IN TOUCH™
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RICHARD THOMAS · BURT PINES · PAUL BEHUS

DAVID ALLEN / RAY TODD / JIM CASSIDY / JOEY DANIELS IN "THE LIGHT FROM THE SECOND STORY WINDOW"
CO-STARRING RICHARD LAUETTE AND WINSTON KRAMER WITH BRAD PRESTON / EVA FAYE / RICHARD LINDSTROM / VICKI MILLS / WILLIAM LASKY / FELISHA FARR · CINEMATOGRAPHY BY BRAD KINGSTON
PRODUCED BY STU DREXYL · WRITTEN FOR THE SCREEN AND DIRECTED BY DAVID ALLEN · PHOTOGRAPHED IN EASTMAN COLOR

A JAGUAR PRODUCTIONS RELEASE

IN TOUCH

celebrating gay awareness

volume 1, number 1 october 1973

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OUR COVER: Gene Poe (left) and Stu Evans exchange a thought. See Idlewild Idyll beginning on page 18.
This Page: Richard Thomas (page 10), Paul Behus (page 24), Michel (page 34).

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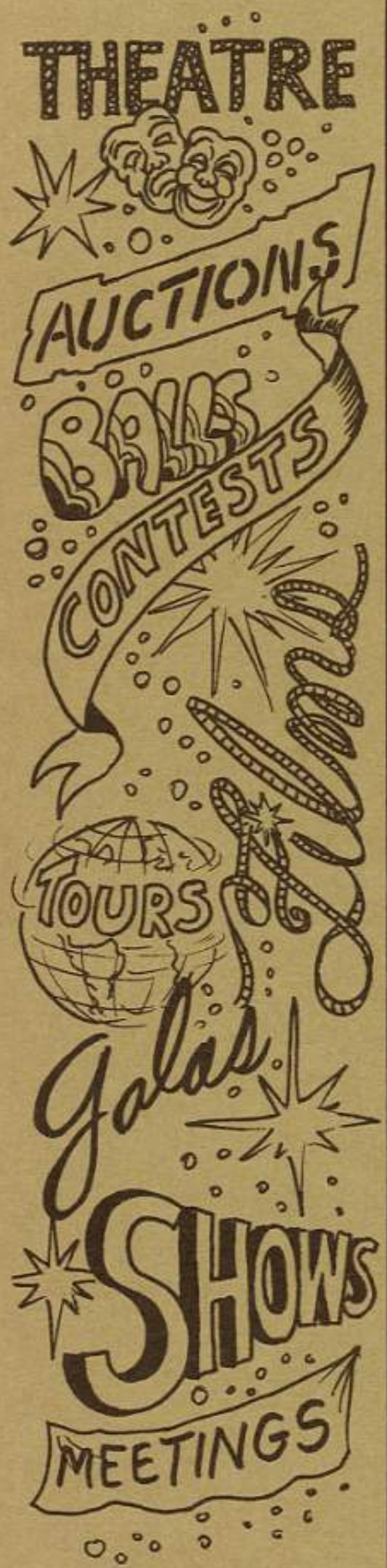
The CALENDAR



S	M	T	
	1	2	
7 3:00p.m. Professor Barry Dank speaks on the topic Sociology of Gay Life. One, Inc. 2256 Venice Blvd. L.A. (near Western)	8	9 8:00 p.m. The monthly SPREE meeting features a Gala Drag Show plus films. Troupers' Hall 1625 No. La Brea Hollywood	
14		16 The now-classical Richard Chamberlain starts a 6-week run as CYRANO de BERGERAC Ahmanson Theatre 135 No. Grand Los Angeles	
21	22	23	
28 The fabulous annual GCRC Halloween Costume Ball at the International Hotel near International Airport starts at 7:00 p.m. This is the biggy!		30	

for OCTOBER

W	T	F	S
3	4	5	6
10 The incomparable Carol Channing opened a 7-week engagement last night in the musical LORELEI Shubert Theatre 2020 Ave. of the Stars Century City		12	13
17	18	19	20 8:00 p.m. Monthly meeting of DIGNITY Newman Center 4665 Willowbrook Los Angeles
24	25	26	27
31			

IN TOUCH will be happy to receive listings for our Calendar. To be included, listing must be in our offices not later than 10th of month preceding issue (Sept. 10 for November, Oct. 10 for December, etc.). Please include location, address and time as well as other pertinent material.

The Prospect Before Us

Welcome to IN TOUCH.

As we put this first issue to press, it seems a good idea to take some time and space to tell you a little about ourselves and our hopes and plans for IN TOUCH. Normally this page will be devoted to letters from our readers as we hope the magazine will speak for itself without the need to editorialize.

The magazine you are holding in your hand is the result of about 18 months of planning and about three months of actual labor.

Many of our contributors are people whom we have worked with for a number of years. Others are friends whose talents we are enjoying for the first time. Still others were strangers until a short time ago. All of them have worked with diligence to help make this magazine exciting and vital. We feel that they have achieved a fair degree of success.

As we work toward the future we realize that IN TOUCH will go through some changes. As we grow and mature, a stronger personality will emerge. We already have many ideas of some of the things which might happen and, as we become more familiar with our audience, many new ideas will be incorporated into our concept.

The single most important factor in the future of IN TOUCH is, of course, you, our reader. After all, the magazine is for you and we want it to meet your needs. To do this we will need your help and support in a number of areas.

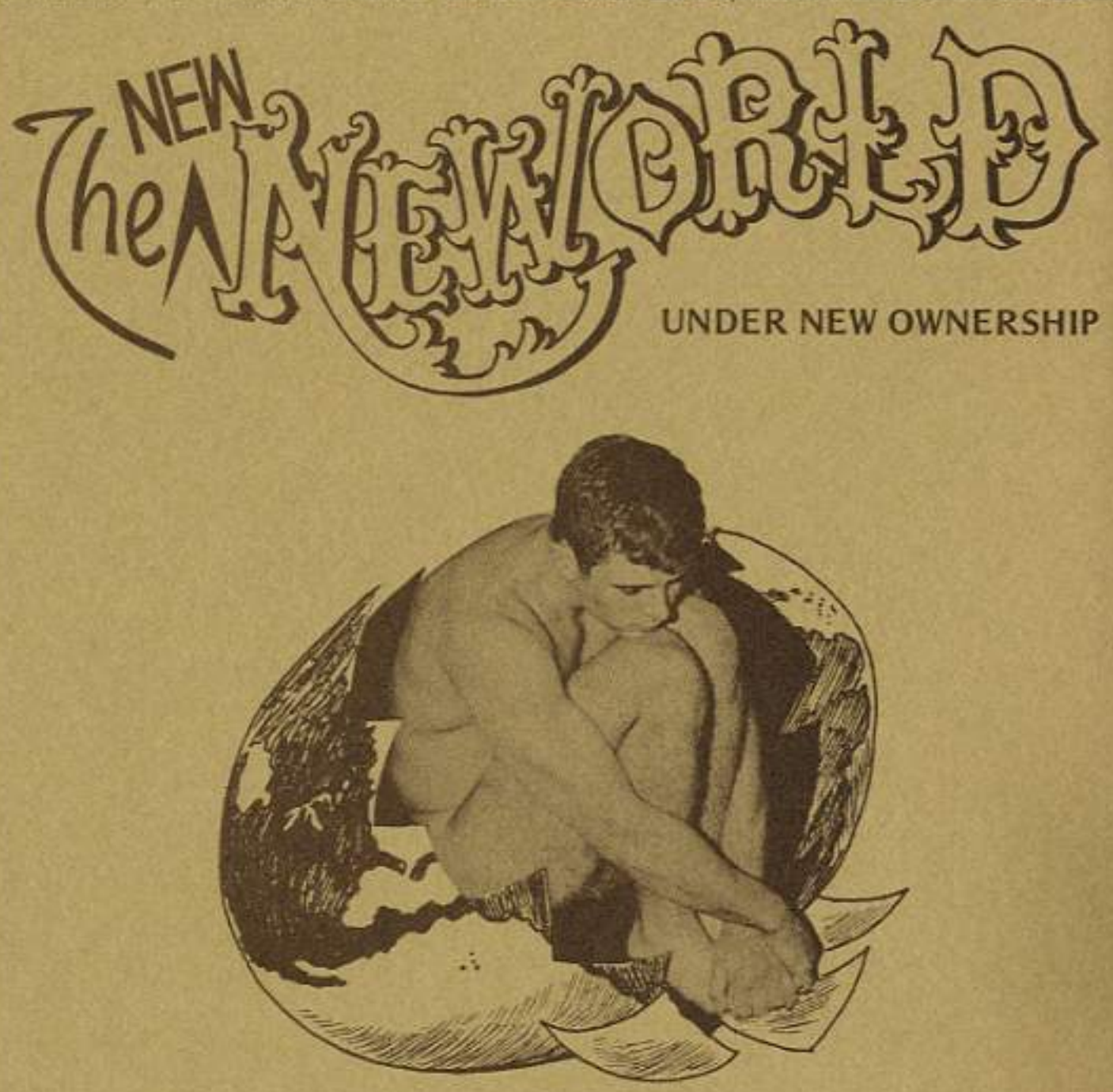
First of all, we want to hear from you—your reactions to what you see and your suggestions about what you don't see. We're just starting and while we are proud of what we've accomplished so far, we know the job has just begun. Let us know what you think!

We are also very much open to what you might be able to bring to IN TOUCH by way of writing, art, photography, or as a model and we urge those of you with capabilities in these areas to contact us with your suggestions.

And, finally, we must consider the big way in which we will have to have your help and support if we are to survive. With IN TOUCH we are trying to produce for the homophile community something which will be unique—a quality magazine comparable to publications in the general market. It is an expensive undertaking. Because, in addition to quality we want to be openly, honestly, and thoroughly (meaning exploring our bonds as well as celebrating our differences) gay, we will not have the support of large national advertisers to help pay our costs. Therefore, if we are to succeed, we will need your support as subscribers and as advertisers. We intend to succeed, but without your support we cannot. In this, we are aware we are fighting an uphill battle. We've all been burned by publishers and mail order firms in the past. IN TOUCH does not want to be another example of this kind of con game. With this in mind, it is our plan to set aside our subscription money, pro-rating its use on an issue to issue basis, so that if something should happen to our magazine, you won't be the ones to suffer our losses.

So we invite and urge you to join us in our trip—celebrating our gay world—its joys and its challenges—and in helping us to make IN TOUCH a vital and exciting experience.

William Sheffler, *Editor*



WHERE IT'S AT

BARS BATHS Restaurants THEATRES Shops

CRUISE AND SCORE SITES

THE PUB—Tourists, beach boys, and locals mix well in this casual atmosphere. 224 Helena, Santa Barbara.

GRIFF'S—Prime leather and Levi stalking, always a horde, lines form for weekend congregating. Studs show early. Bikes. 5574 Melrose, Hollywood.

1170—It is there.

BUNKHOUSE—Kicky roundup bunch with jaunty cowboy bartenders. A few retired rodeo stars hold the fort between shifts of popularity. Never can tell when the rodeo is in town. 4519 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, towards Silver Lake from the 1170 in Hollywood.

DETOUR—Familiar cruisy location has given birth to new center of activity. Western and leather mixing it up with beer and culture. Films and games and original music. Find it at the corner of Santa Monica and Sunset in Silver Lake at 1087 Manzanita, Los Angeles.

FALCON'S LAIR—Western, leather, and followers. Weekend gang swells out into the patio and up onto the game room. Weekdays strictly cruising. 742 N. Highland, Hollywood.

JAGUAR—Mixed, heavy cruising mingles with swaying crowd. Lines on weekends. Notorious Sunday conventions. 7511 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood.

GOLIATH'S—Three continuous go-go boys, two continuous films, and restless crew are part of a conspiracy to capture you in a unique excitement game. 7011 Melrose, West Hollywood.

DUDE CITY—Impetuous young tribe has mostly become disloyal, groovy clan remains around pool table in need of cruising. 836 N. Highland, Hollywood. Nice place for a break from the Falcon's Lair down the street.

THE HUB—Mixed crowd converges for one purpose. Busy pool room waits at end of long corridor bar. 7864 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood.

THE HAYLOFT—Western bar designed for cruising. Mixed afterhours holds good bunch. 11818 Ventura Blvd., Studio City.

TRUCK STOP—T-shirts and tattoos, Levi and sawdust, beer and cruising. Bike conventions on Sundays. Always kicky and jumping weekends. 13257 Ventura Blvd., Studio City.

BIG BROTHER—Seaside cowboys and cowgirls accord a lively mosaic with a pool room temper. 1616 Washington, Venice.

JIM'S CORRAL—Some of the hunkiest numbers in the Southland have discovered where the rustling is good. Becoming stompin' grounds for hot Levi and leather. Just off the Artesia Frwy. at Cherry. 2020 Artesia Blvd., North Long Beach.

LIL LUCY'S—Social gatherings on weekdays easily transform to young heavy cruising mob on weekends. 1200 E. Broadway, Long Beach.

D.O.K. WEST— Most all the gangs come together for Garden Grove's big scene. Sociable types bump elbows with cruisers. 12889 Garden Grove, Garden Grove.

BEE JAYS—Rowdy gang refuses not to have a great time. Everybody welcome, lots of Levi, on the park across from USO and baths. 750 India, San Diego.

SWING—Largest cross-section, cruising for everyone, always busy, come and find your corner. 3175 India, San Diego.

CLUB—Assortment, leather nights, Sunday Brunch bunch swells to early afternoon crush. 2501 Kettner, San Diego.

MUST SCORE TIME

THE OUTCAST—Early hours heavy leather score, workout Levi score, kinky score. Gangs mix during afterhours, tangling through three-room cruising grounds. Santa Monica Blvd. at Virgil Ave. in Silver Lake.

TRADESMAN—Double bar, double movies. Raunchy before hours becomes cruisy afterhours throng. Just off the alley. Melrose at Vista, West Hollywood.

OUTER LIMITS—The whole town shows up afterhours, crowding chicken out onto the dance floor and filling all empty spaces. 11918 Garden Grove, Garden Grove.

JERRY'S HOLE—Chicken keeps dancing while the afterhours flow fills the hole. Heavy cruising in the patio.

MOSTLY ON THE DANCE FLOOR

AFTER DARK—Disco, D.J. pulls in nightly congestion. Core regiment into fashion but atmos remains relaxed. One ballroom, three bars, dining room, and lookout balcony. Find it on Beverly Blvd., the northeast corner at La Cienega Blvd., in West Hollywood.

GINO'S—All night dancing, traditional chicken has expanded afterhours, large platoon into fashion, large funk faction, friendly pool players, coffee drinkers, jitterbuggers, and must-score posse. 8452 Melrose, West Hollywood.

BUTCH GARDENS—Very California with gay caballeros prancing among the friendliest casual crowd. Large barroom dance. Decor is bizarre, an assemblage of gargoyled stone walls, red rams' heads breathing fire, mirrors and dancing beams of light. Good cruising and cheerful bartenders for talkers. 3037 Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake.

OIL CAN HARRY'S—*The dancers* meet here for nightly congregationals. Also cruising but mostly conflux. 11502 Ventura, Studio City.

OFFICE—Black light ballroom boogie and orange light corner pinball are both neatly shuffled into a large mirror box. 13817 Ventura, Sherman Oaks.

OUTER LIMITS—Afterhours, Disco, mongrel symposium with elegant air of nostalgia; Valley youths into fashion arrive early. Enter in the rear off Whitsett on the east side before reaching the south corner at Magnolia, in North Hollywood.

DIAMOND HORSESHOE—Fun saloon atmos hosts mobs every night for cruising and dancing. Two bars, separate dance floor; small cartoon theatre. 2523 E. Anaheim, Wilmington.

VICTOR HUGO'S—Show spot with separate dance floor and bar. Good weekend crowd, crowded most nights after show. Cover. 750 E. Broadway, Long Beach.

OUTER LIMITS—Soft drink chicken hop, ultra-violet dance floor; Tiffany trade pool room find harmonious balance. 11918 Garden Grove, Garden Grove.

OUTRIGGER—Hybrid tribe into dancing, beachbar weekdays, nightly crowds intertwine parties, mobs on Sunday from all over town. 844 W. Mission, Mission Bay, San Diego.

DIABLO'S—Intersexual mix, mostly girls' bar with large reinforcements of boys and straights. Everybody dancing. Large adjoining bar and game room. 2533 El Cajon, San Diego.

ALSO DANCE FLOOR

HANDLEBAR—Rudy is waiting to take care of you. Fun dancing, sociable liquor bar, and cozy grill in back. One of the friendliest spots in Hollywood. 5925 Franklin Ave.

THE PARK—Sometimes crowd has plenty of room for dancing or carousing around elevated beer bar. Weekend cover. Afterhours. 4658 Melrose, Los Angeles.

RIVER CLUB—Two bars, one comfortable bar with nice leaners-on watching small floor filled with graceful dancers, also a corner bar near the pool table where the boys are sup-

posed to hang out. 3152 Riverside Dr., in North Silver Lake.

RENDEZVOUS LOUNGE—Small crowd for dancing, dark and cruisy corners, and neighborhood social bar as well. 7746 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood.

BRASS RAIL—Clean liquor bar with small, hot, and wild dance floor. Not always open. Located behind Dude City. 836 N. Highland, Hollywood.

GLASS ONION—Beer and wine lounge, good dance floor, sometimes shows, great buffets on Wednesday, weekend rush.

S.S. FRIENDSHIP—Always lively waves of beachgoers but also lively local night spot for tides of dancing and cruising. 112 W. Channel Rd., Santa Monica.

PADDLE BOARD II—Services large South Bay area for cruising, socializing, dancing, and afterhours must-score. Weekend hordes. 1417 Pacific Coast Hwy., Redondo Beach.

THE CLUB HOUSE—Warm atmosphere created by gentle blend of various types of local people. Coziness of being almost private and the friendliness of being open to visitors. Also a team from Cal Tech adds party atmos. 1936 E. Colorado, Pasadena.

BARBARY COAST—Large dance floor holds good weekend crowd. Dance and look up at silver bellies plopping into the airport. Exciting and noisy flight pattern. 2431 Pacific Hwy., San Diego.

HOP HOUSE—Growing accommodations soon to include dance floor for already jumping group. Cheerful renaissance management. 3827 Park Blvd., San Diego.

JERRY'S HOLE—Chicken coop hangout, also afterhours throng. 1858 San Diego, San Diego.

ENTERTAINMENT AND SUCH

LLOYD—Sandra Alexander sings soul into your unholy flesh, also pick up the children by the toes and throws them out on the dance floor. Mixed intersexual dancing and other minglings. 739 N. La Brea, Hollywood.

BLA BLA CAFE—Coffeehouse atmos with plenty of good acts. Great for insomniacs, music lovers, parties, and lots of love. Famous for afterhours breakfast. 11059 Ventura, Studio City.

C'EST LA VIE—Thick with atmosphere, comfortable lounge with female impersonators engaged in pantomime of a 1940's Pearl Harbor floor show. International numbers prevail. Tourist spot. 11920 Ventura, Studio City.

CAESAR'S—Quality live acts, impersonators and comics. Reservations suggested. 12179½ Ventura, Studio City.

QUEEN MARY—Fun crowds always. Female impersonators, comic skits, live and pantomime, amateur nights. 12449 Ventura, Studio City.

REDWOOD ROOM—Female impersonators in established showbar. Sometimes the best show in town and then again . . . 3372 W. 8th, Wilshire District, Los Angeles.

TOY TIGER—Large lounge with great piano bar. Blake Hudson at the grand creating happy singalong of old favorites and current show tunes. Nightly mobs. 2538 Hyperion, Silver Lake.

LITTLE CAVE—Country and western piano bar, everyone sings. 3111 Sunset, Silver Lake.

PIER XII—Weekend comic skits for campy fun, just off the beach, very mixed clientele. 2722 Main St., Santa Monica.

MARY'S CELEBRITY HOUSE—Gina at the piano spellbinds all the young men downstairs with her blue-eyed soul. Upstairs has majestic ocean view dining. 5101 E. Ocean, Long Beach.

VICTOR HUGO'S—Part of this entertainment complex includes a show room for a variety of entertainment. Call for program. 730 E. Broadway, Long Beach. (213) 433-0331.

SHOW BIZ—Manager-director Clint Johnson lives and breathes to entertain you. His TURNABOUTS is the best show going anywhere. Live singing, impersonations, burlesque skits, and pantomimes are all put through the limits of spectacle on a small stage. 1421 University, San Diego.

COMING CLEAN

YMAC—Young Men's Athletic Club, a small club for members and guests, good facilities, private rooms and large bunkhouse upstairs. Hunky types abound. 7661 Melrose, West Hollywood.

3rd STREET ATHLETIC CLUB—Private club with nice facilities. Young, healthy, and lively members and quiet, private rooms. 8709 W. 3rd St., West Hollywood.

ORLANDO BATHS—Small, private club with real Finnish Rock Steam. Mature but experienced and wholesome members. Wednesday night is buddy night. Closed at 1 AM. 309 S. Orlando, West Hollywood.

MELROSE SOCIAL CLUB—Private bath, guests welcome. Usually active but not too busy. Mature crowd. 7269 Melrose, West Hollywood.

CYPRESS BATHS—Formerly Gemini Baths. Small and private for early evening get together. 5291 Fountain, Hollywood.

TURKISH BATHS—Mature crowd turns lively and mixed afterhours weekends. Private rooms usually filled and hallways light for cruising. Good rendezvous spot. 5524 Santa Monica, Hollywood.

MID-TOWNE BATHS—The best facilities to be found, includes three floors of private rooms, swimming pool indoors, jacusi, two steam rooms, lounges, game room, television room, and restaurant. Cleanest facilities and best accommodations. Large membership and many Saturday night guests. 24 hours. 615 S. Kohler, Downtown Los Angeles.

GLEN'S—Turkish baths around the clock. Mobs caravan only on weekends. Established. 4550 Brooklyn, East Los Angeles.

CORRAL CLUB—Many corridors, many rooms, all sizes and shapes for all trips. Good services and accommodations. Always crowded, always variety; heavy young. 3747 Cahuenga, Studio City.

AMERICAN CONTINENTAL BATH—Convenient North Hollywood bath with plenty of private rooms and a very interesting series of interconnected bunk rooms. Friendly attendants and open membership. 5729 Cahuenga, North Hollywood.

