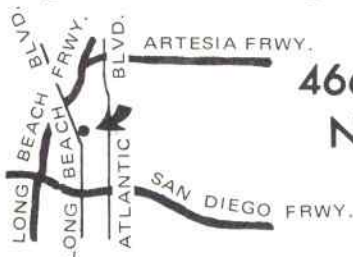


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SAN FRANCISCO (Continued from Page 5) from The Savoy it offers food and dancing. In San Jose proper there is a place called Mac's that must have the longest bar in the state—it has been in operation for some time but the guidebooks do not list it. That once busy spot in San Jose, the Galley, has gone straight. Down in Monterey the Gilded Cage is still the only bar but when in the Big Sur area you can try Nepenthe, at least for the view when the fog lifts although it can be cruisy at times.

More than ever the action in and around Sacramento is on or just off West Capitol Avenue. The Zodiac serves copious and tasty meals for about three dollars—a bar and restaurant well worth the turnoff from the Reno-San Francisco Freeway. On the other side of the street, Ernie's new bar, The Other End is packing them in as usual (there is dancing at both these bars). Ernie's former night spot is now named Charlie's Place, opens at midnight for coffee and all night dancing. By the time you read this they hope to

have a beer license. Location: five minutes at the far end of West Capitol Avenue hard by the freeway ramp. Behind West Capitol there is another place to check out this summer—the Club Baths, also known as the Yolo. By now their new pool should be open. Of course, that old standby for visitors, the Hide and Seek bar is not far off. Here too you will find a groovy

crowd and dancing. Closed are: Fury's Lounge out in Carmichael and the Log Cabin. Downtown on the mall is The Topper and on the east side of town you will find the Atticus and the Corker. The bar for the girls is the Off Key in West Sacramento. So this summer you will find a rewarding time awaiting you in the state capital while going to and from the mountains. ●●●

At the Empress of Long Beach Ball: Among the 'high fashion' entrants:

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MOVIES (Continued from Page 24)

That Portnoy and his problems make a fairly diverting movie is the credit of the screenwriters: the dialogue accurately captures the schmaltz, wry humor and quarrelsomeness of middle-class Jewish family life in a large eastern city.

Where the movie runs out of momentum is in its lack of character development—too many of the personages are straight caricatures or unfunny travesties of familiar Jewish types. Not that Richard Benjamin is not good in the title role. He makes the most of a most difficult part. He is ably supported by Lee Grant as an oversexed and neurotic 'shiksha' (gentile pussy, to you).

We are asked to buy the fact that his over-protective family have gotten him into the doubting sexual Thomas plight which he bewails. After an hour of all this cock and pussy-eating and language that Andy Hardy would never use even off screen, begins to wear thin. The plot is given a few jabs to keep it alive—our masturbatory and sexy hero is transported to Rome where he and his amour pick up a whore for a three-way, on to Athens where he deserts said amour and trips off to Israel where he meets a fairly butch-looking lady soldier whom he rapes but she tells him where it's at after some mild heterosex on the floor. At the end of all these shenanigans poor Portnoy is back in New York, still talking on and on to his psychiatrist (naturally

got up like S. Freud)—the latter never says a word all through the film. The consensus will be that this is a vulgar film that will hardly go over well with Jewish folk. How the goys (gentiles) in places such as San Luis Obispo or Cedar Rapids will react to it is a moot point. If goys had made this unnecessary picture there would be an outcry about anti-Semitism. As a movie purporting to deal with a young man's sexual fantasies it is less than successful. In one brief scene Portnoy avows that he never, never considered the gay scene; if he had he would have had a better time. Heterosexuality doesn't come out of this film too well either.

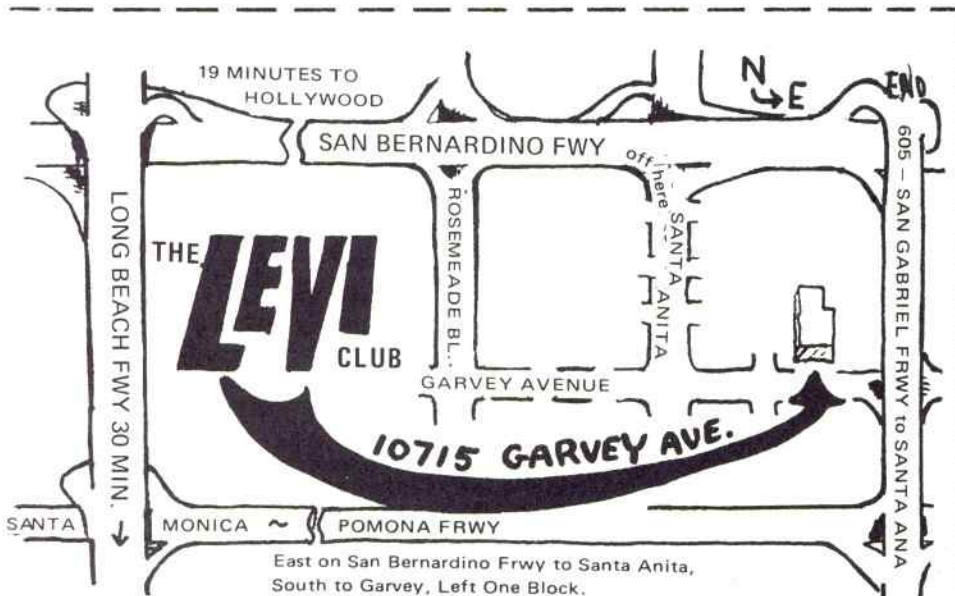
FUZZ—United Artists. Directed by Richard A. Colla. Screenplay by Ed McBain. Stars Burt Reynolds, Raquel Welch, Jack Weston, Yul Brynner.

