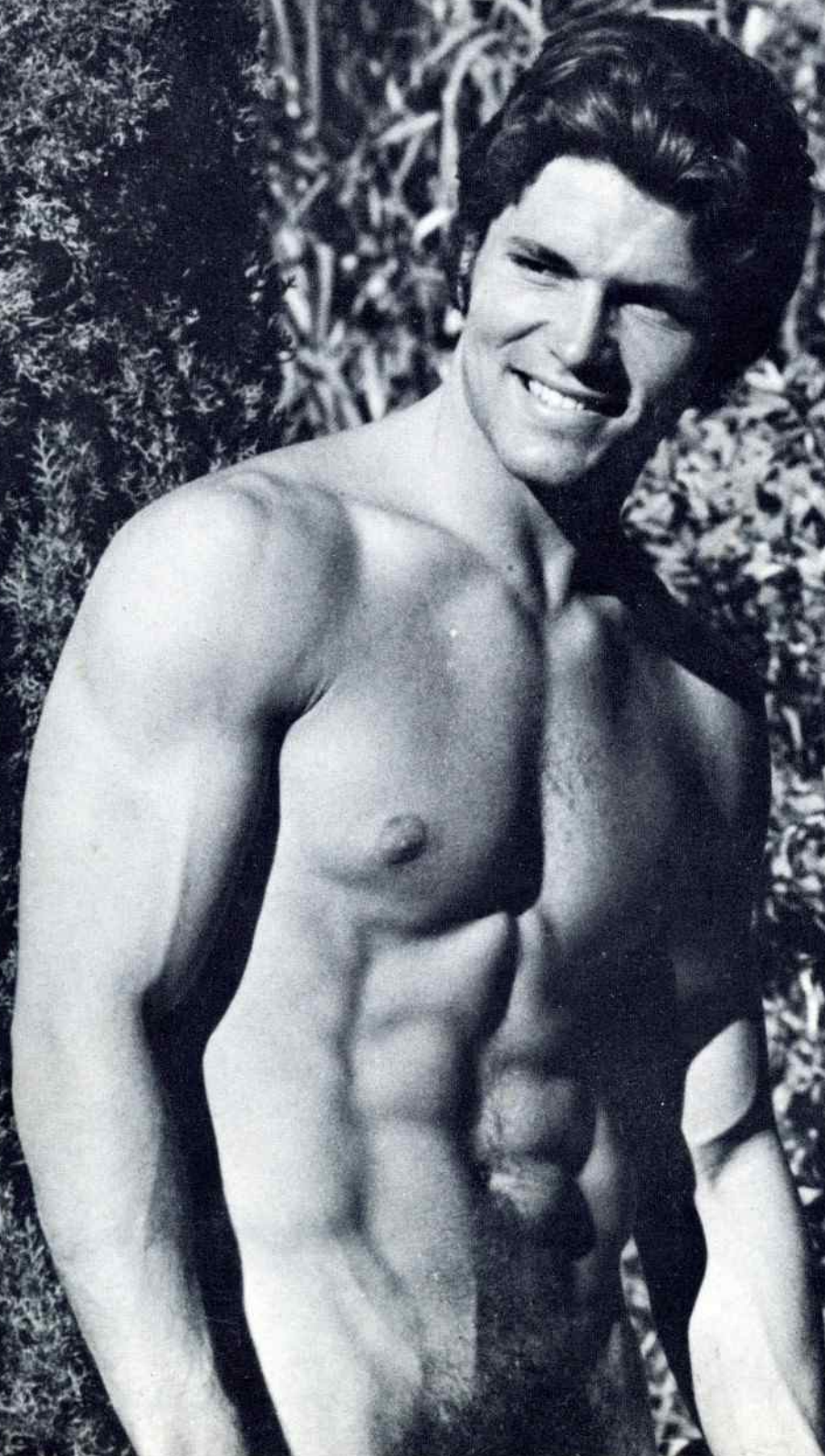


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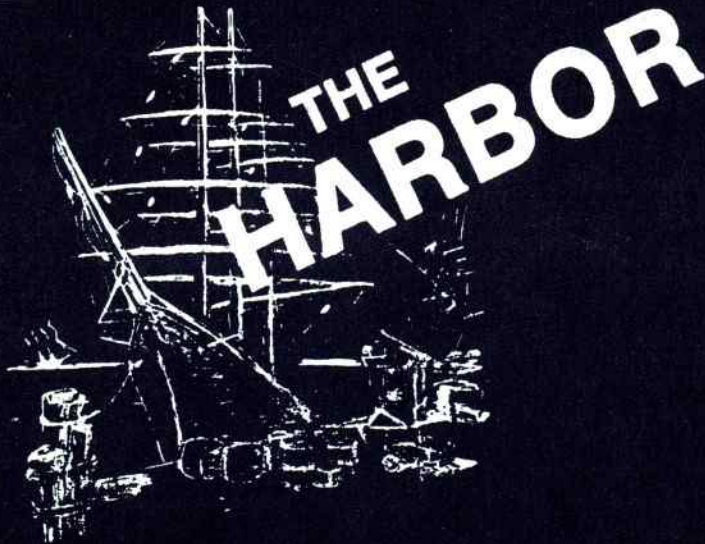
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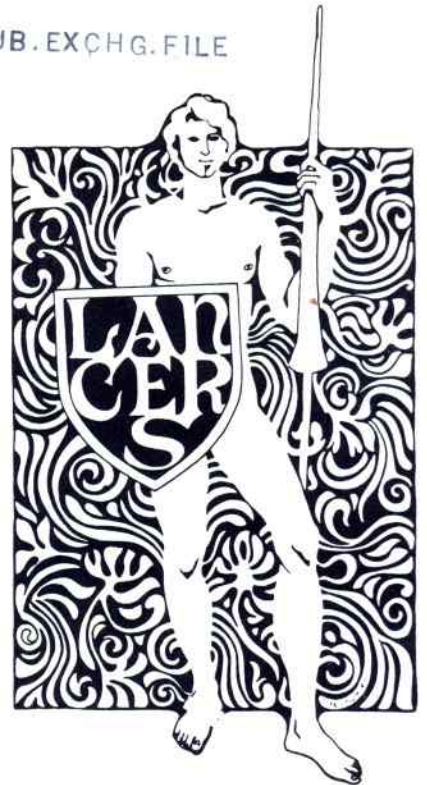
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TO CIVIC CENTER



One of the great summer celebrations that made San Francisco the place to be this summer: GOLD STREET's second anniversary with Don Banks (crowned) presiding.

San Francisco 72 by JEFF BUCKLEY

Apart from the imminent announcement of the contestants for Empress of San Francisco '73 it appears that the city will have an Emperor in the coming year also. After much deliberation some of the butcher elements about town decided that lest the straights get the wrong impression, a virile member of the community should be alongside the Empress at important functions. Since there is already a Mr. Cowboy, a Mr. Gay San Francisco and some lesser titles, the latest contest for an appropriate Emperor would appear to be logical. The Emperor will be chosen, not by the Tavern Guild (which refused to endorse the contest) but by bar people acting privately. It is hoped that the Emperor and Empress will nonetheless find a way to work together for the betterment and general joy and hilarity of all gay San Franciscans.

At press time we knew of but three aspirants to the title of Emperor: *Ron Ernst*, one of the owners of Leather 'N' Things and the Jaguar Book Shop and well remembered as the reviver of The Toolbox before the lease expired; *Mr. Marcus*, manager of The Boot Camp and popular *B.A.R.* and *Advocate* columnist and Don Berry, manager of The Wilde Oscar on Second Street and holder of the Mr. Gayzette title for this year (*Gayzette* is one of the free bar papers in the

city, *Kalendar* and *B.A.R.* being the others).

The date set for the election and coronation of the Emperor is Friday, September 29th, at California Hall, also the site of the Mr. Leather Contest on Monday the 18th. All these events are fun and open to the public. And if royalty is your bag take your pumpkin coach down to Monterey on October 7th when the Marquesa of Monterey will be chosen at the swank San Carlos Hotel. Rumor has it that the fabulous Bunny Breckinridge will emerge from retirement in Carmel for this classy affair.

THE city has never been better—for tourist or resident. Your visit should be fun and the intelligent and cautious, but horny, stud out on the town should have few problems beyond finding a place to park on Folsom or Polk (and your best bet for a cheap car rental—and this is a fact not a plug, is a Volkswagen with very liberal free miles on it from the Dollar-A-Day people, which works out at approximately eight dollars for twenty-four hours—this includes everything: gas, tax and mileage. Cheap if you are alone but with friends . . . figure it out!). However, I repeat, however . . . the gay Nirvana is not at hand but then neither is the heterosexual one. Behave yourself and in public places comport yourself as if you

were in "running-scared" L.A. and you'll have the time of your life. The baths, the bars, the clubs, the dizzy discotheques—all are wilder than ever but remember that even in San Francisco you can be arrested in these places. Avoid the parks, toilets and department store facilities; avoid smoking grass in public (and that includes bars) and before you invite someone in one of the wilder places back to dine on your "fine" Finnan Haddie check with the bartender to insure that the bearded animal you are grooving on is still "of this world." In this age of far-out drugs but indifferent sex, it will pay you to make a few inquiries—but remember to tip the bartender when you first go to a bar (San Francisco is not overly tip-conscious but folks such as bartenders and taxi drivers derive a goodly portion of their wealth from tips so . . . now you know).

The Trolley is just outside the downtown swing of things but if you're out by 30th and Church (that's five minutes south along Valencia from The Fickle Fox and The Gaslight). New, friendly and with a high make-out rating—as in any San Francisco bar.

At long last there are perhaps a half-dozen cheap hotels and clean rooming houses open or about to open for transient or weekend visitors. Rooms are currently available at the completely refurbished Harrison House—Folsom Prism—Al and Gary from The Roundup's—at press time it did not have a name but it's located a block down Sixth from The Roundup at the corner of Harrison. Twenty-four quiet rooms, each with a washbasin, rent for about \$22 a week when available. Rooms are also for rent upstairs at The 527 (Bryant) and in the building over The Hans Off, the nude dance bar at Valencia and Duboce. Rooms are available in the building next door to the fabulous Shed on Sixteenth near Market—this complex is called The Stables and like The Shed dance palace and all-nightery, is brand new and expensively appointed. Large rooms are available but heavily booked in advance at The Folsom Street Bar-

racks twixt The Roundup and The Ramrod. For those planning to settle in the city there are three locations now of 'Rooms for Youngmen'. Don't worry about the young part, it's relative to ninety or so. By the month these spotless and well-appointed accommodations are about eighty-five dollars.