HOLIDAY BATHS—Decent setup, good service; open around the clock. Mixed respectable crowd. 14435 Victory, Van Nuys.

WELLINGTON CLUB—Around the clock crowd, mostly young with a lot of humpy numbers. Nice facilities with outdoor heated pool and patio. 1202 E. Anaheim, Wilmington.

ATLAS BATHS—Small, lively downtown bath with raunchy types. Across from Bee Jays and USO. 743 Columbia, Downtown San Diego.

GLEN'S TURKISH BATHS — Downtown mixed crowd makes for an exciting adventure. Good accommodations as well. 867 4th, Downtown San Diego.

DAVE'S—Always busy with weekend crush scene. Clean and modern. Established. 4969 Santa Monica, Ocean Beach, San Diego.

ALLEY CATS CORNER

ODYSSEY—Sex on the skids stays healthier near the beach. 221 State St., Santa Barbara.

SPOTLIGHT—Selma Avenue rest stop mixes it up with golden Cadillacs and neighborhood alley cats. Always a party. Cruising pays off. 1621 Cahuenga, Downtown Hollywood.

SPEAK 39—Heavy trade mixes it up with beautiful exotic drags. Gets rough, gets happy, gets tough, gets frolicky, and always alive. Cahuenga at Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood.

ALDO'S—Just off the alley. Plenty of talk and drink and food. Sunday brunch makes good bait. Trade makes calls. Drags welcome when ladylike. Bartenders are the friendliest. 6413 Hollywood Blvd., Downtown Hollywood.

HOUSE OF IVY—Dance floor for mixed rabble, friendly trade on break. Perennial spot with ever-changing environment. 1640 N. Las Palmas, Downtown Hollywood.

THE ALLEY—*Bold Venture at the Alley* is a sometimes busy place and tourist rest stop, usually trade. 6357 Hollywood Blvd., Downtown Hollywood.

CHIEF CRAZY HORSE SALOON—Bizarre atmos has become home for trade gone gay. Good spot to find a wrestling partner. Hollywood and Vine, in the heart of Hollywood.

MY HOUSE—Neighborhood alley cats come together for lots of laughter and elbow bending. 1626 N. Cahuenga, Downtown Hollywood.

THE NEW GASLIGHT—Promising renaissance in alley fare, should have no trouble in bringing crowd together. On the grounds of the late Sewers of Paris, with the namesake of the Gaslight, and modernized atmosphere of the Vieux Carre, something is bound to happen. Check it out, just off Selma at Ivar, behind the Ivar Theatre, Downtown Hollywood.

LEMON TWIST LOUNGE—Clean and comfortable with well-behaved clientele usually. Will score. Worthwhile. 6434 Yucca, Downtown Hollywood.

J.B.'s—Cozy spot for alley cats to get to know each other. 6365 Yucca, Downtown Hollywood.

THE CELLAR—Strictly trade. Bath upstairs. On Santa Monica west of Western, Hollywood.

LAST CALL SALOON—Trade, Latins, Oakies, limp-wrist veterans, and closet queens move about the pool table or clutch glasses in corners. Santa Monica Blvd. just east of Western, Hollywood.

HAROLD'S—Cuspidor and linoleum atmosphere hosts mixing of traveling trade, respectable gentlemen, questionable ladies, approachable lost souls and liquor. 555 S. Main, Downtown L.A.

THE WALDORF—Spittoon and concrete atmosphere plays host to heavy traffic mix of mainstreet locals, trade, servicemen, Latins, and other fiery types. 527 S. Main, Downtown L.A.

THE CROWN JEWEL—Downtown locals, traveling trade, California caballeros, and tourists blend in mellow scene. Good pool. 754 S. Olive, Downtown L.A.

CIRCLE BAR—City gentlemen play host to country boys. 324 W. 5th, Downtown L.A.

THE HAVEN—City street locals find agreeably comfortable shelter and amazingly accommodating trade at pool table. Broadway at Long Beach Blvd., Downtown Long Beach.

BRADLEY'S—On Horton Plaza, this huge barroom opens back its doors to heavy downtown traffic of tradesmen, servicemen, gentlemen, and trade. 303 Broadway, Downtown San Diego.

BRASS RAIL—Reopening under construction across the street. Formerly 3802 5th St., Downtown San Diego. Check it out.

STRICTLY DINING AFFAIRS

CARRIAGE TRADE, 8077 W. Beverly Blvd., West Hollywood.

Intimate '40s ambience. One room with dividers separating bar from main dining area. Menu is mostly steaks with some specialties. The waiters are charming and helpful. The clientele is groovy. Full bar. Reservations suggested.

LILLIAN'S, 1253 N. La Brea Ave., West Hollywood.

Tiny dining room is almost always packed, as is their petit patio. Reservations are necessary. Menu changes daily. Home-style cooking, lots of food at a reasonable price. Wine is offered. No bar. Clientele is cross-section of community with some straight friends. Closed Sunday and Monday.

FELLINI'S, 6810 Melrose Ave., Hollywood.

Striking, sophisticated, rustic ambience. At last, an Italian restaurant with no hanging plastic grapes. Moderately priced menu. Selective wine list. Groovy waiters. Discriminating clientele.

PARISE'S, 707 N. Heliotrope, Hollywood.

Charming French inn, beautifully decorated in elegant Provincial style. Interesting French menu is reasonably priced and includes a special dinner for $2.50. Lunch is served Tuesday through Fridays, 11 am to 2 pm, starting at $1.50. Sunday champagne brunch served from 10 am to 2 pm. Wine and beer available. Closed Mondays.

AU PETIT JOINT, 7953 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood.

This tiny dining room is mobbed so reservations are definitely in order. Funky atmosphere and groovy waiters augment interesting menu. Reasonable prices. Closed Sundays.

EL POQUITO, 10842 Ventura Blvd., Studio City.

Very tiny restaurant and bar. Homemade Mexican cuisine, moderately priced. Tasteful decor. Wine and beer are served. The specialty of the house are wine cocktails, champagne Margaritas, sake gimlets, etc.

DROSSIE'S, 7405 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood.

Russian and Continental food. Very moderately priced for high quality, from homemade soups to homemade desserts. Menu changes daily. Bohemian atmosphere and clientele. A celebrity hideaway. Funky waiters, excellent service. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

DINING WITH BAR

FOUR STAR CAFE, 8857 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood.

Three large dining rooms. Red, red, red! Separate full bar. Moderate-priced American-Continental menu. Food, service, and clientele variable.

GALLERY INN, 11938 Ventura Blvd., Studio City.

Two dining rooms, one adjoins full bar. American-Continental bill of fare at moderate prices. Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday two dinners for the price of one. Reservations necessary.

VALLI HAUS, 11012 Ventura Blvd., Studio City.

Attractively decorated dining and bar is part of a complex of shops. Do your laundry while you dine on American-Continental cuisine. Check out the dollar dinner special, a tasty snack. Well-trained waiters. Patrons tend toward the chi-chi. Reservations suggested.

NAPOLEON'S, 11608 Ventura Blvd., Studio City.

Main dining room separated from full bar by dividers. American-Continental menu. Sunday brunch 11 am to 4 pm. Afterhours dancing Fridays and Saturdays 1 am to 6 am, with breakfast served.

K'S STAR ROOM, 1271 N. Vine St., Hollywood.

Full bar in dining room. A '40s ambience and clientele. Pleasant waiters. Steaks and a few specialties. Adjoins coffee shop of the same name.

KEITH'S, 11801 Ventura Blvd., North Hollywood.

Country-western dining room and kitchen. Full bar. Noted for groovy waiters and bartenders. An old-timer in the community.

DAVID'S, 7013 Melrose Ave., Hollywood.

Two dining rooms and seating near the full bar. Red and black decor. Steak and specialties menu. Early dinner specials and Sunday brunch. Quality, service, and clientele variable.

ALSO-DINING SPOTS

GALLERY ROOM, 8100 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood.

Small crowded dining room open to full bar. Interesting saucy menu at very moderate prices. Attracts aspiring actors, who in turn attract. . . . Cocktail hours are especially cruisy. Reservations suggested.

AFTER DARK, 365 N. La Cienega Blvd., West Hollywood.

Two dining rooms open to full bar and piano bar. Exciting menu, moderately priced. Bargain Early Bird and late supper menus. Entertainment after 9 pm. Video-tapes during cocktail hours. Very good food. Groovy, friendly waiters. Reservations suggested.

BLA BLA CAFE, 11059 Ventura Blvd., Studio City.

Funky decor is setting for best folk/rock/comic entertainment in town. Offbeat menu features justifiably famous omelets and specialty items, from dinners to snacks. Wine and beer served. Also open afterhours. Groovy straights and Gays. Small cover charge after 9 pm.

DANIEL'S, 6776 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood.

Open 24 hrs. Attractive decor, funky waiters. Clientele ranges from drags and hustlers afterhours, to straight businessmen at lunchtime. Hamburgers, omelets, and salads are featured. Quality and service varies. Beer and wine served.

GOLD CUP, 6700 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood.

Coffee shop with substandard coffee shop food. Waitresses, service, and clientele—indescribable. A camper's camp. Must be experienced to be believed.

MOVIE HOUSES

PARIS THEATER—Feature-length films, 8163 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood.

VISTA—Feature-length films, 4473 Sunset Drive, Silver Lake.

RICHARD'S THEATRE—Features and Shorts, 5228 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood.

LAS PALMAS THEATER—Talking featurettes, Las Palmas at Hollywood Blvd., Downtown Hollywood.

QUICKIE—Shorts and loops, 8325 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood.

LOVE NESTS

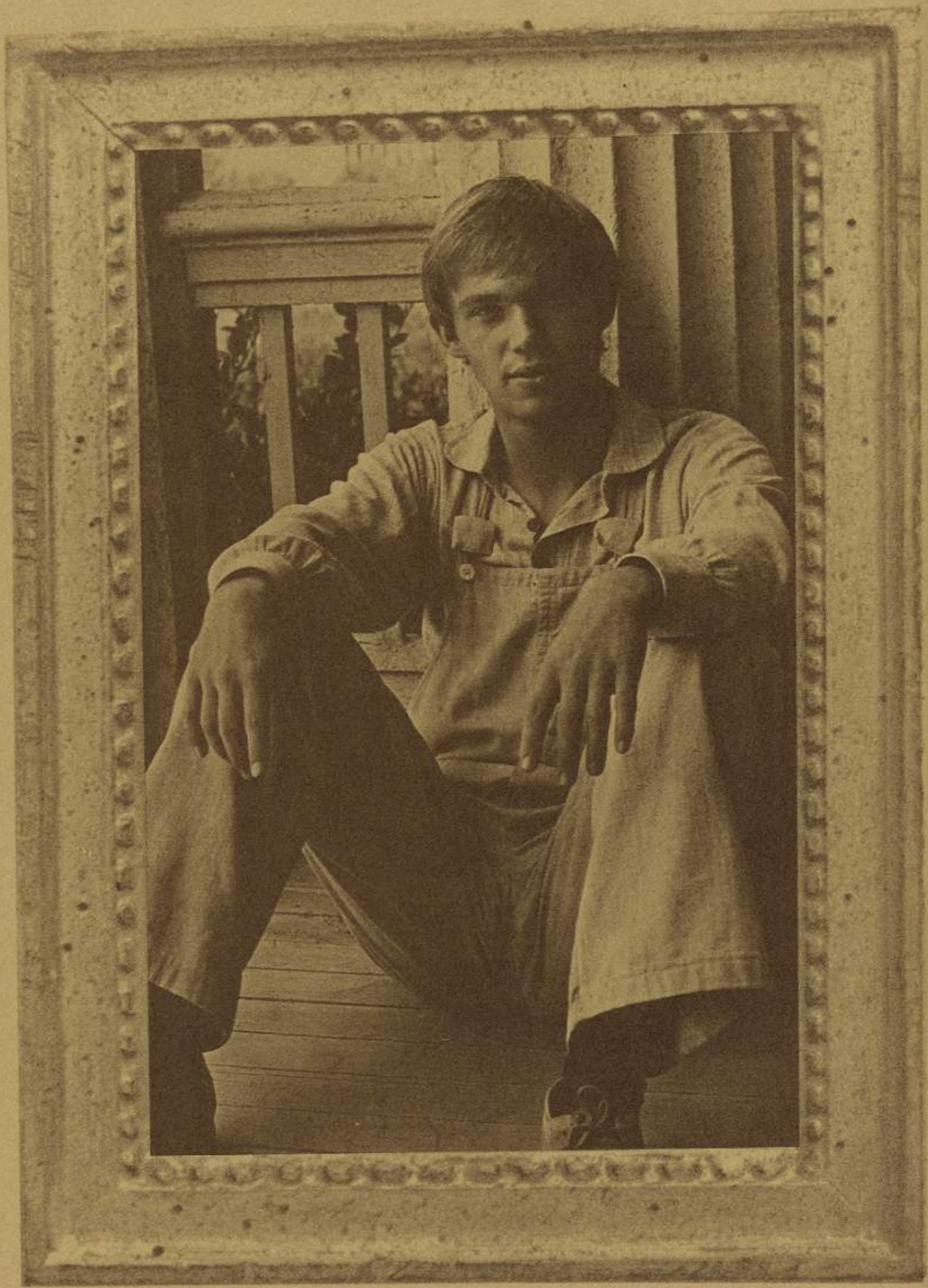
BON AIR MOTEL—Discreet. 1724 N. Western, Hollywood.

VINE LODGE MOTEL—Open. 1818 N. Vine, Hollywood.

VALLEY PALMS MOTEL—Private. 11514 Ventura, Studio City.

AN OLD FRIEND—Private or party. 1830 Racquet Club, Palm Springs.

FOX AND HOUNDS—Complete facilities, vacation spot, run by Dave's. 4520 E. Mission Bay, San Diego. Continued on Page 56



by THOM TAYLOR
photography by RIK LAWRENCE

THE OTHER JOHN-BOY

His voice, loud and vibrant, preceded him into the room. Then, like sparks shooting from a raw electrical cable, he burst through the door, his high voltage smile beaming. Turning back to his companion he resumed his spirited monologue racing along at his usual speed.

His bouncing step and animated gesturing pick up some of the slack of this walking energy bank. However, there's still a reserve sparkling behind intense eyes that see more than most. Richard Thomas is always "wired." He is the kind of person who can go to a ball game without knowing who is playing and become immediately and intensely concerned over who wins.

He *is* a star, but he is first and foremost an actor. Anything else just goes along with the territory, and he accepts but does not flaunt it. In fact, if you mentioned his stardom to him, he would probably find it rather amusing.

He joyfully recalls that, after having received his Emmy recently, he announced to the stagehands that he would now require them to treat him with the respect due his new status. The resulting "respect" came when he found himself nailed into his dressing room. That is the kind of star he is and all the brighter for it.

With a maximum of movement, he seats himself and his guests at a table in a private dining room of the Burbank Studios. Clad in his work clothes, a familiar pair of bib overalls and a flannel shirt, Richard Thomas carefully studies the menu. Twenty-two years old and yet he looks every bit the adorable high school age John-Boy of THE WALTONS, that throwaway television series that is rapidly becoming a classic.

Absorbed in his menu as if it were a favorite poem, he is oblivious to the conversation addressed to him. "Huh?" He looks up as if surprised to see someone sitting there. "Oh, I'm sorry," he laughs apologetically. "I was reading. I'll have eggs Benedict. What would everyone like?" Everyone is only three others.

"I have my first house, and being a homemaker is so strange," he comments in that cloudy voice that seems slightly strained with emotion. "I bought it and I moved into it about two months ago. I'm still fixing it up. Right now it's mostly decorated in early floor," he laughs easily. "I found that I'm very domestic. I get up every morning and I water my roses and my flowers and my ivy. I kick the tree, too!"

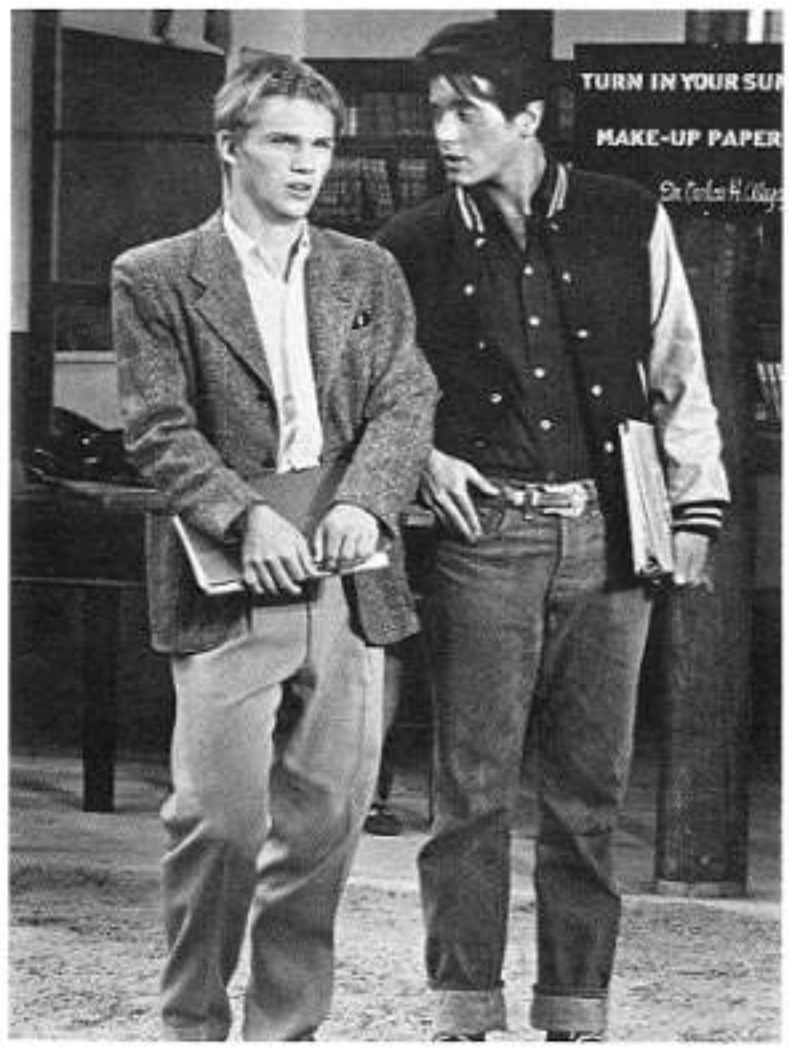
His eyes widen. His fingers run absently through his hair—a constant habit. "The tree was giving me a lot of problems, a big mimosa. And it was just in terrible shape so I got a stick and I smacked it across the trunk the other day and I said, 'Grow you son-of-a-bitch,' and now it's covered in gorgeous golden blossoms. It's wonderful," he laughs in delight and disbelief.

"But I'm surprised how I've taken to being a homeowner, the responsibility. The house is a small bachelor in the eastern style. Kind of . . . it's English Tudor, country style, but the interior is kind of Spanish stucco design. I call it Spanish Tudor. It's the kind of thing only Hollywood could produce. But I love it. It's cool and it's nice and it's right near the Hollywood sign. It's a very modest little house, very small. But it's perfect for me, and it has a lot of character. You know, it's got beam ceilings and stuff. I like it." His eyes shine. He smiles and laughs easily. He is talking of something obviously very special to him.

"I like being in Hollywood as opposed to any other area of Los Angeles because it's older and there's a sense of the city's past in Hollywood that I like, that I find very attractive. And there's a romance. Maybe I'm totally wrong, but there's a feeling you get driving by Paramount and the old Columbia Studios and seeing the Hollywood sign and the stars on the street and Grauman's Chinese Theatre, a feeling that I just love because I love this town.

"Right now the only thing that would make me happier would be to be able to split my time up more evenly between New York and Los Angeles because I love both cities. I feel at home in both cities.

"My close friends are all in New York. I was born there and I grew up there. And it's very exciting. With all that Hollywood has to offer, there's a danger in that you can really become . . . you can stagnate here —I hate that word. You can really become immobile in this town. You have to kick yourself in the ass to get out and do things because . . . well, first of all to go anywhere you have to get in the car, which is something you don't have to do in New York. So first of all you have to get in the car and then, if you don't



Richard Thomas, new in town, gets a friendly briefing from his new pal, Desi Arnaz, Jr., in Red Sky in the Morning (Universal).
Richard confers with Robert F. Lyons in a scene from The Todd Killings (National General).

like to drive, it's easier just to say, 'Well, tomorrow I'll do it.' So in Hollywood you end up either sitting by your pool or somebody else's and talking about what you're gonna do. Everyone in Hollywood *talks* about what they're gonna do." The eggs Benedict arrive—surprisingly fast—and he digs in, using his fork to punctuate sentences as he continues.

"Being out of work in Los Angeles is a typical thing 'cause you can tend to be just a country gentleman. And in New York you walk out in the street, and it grabs you by the throat and throws you along, and you just can't seem to find enough time in the day. That's the way I am in New York, so I love to be out of work in New York because there's so many things to do."

But, unlike the majority of his contemporaries, being unemployed is not the rule but the exception for Richard. He never really *became* an actor; he has always *been*.

"I started acting when I was six and . . ." a burst of laughter . . . "it was habit forming. What can I say? I was never pushed, but just to go onstage was the most logical growth in my life. It was just the next step: A, B, C, and D. There was an opportunity as a young boy to get on the stage when I was on vacation with my father in upstate New York, and I had seen my parents do it. And they asked my father, 'Would you like to let your son come on stage?' . . . and it was the most natural thing. The more I worked the more I began to think of myself as an actor. I can't see myself doing anything else, and I can't see myself not doing this.

"If I hadn't started acting before I was old enough to study dance, I might be a dancer. Who knows?"

Who indeed? With ballet artists for parents, it is surprising that Richard has not pursued the dance. He has at times studied regularly with his parents, Barbara Fallis and Richard Thomas III, at the New York School of Ballet which they own and operate. From them he has learned much of the movement that he feels is so valuable to every actor . . . and, quips Richard, he gets a good rate on lessons.