The best that can be written about *Fuzz* is that it would make two or three slightly diverting TV shows or a good pilot for another of those inane TV serials about the police. All the stock ingredients are herein contained: a pair of painters, unfunny takeoffs on Abbott and Costello who set the police station into a tizzy by painting the dump during working hours; there is the curvaceous and dedicated female sergeant (Raquel Welch) out to catch a rapist; there's a clutch of fumbling detectives (Burt Reynolds and others) who fall all over themselves and a band of nasty but beau-

tifully costumed anarcho-bandits who try to hold the city—Boston in this case, to ransom. It goes on and on to its predictable end. You've seen worse this year but you must have seen better. *Fuzz* is an example of what's wrong with Hollywood today—much money and some fair talent devoted to a childish and unfunny screenplay. Who, who, I ask, okays this sort of piffle? And what kind of critic (I read several favorable reviews) can praise such a silly motion picture?

CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES—20th Century-Fox. Directed by J. Lee Thompson. Stars Roddy McDowall, Don Murray, Hari Rhodes, Ricardo Montalban.

This latest film in the popular and imaginative science-fiction series is also one of the best. As in the preceding three *Apes* stories the screenplay is by Paul Dehn based on Pierre Boule's story. Although the film becomes preachy and unconvincing towards the end—the usual Hollywood 'Message' about man's inhumanity to man is put across in a heavy-handed way, for most of the ninety minutes the film entertains and poses many good questions about the future of civilization. As in the previous films in this series the ape costumes are a marvel of the makeup department's ingenuity. Once again Roddy McDowall is very convincing as a humanoid ape and Don Murray is good as a dictatorial governor of some American state twenty years hence. ●●●



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(Continued from Page 31)

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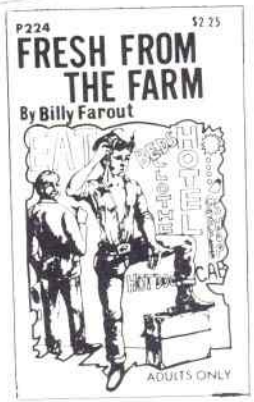
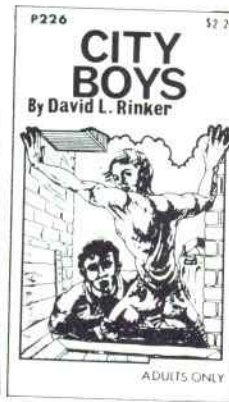
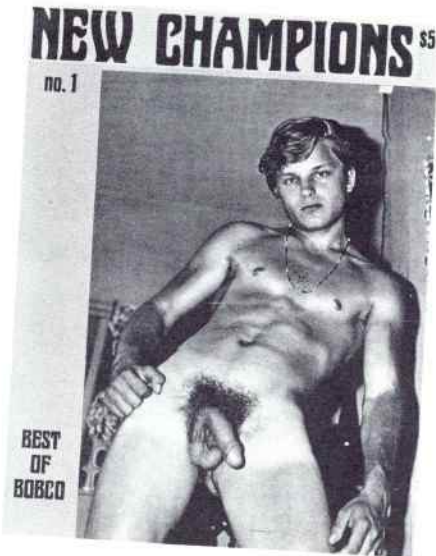
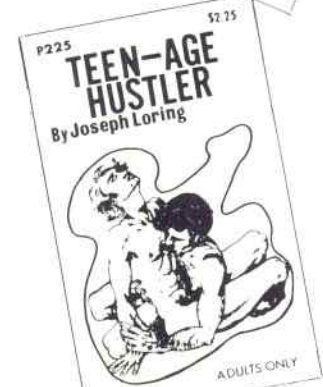
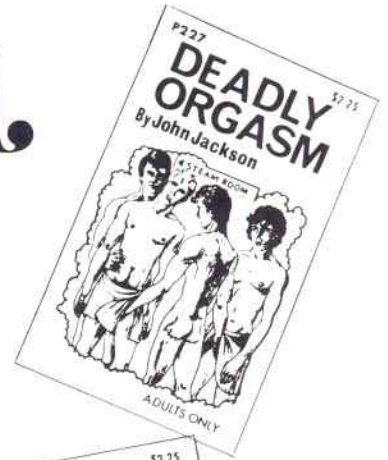
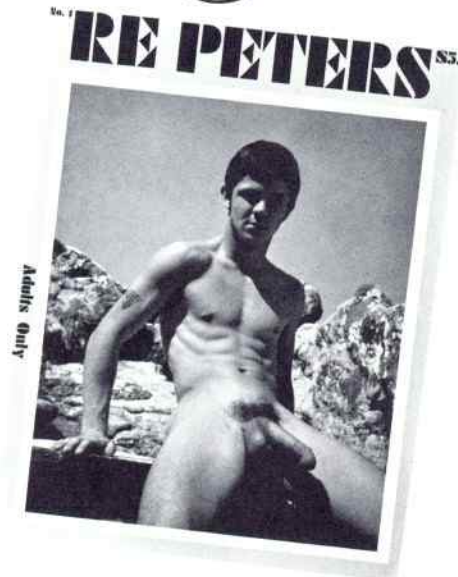
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