Around the Castro 'Village' area things to look for: the wild public bulletin board at Jaguar Books, next door to the best stocked leather shop in California—Leather 'N' Things; items are priced from a dollar up. On Castro is a fine clothing

store where you acquire that special outfit for Acapulco and around the corner on Market is one of the city's best pet shops which specializes in obscene-talking mynah birds.

Upper Market, adjoining the swinging Castro 'Village' district has another watering hole, the all-new Purple Pickle which offers organ music and a more restful atmosphere than the wild Naked Grape down the street. Nearby, on the north side of Market The Mint continues as one of the three top gay restaurants in town. The rack of

(Continued on Page 16)

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SAN FRANCISCO



The Southland Scene by NIGHT OWL

Poor wild Los Angeles, at once the best and wildest of the major gay cities and at the same time still a place where you can be arrested in a bar for 'obscene' language or for merely being in there, should the vice decide to bring in a fag, any fag. Poor Los Angeles has some great more-or-less private baths, some bars (but beware) where anything goes; it has a greater concentration of underworld controlled bars than anywhere west of Chicago and at the same time it has some of the most prosperous gay-owned businesses in America. This city is an enigma even to those Gays who have lived here for a decade. One thing everyone agrees on is how much more attractive the bar guys look (despite the smog and the ever-still air) than those in the nation's other big gay centers. So what else is new?

Well, the Sewers of Paris is closed. Too many changes in policy, some of them ludicrously contradictory, helped to bring about the end of that once popular bar and late-night club. The central Hollywood scene—places on and off the Boulevard, is as trashy—and for the stranger as dangerous, as ever.

This is the true 'Tenderloin' of L.A., although the sleaziest bar in all L.A. is downtown and close to Pershing Square. More on that 'toilet' later.

Out near Beverly Hills the Third Street Health Club was severely damaged by a fire early one Sunday morning and is now closed.

The preferred way to arrive in L.A. by air is through the Burbank airport (Hollywood-Burbank). Minutes away from the airport along Burbank Boulevard in North Hollywood are such 'in' places as The Serpent 8 Baths; bars: The Hanged Man, Forsooth the Dragon, the Black Knight, The Oak Room and many more. There are shows of the first calibre at Tony's and The Playhouse and over on Ventura Boulevard there are a dozen more clubs and cafes to keep you busy for a weekend. In Burbank itself, apart from the Serpent 8 there is only one bar—the mad Stud, also known as Elmer's Stud and formerly the Sax Club. To reach this different gathering place take the Hollywood Way exit on the Ventura Freeway. Movies are featured during the week and from Friday through Sunday this gay hideaway is open con-

tinuously for either beer or coffee.

A small cafe of note opened recently on Santa Monica Boulevard not far from Lillian's on La Brea. Check tablecloths, copious servings of well-prepared continental dishes and handsome waiters make this small cafe-restaurant a good choice for somewhere new to take someone new you love. Full dinners start at three dollars and service is until ten thirty or so. You must bring your own wine (no corkage charge). It's called Au Petit Joint.

Just east of Western on Sunset another new restaurant opened. Large and comfortable with a full bar and piano entertainment this welcome addition to the so-so Hollywood dining scene called The Normandie should do very well. Prices for complete dinners range from two fifty to seven fifty. Sunday brunch is also served.

Other recommended places for Sunday brunch: The Valli Haus, David's, Zachary's, The Garden District and especially The Carriage Trade on Beverly Boulevard.

Recently, when the bike, leather and western bars discontinued the so-called 'club' prices due to pressure from the Alcoholic Bever-

NEW IN SILVERLAKE



TOY TIGER

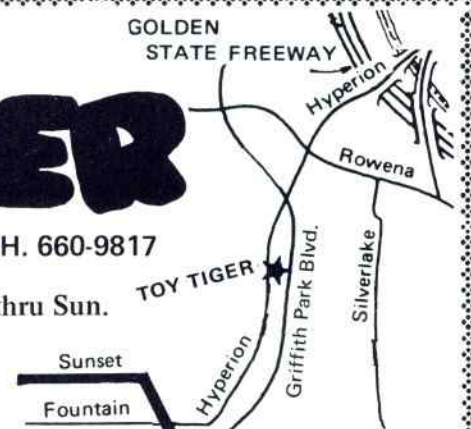
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Personalities at the Advocate Groovy Guy Contest held at the International Hotel (L.A. Airport) on August 25th.

- 1) Fel Andrews the entertainer from The Florentine Room, Hollywood.
- 2) Jackie, manager of The Florentine Room with Bob from Hollywood's Big John and associated with the new bar-shopping center to open soon on San Francisco's Folsom Street.
- 3) Fritz, the well-known clothing designer (That Look) with Dean of Ah Men (Griffith Park Blvd. store) and his friend Phil.
- 4) San Francisco's Bob Damron who sponsored an entry from The Rendezvous with Glenn of the Advocate's Bay Area office.
- 5) Dick Winters from the Metropolitan Community Church with Matthew of Glendale (center) and W. Dorr Legg from ONE, Inc.
- 6) Don Cook of Ah Men with Fred Cintron, Dude City's contestant.

ages Board not one of them reported a drop in business, although the bartenders noted a drop in their tips each night. So now 'club prices' have been replaced by 'happy hours' which apply to all customers who should note that beer in the popular places is still at 1965 prices. It is worth noting that it is twenty per cent cheaper to drink in a gay bar than in a straight one, especially when one considers that most straight bartenders expect—

and receive, a tip from each customer. And the most parsimonious gay tippers are those in the 'club' bars.

Now a criticism of management: Who likes to visit a restaurant and hear the manager-owner have a yelling-screaming altercation with an employee? No one, of course, but that was my experience three times in one week last month—twice on Melrose and once on Santa Monica.

(Continued on Page 16)

CAN'T SLEEP?

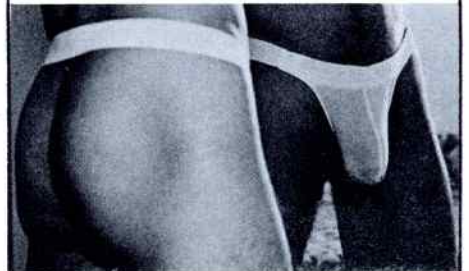
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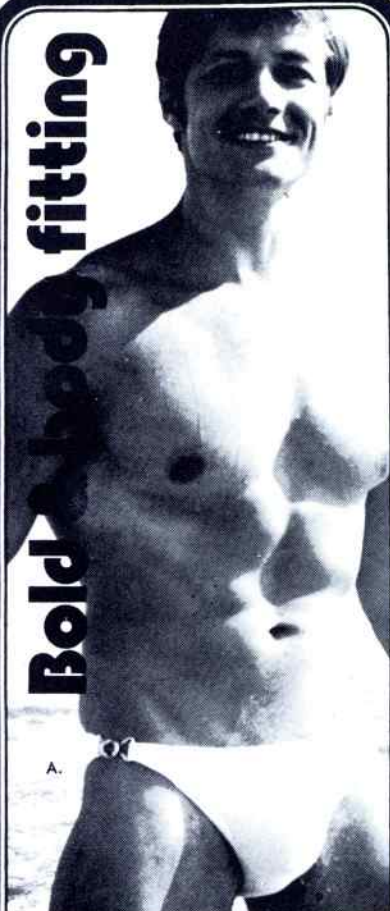


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MOVIE TIME



By **DAVID HELLINGER & C. McALLISTER**

THE NEW CENTURIONS — Columbia Pictures. Directed by Richard Fleischer. Screenplay by Stirling Silliphant from Joseph Wambaugh's book. Stars George C. Scott and Stacy Keach.

There is always an audience for films about police work and this film comes with much ballyhoo from the slightly controversial book by a Los Angeles policeman that the prim and behind-the-times chief of police disapproved of. *The New Centurions*, in its movie form, tells us less about the Los Angeles police and big city police everywhere than did the book on which it is based, yet it is as harmless a way to pass an hour or two making believe we are seeing the real thing, as in *The French Connection*. The plot is basically a series of TV-style episodes strung together and expertly directed. The cops are all regular guys just doing a tough job—the producers may just have been making amends for their unfair presentation of cops as student-hating storm troopers in *The Strawberry Statement* two years ago.

Advantage is taken to influence public opinion against the vice and prostitution duties of the police, especially in a gay incident set in MacArthur Park. It is one of the slightly funny scenes in the film, but like most of the other episodes, is treated superficially—a look at a grave inequity which most intelligent people now deplore. As for the cops ever picking paddywagons-full of black whores up along Western Avenue on a Saturday night and releasing them a half mile away, all gaily drunk with Scotch provided by the Sergeant—it might have happened once somewhere, but in uptight L.A.? Still, the Jack Webb-Dragnet profile that L.A. cops too long presented to the public is melting. This movie should help to humanize them further. Perhaps all the gunplay will also help increase

public support for stringent gun control laws in the land.

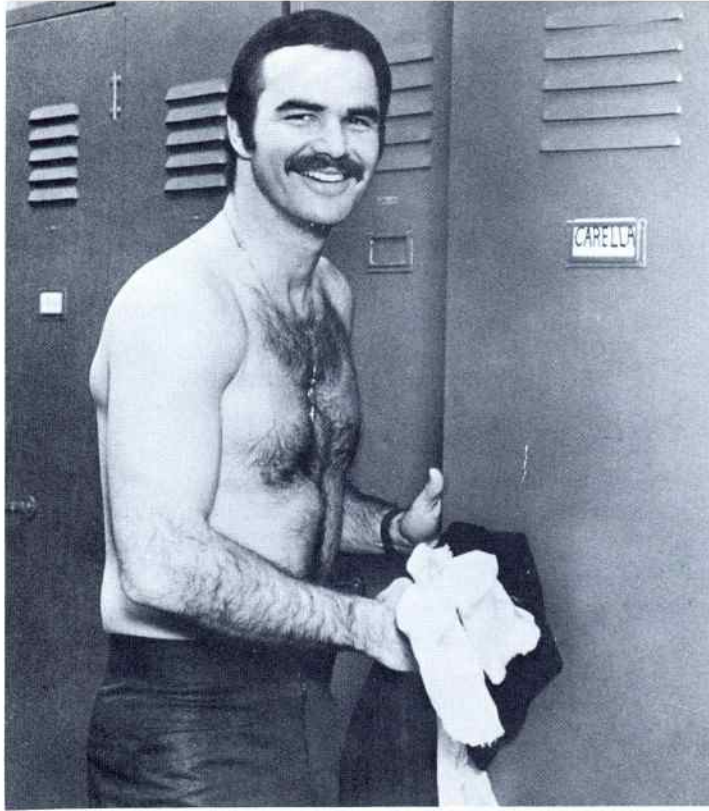
THE OTHER SIDE OF JOEY — Jaguar Productions. In color.