The hint of a frown, perhaps just a ruffling of the eyebrows, touches his forehead. "I can't see what people find interesting—certain things—about myself," a question that is self-imposed quite frequently these days. "That's an overstatement, but I mean I just say to myself, 'Why can't my work speak for me? Why do people want to know more about me? What do people want to find out about me?' I can't answer that question. Of course, if there's someone *I* admire I like to find out about them. It's just that I wonder all of a sudden why is my personality as interesting to people as my work.

"People are very anxious to interpret me. People meet me and they say, 'Now I want to know what

Richard Thomas is *really* like.' So if they meet me for five minutes, they form an opinion because if you meet someone whom you've seen and you've thought about, 'cause I've had this happen to me, and you only have five or ten minutes to be with them, the most important thing in your mind is to get a feeling of what they are like to take away with you. Don't you agree?"

"I mean you want to take that time that you're with them. Your feeling would be, 'Well, how much of this person can I soak up in that ten minutes?' Unfortunately, if you happen to be in a particular mood or something, they soak up this much of you and they think this is what makes you up. And so it's very difficult. It's hard. That's why you have to be on. That's why you have to constantly be thinking about, 'Well, I feel like shit, but I've got to act a certain way 'cause I don't want people to get the wrong idea. And that's a different kind of pressure than most people are under. 'Cause last year, although I've had the career for years and years, I just did my work. They let me. . . . It was just my work that really spoke for me," adding with a tinge of frustration, "And now it's different!

"The one thing is I don't have enough time to just be by myself and to regenerate, you know. That's the one drawback, and believe me, the price is worth it! You know, it's not too much to pay. I don't mind having demands on my time. I'm not going to complain."

He works at the eggs Benedict, intermittently raising his hands to gesture. Not much time left to gulp down lunch before returning to the set for afternoon filming. What does he do with the precious moments he does have alone?

"Clean my dogs' ears," he stifles a laugh like a naughty boy in church, "Take care of my flowers and see my friends. Listen to a lot of music and read. My main problem is that I haven't had much time to read."

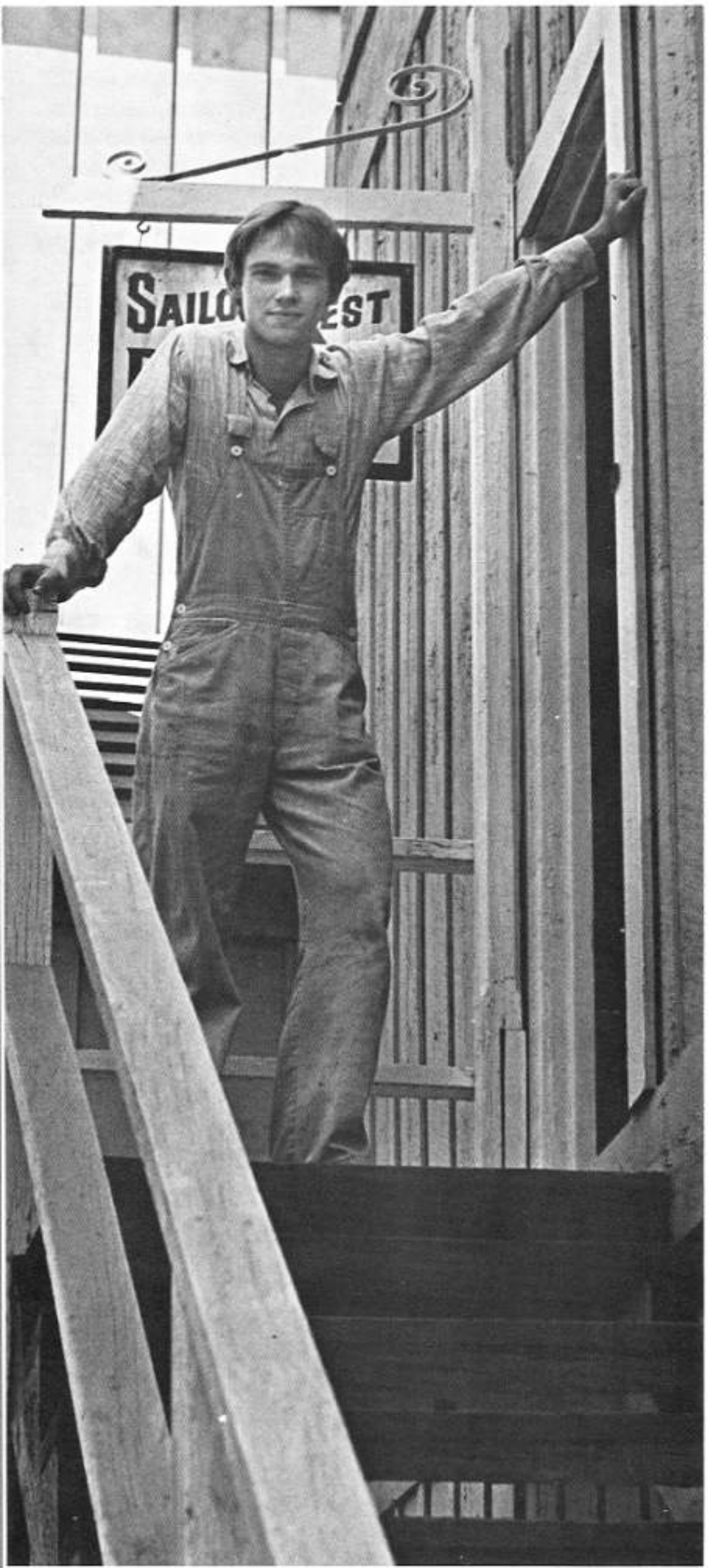
He is an avid reader of poetry and likes to write his own. He plays the duleimer and continues to study Mandarin Chinese, the subject he majored in for a while at Columbia University. And he wasn't kidding about cleaning the dogs' ears. From his parents he has inherited a passion for breeding show dogs—Brussels Griffons and King Charles-Spaniels.

With all the somewhat homespun endearing charms that make up John-Boy Walton and the equally lovable actor who plays him, many people overlook the vicious side of Richard Thomas.

"Usually people say to me, 'You've played so many nice sensitive kids. Are you afraid this is going to typecast you?' and I always have to point out to them that I have played lots of villains."

Richard has displayed a definite flair for bringing

The Walton youngsters on their way home from school with John-Boy (Richard) happily overseeing their joy. The Waltons (CBS). Brother-in-law Richard stirs the suspicions of Patty Duke who has come to visit her dead husband's family in You'll Like My Mother (Universal)



out the worst in a character from the role of a salivating corpse-eater to a slightly more refined but equally vicious crewcut youth of *The Todd Killings*. In his most recent film, *You'll Like My Mother*, he plays a psychopathic murderer that would have John-Boy and all the Waltons shuddering in their seats. In Frank Perry's *Last Summer* he portrayed a cruelty perhaps more subtle than his other roles but equally as brutal. As pampered rich teenagers on Fire Island with too much time and too little to fill it, he and his friends amuse themselves at the expense of an adopted "outsider" whom one of the boys eventually rapes.

He does not judge a role by whether it serves to foster some preconceived image of himself. He is not seeking to create a Richard Thomas type. He is an actor who judges a role by its value and validity. Be it violence, nudity, sex or sexuality, he has no hang-ups if he feels it justified.

"I enjoy playing heavies a great deal because I play against my type. My type is basically sensitive and nice . . . my quality. But I like playing against that quality. This is an acting problem. You never escape yourself. One of the rude awakenings that comes to everyone who works in films—I say film as opposed to stage because a lot of actors never come to that realization on stage because they don't see themselves—no matter what you play or do or who you are as a character, you are forever and irrevocably yourself. There's no way to get around it.

He frowns slightly in thought, fork suspended. Then swinging the fork into action, we begin again. "You can't ever lose yourself, I don't think. If you're a nose twitcher, you're always going to be a nose twitcher. There's gotta be times when you wish you had another guy's body, but no way. You can do a lot to change it, and you should do a lot to change it, but you can't ever get away from yourself."

And it is that part of himself—of Richard Thomas—that has made John-Boy Walton the ideal son, the model teenager of many a household. And for this dynamic young actor, here is yet another opportunity to improve his craft.

"I've never had the opportunity to probe a character so deeply. The marvelous phenomenon is playing one person but having a . . . it's like a fabulous acting exercise. Here's your character. Okay? Now, react as that character would react in *this* situation, react as he would in *that* situation. In other words, I have my character, and I'm being asked to explore that character really to the roots of his being and to be able to react in any situation the way he would.

"And to me the show expresses a lot of values that I believe. It has fundamentally an optimistic view of human nature. In other words, people can work it out all right if they want. It can be like that if you live your life a certain way. I mean that's the hypothetical

question that the show asks. As opposed to the feeling that we are lost which has been so prevalent and which is valuable at times. There's no doubt about it. I do believe in love and sense of dependence that makes the world go round. That's what the show believes."

The studio lot was a hive of workers dashing off to lunch or ambling back to the sound stages. Richard plopped on a pair of sunglasses which abruptly emphasized the antithesis of Richard Thomas and John-Boy Walton: the star shining through a farmboy's clothing. Richard on his way to the set like a farmboy going home to do the chores.

Outside the door of the large building which houses the Walton "home," a forest of small trailers abounds, the kind used as portable dressing rooms. One of these mobile rooms stands out dramatically from the others because of a collage of "Z's" painted in large bold strokes over the entire cabin (somewhat resembling a Dr. Seuss drawing). Richard points at it and laughs heartily. It is his dressing room, and the art work is the result of the most recent "attack" he has suffered at the hands of the crew with whom he has a running "battle."

Richard is a prankster and delights in heckling the crew at any opportunity. "Sometimes I get to the bottom of my coffee cup and find a 'Z' painted on the bottom," he confides with a laugh. "These are usually accompanied by whispered asides that 'Zorro will get you if you're bad!' "

It is this warmth and love mixed with honest fun that radiates through millions of television tubes every week and has helped to make "The Waltons" one of America's most popular families and something that everyone would like to believe in.

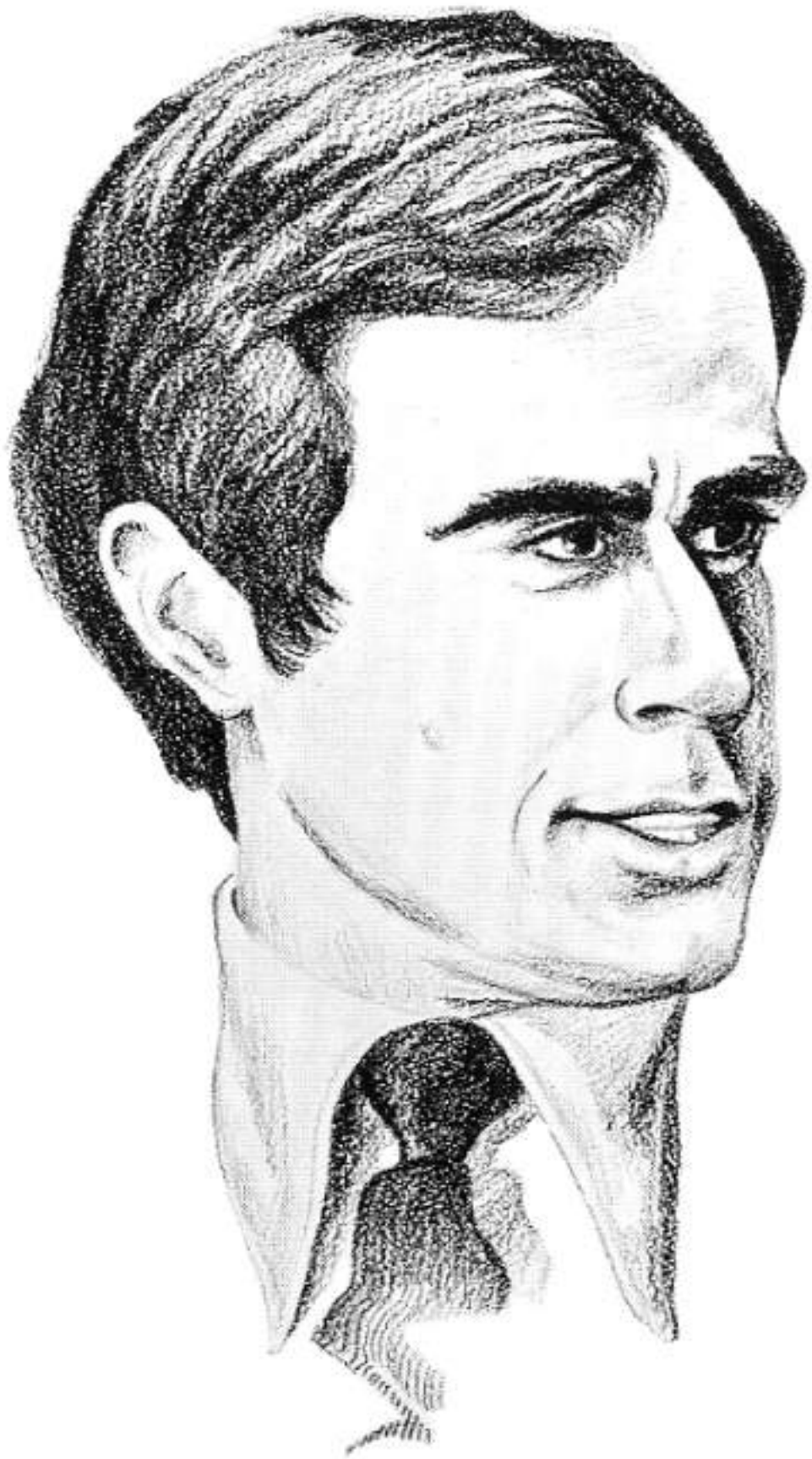
The scripts and the offers for more come in so steadily now that he has no time to read them all. He has agreed, however, to return to the stage this winter at the Ahmanson as the Dauphin to Sarah Miles, Joan in George Bernard Shaw's *St. Joan.*

And someday, too, he plans to make use of the ballet training he has received to play Nijinski. That is a dream for sometime, when there's time. "But it will happen," he says with determination, flashing that warm smile, his eyes searching all the way through you.

Be it talent or a quality or simple sincerity, Richard has it in abundance, and like the plain truth of his television series, there will always be a need for them. And when Richard Thomas turns off the bedroom light at the end of each week's show, it's only moments before it starts all over again.

politics

THE PROMISE OF PINES



by jim kepner

drawing by j. d. klamik

Aggressive and attractive young Burt Pines promised, all through his recent successful race for the L.A. City Attorney's post, to shift police priorities away from victimless crimes toward a more vigorous prosecution of consumer fraud, air pollution and crimes of violence.

Gays (not as many as needed) worked hard in his campaign, and gay leaders were well in evidence at Pines' May 29th victory party at the Wilshire Hyatt House. A relatively unknown longshot when the race started, the 33-year-old westside attorney had easily nosed out two other hopefuls and unseated a seemingly unbeatable incumbent who had the support of the "powers-that-be."

In twenty years in the tacky City Hall office, Roger Arnebergh had, some felt, spent more time on church affairs and on amassing large real estate holdings than on the three-part job of serving as the city's chief prosecutor (in charge of all misdemeanor cases in Los Angeles) as well as advising the city on legal matters and representing it in litigations.

Arnebergh pretended to be morally indignant that Pines should have sought gay community support, and the ads Pines had placed in gay newspapers seemed at times to be the chief campaign issue. But once the votes were safely in, fairly early on election night, some Gays were asking, "Will the new City Attorney still remember us in the morning?"

On the morning after, Jess Unruh, who had himself lost out in the hard-fought mayoralty primary, summed up the prospects for the new city administration on a KABC morning-show interview. Asked about the effect of minority-bloc voting, the one-time "Big Daddy" of a reform legislature said that more than any other minority, the city's Gays could expect to benefit from their three-way victory: Gays could now expect to be treated like people: and he hoped the persecution of Gays would now end.

How Much Are Campaign Promises Worth?

If it should turn out that Pines does not contribute to ending that persecution, it wouldn't be the first time in American politics that an elected official turned his back on people who helped get his campaign in high gear. There is no evidence that Pines is turning his back—quite the contrary. But skepticism after the election has been fed by every new arrest and reported raid in Hollywood—and there have been several, including, for a change, the arrest of 236 heterosexual males for making lewd propositions to undercover policewomen!

Can we expect Pines to keep his word? Does he define victimless crimes the same way most of us do? Exactly how much can we expect from him? Can we reasonably hope for an end to harassment, false arrests and raids?

These questions depend on others: Since the City Attorney has little *direct* authority or control over the LAPD, what exactly is Pines able to do for us, and what is he *likely* to do?

* * *

Two years ago, local Gays made sudden and unexpected progress by establishing contacts with several city councilmen and state legislators. Still, however gratifying it was to have elected officials coming to us, their speeches did not shake the arbitrary and malign power of the old man sitting astride Parker Center like the bookkeeper at Dachau. Whatever specific orders Chief Ed Davis gave to his men, they knew that he regarded Gays as no different from thieves and burglars, and no L.A. cop would expect to be disciplined for hassling or busting a few queers. And bust they did.

At this point Vincent Bugliosi, the glamorous young prosecutor of Charles Manson and family, decided to run against his boss, Joseph Busch, a lackluster D.A., who during sober moments aspired to be state Attorney General. In his first TV statements, Bugliosi provided what was later to be the keynote of Pines' successful campaign, saying that the D.A. and the LAPD waste so much time on routine homosexual cases they can't adequately protect the public from street violence and corporate crimes.

Invited to speak to the Gay Community Alliance, an earnest Bugliosi was outflanked by the Peace & Freedom Party's candidate, Marge Buckley, who knew better what the gay audience wanted to hear, even if her chance of winning was slim.

Busch won the runoff by a few percentage points countywide, but it was quickly noted that in the one-third of that area that comprises the city of Los Angeles, Bugliosi had led by a healthy margin.

Pines Follows Bugliosi

So it wasn't surprising that a few months later the first challenger to try for the entrenched

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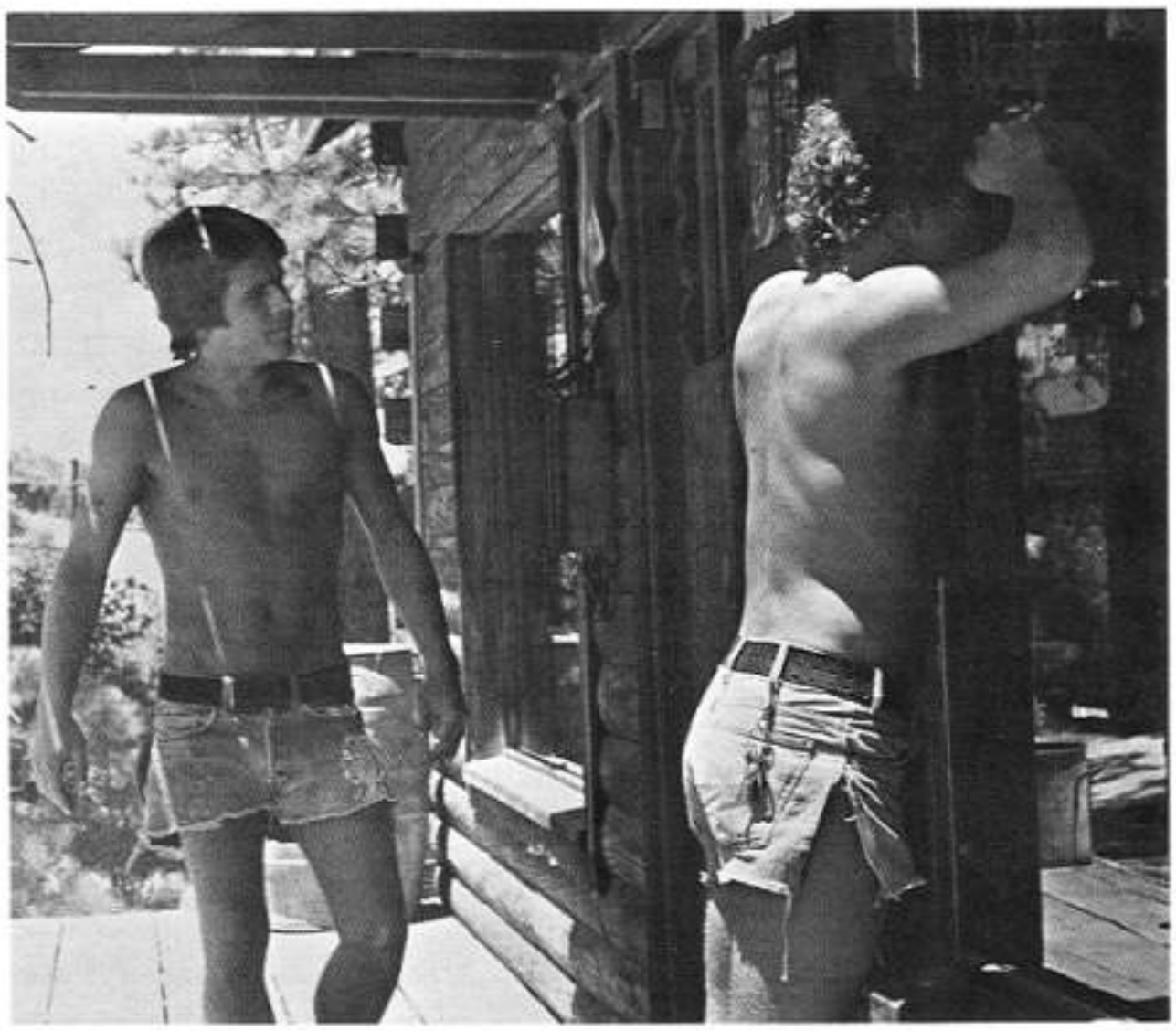
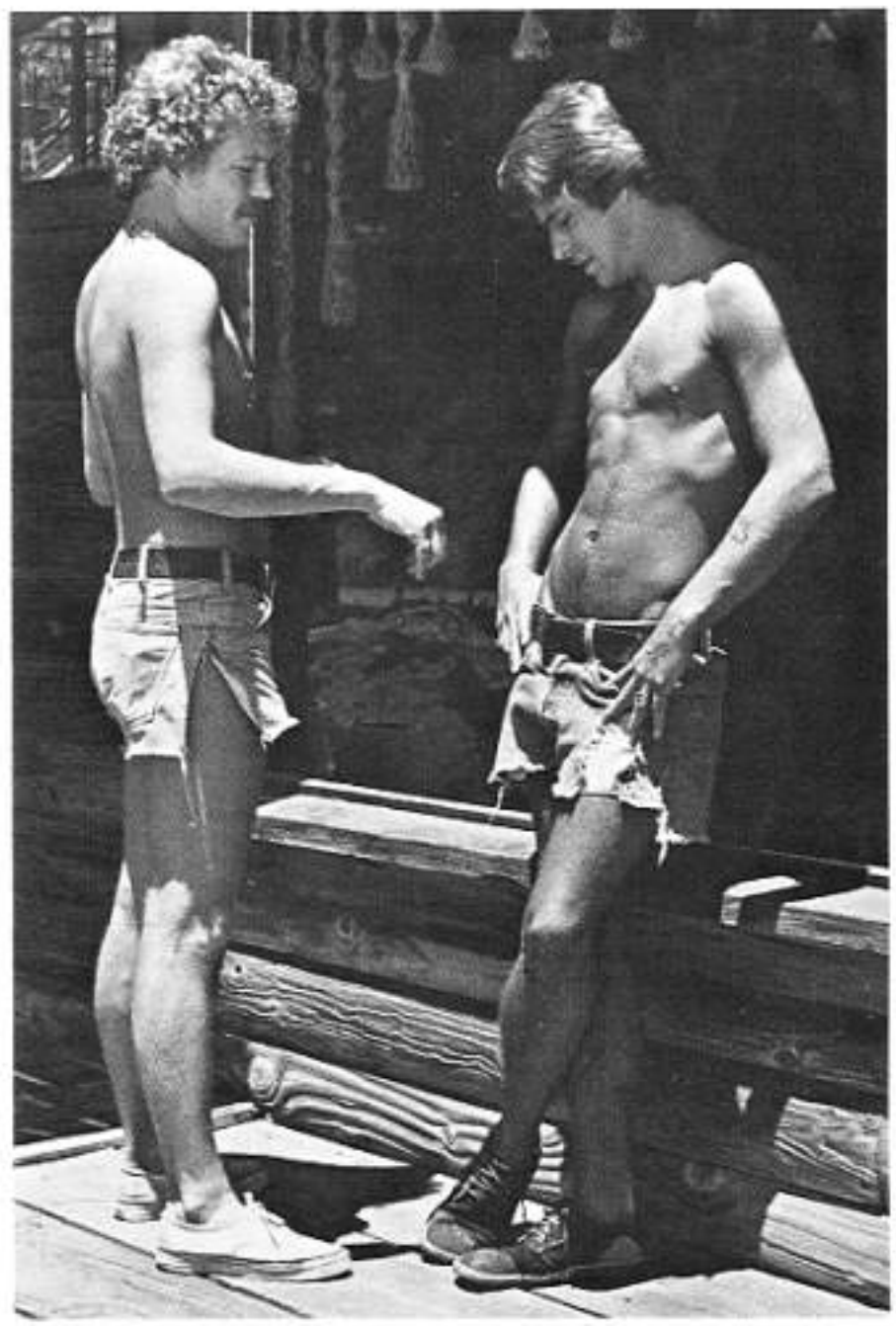




Idlewild Idyll

by DAN MORGAN
photography by LARRY RICHARDS

The sun pushed above the horizon like a small child peeking over a window ledge. Above it brilliant pinks and reds shot up like cactus flowers blooming in the city, a bouquet offered to a reluctant night. The warm breeze that accompanied this offering was fair warning that the temperature would climb with the sun.

Gene, waving away a yawn like a worrisome fly, helped Stu lead the backpack and a bicycle into the trunk of the car. I had already made a comfortable nest for myself in the backseat, walled in by Rik's camera gear.

"That's it. Let's go," Stu said, slamming the car door and clapping his hands together eagerly. "Time's a-wastin'," he added, jumping into the driver's seat.

With more determination than enthusiasm, Gene climbed into the front seat beside him. "These hikes that Stu and I have been making are fantastic. But I wish morning didn't come so early," he said through a yawn.

"That's two," I yawned back.

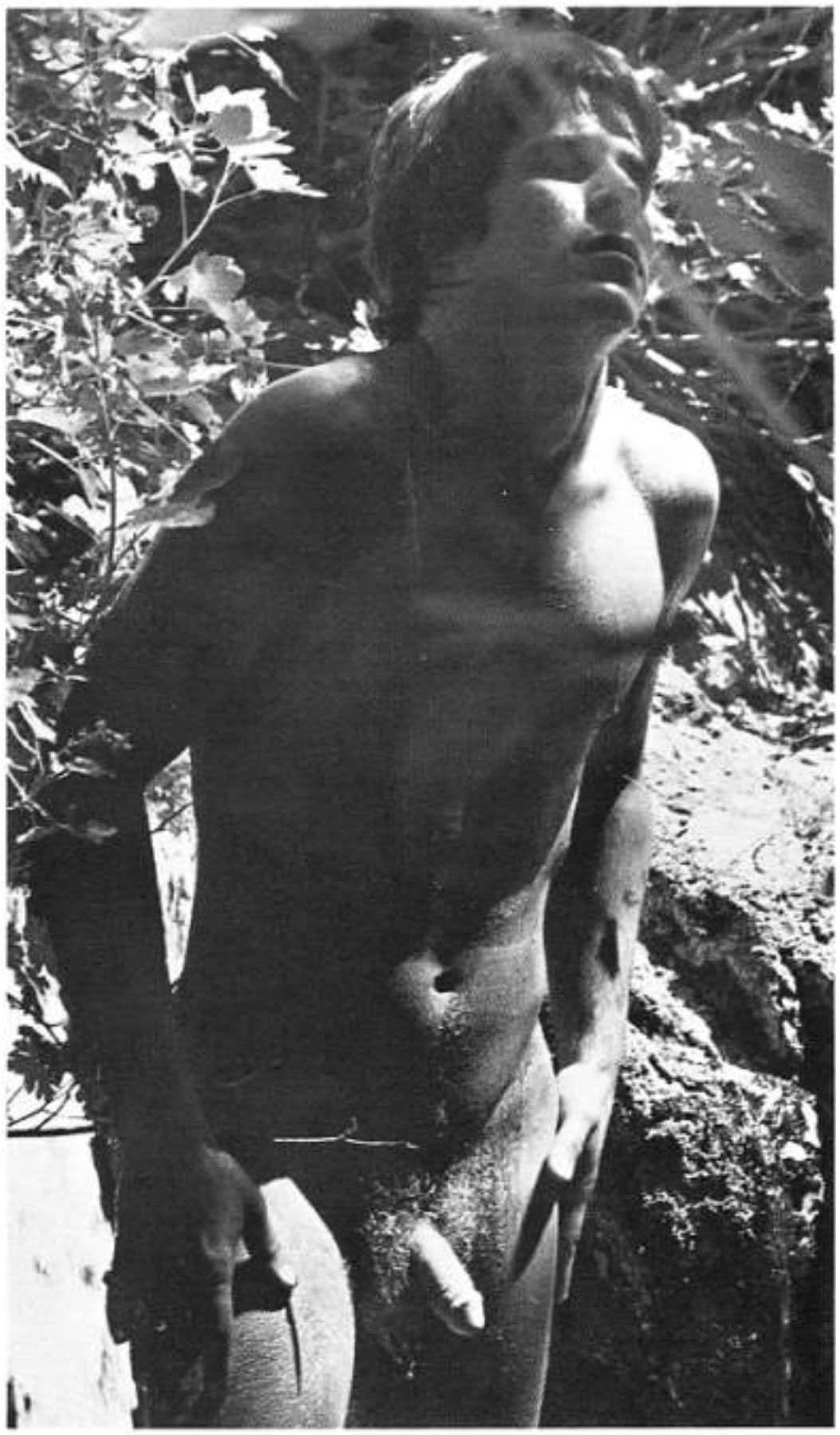
Stu pumped the accelerator and the car pitched forward down the boulevard. The streets were virtually deserted like a city in a horror film waiting for an attack from some strange monster. And the attack would come soon enough in the form of honking horns, screeching tires, noisy crowds, concrete and asphalt baking in the sun.

The traffic lights blinked steadily in amber and red as if they were angry and eager to attack. Within minutes we were on the freeway and heading into the sun, now a large glowing plum sitting on the edge of the sky.

Gene smiled and closed his eyes as the sun struck a warm ray of light in his face that sent a chill through him as it chased away the cold. Watching the dawn was only one of the many pleasures we contemplated in the day ahead. Stu and Gene, experienced in hiking and backpacing, had planned a trip that would take us across the desert and into the hills in search of one of those secret lush areas that lie hidden like emeralds between sandy slopes.

How lucky to be a Californian! The countryside varies in its natural architecture like a giant patchwork quilt. Snowcapped mountains slide away to the foam-crested waves of the Pacific. Rich verdant valleys hold a cook's mixture of vegetation spread over rolling green hills. Desert sands sift off into black wood's dirt. We're largely a state of sun worshippers and can enjoy these pleasures year-round unhampered

Stu and Gene take a rest break at a country store (which was closed) on their way to the canyons around Idlewild (opposite page). Hiking to the top of a mountain rise, they pause to enjoy their reward—the magnificent view of the desert below (above). On the way down Stu opts for a refreshing dip in a mountain stream (right).



The water turns out to be considerably colder than anticipated as Stu leaves the water and heads for the sun (above). With the classic ingredients, Stu and Gene find a pleasant glen and lunch (opposite page, left). Before returning to the city's concrete, the young men take one last climb. This time it's up a tree (opposite page, right).

by drastic climatic changes.

Stu and Gene, like many others, have been discovering the beauty that is California and in so doing have realized a solution to that often pressing need to "get away." To be alone walking in nature has meant the discovery of a new vitality, a calm and a closeness with the very essence of life that is difficult to find in the world of concrete, steel and glass. They have found a tie with the heart of the earth from which we spring that is most often lost in those things that man has touched and often damaged in the name of progress.

The sun glared high above us. Gene opened the cooler and pulled out the makings for an on-the-road breakfast. "Saves us money, and we need all we can get for our new apartment," Gene said, tossing some oranges into the backseat. "Besides being a great time for us to be alone with each other, it's also something that we can afford!"

A sign ahead announced Palm Desert. Shortly beyond it Stu followed a road that left the hard surface and meandered off across the sand. At length the car rolled to a stop where the road ahead dissolved into the desert. The sand beneath our feet seemed to glow with the heat it contained.

Grabbing the pack from the seat, Gene and Stu led the way toward a range of hills that were a row of white gumdrops across the flat plain.

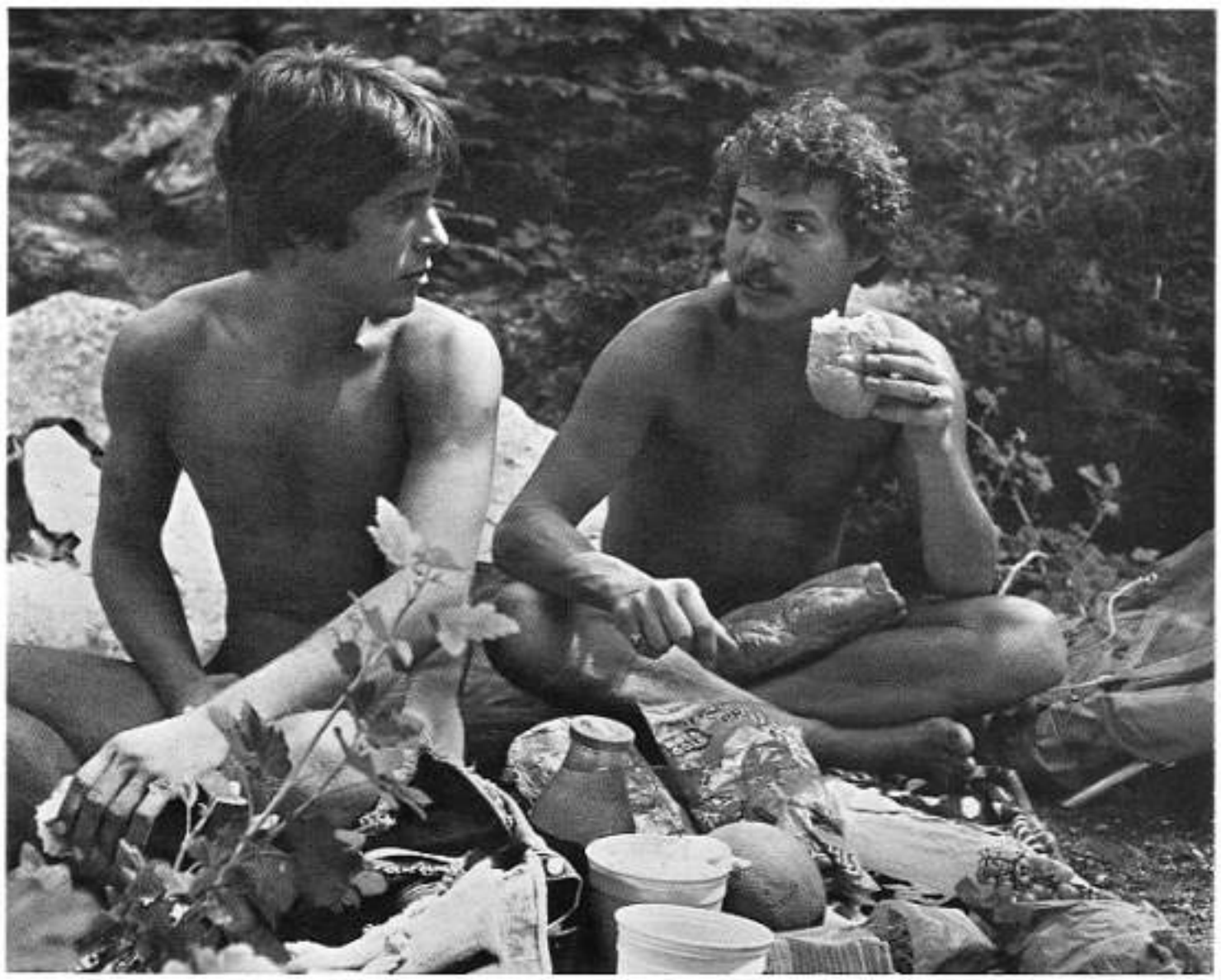
For all its vast barren stretches, the desert has a personality that is pure fun—once you're acquainted. Prairie dogs are professional clowns and obvious gossips. No flower that blooms is more beautiful than those that can be found bursting from the sides of stately cacti. It's all there for those who care to find it. Taking the time to look is valuable, but taking the time to *see* can be *in*valuable.

A long hot walk—and a lot of water—brought us to the base of the slopes. We walked along until we found a gradual slope that lent itself to climbing. Further up the side the vegetation began to change and taper off into vines and saplings with here and there a solitary yucca.

After a while the terrain dipped down and we entered a verdant divide. Here there was a sense of slipping backward in time to an age before the footprints of men were scattered most everywhere on the earth.

The area became thicker woods where the stillness was ruffled by only the occasional crackle of branches as animals scurried through the brush. Birds swooped up and down whistling to each other like old friends passing on the street. And mixed with all was the clear burbling sound of water washing the rocks of its bed, sliding them about as it fell in gentle cascades down through the canyon. Here and there it left a small peel just right for wading or a brief dip.

Beside an enormous growth of feathery ferns



("Several hundred dollars' worth in Los Angeles," Gene quipped), the two set out a picnic on a large flat rock. A simple meal becomes a banquet in such surroundings. Now there was time to rest, to think and to talk.

A hike such as this can be a catharsis all its own. The hours spent in private reveries and sharing new ideas that seem to spring up like plants can be irreplaceable as time wanders on and relationships mature. For Gene and Stu this separation from the routine is an opportunity to reflect on what may, in the daily run of events, be too close to see in their own relationship.

The hours passed swiftly, serving as a reminder of how little time there is to enjoy such earthly and earthy pleasures. It is enough to send anyone caught up in the smog, the noise, the congestion of city life into a panic to think of those secret groves that may have to remain unseen.

And they are in abundance in this state whether one wishes to search out his own "private" nook or take the more certain approach of exploring those that have been clearly mapped out in various parks and forests throughout California. Regardless of how you find it, it has a way of becoming your own ever after.

The sun had begun to fall away as we gathered up our gear. We were reluctant to leave our special place where we had lived for a short while. A little of one's self stays behind in such a place and that part which is left is replaced by a new experience, all the more precious for one's having created it.

The sun bobbed on top of the mountains as we reached the car, tired yet renewed. There is an awakening, an expansion of the awareness from having sought and found in nature what is lost in the asphalt world most of us inhabit. There is a feeling of having touched what is real and lasting in life, that which will endure when lesser things have fallen.

The drive home was long but the perfect opportunity for further sharing of the day's experiences, for although we had all seen the same things, we had also seen them a little differently. Another good reason why it helps to get out and look for our selves.

There were still some moments to discuss topics that there may be little time for later on, when the routine begins again, and the mood is lost . . . time for Stu and Gene to think about what is important for the two of them.

Yes, *some* of the best things in life are *free*! Hiking is proof of that—a simple yet priceless way of owning a little more of the world.

The Boys In The Band

by HUGH HARRISON
drawing by J. D. KLAMIK

Mick Jagger and the Boys (from left): Alice Cooper, David Bowie, Roger Daltrey, Marc Bolan, Mott, Gary Glitter, Iggy Pop, and Edgar Winter.

You want to know the biggest and best kept secret in the whole homophile community today? How does this grab ya? Two MAJOR male stars have openly stated that they are into boys. For those of you who don't quite dig, this means they have, or have had, male lovers. WHAT! WHO?! Okay, last things first. Who: David Bowie and Marc Bolan. Who?? Oh, they're rock millionairies, heard constantly on the radio and seen frequently on television.

Of course, there have been rumors, and rumors of rumors, about who's doing what and with whom since, I suppose, the first original cast: Adam, Eve, serpent, and apple. But let's face it, a statement like . . . *I make it with guys* . . . in this numbingly Judeo-Christian moral ethically trained country, has got to be regarded as something other than announcing you prefer strawberry to vanilla. But, more important, I feel, is their PUBLIC IMAGE. These two stars, together with many more, both straight and gay, are engaging in wildly insane screaming high camp as a part of their, well, Art. This camp, polished to a blinding brilliant glitter, can be readily observed in almost any large auditorium in the country and on television by way of all the teen-oriented music shows, as well as many prime-timers.

It will never cease to amaze me that as a group, the Gays (if such a grouping exists) who are so into things, so aware, have little or no knowledge of not only these stars, but an entire area of entertainment. You don't believe me? Just ask. I did. The answers were amazing. Sure, the hip young Gay is into this music and aware of its stars, as the hip young everywhere are. Still the vast majority of Gays polled had never

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IN TOUCH with films

Jesus Christ Superstar is not a stage play recorded on film. It is a film of a rock opera. Cast in the fitting medium of celluloid and stereo sound track, it lacks only a newspaper tabloid libretto to be fully appreciated.

The film introduces the opera as a documentary of a crazed cult that runs around throwing this passion play, leaving a crucified superstar at each stop. Their rock opera presents a serious well-balanced conflict of philosophies which are presented through the songs of its various characters. The opera has an overlying philosophy of its own in telling the Jesus story in humanistic terms. It shows us a sensual physical man that loves to be touched and a psychological man caught up in a very personal passion play. Perhaps the parallels to our modern day situation are no more than inevitable coincidences, but they make the production seem almost a parable of paranoia; or at least a premonition of pain.

The film does not remain a documentary. Once the prologue is presented, it becomes totally dramatic. The audio and visual are extremely cinematic. There is no need to resolve any differences between stage and film. There are some things that only film can do that make the rock opera suitable to it. In this respect, also, Norman Jewison is a superb artist. He has taken a highly raucus argument of words and directed his camera to capture the emotional soul of each argument, radiated by the glances, smiles, snickers, and subtle gestures of some of the finest performances of the year.

Photographic images are also used as punctuation. Just at the moment that "Jesus can't control it like he did before," at the temple, we have a shot of a soaring vulture, which bridges the moment to the next scene of Jesus losing control in the valley of lepers. The loneliness of Judas in telephoto shots and the grossness of Herod in wide angle lenses are perhaps more subtle examples. The opening montage establishing the location should serve as ample warning that *Jesus Christ Superstar* is now a film. As soon as the troupe sets in to reenact the last seven days of Christ, the choreography and cinematography are in perfect harmony. This is what makes *Jesus Christ Superstar* totally successful as a rock-opera-film.

The strong positions and feelings of the characters in this Jesus story are what make the opera especially interesting. The lines are drawn clearly and sharply in the prologue. There are the Romans, the Pharisees, and the teeming Hebrew mass; which churns and grinds away until a naked back emerges upon which falls a simple white garment. Jesus lifts his arms to the heavens and the story begins.

Judas, alone and agonizing, shouts out his warnings. He feels his love is rebuffed. The apostles are hot and ready to ride freedom's highway to Jerusalem. Jesus is constantly admonishing: "Put away your sword." Mary Magdalene is comforting: "Everything's all right." Judas is jealously nagging: "What about the poor?" Jesus can only ask, "Are you saying we have the resources to save the poor from their lot?"

The head priest Caiaphas does not know what to do with this Jesus; if he becomes a threat to Rome: "What about our people?" Annas, his Devil's Advocate, helps him get things decided. He suggests Jesus be taken up with the council: "But frighten them or they won't see." Pontius Pilate is an organization man with his humanity stripped to bare paranoiac emotions. He fears his own dreams as if they were premonitions of a man: "The haunted hunted kind." Afraid to meet up to his own human sensibilities, he washes his hands of the whole affair with: "Don't let me stop your great self-destruction. Die if you want to, you misguided martyr."

Herod has long experience at betraying "innocent puppets." To him money, money, jingle, jingle is all we ever live for and if this Jesus thinks he is wrong, then he must show that he is stronger.