This is another technically professional suck-fuck-rim film from the people who made *Whatever Mama Wants*. The dialogue sound, however, is as bad as ever it is in such movies. Apparently the slim budgets for these films preclude spending much on the sound department apart from a portable tape recorder. The color is consistently good and the photography adequate to very good, especially in the closeup sex scenes. The plot is vestigial but the many long sex encounters between the reasonably personable and very well-hung young guys—dare I say in print how young? should interest most of us. If you're a 'chicken lover' you'll drool particularly at Erik Kahnler. Goodness, all that meat and he shows a nascent acting ability as well. I should also note that good use is made of Mahler's music in most of the sex encounters—so much so that at times one can imagine this as a sort of *Death in Venice*, Part II—except that the older guy is not old enough for the part of the mature lover who has a he-loves-me, he-loves-me-not affair with the supple Joey.

MARJOE—Stars Marjoe Goertner. A Cinema 10 Release. Directed and conceived by Howard Smith and Sarah Kernochan. In color.

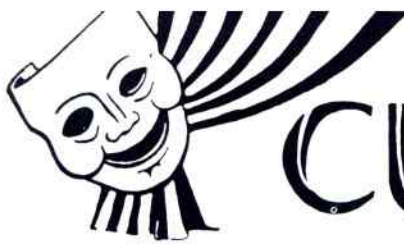
This is a documentary that fascinates and holds the viewer for all of its ninety minutes despite the subject being a Pentecostal minister and his extraordinary story. In fact, *Marjoe* is a tremendous put-down of the so-called religious experience, gay or straight, Holy Roman or Holy Roller. It exposes the

(Continued on Page 20)



TOP LEFT: Burt Reynolds now stars in "Fuzz" and "Deliverance."
 TOP RIGHT: Erik Kahnler is the unhappy kept boy in "The Other Side of Joey" now at San Francisco's Laurel Theatre.
 CENTER RIGHT: Goldie Hawn and Edward Albert in "Butterflies Are Free."
 BOTTOM LEFT: Marjoe Goertner in the true documentary of a holy roller who drops out in "Marjoe."
 BOTTOM RIGHT: Stacy Keach and George C. Scott as L.A. cops in "The New Centurions."





curtain up



by KEN KANE & DAVID HELLINGER

JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR—*Lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. Directed by Tom O'Horgan. Stars Bruce Scott, James Sbrano and Heather McRae.*

The newest way to spend a pleasant summer evening this year was by attending the huge amphitheatre in Universal City, where *Jesus Christ Superstar* was the incredible opening event.

Jesus Christ Superstar, advertised as the musical sensation of the decade, really is all this and more, especially in this inspired version which is nothing less than an overwhelming super-spectacular.

The lighting, the stage effects and the massive prop pieces are most effectively employed, wondrously so. Every department complements the other and together they enhance the fine performances of each actor in the large cast. And for once in a rock musical, the sound is balanced and a joy to hear.

This is very definitely a show that should be seen here (at Universal's outdoor location); this is a stage attraction of DeMille proportions which cannot be contained in the average theatre.

So many are the show's highlights that space precludes me mentioning them. One standout is Herod's number, almost Busby Berkeley at his most exuberant—some might say at his campiest. Verily, I say unto you, believer or sex-mad

atheist, your delights will be legion when you see *Jesus Christ Superstar*—Ken Kane.

FOLLIES—*a new musical. Book by James Goldman. Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim. Stars Alexis Smith, Dorothy Collins, Gene Nelson and Fifi D'Orsay. Directed by Harold Prince and Michael Bennet. Now at the Shubert Theatre, Century City (Beverly Hills).*

About *Follies* pages and pages of raves, interspersed with more than a few strong reservations, have been written since first it hit talent-scarce Broadway last year. Remarks such as, "It's a musical that's not for everyone," or "It's a really innovative musical" have been heard. Nonsense. On the very program are the words 'a new musical' so everyone has the right to expect, as was rumored, an original musical with a story of much originality as the libretto. Let me tell you right now that *Follies* does not have one original tune or melody to call its own. Everything you hear is a parody, faintly reminiscent of the great composers of the American musical theatre of the thirties and forties (which *The Boy Friend* was of a preceding decade—but a parody much more successfully done, even in the recent film). *Follies* is part put-down of those lush musicals, part pretentious striving for some-

thing new in using the demolition of a famous theatre and a last reunion of its former stars, as the reason for all the exaggerated goings-on upon the stage—albeit marvelously staged, directed and costumed, for over two hours without an intermission. It is a good example of a musical that is nothing more than a passing fair theatrical piece with orchestrations. Not that Sondheim (he who wrote *Gypsy*) does not strive for an original, memorable song in the manner of Cole Porter or Rogers and Hart—*Follies* is full of aborted efforts. Defenders (and there are quite a few) of this unmusical extravaganza state vehemently that one must not expect hummable, singable tunes in such a stunning, marvelous, you-name-it show. And I ask, why not? The whole inflated production is littered with failures, some of them cruel, for example, Dorothy Collins doing an unmusical Dorothy Collins number a la 1950.

My friends disagree with me completely, I must say, but the night we attended there was no standing ovation from a blue ribbon show business audience, as one was led to expect after reading the reviews. So I do not advise you to stay away but to go and not expect too much. I unfortunately was gulled into believing that here was the great new musical America has

(Continued on Page 23)

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TOP LEFT: The sumptuous "Loveland" number from the hit musical, "Follies."

TOP RIGHT: A scene from the outdoor spectacle, "Jesus Christ Superstar" at the Amphitheater, Universal Studios.

ABOVE LEFT: Fifi D'Orsay in "Follies" at the Shubert Theatre, Los Angeles.

ABOVE CENTER: Sandy Baron (right) is "Lenny," onstage at Hollywood's Aquarius Theatre.

ABOVE RIGHT: Paula Kelley is the star of the rock musical "Don't Bother Me I Can't Cope" at the Mark Taper Forum.

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Show Bars



Bill Kane Jerry Carpenter

Maybe it was the tourists but it was a busy and prosperous summer in most of the showbars and piano bars from San Francisco to San Diego. The most unusual showplace was The Florentine Room on Los Angeles' Melrose Avenue when the irrepressible Fel Andrews, aided by Jack, the bar's manager, does a complete routine behind the bar but never breaking a bottle or a glass. The pantomime and special brand of humor that Fel puts over in this intimate spot keeps the bar crowded all night long. This is truly a show bar worth a visit.

The mini-boom extends to the San Fernando Valley where Charles Pierce is back once more with a new show at the Playhouse on Magnolia, a theatre bar that suits this great entertainers' flamboyant talents. Five minutes away, at Tony's plush club, the unique all-live shows are backed by the excellent Londonaires—able to back up the most intricate performances even when some of the acts ad lib hilariously. This month David Stacey, Ronnie, Jerry and Billy Carroll are being followed by a famous Canadian impersonator named Craig Russell who has been seen on various nationwide variety TV shows.

Another must on a visitor's list in the Valley is The Queen Mary,

where so many nationally known performers received their first prestigious break, Big Jim Madaus, for one, who is now onstage with Aaron, Lisa Gene and Chuck McAllister at San Francisco's 181 Club. This place is downtown and basically tourist-oriented and its shows are much more professional than before when the crew was over at the old Frolic Room. Chuck McAllister is the leathermen's go-go boy who was such a hit at that wild party at The Boot Camp when he performed au naturel right on the bar—but that's San Francisco.

Elsewhere in San Francisco the nude dancers at The Hans Off (plus Mavis behind the bar) and at The Gaslight (our Groovy Guy Thom is pouring stiff drinks on certain nights), are packing these places every night until last call. These are the only places in the city with continuous nude entertainment. Not far away Lori Shannon and the Hiliters may still be seen at The Country Club when this popular ensemble is not booked out of town for a weekend (most recently they delighted the crowd at the Sully Awards in Hollywood).

Dinner, cocktail and lovers time music is rippling from most of the bars on and off Polk Street lately—Chris Wayne is at The PS, Ray Sant

and Jim Brown are at On the Q.T. At the House of Harmony is David Kelsey and across town at Gold Street is Gary Schneider who makes midnight on a Friday or Saturday what everyone wishes were San Francisco all week long. Over on Bryant Street a very definite addition to The 527 Club's dinner hour on weekends is 'Hazel' McGinnis at the piano. 'Hazel' is recovering from a season of 'opera' with Jose at the Orpheum Circus. El Jose is on vacation in Colombia where he hopes to purchase some wild animals and exotic birds for a spectacular annual 'comeback' show later this fall. ●●●

- 1., 2., 3 Scenes from the recent Billy Carroll Show at Tony's, North Hollywood.
4. Jae Stevens and Steve Miller (who have been joined by Allan Lloyd again) on stage at The P.S., San Francisco.
5. David Kelsey at The House of Harmony, San Francisco.
6. Luis, onstage at The Gaslight, San Francisco. Scenes from the excellent 'Cabaret' numbers at The 181 Club (San Francisco):
- 7 & 8 Aaron and Lisa Gene. 9 Chuck McAllister. 10 Big Jim Madaus. 11 Aaron as Master of Ceremonies.

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Book Reviews



Intensive Care — by John Jackson
Parisian Press, \$2.25

Intensive Care is a fast-moving, eminently readable novel which is, from a literary standpoint, a cut above the type of book usually put out by Parisian Press.

For some time now this house has been publishing stuff which was frankly pornographic, novels which contained page after page of raw sex and little else. If these books had a plot or dealt with problems of the human soul, it was strictly coincidental.

Intensive Care is no milestone in gay literature, nor will it ever be recognized as a classic. But in its way it is a trendsetter for Parisian Press and hopefully (for writers as well as readers), it may indicate a new era ahead for this well-known and established house.

In *Intensive Care*, author John Jackson concerns himself as much with the ache in the human heart as he does with the itch in the human groin.