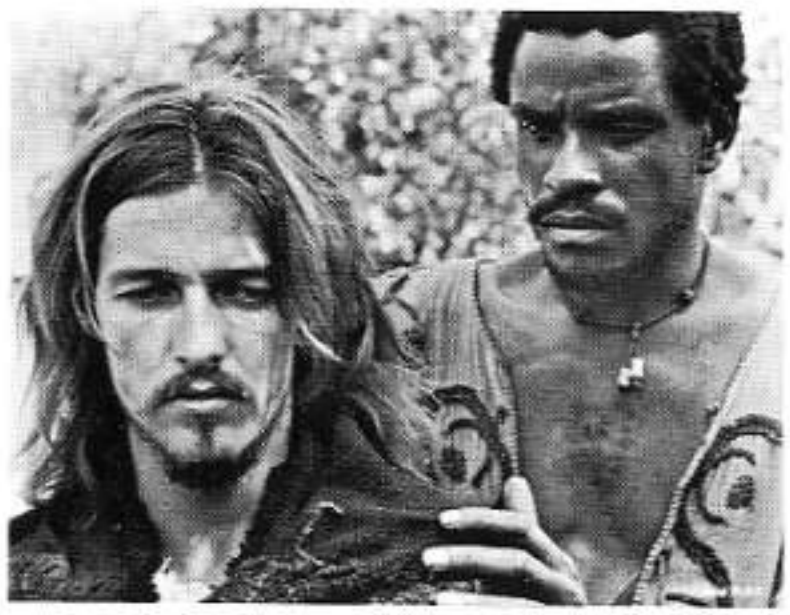
Earlier, after Jesus had ridden into Jerusalem on an ass, Simon Zealots had offered Jesus the power to overthrow the order. Jesus asks everyone to "Understand what power is." When Pontius Pilate begs him to defend himself, Jesus only says, "I look for truth and find that I get damned." Everything else is wallowing in doubt. "Don't you get me wrong. I only want to know."

All this philosophical arguing expressed through personal psychological positions goes on against a backdrop of conflicting eras and conflicting cultures. Not only are tanks, tommy guns, and fatigues worn by Roman soldiers, but they very much look like gay boys playing soldier-fetish games. Not only are the priests dark jive-talking villains, but they are heavy leather queens. Not only are the apostles loyal and obedient love children, they are sweet fleshy faggots. Jesus is probably the only straight one in the bunch and he is so physically sensual that you know he could enjoy swinging both ways if offered an interesting and loving proposition.

So what's the buzz? (I am frightened by the crowd for we are getting much too loud. And they'll crush us if we go too far.) Perhaps the film's parallels to our modern day situation are no more than inevitable coincidents in the unchanging nature of man; but somewhere I see a parable of paranoia that whispers the unthinkable: The times demand a martyr. There is also a premonition of pain; one that screams out from the distant dark realms of the unconscious where art speaks to us: The martyr could be you, faggots!

There is a scene in Elia Kazan's *On the Waterfront* in which Joey (Marlon Brando) and his girl friend (Eva Marie Saint) take refuge from some goons on a rooftop where Joey keeps pigeons. As Joey's girl talks of leaving New York for some green countryside with white picket fences, Joey turns his head and looks out across the grimy waterfront rooftops to a giant steamer slowly passing on the river. The whistle of the distant steamer echoes back up to Joey, and you can tell from his expression that, even though he has every reason in the world to get the hell out of New York, he never will. For all the bad things that have happened to him, New York's waterfront is deeply under his skin—he deeply loves it.

This is the sort of love which permeates *Heavy Traffic,* the newest feature-length achievement of young animation artist Ralph Bakshi *(Fritz the Cat).* The Love-of-a-City expressed here cannot easily be grasped by people who experience a city only as observers—one has to be a devotée of street-prowling to share fully in this kind of love. To draw a parallel, observers in a glass-bottomed boat at the Great Barrier Reef can experience only an inkling of the feelings of a diver who plunges in down among the corrals where deadly but fascinating turkey fish, morray eels, sea snakes and sharks lurk. To a diver, the deadliness of these creatures is cause only for wariness, not disdain. They are an integral part of the undersea world which the diver loves and thrills to. So long as he remains alert and conducts himself in the right way, following the right in-



"A jaded mandarin. A jaded mandarin. Like a jaded, faded-faded, jaded-jaded mandarin." Judas, Carl Anderson, regrets shortly before Christ, Ted Neeley, is taken captive in JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR (Universal—above left). Snowflake, the local drag queen in HEAVY TRAFFIC, has got ahold of some rough trade. When the trade finds out she has a cock, he tears her apart (American International—above). EROTIKUS includes this rare scene from "The Collection" as well as portions of "L.A. Plays Itself" and "The Boys in the Sand" (Hand in Hand—above left). In GREEK LIGHTNING, Johnny Acropolis—Jimmy Hughes—is captured by a vicious queen and tortured by the sadistic Billy (Jaguar—left). Ronny Howard and Cindy Williams as high school sweethearts are among the stars of AMERICAN GRAFFITI (Universal—right).

stincts, the *odds* are he will not be hurt by these creatures—he becomes one of them and begins developing a mutual respect and a degree of affection, at least toward some of them. So, too, a street prowler develops an affection, or even a love, for the widely varied denizens of the "lower depths" of a big city.

People who experience a city only from the sanctuaries of passing cabs and guarded hotels cannot have shared the adventures, affections, and loves of Ralph Bakshi. But they can enjoy his film *Heavy Traffic,* every bit as much as the people who never venture beyond the confines of a glass-bottomed boat can enjoy a film by a diver who takes his camera deep down into the corrals.

Heavy Traffic is the outcome not only of Bakshi's love affair with Manhattan, but also of his love affair with the film medium. It is a wild free-for-all orgy of visuals, combining animation, live action, solarization, and every conceivable manipulation of an optical printer. It looks like it was loads of fun to do, though painstakingly meticulous to come off so successfully. Too frequently, in other films, the combination of animation and live action is distracting, but in *Heavy Traffic* it is done tastefully and never intrudes on what is going on.

There is a story line of sorts, coming in and out of fantasy. According to one of the publicity blurbs, it is largely autobiographical. The main character, Michael Collino, is an underground cartoonist. His Italian father and Jewish mother are continually feuding. He lives above a bar where drag queens entice rough trade. Nearby, at the lower west side docks, his father tries to break up a picket line for the Mob, but fails. Later, he stumbles onto an orgy taking place in one of the dockside trucks and is dragged in by his dong. Michael takes up with a black bar girl who had worked downstairs. They try selling his cartoons uptown; they try prostitution; mugging, etc. Here and there, there is some pretty memorable violence—Heavy Traffic is a caricature of New York and New York has violence, so it would be as inappropriate to leave it out as it would be to leave out the violence of sharks in a film about the Great Barrier Reef.

The violent incident in which Michael Collino is directly involved brings up an interesting point. For some reason the general public is ready to accept that talented flamenco dancers, gypsy singers, jazz and rock musicians, etc., are likely to be involved in some illicit activity; but this is not considered to be the case with filmmakers, artists, and the like. The life of a beginning artist, and particularly a beginning filmmaker, is a very hard struggle, especially in New York. The film industry in New York is scattered in unexpected places. There are tall buildings in the mid-40s between 5th and 6th Avenues devoted almost exclusively to film. It is not at all uncommon for a beginning film technician to slip away from some scab cutting room at three in the morning to do a little dope dealing or hustling on a corner of 6th Avenue and 45th or 46th near Times Square, just to keep eating until the long overdue paycheck finally comes through. And so forth. *Many* artists in New York turn to jungle survival for a *long* time before a few of them "make it." That is the climate in New York and *Heavy Traffic* shows it, without crying about it. It is done with humor as well as with compassion. I think it is a masterpiece.

Erotikus is a documentary that clearly shows the growth of the gay movie, pornographic and otherwise. It is a thorough undertaking and, as such, qualifies as a legitimate educational film. The artistry and love with which it is done makes it also one of the most erotic films ever made.

But how can a documentary be erotic? It is easy for such a documentary to go into the hottest of sex scenes, but how does it maintain that necessary element of erotic fantasy that gets you from bedroom to playroom? Fred Halsted, as on-screen narrator, has liberated

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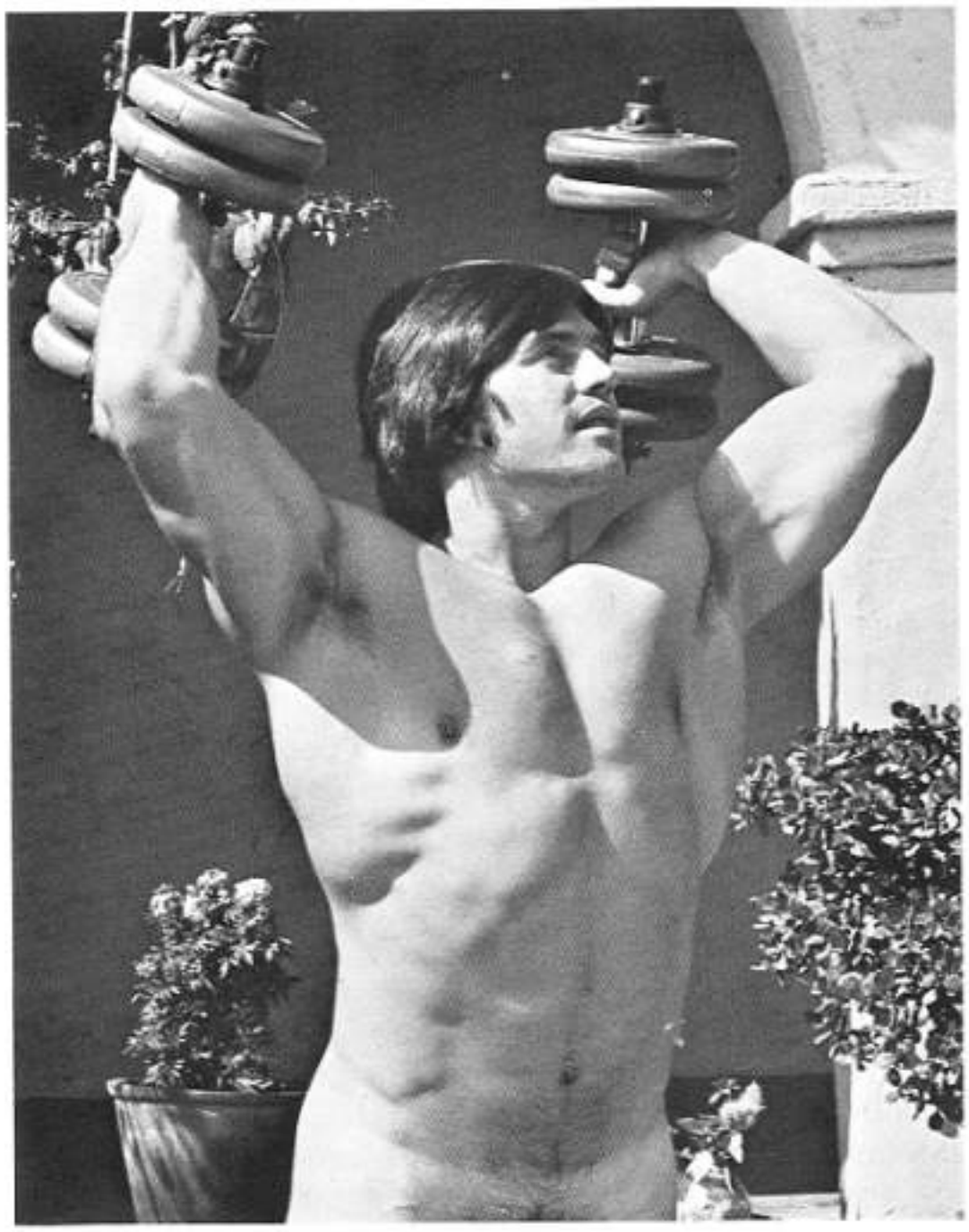
discovery

PAUL BEHUS

TALENT FROM THE OTHER SIDE

by CLIFF BARLOW
photography by DAVE SANDS



You've heard the tired old jokes about Poles—or about musclemen—that both are oafish and stupid?

PAUL BEHUS single-handedly demolishes such myths. He may in fact even start his own new and exciting stereotype.

Born and reared in Poland, this handsome and engaging hunk of muscularity—a writer, actor, artist, humanitarian and sportsman—was a top honor student when he won his university degree in Chemistry. And he can be credited with popularizing the sport of bodybuilding in his native land.

Bodybuilding was virtually unknown in Poland eight years ago (in contrast to the great popularity of gymnastics and track). Paul had been the smallest, skinniest kid in his class, until a buddy, who'd run him a close second, started working out with weights. In a very few months, his friend's development was so impressive that Paul decided to start weight-lifting, and kept a pictorial record of his progress.

American Iron-Game magazines were just then finding their way into Poland, and the country's leading sports magazine published diatribes against this "grotesque" practice—regarded in Eastern Europe as a bourgeois perversion. Other sportswriters joined in, condemning solitary bodybuilding as "unhealthy and deforming." They bolstered their attack by printing a photo of a truly deformed person—neck broader than his chest, and veins so distended he looked like a relief map of the L.A. Freeway system.

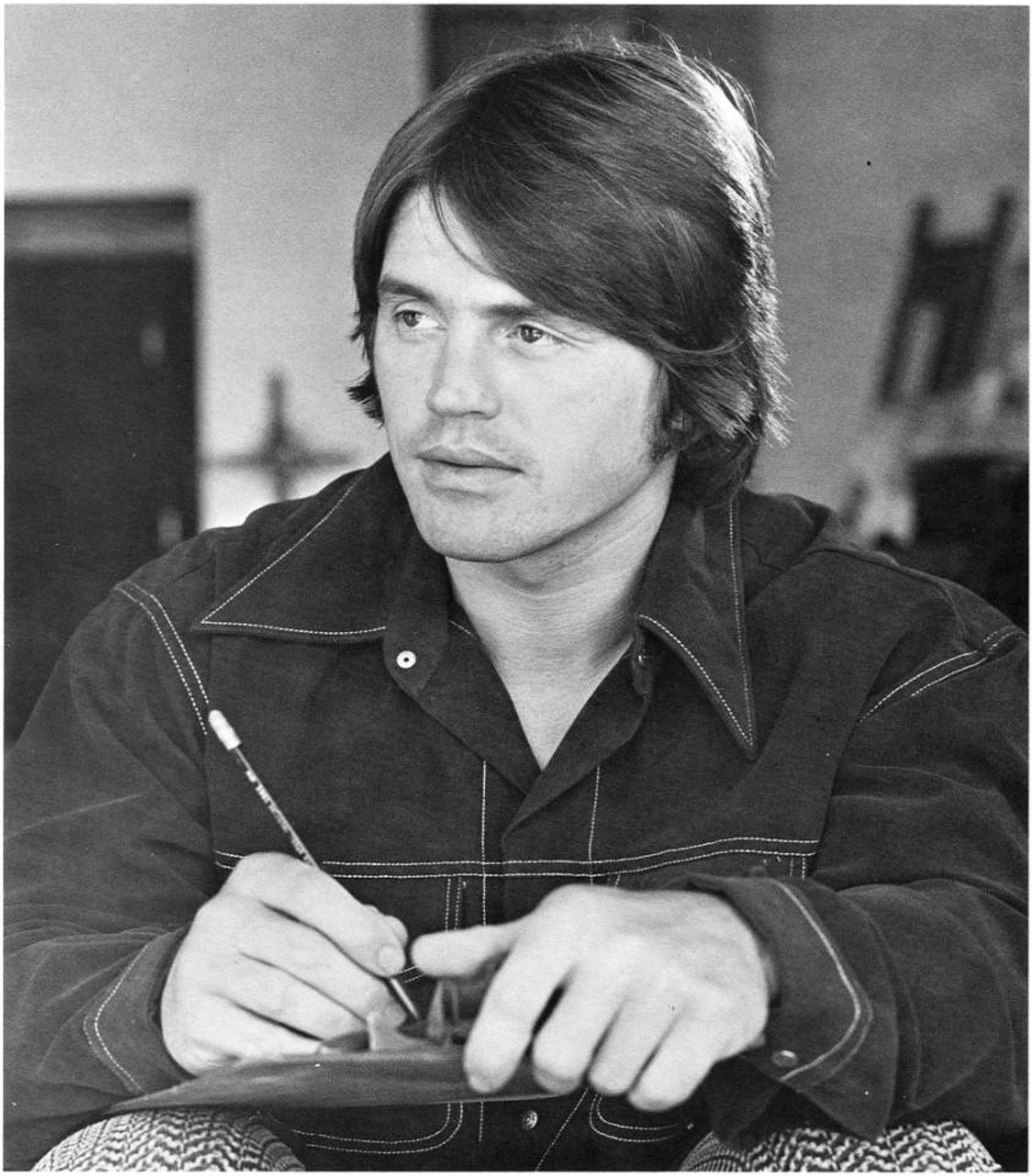
Paul's grey eyes darken as he recalls his angry response. He wrote a long letter to the editor reporting the considerable improvements in his own and his friend's physiques—enclosing photos as proof. To his astonishment, they printed his letter and photos, not in the Letters Column, but as an article—for which he was paid!

Through the following fall and winter, far fewer young men were seen after school or business hours on Poland's city streets. But that spring, an astounding number of radiant young "supermen" emerged. Outgrown shirts, stretched taut over bulging muscles, became inadvertently the fashion fad of the day. Bodybuilding took its place among the accepted rituals of sports-conscious Poland. Contests and events now play to packed houses and are enthusiastically reported in the press and on TV.

Once Paul had developed his own superb physique his interest in other sports bloomed. He soon led his soccer and ice-hockey teams to victories. In Iron Curtain countries, professional players don't earn enough to devote full time to sports but they are granted special privileges—time off from jobs or from school for practice.

Paul's writing ability won him the job as editor of his college newspaper. His artistic ability almost got him fired. Certain instructors displayed an unfortunate lack of appreciation for his pixieish caricatures of them, and almost got him expelled.

His high scholastic standing thrust Paul unexpectedly into still another field, acting. University plays were cast less on dramatic ability than on the basis of who could afford the time away from studies. It was a Russian play and Paul was called upon to scream and rant through most of his role. At rehearsals, he had trouble overcoming his natural shyness so, before he went on, the director gave him a few shots of



brandy, after which they had trouble bringing him down for the few quiet scenes. In later shows, he lost most of his stage fright, so bye-bye brandy.

After winning a few bodybuilding prizes in his homeland, Paul decided to devote a few years to training for international contests. He landed in New York City just over two years ago and found a job as gym manager, which gave him full opportunity for a rigorous regimen. At least two hours a morning, and two every afternoon, is needed to achieve "Super Bod" status, and he often threw in another two-hour session after dark.

It paid off for him. Paul took third place in the Junior Mr. America contest in Massachusetts last

year. At present he's peaking his training in preparation for the Mr. World contest to be held Sept. 8 in NYC. At 5'8½", Paul packs 180 pounds of extravagantly beautiful muscle. His chest measures in at 48 inches, and his waist at 31. His excellent health is attested by his silky brown hair and flawless skin that any right-thinking, card-carrying homo sapiens would love to touch.

He enjoys working out for its own sake, and is receiving physical and emotional benefits that will last him all his life. If he should win "Mr. World," Paul already knows that competitive bodybuilding is a young man's sport, and very few ever make a living at it. One can hope for a chance at acting in commercials. (Paul laughs: "Is there any market for impersonations of drunken, screaming Russians?")

Come what may, two years from now Paul plans to return to the career that is his first love—food chemistry, specializing in production of sugars. He sincerely feels that this is his way to do the most good for the most people, and *this* is Paul's major goal!

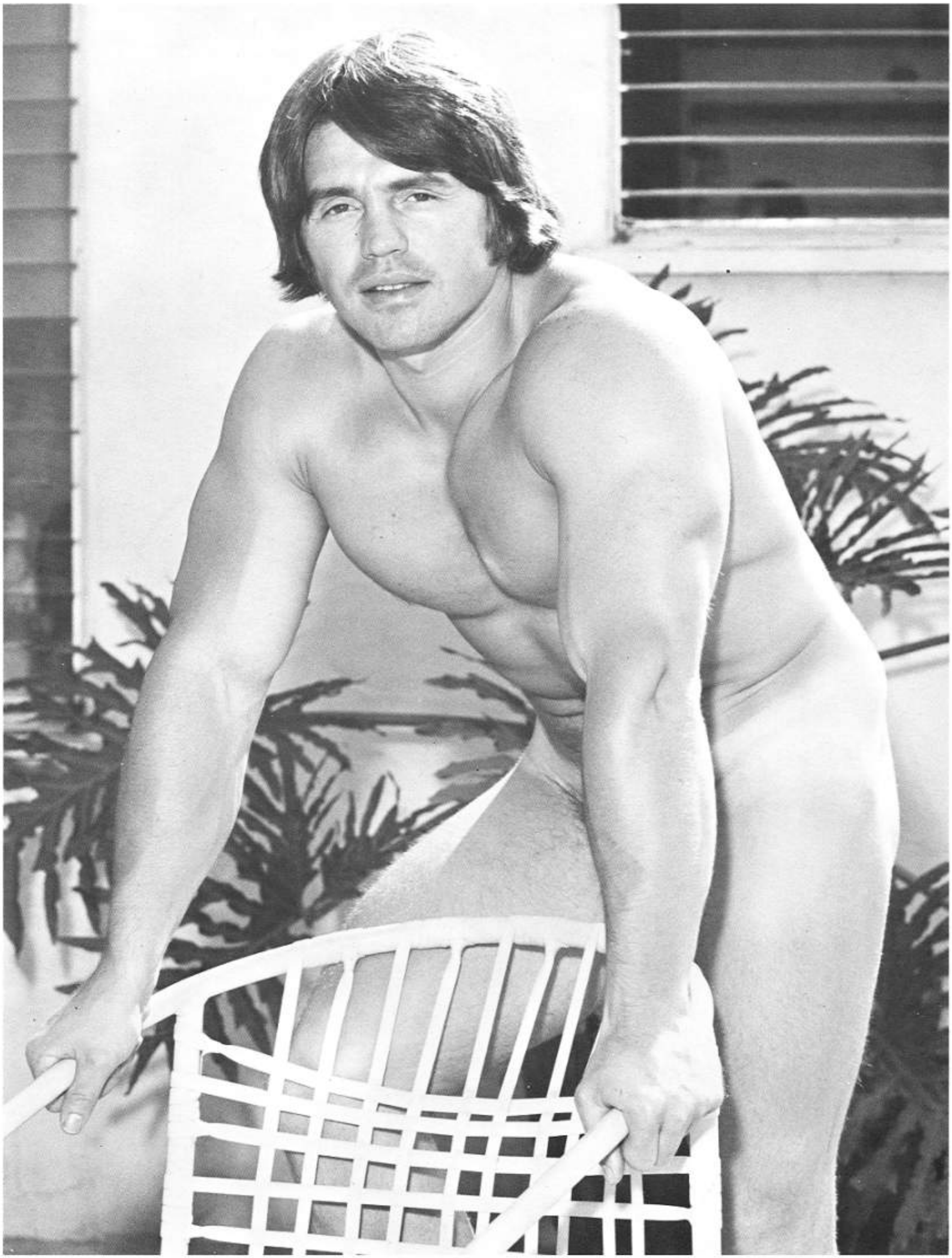
Paul moved to Los Angeles four months ago—crossed the country by car and was agog at its immensity, even though he'd seen pictures of much of the U.S.—cornfields for days, wheatfields for days, cotton crops for days. He was awed by the fantastic configurations of desert buttes and mesas. Oregon was the state that most reminded him of home. In California he saw his first palm tree.

Paul's life in Poland differed considerably from his life here. With fewer cinemas and nightclubs, there people crowd into beer bars for conversation. For his weekends Paul would go from his small city, either a few miles out in the country or even fewer miles to a larger city. Sporting events, especially ice-hockey and soccer, attracted crowds from all over the nation. In so small a country, everyone knows someone on a team or at least someone from his hometown, so the spirits run high and chauvinistic arguments dominate conversation between matches.

Here in relaxed Los Angeles, Paul feels no need for a frantic social life. He enjoys quiet evenings with close friends or neighbors, or time alone for reading or practicing his hobby of photography. He is an avid reader of magazines and newspapers. In New York he particularly enjoyed the *Post* and the *Daily News* because of their extensive coverage of neighborhood events. Friends, neighbors and local establishments would frequently appear in their pages. L.A. is so spread out that he seldom reads about anyone he knows.

Immediately upon moving into a new neighborhood, Paul sets about introducing himself. His interest in humanity *especially* includes person-to-person relationships.

That should help real estate values in Malibu.



In Touch with books

American publishers issue about one thousand books a week, and quite a few of these have some special interest to literate gay readers.

One that might have filled a major need is Bruce Rodgers' handsome paperback, **The Queens' Vernacular: A Gay Lexicon** (Straight Arrow Press, San Francisco, $3.50, 265 pp.) which presumes to give gay definitions to more terms (12,000+) than anyone ever supposed were part of gay jargon—and still omits seafood, Greek god, bunk buddy, biker, sadist and one ("Are you one too?"), as well as the many so-called scientific terms which have become part of gay jargon.

Rodgers did a fantastic job of collecting street definitions, but he seems to have done little checking to ascertain that the meaning given by one single queen (and even that term is subject to much dispute) would be understood by anyone else. I doubt that even widely traveled queens would recognize more than a fraction of Rodgers' terms. And God forbid that this should become the Bible of gay usage!

A "gay" lexicon should be somewhat more inclusive than "queens" vernacular. But those whom Rodgers and I agree on designating as queens—effeminate young homosexuals and a few not so young—are probably more inventive in slang than other elements of the gay community. Still, too many of these inventions give us a lingo akin to Humpty Dumpty's instructions to Alice. Much of it might as well be Greek.

There is little slang here of lesbians, of butch male Gays, of arty or so-called closet types. These deserve inclusion by the book's subtitle. As for the Gay/Homophile Movement, Rodgers lists GAA and SIR, but not Mattachine, DOB, Radicalesbians, STAR, CRH, MCC, or Effeminists. We are told inadequately that Gay Liberation is "a radical political movement," but the Movement usage of "gay" is omitted, as are homophile, homoerotic, platonic love, Stonewall, Christopher St. (and other locations from Selma to Rittenhouse that have entered the language), rap, consciousness-raising, up front or shake up.

Much of Rodgers' work is admirable, and he *is* aware that gay jargon varies with time, place and class; but still, he is off on many common terms. Queen bee does not generally refer to a woman. *Really!* does not necessarily imply agreement with what has just been said. He misses major meanings of trash, fluff, game, even straight arrow. He questionably equates scores of feminine names with specific male names (Amanda: gay nickname for Andrew). But where on earth are Bette, Judy and Tallulah?

With a bit more cross-checking, with a healthy pruning of the rare, capricious usages, and with a discovery of Gay Power, this could be a valuable reference work.

* * * *

I don't intend this column to cover only gay novels and books having Gay or Homosexual in their titles. I will assume that many Gays have wide-ranging interests, spilling over into related fields. Books on sex-roles, conformity, censorship, the arts and certain particularly interesting periods of history will be touched upon, even though some of them barely mention homosexuality.

I assume that in this age, taste is not a universal, so without lacking the courage of my own convictions, I will often suggest that certain types of readers may like a book more or less than I do—and not mean it as a put-down for those whose taste is not my own.

* * * *

In that vein, I started out being mildly put off by Wallace Hamilton's **Christopher and Gay** (Saturday Review Press, $6.95, 216 pp.), a highly personal odyssey through the Greenwich Village gay scene, and ended up liking the book very much. The parade of Gays met and described lovingly and entertainingly as Hamilton, a past-50 writer, comes out, are far from representative, so I at first bridled at his generalizations about "young Gays" which did not fit many young Gays I know.

But these are the Gays he met, Hamilton says, met them because the first place he went to—old Danny's Bar—led to a succession of meetings, with many a waif making home-base of Hamilton's apartment. He admits that if he'd gone first to a leather bar, or an uptown bar, the entire succession and sample would have been different. And he describes his "floating world" deftly, perceptively, often humorously.

* * * *

Or one can travel the same streets with intimacy in the first book edition of a lost Horatio Alger, Jr., novel, serialized under a pen name in 1889: **Silas Snobden's Office Boy** (Doubleday, 240 pp.). Short and shy Horatio Alger, Nineteenth Century author of over 130 poor-boy-makes-good adventures, had perhaps as great an effect on the shaping of American moral notions as any other American author. His lively little morality tales were fun to read. I read dozens, several times each, in my early teens. They had already inspired generations of average Americans to believe that steadfastness, honor, simplicity, hard work and charitableness would win them wealth, dignity, position and a good marriage—though Alger was always less attentive to hetero romance than to close male friendship. Even before I knew any name for my own feelings, I sensed that special urgency to masculine friendship in all of Alger's books.

I didn't know then that Alger was defrocked by his Brewster, Massachusetts, Unitarian Church because of homosexual charges—or that he unashamedly defended his feelings and ac-

tions. I knew he had helped set many New York waifs up in business, had worked long hours at a Bowery boys' home, and had campaigned successfully for child-labor laws.

Remembering when Woolworth's sold Alger reprints for 15¢, I found it unnerving to pay $5.95, but the sentimental journey was worth it, and my fears lest I now find such stories childish proved groundless. This story of how young Frank Manton made good (one scene occurs at 179 Christopher St.) will delight nostalgia buffs, some of whom may agree that one might easily turn any Alger story into a gay novel.

* * * *

A real disappointment was Lawrence Goldman's **The Castrato** (John Day, $7.95, 264 pp.), a superbly researched fictionalization on Carlo Broschi, known as Farinelli, the most remarkable male soprano of all time. Goldman's writing skill shows throughout this engrossing, rich-textured and authentic-sounding story of the Eighteenth Century music world in Italy, London, Vienna and Madrid. But Farinelli, castrated as a boy to satisfy the demands of church choirs, and rising to such fame in female operatic roles that his London appearance drove Handel's royally sponsored rival company to financial ruin, misses coming to life. Goldman's interest in Broschi started when he heard castrati jokes on the Dick Cavett show, and however well he laid out the scenery, he failed entirely to get into the soul of this man unmanned. A hetero tunnel-vision apparently kept Goldman from realizing that homosexuality exists.

As many as 5,000 boys a year were so butchered at the height of the castrati mania (the Church forbade women to appear onstage or to sing in church), and it's likely that a few castrati fought to restore their hetero functioning (not impossible); but in the rococo monastic and operatic world, surrounded by celebates, castrati, femmics, and frenzied admirers, male and female, it seems unlikely that Broschi would never have encountered homosexual urges or advances.

His letters from poet-lyricist Metastasio, which Farinelli gave to Charles Burney for publication, fairly drip with sentimental friendship; and Farinelli's position as virtual prime minister under two Spanish kings, after his singing reportedly cured Philip V's madness, must have rested on stouter foundations than his dining companionship with Elizabeth Farnese, the queen. . . . Read it anyhow.

* * * *

There have been suspense or detective stories in which the villain or victim was homosexual, but a gay detective, in a novel by a major publisher? (George Baxt, better known to gay readers under a more illustrious name, did it first.) **Death Claims** is Joe Hanson's second from Harper & Row ($5.95, 166 pp.), and the "detective," as before, is really an insurance investigator, David Brandstetter, who is about to break up with his lover. A former associate editor of *ONE Magazine* and *Tangents*, Hanson is married, a respected Venice, Calif., poet, and author (as James Colton) of **Lost on Twilight Road, Cock-Sure,** etc.

Really a damned good story about a Gay, a good suspense yarn in which this reader at least changed his mind several times about whodonit. Set against a Southern California backdrop of bookstores, beach houses and little theatre groups. . . .

I would carp on only one point: Like an interior decorator, the author over-described the furnishings of every room, well past the degree to which this habit plants clues or furthers characterization.

* * * *

Much impressed by Charles Shively's revealing interview with poet John Weiners *(Gay Sunshine #17).* Rushed out for Weiners' **Selected Poems** (Grossman, $3.95, 125 pp.) expecting another voice to put gay fire into hard-line modern verse, as do Ginsberg and Paul Mariah (not considering for the moment those who do prettier styles, with rhyme and meter). Weiners at first seemed to me wooden, hard to enter; but contemporary verse sometimes has to grow on you. A stark, spare vision, *a la* Edvard Munch, not always so circumspect as:

to love and all he was capable of,
sweet patience
when he put his lips to places I cannot name

Easier for most readers is **The Erotic Muse** (Pyramid, $2.95, 272 pp.), Ed Cray's uncensored collection of the bawdy songs everybody knows and no one ever wrote down before (with notes and variorum): *Sweet Violets* (sung endlessly in 1943 at Li Po's, my first gay bar), *The Man Who Had No Balls at All, Friggin in the Riggin* and others, some gay. As with the Dean Martin show, some will see the humor as anti.

* * * *

Christopher Isherwood, an author who almost invented the art of inserting matter-of-fact gay elements smoothly into stories of gentle disposition and broad concern, now has a paperback of his recent most excellent and moving portrait of his parents, **Kathleen and Frank** (Curtis Books, $1.25, 510 pp.). From his early **Berlin Stories** (of which the current musical *Cabaret* is a fifth-generation descendant) Isherwood's writing has almost invariably been autobiography thinly disguised as fiction. This panoramic story is told largely through his mother's diaries and his father's letters, inconspicuously cemented together by Isherwood. A delicately loving evocation of Victorian life, carried with humor, charm and astonishing perception up to Isherwood's own maturity, Kathleen remains the focus until her death in 1958.

Chris seemed to think his soldier-father something of a martinet, but a different picture emerges from Frank's letters from the Front during the Boer War; wishing he could get away to an art gallery; painting mountains and clouds; chiding Kathleen, not yet officially his fiancée, for a criticism which he'd invited; knitting socks under bombardment; describing himself as rather like a woman in many ways. . . .

Isherwood always writes in low key, so that it is easy to miss his outstanding talent and perception.

Toward the end, he writes of himself: "It was Kathleen, more than anybody else, who saved him from becoming a mother's boy . . . a respectable citizen. . . . When he defiantly told her he was homosexual, she didn't seem at all upset. But this, he suspected, was because she simply didn't believe that a relationship without a woman in it could be . . . anything more than an infantile game. He sensed her assurance that one day he would have . . . her grandchildren. . . . One of the aims of his writing—never quite achieved—was to seduce her into liking it in spite of herself."

—LYN PEDERSEN

fashion

CAFTANS FOR FALL

by Jay Ross

photography by Dave Sands

". . . Into your tent I'll creep. . . ."

The writer of those lyrics might have had caftans in mind. An ever-increasing segment of the male population has been discovering the joy of an unfettered body and the luxurious sensation of a cloud of fabric drifting over the skin.

The caftan's practicality at the beach or at poolside has long been established. With the increase in leisure time, and with more people entertaining at home, the caftan has moved indoors and become an all-season favorite.

Caftans actually enhance the decor of a room. They become bold, dynamic focal points in a modern setting, and gracious, living accents to unify a cluttered look. They scream for huge piles of pillows around a low table or in front of a fireplace. Seated around a dining table they evoke a scene from the Doge's Palace.

There are caftans to suit any mood or personality, all imparting a feeling of freedom and sensuousness—especially when the party becomes *tete-a-tete.*

In preparing for the rise in popularity of caftans for this fall season, the stores have outdone themselves. IN TOUCH has selected the models for our caftan showing with an eye to their diversity of appearance to illustrate our belief that caftans are for everyone.

Dan Trent is a young actor with the fair-haired, all-American-boy look so suited to the leading roles he has played in musicals ranging from *Annie Get Your Gun* to *The Most Happy Fellow.* In a change of pace he is currently playing Mother, the drug-pusher in *A Hatful of Rain.* As a model, he was recently featured in a *Playgirl* layout. With his limited spare time, Dan paints and writes movie scripts (a major studio is negotiating for one script at the present time). A most busy fellow.

Exotic Parisian model Michel Duvernay has appeared in magazines and newspapers all over Europe. He counts Mick Jagger, Mick's brother Chris, and Hiram Keller among his intimate friends. Keller introduced him to Fellini, which led to Michel playing a small part in *Satyricon*. Michel, a serious artist, is currently preparing a one-man show.

Versatility is the key to John Nicholson. As a model he could pose as a farmer, a construction worker, a lawyer or a Hollywood leading man and always look perfect. Recently arrived from New Zealand, John has already appeared in a nine-page *Playboy* spread and on a *California Scene* cover. An active sportsman, John can frequently be found skin-diving and back-packing. He was on a championship boat-racing crew in New Zealand. He has established his own ceramics workshop and now that it is self-supporting, he's free to spend more time pursuing his modeling and acting careers.

The four designer-shops presented in this month's article all feature caftans throughout the year as an important part of their collections.

At their exclusive location, 8595 Sunset Strip, **Le Chandail** caters to many famous Hollywood personalities. The bright yellow interior imparts a cheery welcome and invites browsing among the colorful merchandise. Bill Barbe does the custom-designing for owner Jerry DeLee's celebrity clientele. Recent customers have been Burt Reynolds, rock-star Edwin Starr, and Ward Donovan. Bill has created an extensive wardrobe, including a magnificent white fur-trimmed caftan, for Isaac Hayes' recent European tour.

Of the caftans prominently displayed in **Le Chandail's** store and windows, we selected the following:

Brightly colored Chinese prints are reproduced with amazing clarity against a black background on a spacious robe. Black velveteen forms a ten-inch-wide panel down the front, from neckline to hem, and is used for a generous cuff on the wide sleeves.

Closely spaced dots on a silky brown fabric impart a reptilian-slithery look to a slim sheath. A matching scarf tied at the throat lends an air of the French apache to this unique caftan. A narrow band of solid brown rises from the hem to frame the plunging neckline.

A slinky black jersey gown with flowing sleeves has got to be the sexiest garment ever devised. A body doesn't seem merely nude beneath it, but lewdly naked. The attached hood adds an air of mystery that will have the beholders' minds publishing pornography. A single row of rhinestones outlines the zipper.

Truly the most lush caftan I've ever seen is **Le Chandail's** voluminous Persian gown. A montage of Persian paintings are reproduced on silk, with shades of tawny apricot and gold predominating. The entire garment is lined with a plush Parisian velvet of a darker shade of orange. The robe is reversible with huge tern-back sleeves for contrast. The velvet forms a wide cuff for the silk print and vice versa. A simple square

neckline and a rectangular slit at the bottom center-front complement the design.

* * * *

That Look, 2512 Hyperion, is haberdasher to the Silver Lake area. Owner Fritz offers a variety of merchandise to compose a wardrobe for any occasion. In addition to the domestic and imported ready-to-wear, Fritz will custom-design to a customer's specifications. His own line of suits, swimwear and caftans are made to order. His caftans for fall are elegant and unusual.

A flowing purple gown has a wide band of heavy, white Venice lace appliqued over the chest and down the center-front, as well as around the bell-shaped sleeves. Rhinestones are generously sprinkled through the lace.

Black velveteen forms the sleeves and high-necked top which ends in a diagonal line from right chest to left hip. From there down it's silver brocade with see-through portholes—really see-through! An undergarment may be required, depending on the company, of course.

A gown fit for a renaissance prince is of silver-grey satiny cut-velvet with an alligator-skin pattern. This regal garment has a double row of pearls outlining the narrow standing collar, the sleeves, and the bib-shaped yoke.

Bronze lamé is cut into a huge T-shaped robe. Fake emerald stones frame the V-neckline lending a jeweled collar effect.

Dark brown cut-velvet, with a palm leaf pattern, is fashioned into a sophisticated floor-length "smoking jacket." Wide lapels plunge to the self-fabric sashed waist. Hip pockets add to the Lord Byron look. The lining is shocking-yellow satin.

Above Par, 13753 Ventura Blvd., Sherman Oaks, specialized in casual wear. The owner, Lloyd,

uses many novelty prints for his caftan line, along with a collection of one-of-a-kind Guatemalan handmade fabrics of silk or wool.

A dark-green floral design is printed on white silk-and-rayon shantung for a softly gracious gown. Darker green velvet forms the collar, and the wide cuffs for the ample sleeves.

A red tapestry pattern is printed against a gold background. The red velveteen cuffs, zipper-placket, and shirt collar gives the formal print a more casual slant.

* * * *

When Carl Jerome was a line dancer at New York's Roxy Theatre, he danced almost nude but with yards of fabric floating around him. He's worked with fabric all his life, and after a stint as a principal skater with the Hollywood Ice Revue, he went into interior design. But he preferred manipulating fabric on a human body, so he opened his own clothing shop. Called **The Sewing Man,** and located at 4003 Sunset Blvd. (where Santa Monica Blvd. and Sanborn cross Sunset), Carl's shop is the tiniest I've ever seen. I haven't yet found out where he does the cutting. There's not enough space to lay a finished garment horizontally. And yet, everything in the place is an exciting one-of-a-kind—Carl not excepted. The stock is divided almost equally between shirts and caftans. Custom orders are also taken.

Simple, clinging, yellow-ochre jersey becomes a gown fit for a chic sheik. It's beaded wood macrame bib is surely meant for royalty.

A striped jersey tanktop might have been knitted by Mme. La Farge. She got carried away and didn't stop until it hit the ground. It may be worn with or without its dark brown caftan-coat banded by embroidery which marks the front opening, and encircles the sleeves.

Dark black-and-white houndstooth checks are capped by a solid black yoke and cuffs.

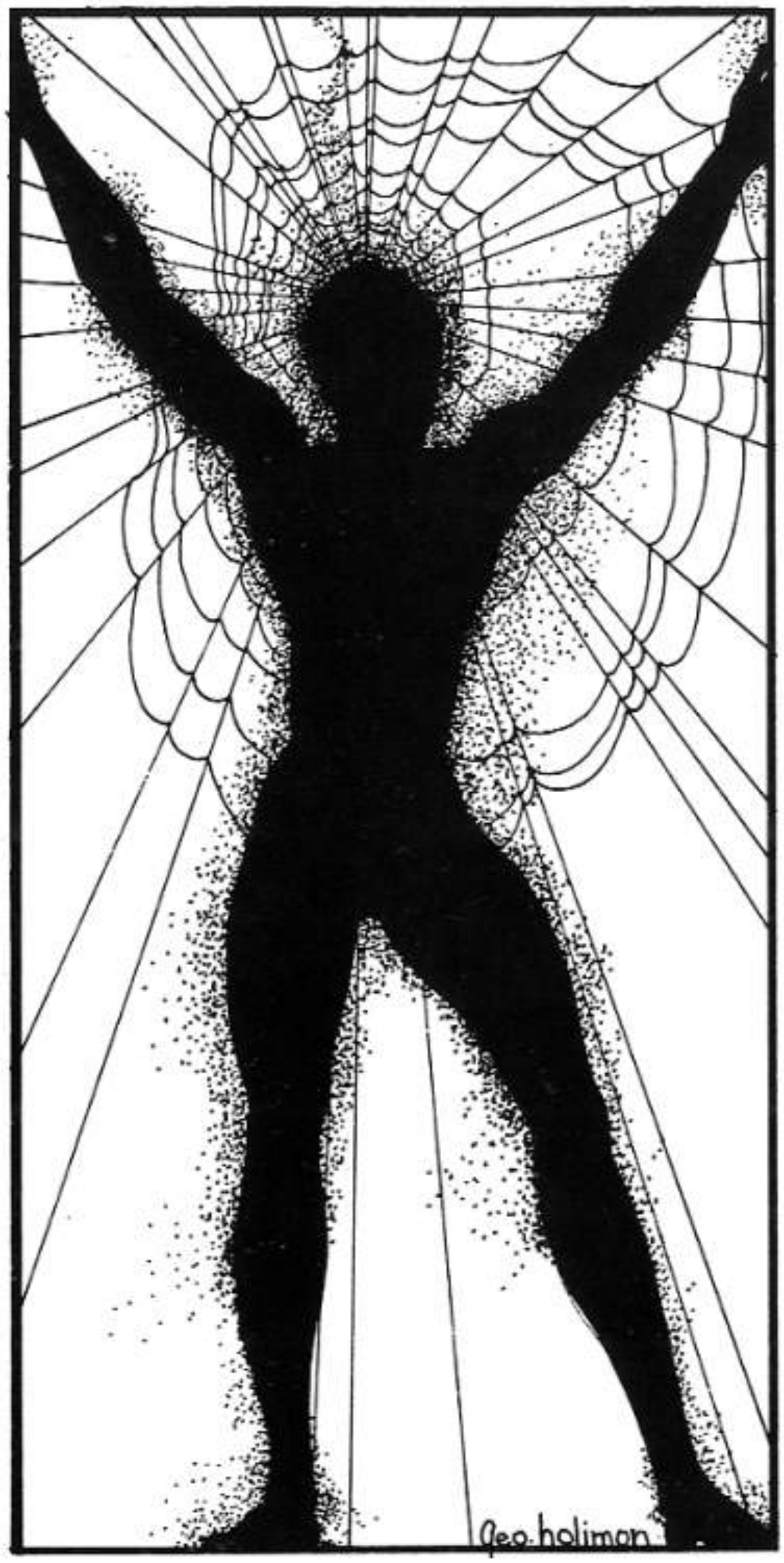
Narrow grey-and-white horizontal stripes in a clinging knit make an authentic-looking caftan that moves beautifully.