The book's hero, Tim Laird, is committed to an institution by his parents, following what seemed to be an attempted suicide. A love affair develops between the young man and the male nurse who has been assigned to attend him.

The tale of this romance is colored by Tim's real sickness—bad dreams, fits of depression and catatonia—his battles with a psychiatrist and, final flashback sequence which reveals what really happened on the night when (apparently) he tried to kill himself.

Jackson writes of this case with insight and compassion. His style is simple and his characters are, for the most part, believable.

At the book's happy conclusion, however, Tim's mother offers Carl, the male nurse, twice his usual salary to stay with Tim on a permanent basis.

It hardly seems logical that a woman who has committed her son

for psychiatric care and observation, horrified by his homosexual tendencies, and who had never been to visit him in the hospital, should suddenly have a burst of generosity or be revealed as a warm understanding person who is sympathetic to her teenage son's relationship with an older man.

Apart from this final moment which is a strain on the reader's sense of credulity (as well as a few types in the book's layout), *Intensive Care* is a good evening's entertainment.

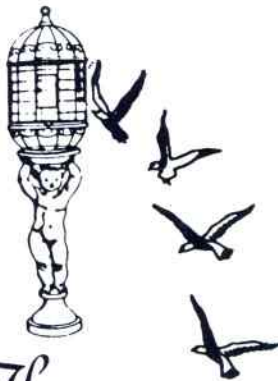
—Douglas Dean

O Jerusalem by Larry Collins and D. Lapierre. Simon and Schuster. \$10.00.

Predictably, *O Jerusalem* is high on the bestseller lists, even at \$10.00. A very professional work of journalism a la *Time Magazine* it is, but the photographs could have been better. The authors of *Is Paris Burning?* have established a surefire formula for presenting recent history to the middle-mass, us—in other words. Anyone familiar with what is snidely referred to as *Time*-ese knows that there is bound to be a lot of extraneous trivia about what so-and-so was doing at a specific time on a certain historic day, most of which is certainly nonsense, but it adds a feeling of intimacy for the reader, craven fools that we be.

Now to the matter at hand: *O Jerusalem* is all about the interesting part of the struggle to establish the Jewish nation that centered on the venerable but dreary city of Jerusalem, revered by Jew, Arab and Christian alike. For agnostic sexualists such as this writer, the book has some revealing vignettes, specifically those dealing with the pathetic King Farouk and that rascally villain, the Mufti of Jerusalem.

On Farouk, who really was quite




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sexy in his late teens, the authors write: "By 1948, Farouk had fallen far from the promise of his youth, but he was no less ambitious for that. He was the heir to the throne of the Pharaohs. He longed to avenge the humiliations of his life and his nation by reviving Egypt's ancient grandeur . . . he had inherited his throne twelve years earlier, coming to it a handsome, athletic young man. Three humiliating circumstances turned his life into a tragi-comedy. The first was physical. Nature had given him an undersized sexual organ, a cruel jest on the proud ruler of a land in which sexual potency was traditionally one measure of a man's ability to lead." As for the notorious Mufti (Moslem leader) of Jerusalem, in real life more bizarre and sinister than anything concocted in a spy film, we read that, as Germany collapsed and this frustrated old auntie decided to take his scheming elsewhere, he took leave of his followers in Berlin, paid them off and "with the quick mincing walk for which he was famous, slipped from the room as furtively as a nursing nun gliding from the bedchamber of a dying man."

Verily, someday a historian-writer will come up with a book dealing with the sexuality of important personages, something which will cast a new light on a lot of hitherto overwritten historical figures. History is one department in which *Cherchez Le Sexe* should be an important motto.

Military Buddies by Erik Stevens. Parisian Press, \$2.25.

At random I picked *Military*

Buddies for some horny summer reading and I wasn't disappointed. Set in Germany and with a hot-blooded San Franciscan as the story's central character, this is a basic tale of uninhibited modern guys who do their thing in no uncertain way, despite the restrictions on all sexual activity so dear to the army's code. And the army is fairly treated for once and the fact that you can enjoy a fairly good sex life within that organization if you keep a low profile is well brought out. The usual explosive sex encounters and the rather silly romantic interludes are all here—and once more, as in so many recent sex novels, fist-fucking is featured as part of the hero's trip. The story's end is unusual too, in that the maturing lovers go their separate ways, which is truer to life and the homosexual life-style than that depicting two lovers on a hill, embracing forever more as the sun sets gloriously in the west.

J.B.

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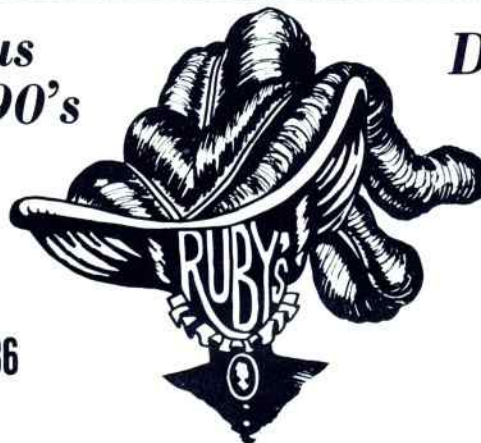
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SAN FRANCISCO (from Page 5)

lamb (about \$3) is incredible value (Wednesdays). The Mint is short on atmosphere but first rate in the quality of the food served. It's also notable as one of the few better class bars in the state where guys and gals mix amicably. A block away the old Libra is now The Tree House and is being spruced up by the two new owners. George is still the chef and the good quality food of this too often overlooked restaurant will be maintained. The fastidious might note that tablecloths, linen napkins and flowers on the tables have been reinstated—their absence was much commented on when one of the former owners went on a corner-cutting program a year ago. Two blocks further down Market is yet another old San Francisco bar gone gay, The Gold Eagle Salon (1601 Market). Decor: turn-of-the-century. Bartenders: young and friendly. ●●●

SOUTHLAND (Continued from Page 7)

No matter how bad the help there is a time for dismissing them, not during the dinner hour. And in one of these restaurants, new and striving to become known as a first-class gay establishment, the waiter gave me a pained look when I stated, for the second time, that I did not want a cocktail before dinner—which finally arrived after a lengthy interval. The indifferent fare was followed by the usual muddy coffee-water except that here it was lukewarm, but I never saw the waiter again to tell him so. No wonder that restaurants such as Lillian's are packed nightly while the piss-elegant places (staffed by aging chorus boy-actors who give the impression that they're really above waiting on table) are usually half empty.

HELP, the only viable gay organization of a non-denominational character to arise in the vast Los Angeles region, is still struggling to assert itself and lately has suffered from diminishing support. Much of the organizers' time and effort has gone in seeking a suitable office building that could also serve as a meeting place. After two disappointments, HELP has announced

that this month their new Center will be open on Santa Monica Boulevard—the number is 7221 which is near The Beach Boy, Lillian's and other popular spots.

A new name and a new policy is in force at The Toy Tiger, between That Look and Woody's Hyperion in the tres gay Silver Lake area. The Toy Tiger, now run by two attractive young guys from San Francisco, has introduced the outstanding pianistic talent of Bobby Metcalf, who holds forth nightly in what had become a rather slow bar of late (the place was formerly Patino's).

Art lovers and those seeking original oils with a strong western flavor should watch for the exhibition of Arnell Larsen's 'Bodie Days' paintings at Woody's Hyperion at the end of this month (Bodie is one of the better preserved ghost towns in the southern half of the state). Arnell usually has a small selection of his works on sale in this bar whose western atmosphere they so strongly complement.

Long Beach:

Along Broadway in downtown Long Beach' is another large, new beer bar, Geno's. Latest additions to the list of places to go is Jim's Corral, on Artesia Boulevard (take Cherry Avenue exit on Artesia Freeway, the bar is across the street) which hopes to serve the bike and jeans crowd. The Corral is just around the corner from the Box Office and the Traffic Jam (both of which have coffee hours on weekends).

Down the coast from Long Beach, where The Inn is sadly missed (but watch for the grand opening of the Victor Hugo any day) for dining and Sunday brunch try Mary's Celebrity House. And if you're sailing in the Newport-Balboa area try the Mackerel Flats seafood restaurant in the center of Balboa. There you'll find first-class food and a friendly welcome. Mackerel Flats is also open for lunch. So, while honeymooning in Laguna drive over and try it.

As we go to press we learn of a massive police raid on the Black Pipe at the conclusion of a HELP

benefit party on Sunday, August 20. Twenty-two arrests on the usual dubious charges at a time when gay-police relations had been much improved, does not presage well for the coming months, at least until after the local and national elections in November. HELP was right there in springing those arrested and by midnight none remained in jail. In what was surely a politically motivated swoop both the president of HELP, Larry Townsend, and the president of the Tavern Guild, Duane from The Black Pipe, were among those arrested. A defense fund was immediately set up and those wishing to donate to it can contact HELP at their offices on Santa Monica Boulevard. If the charges are pressed by the district attorney this should be a real 'cause celebre' but in a political year any weird and strange event is to be expected. Immediate reactions to the raid were of increased support for and solidarity with, that group. First off in what will surely be a windfall of benefits was Matthew of Glendale's soiree at The Outcast.

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TRAVEL TIPS



ITALY '73 by R. W. Davis

Frank Davies is now our Travel Editor and specific inquiries should be addressed to him. He was also the author of the travel article on the Riviera in our last issue.

A New York acquaintance confessed recently that Italian boys pursued him continuously, almost to the point of embarrassment, during his entire stay in Italy. Naturally, I wanted to hear more, and probed for details. His technique for attracting them was simple, almost too simple. He merely advertised his American citizenship by carrying an American Express bag. Since most Italians think Americans are rich, he was besieged by offers. His method for updating cruising to meet the time limitations of jet-speed travel is clever, but it isn't necessary in Italy. Italians can be caught easily, and without any clever techniques.

Sponge-shaped men and women with faces that frighten are everywhere proving this by hustling anxious boys into dark corners. Sometimes in satisfying each other Italians can become outrageous in public. I saw, for example, lovers, in not so secluded areas of the park, screw while voyeurs, jerking their meat, crept toward the lovers for closeups. I saw an old woman take it in the ass and mouth while several queens lined up the voyeurs for blow jobs. I saw men masturbate while staring at other men who masturbated as *they* stared at children playing nearby. In short, I saw too many extraordinary things to pass it off as exceptional. The Italians are truly sexy, and ready, almost anytime, it seems, for anything.

To get some of this action, there are certain places to know. The Roman orgy spas, covered in my October 15th article in the *Gay*

Forum, will be summarized before mentioning new places.

A popular outdoor urinal is in La Piazza di Monte Savello (next to the Tiber River). This is good after dark. In fact, the whole area by the tram station is good then, as well as the area under the Garibaldi Bridge on the other side of the river. It is under this bridge that I saw the old woman take on those boys. On Lungotevere degli Anguillera, which is the street running parallel to the river and perpendicular to the bridge, there is another interesting outdoor urinal. In the Termini (train station), there are two toilets (W.C.), one next to track one and the other between tracks 15 and 16 in the underpass. (The latter closes early.) And finally the underground toilet on the Via della Termini Diocleziano by the book dealers is also fun . . . and popular. This toilet also closes early in the evening, like most outdoor undergrounds everywhere. So go early.

If you prefer the open air, you should go to the Villa Borghese at night. The Pizzale Miguel Cervantes which faces the National Gallery of Modern Art swings. In the bushes on either side of the steps anything goes. At night the Colosseum also swings, but watch out for those toughs who travel in packs. They are tough! My favorite spot is in the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele II. During the day, the Piazza is an open market, but at night, the area around the Roman ruin becomes the setting for another type of marketing.

For movie lovers, there are: the Brancaccio, 244 Via Merulana (sit in the platea), the Rialto, 156 Via IV Novembre (platea), the Odeon, Piazza della Repubblica (platea), and finally the Volturmo, 37 Via Volturmo (platea). Of the four mentioned, the Brancaccio is the best . . . but you should watch yourself here. The crowd is rough.

There is only one steam bath, and that is the Bagni Turchi, 51 Poli Street (a block from the Trevi Fountain), but I don't recommend it because you don't have any privacy here. The doors to the rooms are partly glass, and with or with-

(Continued on Page 21)

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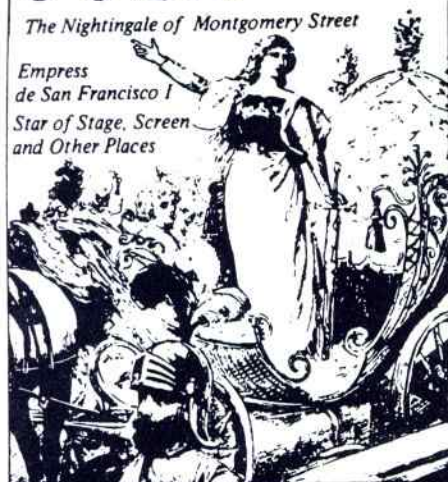
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Thom Vetrano was our handsome choice for the Groovy Guy title. Actor, man-about-town (San Francisco, of course) and occasionally a bartender when those TV and movie residuals run out, Thom has been in such films as *Zabriskie Point*, *The Strawberry Statement* and the upcoming *All American Boy* with Jon Voight. On stage he had featured roles in *Desire Under the Elms* and *And Puppy Dog Tails*, in San Francisco. He has also done numerous TV commercials.

Thom is our Man of the Month, but unlike Burt Reynolds, he feels that he is not ready for the nude centerfold photo (and don't think we didn't ask him!). He is six feet tall and weighs 165 pounds, has brown eyes and black hair. His chest: 42"; his waist: 30"; and his 'what Burt Reynolds wouldn't show' is a Sicilian delight. He does allow us to give his age—twenty-five. Thom keeps in Groovy Guy shape by working out at his beautiful Marin County home and by making good use of his heated pool.

In San Francisco, which he considers home, he has worked at Fe-Be's, *The Roundup* (whose Groovy Guy he was last year, placing fourth) and at *The Wilde Oscar*. He is currently tending bar part-time at *The Gaslight on Valencia*.

Here is a young man with brains, good looks and a personality that bespeak the Groovy-Guy-about-San Francisco most likely to succeed—anywhere, but we hope in the city that we all love.

* * * *

What can one say about the fifth Advocate Groovy Guy Contest except that it was well organized and too long. The music was horrendous (well over half the crowd was over thirty so that 'acid rock' is not calculated to turn them on) and the interminable presentations of the contestants with the often stilted and junior high level of recorded resumes were unintentionally hilarious. Mike Clifford was a capable master of ceremonies and various personalities about town made brief speeches, although Sandy Baron brought a piece of professionalism with his reminiscences about Lenny, in which he is playing the lead in Hollywood's *Aquarius Theatre*.

As for the eight judges' selections for first place—everyone was mystified. The consensus (including the executive editor of the Advocate) during the last half hour was that the Kingmasters' contestant and our Groovy Guy, Thom, would surely place. We polled ten other sponsors and not one felt that the first place should have gone to the last-minute entry who was chosen. Dismay was the general reaction of the audience but then, that's showbiz. One final carping: The logo is artistically shoddy and should be replaced for future Groovy Guy contests. Our sympathies and Gutsy Guy of the Year awards to the entries who endured the four hours of tedium for such a small reward (first-prize winner receives a grand sum of \$250). The only popularly acclaimed presentation of the evening was the Congeniality Award to a young guy from *The Stables* in Sunset Beach who tends bar there under the name, *Little Honker*, I kid you not.

It may be noted that this affair was more fun years ago when the Advocate was the sole organizer—this year they did little but retain their proprietary interest in the name.

Next big contest in L.A. is Cal Coburn's *Emperor and Empress of Los Angeles* affair at the same location (*International Hotel*) on October 2nd (Monday). The first prize at this royal affair will be \$300.

TOP THREE PHOTOS:

Thom Vetrano at his place in Marin County. For gardening he wears one of those much-talked-about 'Jock Socks', the sexiest new idea in undergarments since the fig leaf. Thom was California Scene's entrant this year and was a runner-up.

CENTER:

Thom on stage two years ago in the San Francisco production of "And Puppy Dogs' Tails."

BELOW:

The winners: Raymond, center, from Telstar Productions, this year's Groovy Guy. Ed (2nd place) from The Wellington Club is on right and on left, Geoff, 3rd place winner, from The Bitter End West.

FAR RIGHT: John Thompson, the Kingmasters (Social Club) entry, who was the audience favorite but was adjudged a runner-up. John is from Wellington, N.Z.



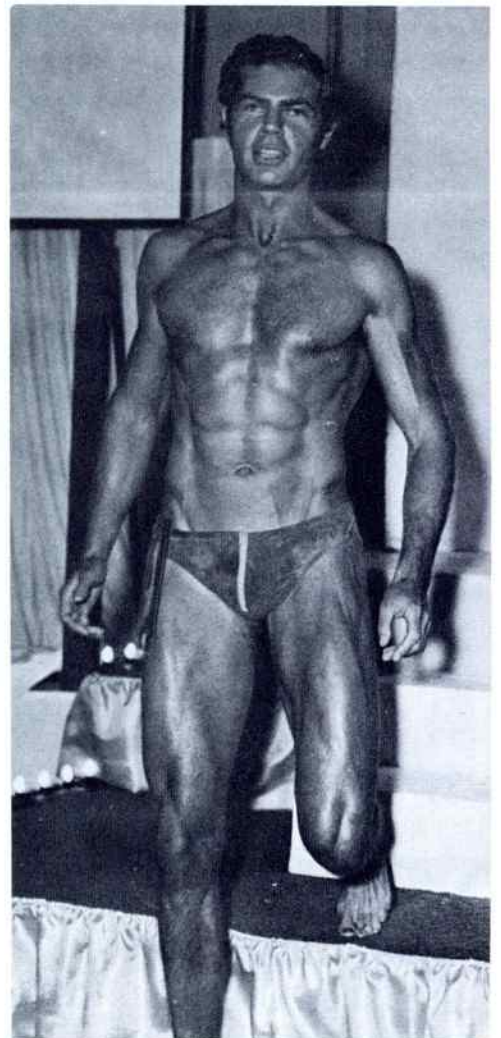
Photos by Lee Mason, S.F.



GROOVY

GUY

CONTEST



Advocate Photos by Fred Townsend

MOVIES (Continued from Page 8)

greed, the mumbo-jumbo and the often obvious links between the mystical and the sexual urge even though the film is embarrassingly explicit at times, what with plump matrons rolling in the aisles in a state of quasi-sexual transportation or with scenes of attractive youngsters working up to orgasmic delights by means of all the chanting, the rousing rhythms and the group involvement. Then the directors cut to Marjoe benignly wondering about all the fools who have poured out their dollars for the meretricious sensuality of the evening. Or we are shown scenes of Marjoe (his unbelievably true-to-type minister-parents gave him that marquee eye-catcher, its being a contraction of Mary and Joseph), counting out the take after his performance. The best parts of what seems at times to be a heavily biased documentary are at the beginning and the end. The initial shots are from films made of the engaging young evangelist-to-be, made a preacher by his parents at 4 and shown on screen

actually performing a wedding of a sailor and his moll (that ceremony caused the age limit for ministers to be raised to twenty-one in California). Later on the strutting and singing Marjoe comes across sexually, both hetero and homo. The final scenes show the minister-performer expressing his lucid doubts about the whole awful business and finding succor with a personable colored gal. Soon we may be hearing that Marjoe, like the better educated Father DuBay, has found his true sexuality, his real sexual self—and he will be the better man because of it. *Marjoe* is one of the best documentaries in years. Don't miss it.

THE MAN—Paramount Pictures. Directed by Joseph Sargent. Screenplay by Rod Serling, based on Irving Wallace's novel. Stars James Earl Jones.

The Man refers to the President. The President in this film is black, elevated to that office by a building collapse in Germany that wiped out the incumbent. James Earl Jones plays the role in the most wooden

fashion imaginable, as if he were playing Freud not an academic man who had been President *pro tempore* of the Senate—in which case he would have been quite the wily politician, no matter his race. Yet the film has some sharp vignettes of Washington's wheelers and dealers but does not compare with that much better political motion picture making the rounds, *The Candidate*.

The Man has several takeoffs on well-known personalities—for example, Martha Mitchell and that oily, campy Everett Dirksen (it will be recalled that the late Senator from Illinois was nicknamed 'the wizard of ooze'). In this film one of the better portrayals is Burgess Meredith doing an excellent interpretation of a composite senator who reminds one a little of Dirksen, a little of two or three rascally Southern senators who unfortunately wield great power in the nation's capital today. *The Man* is worth seeing if only to enjoy Burgess Meredith, a consummate actor at the height of his form. ●●●

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TRAVEL (Continued from Page 17)
out the lights on, people can see in.