The sleeves of a heavy dark-red brocade gown are trimmed with antique-gold lace. A narrow gold braid edges the yoke.

A starkly simple silver lamé caftan with angel sleeves has its own sleeveless coat of a gossamer-sheer organza, embroidered with silver and black in a figured stripe. The effect is breathtaking.

* * * *

Fall caftans range from rugged to sheer, from casual to elegant, from slinky to super-masculine. You've got to find yourself there—*somewhere!?!*



Poem by HENRY PATRIK
Drawing by GEORGE HOLIMON

COBWEBS AND DUST

Step into my
home, friend,
but be careful...
do not disturb the dust;
these cobwebs took a long
time growing.
I've no desire for you
to see the cracks in these
walls I shared so long
ago...when eventually
love blinded me. Do you think
you'd like to live here?
But you must promise not to
disturb the cobwebs
and dust.

IN TOUCH at home

"What's in a Trunk"

With so many of you getting into trunks these days—and this has nothing to do with elephants or swimming, we felt a word or three on how others are using them might be appreciated—as well as giving you an excellent excuse to start examining chests all over the place.

Since the days of Bluebeard and Long John Silver, trunks and chests have held a very special fascination for people. This is due in part to their legendary ties with these pirates of old who sailed across the seas and buried them on sandy beaches in remote corners of the world where only a map—in a bottle, preferably—could uncover them and the countless treasures they contained. However, as much or more of the mystique has come with their other uses through the years.

The diamonds and rubies and golden ducats they supposedly held were surely no more valuable than the moments and personal treasures that have been stored inside them and locked away in countless closets and attics . . . to be opened at very special times when the heart needed to remember.

It seems rather shameful, with the fascination that this container has held over the years, that trunks are no longer being made as they once were (but then who is?). Yet, if it were, somehow it wouldn't, couldn't, be the same. As with most antiques, much of the beauty of the piece lies in its age and its history—would it were that the same were to apply to people.

And what fun to sit and imagine the entire history of a particular chest from its conception to this moment as it sits, possibly as a coffee table, concealing some of your personal goodies. Could it have come across the plains in a covered wagon? Perhaps it was carried by a husky young prospector to a new life in exciting San Francisco, or maybe some clever sailor of fortune used it to stowaway a smart looking youth for the long trip around the Horn before it became his first piece of furniture—and the stowaway his first love—as he took a room in the growing village of Los Angeles.

If you had no hoards of jewelry or valued keepsakes or stowaways to put inside, a trunk could always function quite practically as a bench at the foot of the bed to hold linens and coverlets . . . and people, if company comes unexpectedly at an unfortunate time. Especially nice are those old chests lined with cedar so that the heavy rich smell of that peculiar wood floated up into the air when the bed was made in winter.

Now that trunks are gaining a new prominence outside the closet (isn't everyone), their position as decorative and functional pieces of furniture is expanding. They have a way of being so versatile that the list is endless and, at times, rather ingenious.

From aquariums and end tables to whatever ideas one can conceive for using them, trunks never seem to lose their charm. From an elegant Beverly Hills mansion to a modest mountain cabin, they seem always to fit and be "right" wherever they are.

Have you ever noticed how people's eyes tend to light up when they encounter a trunk? Possibly it's that old "discovering buried treasure" syndrome again, but inevitably your guest will beam as he says, "Oh, a trunk! Where did you find it?" A trunk has a way of being found.

One man, a devout member of the Judy Garland cult, acquired by hook and crook (and a few other interesting means) a trunk from one of her films. It is a grand old steamer with lots of drawers and many tempting compartments. It's now a bar, wired for lighting. One area serves as a wire rack for twelve bottles with sufficient storage room for glasses too. Its function is all the more valuable now because of the nostalgia connected with it.

A gentleman in Manhattan Beach discovered that the smaller camelbacks also make excellent aquariums. In the front of the trunk he cut an opening with a very irregular zig-zag border. A fiberglass window was made and set into the opening and the entire inside of the trunk was carefully sealed and lined with fiberglass to prevent leakage. The outside of the trunk was sanded and stained a deep walnut and covered with a high gloss varnish. Filled with tropical fish, it is a setting Jacques Cousteau would envy.

One young man in Hollywood has in his apartment, lined across one wall, three trunks of various sizes. One has been adapted to accommodate a stereo system and tape deck with a frame built inside the trunk to support the turntable. The other trunk serves as a cabinet for the speakers, and the third, a square steamer, has been remodeled to function as a light box. Upended with the lid open, the cabinet has been covered with a sheet of frosted glass and behind it a kaleidoscope of lights has been arranged.

Trunks can be used to great effect as planters. They make exquisite cactus gardens. Through the use of a smaller wooden box that fits snugly inside the cabinet, the trunk can be used without damage to the interior from dirt or sand. An arrangement of cacti and succulents in a bed of sand and rock is sure to be an eye-catcher in any room.

Very few children today are privileged to have a trunk for their toys—and what a shame. There is room inside for everything a child's world of fun and fantasy would ever require. And they make excellent storage for grown-up toys, too. There is ample space for all the odds and ends and odd-ends that may turn up.

Is there anyone who could resist, upon walking into a junk or antique shop, opening those miniature trunks on the counter? When you lift the lid and the strains of "Blue Bells of Scotland" float up at you . . . so right for a dresser in the bedroom. When you're ready to crawl into bed at the end of a long day and snuggle up to your love, you can wind it for all its worth and wonder: whoever thought of that . . . and silently thank him.

Trunks are as individual as people with their workmanship and trappings of wood, leather, brass and tin. Occasionally you can still find one lined with that great old wallpaper. Sometimes what appears to be only cheap metal hidden by age or paint turns out to be shining brass when polished.

Trunks are deceptive. As storage compartments they frequently get shoved into damp basements or garages where the weather works havoc on their exteriors. If you find one that is showing the effects of time and wear, don't give it up for lost. They are fairly easy to reclaim—would that I were a trunk!

Often just peeling away rotting leather or sanding rust-covered tin will give it a new life. If you're lucky enough to find one with a brass nameplate still intact, it takes only a small amount of work to have it back in shape and shining like new. Red or brown mix gives aged and drying wood a healthy sheen. And if, after all the work, your trunk still retains some of that battered look, so much the better. Captain Bligh probably dropped it on the wharf after bringing out the stowaway.

There are any number of marvelous inventive and gimmicky services trunks can perform—probably as many as there are trunks. However, none of them will ever surpass a trunk that is used simply as a trunk. As a piece of furniture or room dressing, it never grows stale, a fact which will be wonderfully reinforced every time someone says, "Wow, a trunk!"

—FRED JEROLE

films

Erotikus from the cold trap of the documentary with a style that is both devilishly joyous and thoroughly professional. Halsted has made the film into a celebration.

Erotikus is a fine piece of art because of the choice of films represented, the editing and re-editing, and the zesty narration. The film not only uses excerpts from eleven of the best 16mm gay erotic films ever made, but includes scenes from some of the earliest underground and 8mm films, and samples from every phase in-between. Each of the excerpts has been excitingly condensed to give the basic plot and quality of style of the particular film being represented. Fred Halsted has also redeemed the film from the fate of all other hot oversexed films. Each member of the audience has his own saturation point, but whenever the sexual gymnastics in *Erotikus* gets to be too much; and one asshole starts looking like another elbow; one foreskin like another nipple; Fred Halsted is still there pleasantly manipulating you through the fantasy of the documentary format. *Erotikus* may have more sex than any other film ever released, but it also has Halsted to make it a human experience.

Webster's defines nostalgia as "abnormal yearnings to return to an irrecoverable condition." That seems to take enough of the silliness out of the word to apply it to *American Graffiti*, but it also takes out the luxurious qualities that make the production of this film more gloriously perverse than mere fascination with an era. It is by no means the abstracted cold clinical study of youth that *Rebel Without a Cause* was. As much of a fantasy trip that *American Graffiti* might be, it does not give us such synthetic teenagers as did *Rebel Without a Cause. American Graffiti* does not have a tragic James Dean. Rather, it has mostly pathetic characters caught up in the pettiest of tragedies. The tragedies are, nonetheless, real ones and anyone who had to endure that approximate time and place is haunted by the crime of the condition.

With the technical dispatch of a perfectly sane scientist, George Lucas and his cohorts have turned their art in on themselves and revealed their idealized memories (the same technique employed in *Heavy Traffic*). The results are undisputably the finest of forms: a rich, thick, and creamy style, but with the most questionably valuable subject matter probed and prodded until it revealed itself to be human.

It's a wonderful toy; it's swell; it's ideal; and she's a real doll. I have never seen a finer collection of cherry cars and pretty boys. Like clouds rolling down puffy streets, cruisin' takes up most of the film. Compared to what? Only Wolfman Jack knows what is real and what is not.

Sacrilege! That is what Big Mo's friends and fans should be screaming. But the film *Maurie* is so loaded with mush and saccharin that everyone's throats must be too clogged to speak up. What is the writer of this inane "true life" trauma handing us? Somehow or other the questions that need to get asked are mentioned, but the stubbornly indecisive direction and the anti-content style editing beat down any possible answers that raise their heads.

Shame! That is what film fans must be thinking as they walk out on this one.

Rage! That is what the fine cast and crew that were shackled by this script should be feeling.

Sorry! I wished I could say something nice.

Bo Svenson almost convinced me, but there was nothing of which to convince me. Bernie Casey will be around for a while. Stephanie Edwards, well, what can I say, the most lovable talent in town, in *any* town! The whole cast was fine and so was the camera work.

I have never been a big sports film fan, but I know what can be done. I remember *Paper Lion* so I know better. I am sorry Danny Mann does not. Hopefully, *Bang the Drum Slowly* will reprieve the human touch sports movie, gay angle or no.

Most gay pornography can be broken down into two categories: gay romance with little explicit sex or story pretenses with little else but explicit sex. Finally, a gay porno which falls into neither group. There is good and plenty sex in *Greek Lightning* and it certainly is the explicit kind that you will never find in any pseudosexual, plastic, playboy, James Bond film. But it has the well-paced quality of a good fast-moving detective story. It also has a real hero, Johnny Acropolis (Jimmy Hughes), who flies around the Southland as fast and as sure as would a Bond, but with the sincere compassion of the Gay Defense League.

As a whole the film does not have the consistency of technical quality that is necessary to keep you distracted from reality. It does have several moments of technical excellence that allow the artistry of the director and his actors to shine through. Unfortunately, the first ten minutes—with the exception of the superbly exquisite titles—are the most technically unprofessional looking segment of the entire film. This does not get in the way of laying down the plot line, and once our hero picks up his clues and starts dodging bullets from one end of town to the other, we are thoroughly entertained. The trip from bedroom to bedroom becomes interesting and suspenseful, but it is not until our hero is captured by the evil Queen Bee and taken to headquarters, bound, gagged, and raped by a sadistic henchman that the film takes a sharp educated turn to the erotic. The bondage scene is perhaps one of the most exciting to hit the screen. The rest of the film becomes all the more enjoyable for it.

For those of you who are into gay romance, stick this one out for the true-love sex scene between our hero, detective Johnny Acropolis, and his new-found love, the innocent bystander who carries the clue. For those of you who are into slightly bizarre scenes, the love scene takes place in Rex's hospital bed. For those of you who haven't been Jimmy Hughes fans before, I am sure that you will agree that, in the hands of Warren Stephens, Jimmy cannot only give a hot performance, but he can and does act.

Films are of interest to various people for various reasons. Pat Rocco's latest little film will be of interest for years to come as a record of an organization's place in the history of the movement. The gay movement has come a long way in this country in the last twenty years; and it has been coming a long way in Europe since the turn of the century, so we learn from the heavy narration of *ONE Adventure*, a Pat Rocco/One Inc., co-production.

Although the film is heavily punctuated with sweetly naive love affairs, it is primarily a travel record which will serve as an educational service film for One, Inc. Every ticket sold will undoubtedly go to an established worthy cause. If you are interested in European travelogs, in the international politics of the established gay movement, or in peeking in on little gay affairs in romantic cities, then buy a ticket for *ONE Adventure* the next time you see it advertised in your *Advocate*.

—DAVID MINTON

IN TOUCH

humor

"Marvelous how money talks."

THE BARFLYS

"I don't understand. Normally they admire my hair—tonight it's my ass."

"Whadya do, part it different?!"

". . . Now, as a typical Gay. . . ."

the IN TOUCH host

Authority tells us that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. While many of us have found other routes which are equally rewarding, a good meal is often a telling weapon in an overall plan of seduction. Of course, there are other rewards to be gained from being a good cook (besides weight!). Being accomplished in the kitchen is very much a part of being a good host.

It has always been our opinion that, aside from the foodstuff, it only takes four things to make a good cook—common sense, a bit of imagination, an awareness of time, and guts. And it may be that one should substitute the word confidence for the latter word. Confidence is, perhaps, the single most important ingredient in cooking. Negative thinking and fear have spoiled more cooking than all the food columns in the *Los Angeles Times.* If you go into the kitchen with the self-assurance that everything is going to be fine because you are in control of the situation, the results will be a delightful dining experience.

Good planning and suiting your menu to the occasion is important also. Too many people I have met spoil what might be a perfectly charming dining experience because they are woebegone, distracted and exhausted hosts. A good cook manages to present both his cooking and himself at their best.

Being a good host is always important but it is never more difficult than "by the dawn's early light." In the evening when you have so much to look forward to, it isn't so difficult to be attentive and charming—sharing with that special someone the very best you have. But the morning after frequently lacks the motivation. If the evening was successful, you're exhausted, hung over, and frequently sore. If it was less than glorious, you are still all of these things plus disinterested. I wonder how many valuable people pass through our lives never to return because what was shining the night before is drab the morning after.

Here is a little something which will help to change all that. It requires a little effort and perhaps a little practice but it is easier to do than you might think. It certainly takes the ho-hum out of breakfast and turns it into a little feast and a festive occasion.

Some morning soon, after one of those remarkable evenings, slip out of bed and leave your beautiful conspirator in blissful alpha (this may very well be the most difficult part of the recipe—but it is necessary). After forcing yourself awake by whatever means works best for you, get out the following ingredients:

1 Apple—medium to large
½ Stick butter (4 tablespoons)
1 Tablespoon cinnamon
½ Cup sugar
½ Cup flour (sifted)
½ Cup milk
3 Eggs
1 Pinch salt

Peel, quarter, core and slice apple (1/8" to 1/4" slices). Set aside.

Beat eggs until they are well combined. Continue beating, adding a little milk and flour alternately until these ingredients are combined. Add salt. Set batter aside.

Mix cinnamon and sugar. Set aside.

Preheat oven to 450°.

Take teflon-coated frying pan with a heat-resistant handle and place over medium heat. Melt the butter. Pour off approximately half the melted butter and set aside for later use.

Add apple slices and sauté until tender but not mushy—about 7 to 10 minutes.

Add egg batter and place in center of rack in oven. Leave stove top burner on.

Bake for about 5 minutes or until batter is set—whichever comes first. Remove from oven and flip batter (as in flipping eggs over easy). Place back on burner. Dribble remaining butter over pancake and sprinkle liberally with cinnamon sugar.

Return pancake to oven and continue to bake for 10 minutes more. During the last five minutes, reduce the temperature every minute or so (I usually decrease the temperature in increments of 50° so the temperature is about 200° when done).

Remove pan from oven and slide the pancake onto a plate. Serve immediately. Pancake should puff and rise during second baking. It may fall somewhat after removal from the oven. Don't be discouraged. It will still provide one of the handsomest and most palate pleasing breakfasts on any table.

I would suggest serving this with orange juice, milk and/or coffee. A side dish of bacon (ham, sausage or beef does not complement the main dish as well) might be served to those who require meat with every meal. All of this can be easily prepared while the apple pancake is baking.

If the heady aroma of the baking doesn't awaken your guest, you will also have time to arouse him so long as you don't get too involved in the process.

It is possible to bake more than one apple pancake at a time. If you do, they should be placed in the oven one above the other—rather than on the same rack—so that each pancake cooks evenly. However, I suggest that as you join your friend at the table, you serve yourself a couple of poached eggs. The apple pancake is not the lowest calorie breakfast food around and after the three or four you've served yourself in practice sessions in anticipation of the great morning, you will probably need to cut down your food intake.

Actually the recipe is not as difficult as all that and one practice session should make you an expert. It is not absolutely necessary to flip the pancake after the first baking. The only advantage in doing so is that the bottom surface holds the cinnamon sugar and butter a little better.

For those mornings when you're really not up to peeling an apple, there is the original version of this pancake—called the German Pancake—which used the same batter (the eggs, flour, milk and salt). It is cooked entirely in the oven for 15 minutes, reducing the heat during the last 5 minutes. Do not flip this one!

It can be served with jam, jelly, or a variety of sauces (wine, fruit, rum). My own preference is to serve the German Pancake with a side dish of powdered sugar and half a lemon cut into wedges. The juice is squeezed onto the pancake a section at a time and the sugar is sprinkled over the same section as you eat it.

—WARREN STEPHENS

fashionably IN TOUCH

A new season arrives. Simultaneously, stores burst out with a seemingly infinite variety of clothing, yet almost all of it falls into just a few general style categories. It's incredible when you consider that the clothes were ordered six months to a year earlier, from hundreds of thousands of manufacturers scattered all over the world.

Where do style trends originate? A tough question to answer. Of course, individual styles come from designers. Creative designers follow the precept of the historical truism that events are caused by what came before, and affect what comes after. General history, as well as the history of clothing, must be studied. An awareness of current events is vital. Political, international, economic, ecological, and sociological happenings must be analyzed. Shifts in work and leisure patterns must be detected early. The endurance of current trends must be guessed and possible backlashes anticipated.

Then comes the most important ingredient of all—thin air—called inspiration and imagination. The perceptive designer doesn't operate in a void; he designs future garments with the assurance of Columbus embarking on his voyage of discovery. His past and present knowledge "tell" him what is out there.

The fact that so many designers can thus arrive at the same general conclusions independently is what starts a style trend.

A relatively few shops specialize in the far-out, more advanced variations. The majority select basic "bread-and-butter" numbers, sometimes salting their merchandise with a wild item or two, which they use for promotion in ads and display windows. I have never understood the kind of thinking that advertises a high fashion article and draws people to a store where they find almost nothing like what is advertised.

Some manufacturers anticipate this and put out a few attention-getting numbers at high prices to compensate for the expected low volume. One women's swimwear company, a leader in its field until a few years ago, did this as a matter of course. One year it was a group of 24-carat gold-cloth suits retailing at $75 apiece. Each of its clients bought at least one, some bought one of each. With 1500 stores, that amounted to a good-sized cutting. That year's crop of budding Hollywood starlets pounced on these suits for their publicity photos. Hardly a day went by without a picture of one of them glittering from the page of a newspaper or magazine. The resultant sales almost matched that of the inexpensive volume-priced garments, and the net profit was astronomical.

There are occasions when a style trend is started by just one designer. It may catch the public's fancy or fill a very definite need. One example can be attributed to the designer for the abovementioned swimsuit firm.

The designer's husband was a lifeguard and he complained about having to wear wet trunks all day. Up to that time most swimsuits were made of knitted wool which took forever to dry. Nylon lastex had recently come on the market. The designer knew of its quick-drying quality and found the elasticity to be ideal for form-fitting trunks. She ran up a few for her husband. An astute businessman appraised them and offered to back her. They manufactured lastex suits for women and in just a few short years, they were the leader in their field.

The majority of designers are not original, or are not allowed to be by the manufacturers they work for. These manufacturers want a "sure thing" and often tell their designers to come up with something "new and original that's already selling in the stores." Since most style trends last several seasons, or even several years, these designers turn out slight variations of current fashions, usually watering-down whatever reason the styles had for existing. But it bolsters the confidence of the non-fashion-conscious customer.

* * * *

With that out of my system, here's a brief review of the goodies in the local fashion stores.

The Western look is still with us—but with a difference. It's been reinterpreted by the Europeans and, unless you're buying a direct import, re-reinterpreted by us Westerners.

The Europeans have lavished elegance upon our rugged worksuits. I'll have to admit they topped us, with their intricate cutting, precise tailoring, ingenious flaps, snaps and tabs, and artful manipulation of the double-, triple-, and even quintuple-needle stitching. The virility is still there, but with embellishing touches that say the wearer isn't all *that* worried.

Under that jacket, try one of the new cotton shirts. Also European-inspired, they have narrower collars with wider-spread points. When worn open at the neck, the edges of the collar fall parallel to the ground. The effect adds the illusion of width to the shoulder area.

And give your striped, plaid, and large-figured shirts a rest. The new small prints look fresh, and I'm sure they'll carry over through next spring.

There's almost universal agreement over the shape of trousers. Legs are all straight-cut. Don't panic and start writing to Dear Abby! Straight-cut legs appear to have a slight flare when they're worn. Bell-bottom daze are not over.

Another victim of the season is double-knits. You might term it suicide—their trouble is inherent. They stretch swell, but they don't unstretch worth a damn. Good tailoring (and we're seeing more of it lately) needs a fabric with body—one that will keep its shape beyond the first wearing.

The Godfather of the fabric takeover is wool gabardine. This old reliable perennial was due for a comeback. Long-lasting and stable, its virtues are not unblemished. Its surface is harsh for wool (although years of hard synthetics have almost made us immune) and tends to shine after relatively few wearings. The almost imperceptible diagonal-twill weave lacks interest. Gabardine reminds me of vanilla ice cream. It's a basic product to which flavoring needs to be added.