For the elegant, there is Via Veneto. The bars and cafes here aren't gay, but they can be cruisy. These are: the snack bar at the Flora Hotel, the outside cafe of the Cafe de Paris, the front bar at Wimpy's and finally the inside bar at Harry's. The St. James Bar, 37 Via Campania (two blocks from the Flora Hotel) is the only gay Roman bar.

South of Rome is Naples, and to listen to the Neapolitans talk of Naples you would think it was the most beautiful port city in the world. Well, I don't agree. I think the famous bay at night is beautiful, but certainly not beautiful enough to justify a visit there. Naples, like most port cities, is rough. There isn't anything genteel here, except, if you're lucky, an occasional lay. For those who like their men rough, by all means, *go!* Naples is your city.

The places to cruise are:

The central train station. In front of track 12 is a stairway. To your immediate right after descending

these stairs is a men's room. It was here that I met a delightful bus driver who drove me all over the city in his bus and showed me the sights of Naples, and afterwards took me to the Piazza Enrico Cenni, where we found happiness by the railroad tracks. At night, so he told me in half-Italian and half-French, this area becomes very busy. When we were leaving, and it started to get dark, I saw the boys gather near the Piazza and move slowly, in pairs toward the tracks. The setting is a little too scary for me at night, but some of you though may dig this type of setting . . . so by all means *go!*

For the more elegant, the American Bar in the Hotel Vittoria, the bar of the El Sombrero restaurant on Via Caracciolo, the Chalet del Mare cafe also on Via Caracciolo, are nice . . . if you like a genteel, *mixed* environment. For those who prefer parks there is some quiet cruising in the park facing Via Caracciolo at night. The one, though, facing Via Action is more active

(Continued on Page 27)

ATLAS BATHS

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NUMBER



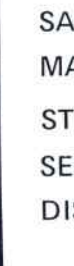
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Footnotes & Essays

by LARRY TOWNSEND



The old saw about degrees—B.S. (you all know what that is); M.S. (more of the same); Ph.D. (piled higher and deeper)—is becoming increasingly relevant to the political arena. On the one hand we have the forces of Richard Nixon, who has done absolutely nothing for us and probably never will; on the other we have George McGovern, who appears to have gone back on all those glowing promises he made before the primary. Where is a poor girl to turn?

Well, maybe the alternatives are not as nebulous as they first appear . . . at least not insofar as the gay issues are concerned. This writer's greatest concern is over other problems, which we shall mention a little further on. While the Nixon position appears hopeless on gay rights, and another four years may see us with a Supreme Court of unsympathetic justices who will be there as long as most of us are sexually alive, the supposed McGovern duplicity may not be quite what it appears to be. In previous columns, I have attempted to discuss the navivete of our people when it comes to politics. This seems to be one more example of it. While GAA in New York is ready to tear down the McGovern banners, and even the erstwhile savvy of the *Advocate* places a question mark beside the candidate's picture, there remains

the unanswered question: How far will George McGovern carry political expediency?

Let's look a couple of facts square in the face. To start, the "Gay Liberation" issue has not yet achieved the respectable status of black, brown or women's rights. There is no way to estimate how long this condition is going to last. (This observer wonders how much effect such demonstrations as the Christopher Street Parades have, and in which direction they tend to push the pendulum of public opinion.) Be that as it may, the gay rights cause is still in the "unpopular" category. It has not caught on in a good many areas where it must catch on, before an astute politician can see it as gaining him more votes than he loses by upholding the banner. While Gays can contribute mightily in certain local elections, we may, in fact, be anathema in the spawning grounds and the bedroom communities of our suburbs and Bible belts.

So, what is McGovern saying to us? Has he deserted his former position, or is he merely asking us to soft-pedal the whole issue until he can get into office and *then* he'll do something about it? One of the prime virtues of this man seems to be his insistence on honesty and credibility. Are we just too inept to see it? In speaking to Jim Foster

(McGovern delegate and Political Chairman of S.I.R.) after the convention, I had the impression that he was not the least concerned that his man had changed position, only that he might *appear* to have changed it. Of course, Jim had his run-ins, too, with bigots inside the McGovern camp. He made a couple of threats in response to a few minor put-downs, and in each case the big boys backed him up.

Frankly, I think George McGovern is still with us, though he may be loath to say so. God knows, he has enough other problems to try the patience of a more saintly man than he. Where I see the real dilemma for the average gay voter is on quite the other side of the fence.

Along with his liberal attitude toward gay rights, McGovern is extremely liberal—some say "radical"—on a great many other issues. It is here that I have heard the greatest number of people expressing their doubts. Observing the steady progress of our country toward a socialist state for several decades, we cannot help but wonder if electing McGovern isn't going to get us there just a little faster. Do most of us want higher Social Security benefits along with higher Social Security taxes? Do we want heavy cut-backs in military spending in order to fund the many federal services proposed by McGovern? How about bussing? (Surprising how many of our people can get hot under the collar on that one! As a friend recently remarked: "They've never said anything about bussing poodles.")

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But these are only a few of the considerations that make many of our people hesitate to pin that McGovern button on their lapels. In the long run, I think it speaks well for us. Selfish as we may be in many other ways, we are placing our own welfare behind the greater national issues. Is it smart? Is it right? Maybe the alternatives are *too* diverse this time, in contrast to the Nixon-Humphrey choice of four years ago. Right now we've time to wait and see. Before committing ourselves, maybe we'd better do just that! ●●●

THEATRE (Continued from Page 10)
 been waiting for years and years.

If you are one of those who believe that rhyming Proust with Pound is just the height of intellectuality you'll love *Follies*. Rodgers and Hart did all that better thirty years ago and managed to include

Schopenhauer in the clever "Strip" number in *Pal Joey*! So what's clever about Proust and Pound? Nothing, except that perhaps the lowest common denominator of theatre-goers has fallen over the decades or that the average intelligent audience is so starved for something new and original after the past dreary decade that it will go ape over any second-rate piece of un-memorabilia such as *Follies*. Bah!

So disappointed was I after the show that a musicologist friend of mine (whom I wish I could quote by name, as he is a name in show business) mildly disagreed and insisted that I take a second look at *Follies*. I cannot do that at the moment, but I will pass on his succinct summation of this 'new musical': "Theatrically perfect and musically serviceable." Maybe that is the truth. Go see for yourself.

(Continued on Page 29)

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Rover's Column



It was the ultimate run. Every last man of the 225 who gathered at that lovely site in the Sierras for the Annual CMC Run must endorse that statement. Sure, they bring in money at their utterly wild Carnival in San Francisco each November but the CMC guys certainly spend it when it comes to the staging of the best run anywhere during the summer. And yet this July Fourth event cost but thirty dollars per person for four days (for those who arrived a day earlier they also provided). The enjoyment, the marvelously staged and directed shows, one better than the other, the food—catered and how!—not to mention the beer and liquor that poured like the icy refreshing waters of the nearby creek—all that was worth three times the nominal registration fee.

Call it the ultimate run, a land-

mark achievement, this event of the year was what you expect these bike and outdoor meets to be but rarely are. The weather, the superb location away from the maddening holiday mobs, the organization and planning by the CMC members—just about everything was perfect. Not only were there shows (plural) that were original, cheerful and funny but there were down-to-earth bike events for those who were brave enough to ride to the almost inaccessible campsite. A doctor was in attendance for those greedy visitors who overindulged and for those unaccustomed to all that rarified mountain air. There were hot showers for the nellier types who eschewed the rushing waters of the creek where there was also plenty of fishing and swimming.

As for the butane lighter set that each guest received—that was an-

other CMC first.

That same weekend the Pals of L.A. held their Spring? Scrambles, which was a well-attended event but on a smaller scale though it was one of those outings where the club members enjoy themselves and the casual guest was somewhat at a loss for things to do apart from reading. The site of this run was in the mountains behind overcrowded L.A., so that there were frequent intrusions by straights, not a good omen on any run.

Another acclaimed weekend run was that of The San Franciscans to a private ranch one hour north of

(Continued on Page 28)

CMC—July 4, 1972

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3. & 4. Lunch at the field events.
- 5., 6., 7. Numbers from the two shows.
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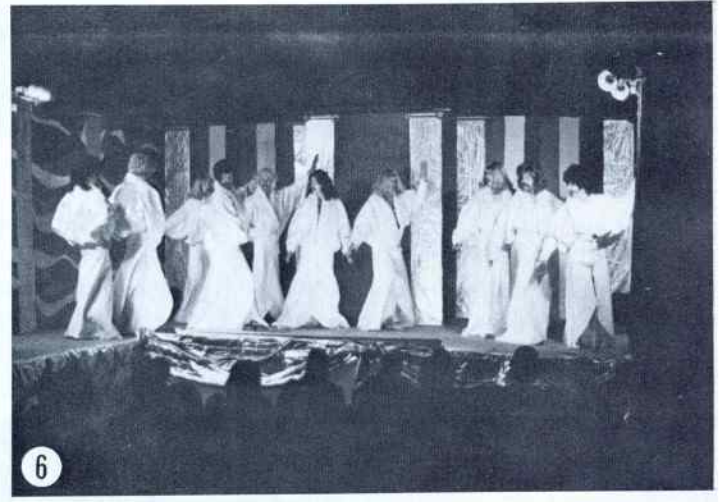
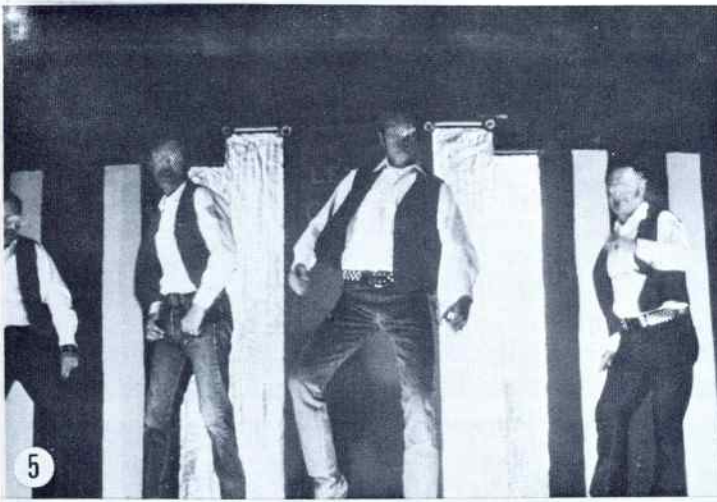
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By MEDIC

I have had some questions on the amphetamines and their effect on male sexuality and on the body in general. First of all, the amphetamines, of which methamphetamine or Methedine is the most often used and abused, are not aphrodisiacs—no drugs really are. While in recent years one form or another of the amphetamines has been used, often overused, to control obesity, mental depression and fatigue, their use as 'uppers' by the thrill-seekers, has become rampant and dangerous.

Tolerance to Methedrine and the other amphetamines is very rapidly built up by the body and the habituation rate is high. Average use per day runs as much as 100 milligrams but heavy users have been known to take 1000 milligrams a day intravenously. Consistent and heavy use of amphetamines is often used by males to prevent ejaculation while maintaining a prolonged erection. If this practice is continued complete impotence results and severe prostate problems can ensue. Severe depression usually sets in and it too has an adverse effect on sexual performance. As for the overall effect on the body—amphetamine abuse is accompanied quite often by serious malnutrition and fatigue so these mask the direct effect of the drug from an examining physician. The antidote for amphetamine habituation is complete abstinence—cold turkey. In the doses recommended by doctors have almost no influence on a patient's sexuality.

* * * *

Many anxious inquiries about the blood's cholesterol level from some youngish patients in their thirties indicate that a few words on this topic might be in order.

Everyone has cholesterol in the bloodstream. A most important ingredient in the body's chemistry it is. For one thing, it is the principal factor in the manufacture of sex hormones. But just as with many other good things, too much of it can be bad. Too much cholesterol is not expelled from the body but is deposited on the linings of the blood vessels and in time the buildup becomes a blockage with fatal results. A cholesterol buildup accelerates strokes and coronaries but is not the only factor involved in their onset. However, it is one of the factors that can be controlled. The first step is to have your cholesterol level checked by your doctor who will at the same time check your blood pressure. He will usually prescribe diet changes and possibly some medication. The doctor will often advise a daily exercise program but this is rarely followed. But the measures undertaken do not have their greatest effect unless they are all taken as part of a total program.

Cholesterol is measured as being so many milligrams to each 100 milliliters of blood serum. The desirable level in males is about 200 milligrams per 100 milliliters of blood at the age of thirty, although

some authorities regard this as being still too high. The chief villain in our diets are the unsaturated fats in eggs, butter and meat and in dairy products. The average male consumption of these foods is roughly double what is desirable to maintain a healthy cholesterol level. Therefore your doctor can tell more from your blood than that you are 'clean' vis-a-vis syphilis. Isn't it time you had that general checkup that everyone should undergo annually? ●●●

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TRAVEL (Continued from Page 21)
and dangerous. So be prepared, if you select the latter.

The Snake Pit, in front of Castel Nuovo, at 39 Vittorio Emanuele III is supposed to be gay on Mondays, but I didn't find it so. It was one of those girlie show nightclubs. Maybe it was gay, on second thought, and those men I saw there were the real butch butch. I can't say for sure . . . so check if you are intrigued by doubt.

In the Galleria Umberto I, there is continuous cruising, not heavy,

but sufficient; and at night it gets heavier, of course. The movie theatre in the Galleria, the Collosseo, is supposed to have action in the back rows (platea). I wanted to go, because of a well-advertised sex film, but I lingered too long over dinner (a great pleasure in Italy) and arrived too late. The theatre was recommended by a reliable source. Try it. You may have a *great* time.

If I were recommending resorts near Naples, I would suggest going directly to Sorrento and from Sorrento, taking the ferry to Capri. I

personally prefer Sorrento, because it is such a charming resort town and its main hotels all overlook the water, and it is heaven for me. But for those who need action to achieve a celestial happiness Capri should be your choice. I only visited Capri for a day, but in my short visit there I knew this was *the* island. It was calm and elegant and busy, especially near the main square. Via Krupp, which leads you to a winding path to the sea, is supposed to be very cruisy at night.

(Continued on Page 30)

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RUVER (Continued from Page 24)

the city. The rented horses, the midnight to three a.m. hayride and the substantial food and liquor plied the guests made it a memorable (and cheap) weekend out of town for over a hundred guys from thirteen clubs, including the Druids of Washington, D.C., and the Motor Sports Club of Amsterdam. That weekend I also learned of a new and very 'in' western and bike bar in Denver you might like to check out when up in the Rockies. Named *Don's Alley*, it's off 16th Street in

an alley behind the Denver Theatre and was formerly a back room of a bar called My Place. This new Don's Alley is a liquor bar.

A wild Barbary Coaster just in from Atlanta reports that The Onyx is now very much the bike and ? bar in the southeast. It's on West Peach in Atlanta and is already the headquarters of the Unicorns Motorcycle Club.

At the end of July the South Atlantics (PCMC or whatever) held their second annual Black Mountain overnight run. Over a hundred

studs, mostly from L.A., enjoyed this weekend with a most hospitable club. Early in August the Glockenspiels of L.A. hosted a mad overnight run. At the festivities they served six different types of sausage—all domestic!

A small but always pleasant run (about thirty-five) this summer was that of L.A.'s 'Holy Rollers'. Dubbed a 'Christmas in July' run it had all the trappings—Christmas dinner, gifts, tree and so on.

My latest run was the Constantines of San Francisco's Circus Run to a state park in the Stockton Delta area at the end of August. Good times prevailed for the hundred and twenty who attended and the circus theme brought out the strangest costumes (I was the only one in a trapeze artist's outfit but one of the clowns won...) The treeless campsite was hot as hell during the day but at night it was just right for trapeze artists, clowns and tumblers to get together.

The last weekend run before Labor Day (and that eagerly awaited L.A. sponsored run to the High Sierras) was a mad two-day set of events, mystery rides and so forth sponsored by L.A.'s 'Warhoops'. This ended with a motorcycles-only run to a fig farm out of town followed by a poolside banquet at a beautiful home in the Valley. Luckily, everyone had such a good time that the many riders who intended to go on to the Black Pipe afterwards were late and so were not embroiled in the biggest mass raid on a bar in recent years. (You will be reading elsewhere about the HELP party which the vice attended at the popular Black Pipe and

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after it was officially over arrested twenty-one of the persons there.)

THEATRE (Continued from Page 23)

LENNY by Julian Barry. Music by Tom O'Horgan. Stars Sandy Baron, Joe Silver, Robert Weil and James Wigfall. Directed by Tom O'Horgan. The Aquarius Theatre, Hollywood.

Lenny purports to be a semi-musical version of the late Lenny Bruce's unorthodox career, personally and in show business. In the version of the successful New York stage presentation now at the Aquarius, Lenny does not come across too well. The staging is poor and the sets are like something left over from the last show at Troupers Hall. Perhaps I saw it all too soon and perhaps by now everything is together in a cohesive whole. Even the theatre seemed wrong. (L.A. does not want for splendid theatres crying out for new productions this season.)

Needless to say, the musicality of Lenny is as forgettable as that of *Follies*; it is on the dramatic level that this show seemed to me to be grievously lacking in direction and presentation. Alas, the star of the New York *Lenny*—Cliff Gorman (of *Boys in the Sand* fame) is not in the L.A. version. Sandy Baron is capable but does not have the fire necessary to put over this shaky vehicle. Baron is the epitome of the good second best player after the star has gone elsewhere. Perhaps with prac-

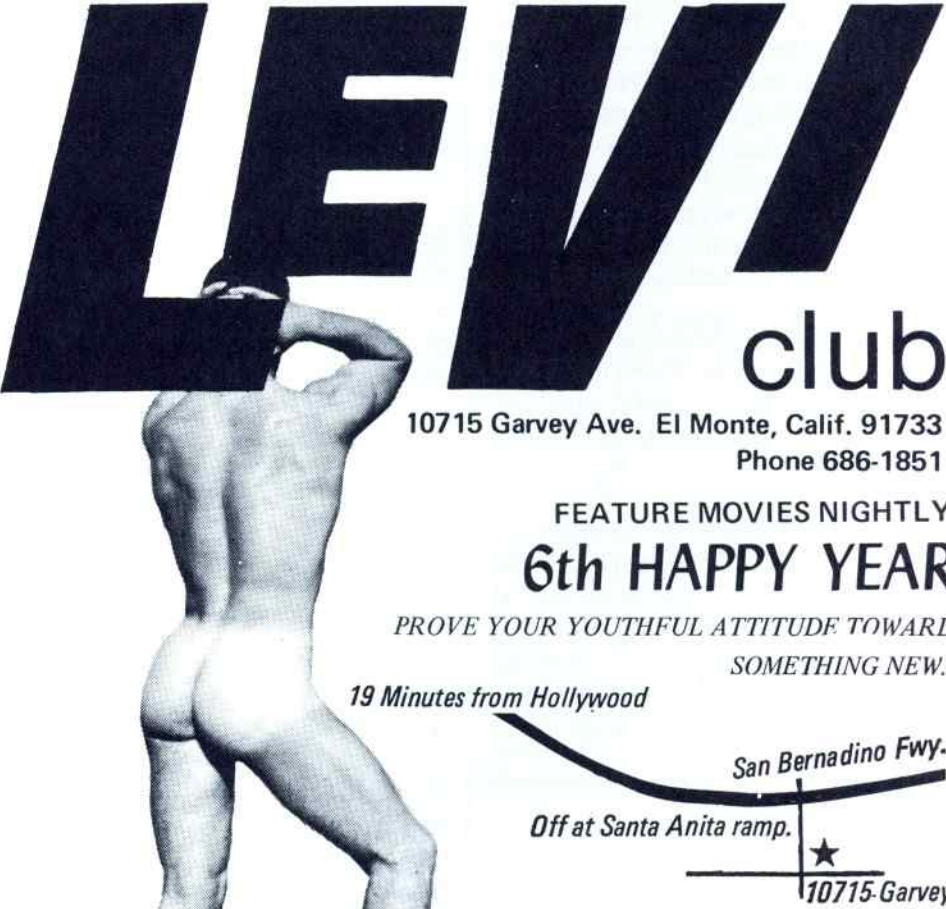
tice Mr. Baron will prove a winner. One of the few convincing people on stage the night I saw the show was James Wigfall, a natural black comedian who has already registered favorably in such theatricals as *Fortune and Men's Eyes* in San Francisco. It may or may not be worth your time and money, depending on how involved you are

with show biz.

IN BRIEF:

Similar to, but not as elaborate or well-staged as *Follies* was that large offering of nostalgia which just closed at San Francisco's Orpheum which had the catchall title of 'The Big Show of 1936'. Allan Jones, as master of ceremonies,

(Continued on Page 30)



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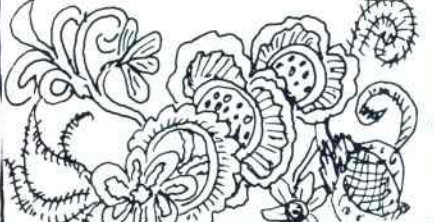
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THEATRE

(Continued from Page 29)

coped with the sound and lighting bugs and kept the acts moving. He also sang the songs he made famous thirty years ago but made the mistake of offering fortuitously a long selection from the tired and maudlin sixties musical, *Man From La Mancha*. Of the many names of yesteryear who did their vaudevillean best on stage, Cass Daly was the star of the evening, although for many in the audience there were pleasurable moments when the Ink Spots, Virginia O'Brien and Sally Rand performed, the latter in great shape for a gal of sixty-eight who after all those years did her thing once more with the fans to the serene strains of Debussy's Clair de Lune.

This month *Norman, Is That You?* is playing at The On Broadway. As in the successful long Los Angeles run of the play this version is also an all black one. *Norman, Is That You?* started out in New York as a funny tale of a gay Jewish lad's troubles with his parents. By all accounts the Los Angeles version at the Ebony Showcase Theatre is much funnier than the original, which is probably why the San Francisco version is also black.

TRAVEL (Continued from Page 27):

(This, unfortunately for me, is passed-on information.) Positano, another picturesque resort, is also popular with the Gays during the

summer. Whatever your choice, though, Capri, Positano or Sorrento, your visit will become something special . . . because all three are truly pleasant places to be.

In Sicily, there is Catania. Catania, in my opinion, is like Naples, and I recommend caution here. The only area which I was courageous enough to investigate was under the bridge, running parallel to the Via Garibaldi. If you cross Via Garibaldi at the Strada Marina and turn to your left or right, you should find some pretty rough hustlers there. Be careful, though. Sicily is very poor, and the people are hard. A life means nothing to some.

I didn't spend much time in Sicily, only long enough to see some of the old Roman and Greek ruins, and then I headed north again . . . to Venice. For those who like pigeons, and I don't, a walk through Saint Mark's Square is a must. At night it's best, because there are less tourists, and the pigeons are roosting. The grand Piazzetta which leads to the square from the water can be cruisy, especially on weekends when all of Venice is on the streets. For really good cruising, though, I prefer the area around the urinal on the Via Ramo Cossetti (Piazzale Roma). Cruisers linger by the newsstand, others wander into the urinal, and still others drift slowly through the park nearby. If you want fast action, this is the place to go. After you have located your dream, the place to take him for a moment of passion is the toi-

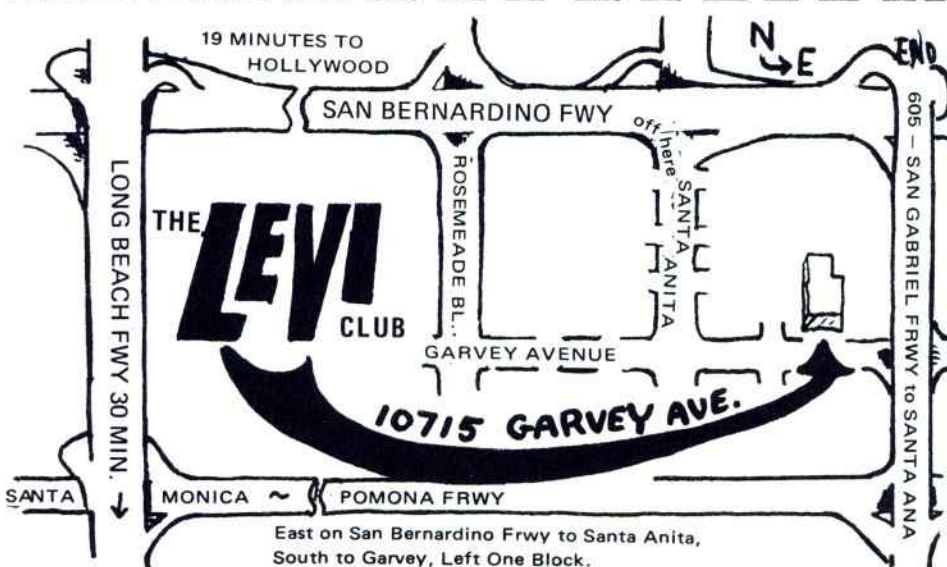
let in the central train station (between tracks 14 and 15) halfway into the station. It is a nice, lonely spot, and if you lock yourself in a cabinet, you will have all the privacy you need.

Another urinal which enjoys activity, but not so much, is the one on the tree-lined Giardini off the Via Rio Tera Garibaldi. The urinal is to your right of the gates, and at night traffic picks up. The urinal walls inside are done in neo-phallic cubism (i.e., drawings of distorted cocks in various sizes and shapes). Also, I'm sure you'll find the area interesting. Some of the butchest-looking men walk Via Garibaldi. I don't know if they could be persuaded, but it could be fun trying. And finally, there's Harry's Bar, at 1325 Calle De Ca Valleresso. It is mixed, expensive and American, and tiresomely American at that.

In Florence, the most exciting area I found was in the train station (the toilets between tracks three and four and between tracks two and five). Both toilets are near each other and cruisers move quickly between them, and sometimes linger appetizingly outside of them. The Ponte Vecchio is supposed to be very good at night, but when I was there, it was congested with American hippies, and the atmosphere was far from gay. Maybe you will have better luck there. Unfortunately, these are the only places I know of in Florence. I was really too busy shopping (what a city for the shopper!) to look for more places.

This is Italy, the Italy I know. I hope you will find it as friendly and as fun as I did. ●●●

A word of caution from the Editors: Concerning the Italians of the poorer class—well, beware. They'll rob you blind with all the charm and smiles for which they are famous. Come the dawn and your wallet has disappeared, then your view from that flower-covered balcony over an azure sea will only help to make you feel really blue. In Italy the traveler must always beware.



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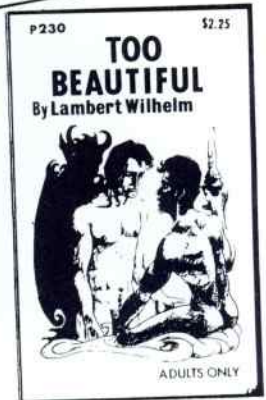
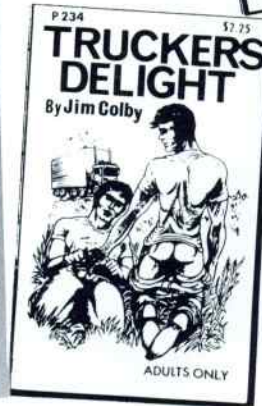
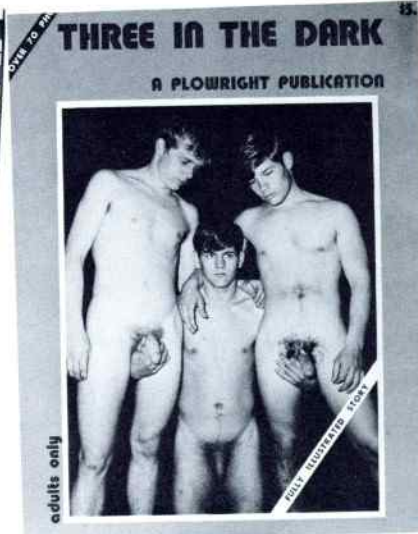
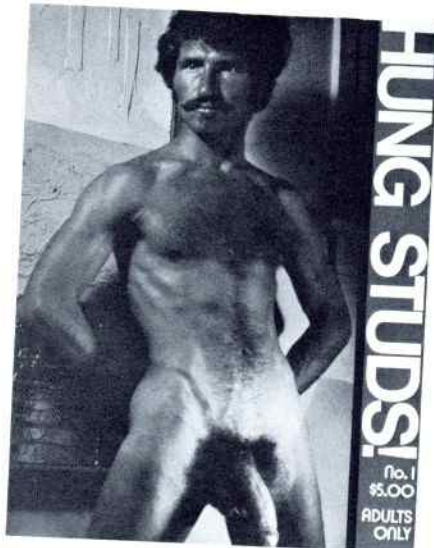
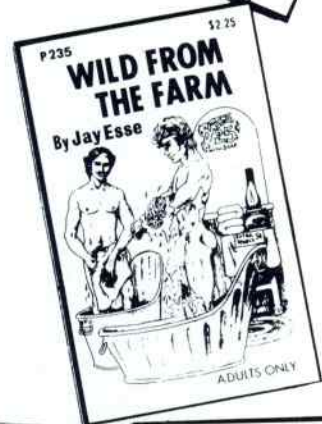
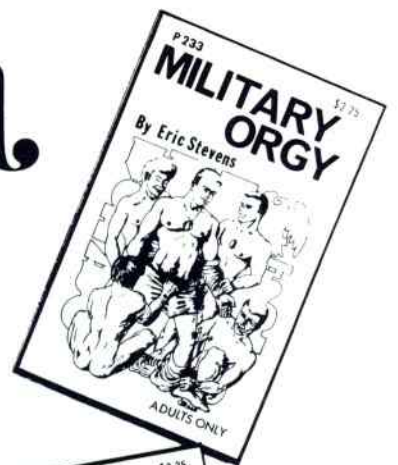
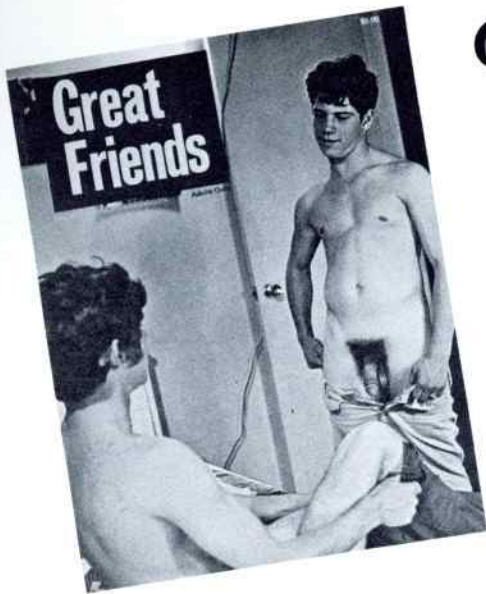
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