While on the subject of flavors, chocolate brown and caramel are high on the autumn color chart, along with camel and other earth-tones. Black is coming into its own again, looking newest when trimmed with rust pumpkin! Next we'll be seeing Baskin-Robbins coming out with a clothing line! I wonder what flavor could be made out of that?

—JAY ROSS

IN TOUCH dines out

Don't let the long bar fool you. AFTER DARK is a restaurant that takes itself seriously. It has an extensive dinner menu with a diversity to satisfy most palates, at prices that are very reasonable considering the culinary quality.

Steaks are high-grade, ranging from the Top Sirloin Sandwich ($3.95), through the New York Sirloin ($5.95), and the Filet Mignon with Mushroom Caps ($6.50), to the granddaddy of them all, Chateaubriand Bouquetier for two ($12.95), all prepared exactly to order.

The real test of a chef's skill, however, lies with the more complex dishes. The Shrimp and Mushrooms, sautéed in parsley butter, had me waxing lyrical. Its subtle combination of flavors opened up a new avenue of addiction for me. I want more! More!

The seasoning on the Lamb Shashlik en Brochette was delicate and the meat so tender it literally melted in my mouth.

The meals are quite filling, but if you're a taste freak like me, try the appetizers—Sautéed Jumbo Mushrooms, Shrimp Cocktail Supreme, or Escargot de Bourgogne.

To avoid the prime-time crowds, and to get you to the show on time, AFTER DARK has the added inducement of lower prices on their Early Bird Dinners menu.

For after-the-show there's a Supper and Snacks menu. My own favorite late-night snack is Welsh Rarebit with Bacon and AFTER DARK is one of the few places left in town which offers it—and a good one at that. At only $1.35, I'm often tempted to order seconds until I realize that my taste buds are bigger than my stomach.

The prices on the late menu run from $1.25 to $1.95 with only the 8 oz. Top Sirloin Steak Sandwich going for $3.95.

Desserts—homemade carrot cake, caramel custard, and cheesecake—range from 60 cents to a dollar. Also a weekday special of 99 cents for Irish Coffee is featured.

AFTER DARK has a spacious, European carriage-house atmosphere. Perhaps it is a bit too spacious. The piano bar is at one end of the dining room and interferes with conversation at the tables. I'd respectfully suggest enclosing at least a small section of the dining room for those who might want to discuss business, l'amour, or sundry other topics.

AFTER DARK has successfully overcome a couple of problems which were no fault of their own: the negative reputation of the previous tenant, and the confusion caused by a same-name dance club a few blocks away.

Overcome they have, however, and reservations are definitely suggested to avoid a long wait for a table. When you arrive, you'll discover another ingratiating touch. Maitre d' Glen Hall will have a small packet of personalized matchbooks ready for you. It immediately sets you into a happy frame of mind, which is further enhanced by the food and the excellent service. I've had the good fortune to be served by waiters Jim and Todd. Both are friendly, attentive and decorative, an ideal combination for a pleasant experience in dining out.

AFTER DARK Restaurant
365 N. La Cienega Blvd.
West Hollywood
652-4210

EL CHAVO stands at the gateway to the Silver Lake district—where Hollywood Boulevard runs into Sunset. It's a portentuous location, the original site of La Villa Taxco, which moved to larger quarters across the street and later added a branch in central Hollywood.

EL CHAVO seems on its way toward following that precedent. At an early hour, on a weekday, they were almost filled to capacity. Its clientele was a happy mixture of Anglos and Chicanos, of straights and Gays—mostly couples with a few larger parties. The ambience is authentically Mexican, not bordertown honky-tonk.

The hospitality is also authentically Mexican. Count on getting your hand shaken at least twice by owner-maitre d' Ricardo, and at the first hint of recognition, by your waiter.

Expect the unexpected at EL CHAVO. Instead of the ubiquitous albondigas, a different soup is prepared daily. The creamed onion was a delight.

The dinner entrees cover familiar as well as lesser-known dishes, all with a special EL CHAVO twist: *Tapatia* (Peppered Top Sirloin served with Country Fries and Salsa Cruda). *Chuletas de puerco a la Mexicana* (pieces of pork chop in a special house sauce), *Ropa Vieja* (don't translate it, just eat it—it's shredded beef sautéed with fresh vegetables), *Rinones fritos* (Sautéed Kidneys with Chopped Vegetables), *Lengua en salsa Espanola* (Tongue in Spanish sauce which can be ordered with molé or braised), *Chiles rellenos* (deep fried green chiles stuffed with cheese), and many more. The majority of the dinners are between $2.50 and $3.00 with a couple at $4.00 and *Ganadero* (ranch steak with chiles in sour cream, country fries, guacamole and salad) at $4.50. Rice, refried beans, and tortillas are served with all dinners, but soup is served only until 9:00 p.m.

Of course, the standbys, enchiladas, tacos, tostadas, eggs and chicken, are available in many variations and combinations. I have to single out the guacamole. Without doubt, it's the best I've had anywhere. The flavor was fresh, piquant and alive, not spiced out of existence.

When you receive the menus, your waiter will inform you of the two or three special dinners for that day. They consist of favorite regional dishes that are little-known in the U.S. EL CHAVO's two chefs have a total of seventy-five years of experience between them. One, from Guadalajara, specializes in Jalisco food, while the other, from Nayarit, studied the *cusina* of the entire country. Try the shrimp in green almond sauce featured on Fridays.

To top off the meal, the dessert choices are *Arroz coz leche* (rice pudding), *Nieve glace* (fruit sherbet in fruit shells), or *Flan hecho en casa* (homemade caramel-glazed custard). A rich, hot Mexican chocolate is on the beverage list.

Liquor is served in the adjoining bar as well as at the tables. Starting a meal with one of EL CHAVO's double Margaritas, accompanied by the mariachis, is like a vacation in Mexico.

EL CHAVO Restaurant
4441 W. Sunset Blvd.
East Hollywood
660-9727

RANDY ALEXANDER

pines

City Attorney's job picked up the Bugliosi formula. Pines, like Bugliosi, mentioned the issue on TV before he had any contact with gay organizations. But he didn't have to try as hard as Bugliosi had to win the support of those organizations. It had already been demonstrated that the city's voters were responsive to the issues Bugliosi had raised.

Arnebergh argued, as Busch had earlier, that failure to prosecute some particular category of cases would flout the City Attorney's oath of office. (A lot of Gays had bought that view, during the first run-through.) He argued that the prosecutor's job is to enforce the laws that are on the books. But Pines pointed out that there are certain laws on the books (regarding environmental pollution, consumer fraud, etc.) which the police and the C.A. spend very little time enforcing, and other trivial laws which are entirely ignored. He charged the C.A. with favoring big companies that are the chief polluters and the heaviest campaign contributors.

In fact, a public prosecutor must use his judgment in evaluating the merits of each case brought before him, deciding if it is worth prosecuting. Even the police do this, when deciding whom to arrest among the many lawbreakers they see. They must always consider not only whether there has been a violation of a statute, but whether the offense is significant enough to merit prosecution, and whether sufficient evidence exists for a conviction. Much of his staff's time is spent evaluating the thousands of daily police reports and deciding which are worth prosecuting. Even after that, either prosecutor or judge can drop charges at almost any time. Unfortunately, persons arrested on homosexual charges are more likely than other arrestees to plead guilty, because of the stigma and intimidation involved in such a charge.

Nothing New

This assertion of the prosecutor's duty to exercise discretion, even to announce in advance that he will examine certain types of bum-rap cases with a jaundiced eye, is nothing new in L.A. Over fifteen years ago, District Attorney Ernest Roll carried on a long feud with that old alcoholic puritan, Bill Parker, who unhappily outlived Roll. The D.A. simply said he would not prosecute the average homosexual vice arrest without corroborative evidence, which of course is generally lacking in these cases. He argued that the police, his own office and the courts spent too much time on such cases; that they were generally bad arrests; and that it is the prosecutor's duty to protect citizens against unfair or arbitrary enforcement of the statutes.

The City Attorney has a staff of 325 persons, half of them lawyers, and an annual budget in excess of five million dollars. His office processes over two million cases a year, including traffic violations, but his more critical job is as legal advisor to the city.

USC graduate Pines was for three years Assistant United States Attorney. He is father of two young sons, has worked in the ACLU, and in 1972 was an advisor to the Joint Legislative Committee for the Revision of the Election Code.

He launched into the campaign charging that Arnebergh's office had been "slow, apathetic, secretive and invisible." Pines promised that he would not emphasize prosecution of such victimless crimes as homosexual acts between consenting adults. Pines soon spoke at HELP Center to representatives of gay groups. He was pressed hard by some as to whether he would appoint gay community representatives to his staff, and whether he approved of gay marriages. He made several further appearances at gay functions, and having no Marge Buckley to fend off, seemed more at ease than Bugliosi had.

Many feared that the fact that he was previously unknown would be an insurmountable obstacle. But Pines added a telling point in his appeal to gay voters: While the D.A.'s office prosecutes all felony arrests anywhere in L.A. County, and misdemeanor arrests in unincorporated areas, the City Attorney processes the biggest load of homosexual cases—all misdemeanor arrests in the city.

On a TV interview shortly after the campaign began, Arnebergh told flossy attorney Gladys Towles Root that his office "operated" 7,000 homosexual and prostitution cases annually, and added the idiot charge that most such arrests resulted from citizens' com-

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plaints of child molestation!

What a City Attorney Can And Cannot Do

A City Attorney who openly flouted laws that are on the books might soon find himself in trouble, if substantial sectors of the community wanted to see those laws enforced. The City Attorney, of course, has a lot to do with *what* laws remain on the books, locally and statewide, but his chief area of discretion is in the daily job, carried out by the lawyers on his staff, of reviewing the incoming police reports and deciding which cases to prosecute.

Actually, the case load is so heavy that there is little time for such review. It was this crush of work that caused municipal judges in San Francisco some years ago to announce that they simply would no longer hear the homosexual solicitation charges that police were bringing in. The argument is the same here. With each attorney on Pines' staff having more cases than he can handle properly, it makes sense to say that cases where there is insufficient evidence will simply be dropped.

That does not and cannot mean that all homosexual cases will be dropped. The City Attorney is in the prosecution business, and there is no doubt that some Gays who voted for Pines will end up being prosecuted by him.

He has promised that, to the degree that staff time permits, he will study the police reports and weed out those that sound phony or that have insufficient evidence—and that, as we know, should cover most of them. But he has also said that his office cannot look the other way on homosexual behavior that would be prosecuted if it took place between heterosexuals—such as prostitution.

It had come as a shock during the campaign when Pines announced that he thought that the City Attorney ought to clean up some of the filth openly displayed on street-corner newsracks. Adult bookstores were okay, he said, since they are closed to minors and to members of the public who don't wish to see what they displayed.

It came as a greater shock in late July when Pines said, in answer to a critical editorial on radio station KFWB, that he approved the Hollywood Boulevard police roundup of 236 men on charges of making propositions to undercover policewomen. Until then we had assumed that such activities would fall into the victimless crimes category. But Pines said he had worked closely with the police, reviewed the cases carefully, and no entrapment was involved.

However, some—including the head of the County Public Defender's office—feel that Pines himself may have been entrapped.

Of course, it's rather new for hetero men to be picked up on this sort of charge, and there may be some poetic justice in that, but the question still remains whether the public benefit flowing from such arrests justifies the damage done to the individuals.

It is obvious that men who are cruising can be persistent, obnoxious, a nuisance in traffic and all that. But at what point does a nuisance properly escalate into being a crime? The fact that some people find behavior offensive is not of itself sufficient to make that behavior criminal. A great variety of people in our society find a great variety of things extremely offensive to them (including for some the mere presence of black persons), but society has a right to intervene only when the offender willfully and tangibly harms the offended party. No one should be penalized because his very existence or his ordinary range of harmless behavior offends someone else. In that case, the "offense" is their problem, not his.

At any rate, that is a matter which we shall have to discuss at some length with Mr. Pines and his staff.

Happily, they seem willing to listen. Several of us have already met with Burt Pines and some of his top staff in his office, and further meetings are planned. If we do not see eye to eye on all points, at least those points can be freely argued about and more clearly defined.

Pines promised during the campaign that he would set up citizens' advisory commissions to get input from the community regarding law enforcement procedures. He already has asked attorney Sheldon Andelson, the Rev. Troy Perry and David Glascock (former chairman of the Gay Community Alliance) to serve on two such commissions.

Pines Has Little Direct Control Over the LAPD

Pines has no direct authority to stop the police from making arrests so long as the laws in question are on the books. And he cannot possibly review every case himself. He says that he doesn't even have the staff personnel to effectively review past 647a (lewd conduct) arrests. Cases are so filed that it would be a mountainous task to pull out the 647a's for even one month to see if most arrest reports follow a textbook pattern. Gay leaders who have talked to hundreds of persons arrested charge that arrest reports follow a monotonous pattern in describing the alleged proposition that differs radically from the language most Gays would be likely to use. Pines has asked our help in identifying such formulae or improbable language in police reports, as well as in identifying officers who seem, from repeated arrests, to be on some sort of personal anti-Gay vendetta.

To carry out his job well, it is desirable for Pines to have good relations with the LAPD, to try to get the department to alter its policies.

In that effort he can have an impor-

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tant ally in the new mayor, whose appointment of a new police commission is likely to be decisive. The police commission is at least nominally in charge of the LAPD. The former commission, made up largely of hacks and cronies, operated as a rubber stamp for whatever the chief wanted. Bradley has promised a commission that will do its job. Bradley also doesn't want a direct confrontation with Ed Davis, but it is hoped that a new and responsive police commission will restrict some of the chief's free-swinging prejudices, against Gays and other minorities as well.

Pines can tell the police: I will not prosecute certain types of arrests if you make them. The police commission can tell the police, if it chooses: Stay out of bedrooms, or gay bars, or public restrooms unless there is damned good reason to go in; and stop hassling Gays and members of other minorities on the streets.

The police commission, working in conjunction with Pines, and with members of the LAPD who see no advantage in hassling Gays, can make a whole new day in this city.

A Line to City Hall

It is clear that there will be regular communication now between the gay community and the City Attorney's office, as well as with other offices in City Hall. The City Attorney is not in a position to prevent arrests of Gays, but he can most certainly set a higher standard for such arrests. Unfortunately, in some cases, this may mean that officers still making bum busts will simply work harder at writing believable arrest reports. It may also mean an increase in the percentage of felony charges.

But one member of the Board of the Southern California ACLU considers this unlikely. The average officer, he says, working the "fag" detail, has a distaste for homosexual activities. Gays are aware that the police dislike them, but they tend to forget that policemen have an even more intense distaste for homosexual acts and physical contact. Therefore, the arresting officer will in most cases make the arrest at the earliest possible interval, even if it means that he has to doctor his arrest report some to make probable cause for an arrest.

Still, in most cases where the arrest report appears to show that there was probable cause for an arrest—even if the arrest report contains information that happens to be false—the City Attorney's office, having no way of knowing that, will probably have to proceed.

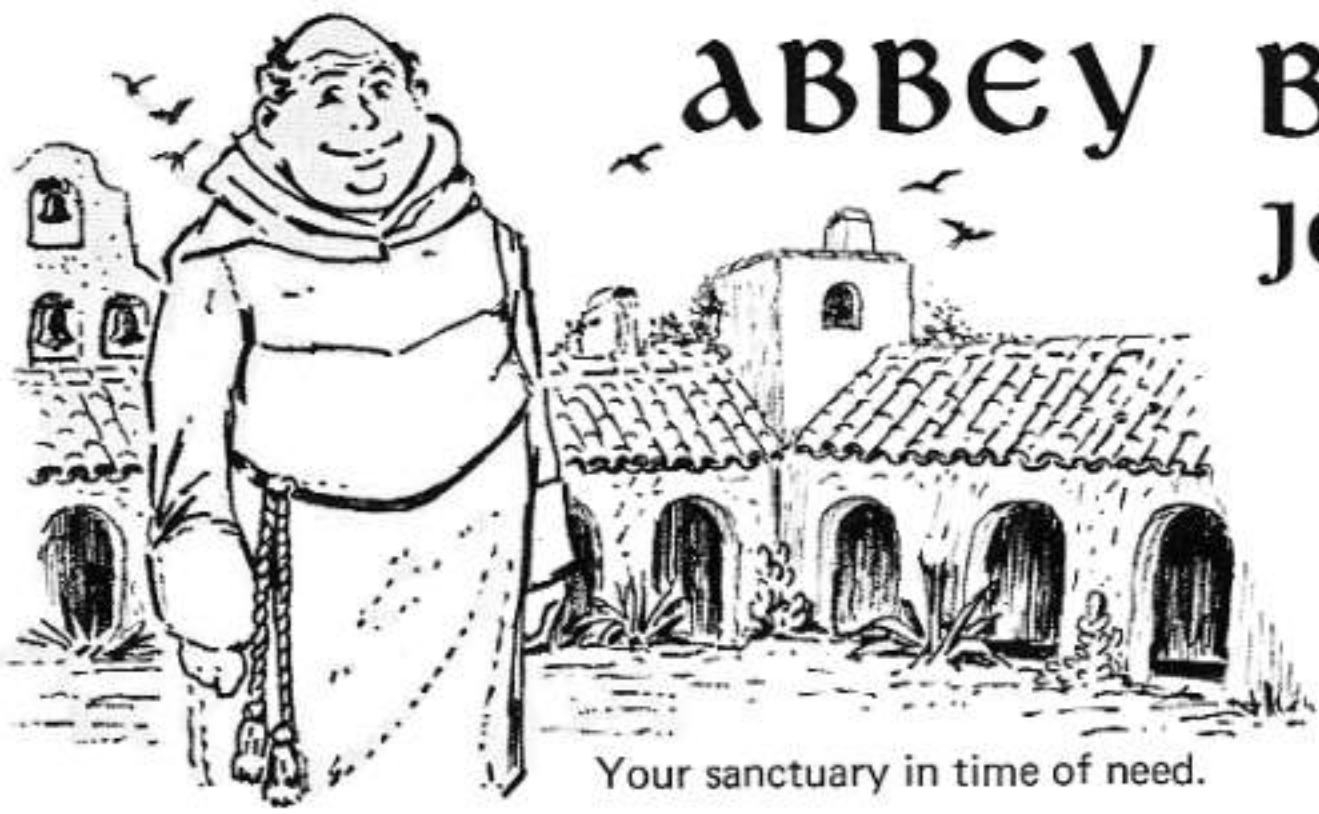
We cannot expect miracles—though we will be working hard to try to bring a miracle about. We hope the City Attorney can help us break through and establish liaison with the LAPD itself, even with Ed Davis. We hope that the number of arrests will continue to decline. We hope that some deputy city attorneys who have seemed to pursue defendants with an almost personal and venomous zeal will be instructed to ease up.

The City Attorney's office is a big one, and it takes awhile for a new man to break in, to get his feel of the office. Most of the staff carries over from the previous administration, and they need to become adjusted to the new way. That doesn't happen overnight.

Pines promised to ease up on prosecution of sex cases involving consenting adults in private, and that would be considerable progress. Tea-room arrests, street prostitution and alleged orgies in bars may be quite another matter. There are different problems and different attitudes, even within the gay community, involved in each of these situations, and at present we are a long way from being able to convince the new City Attorney that the victimless crimes formula applies to tea-room sex, hustlers, or open sex in bars (I might say that while I've heard of some wild orgies, I've never seen anything approaching an orgy in a bar, and I *have* been around a bit).

One could find a substantial proportion of the gay community, I think, who would favor vigorous prosecution in each of these areas—as long as *they* don't happen to get caught. For myself, I would tend to be a strict constructionist on the victimless crime formula. If no one is hurt, and no one brought into the scene unwillingly, there is no properly punishable offense.

Pines needs time to begin to restructure and reeducate his own office. This will depend in very large part on his relations with Ed Davis, with the D.A.'s office, with Mayor Bradley, and especially with the new police commission.



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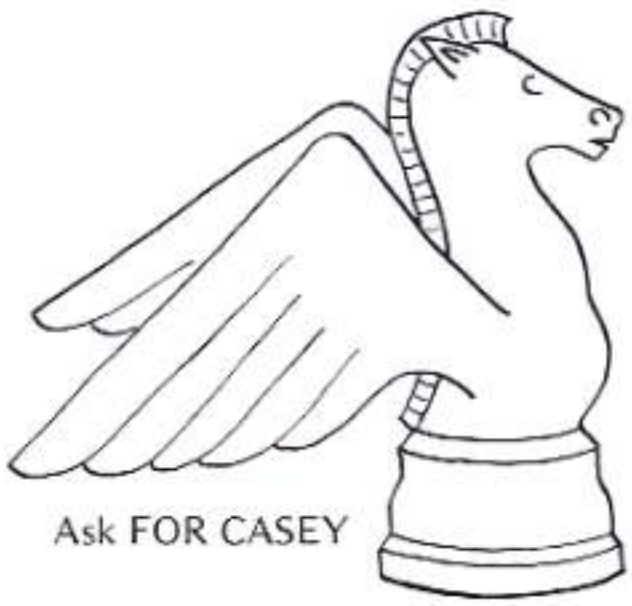

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rock

heard of these two, or ten other members of that same rock and roll movement: Gay-Rock, Fag-Rock, Vaude-Rock, Glitter-Rock, Dece-Rock (meaning decadent) or, as I like to tag it, Rock and Rouge.

Everyone I asked naturally knew its great forerunner Mick Jagger, what he did, the group he was with, and what he was into. Most could identify one name, that of Alice Cooper, but only the NAME. Mostly they hadn't a vague clue as to his schtick. Less than fifty percent knew David Bowie (in fact, someone even suggested he invented some kind of knife). The other ten drew almost total blanks from everyone but the gay teen. Understand these responses were from all types of Gays, street people to the conservative, teenager to the middle-ager.

Now, come on guys, with this much open camping, makeup, and high drag in full public view, don't you think the rest of you should, at least, have a nodding acquaintance with your brothers in rock—or sisters, as a cohort of mine gigglingly suggests. Let him giggle. He didn't know any of them either. What he can do, like so many others, is give you every tired lyric of every tired song Judy Garland ever sang; an accurate chronology of every box shot in any movie since 1928; followed by a long rambling account of every star, semi-star, and featured player with their suspected, inferred, or just hoped-for sexual peccadillos.

Let's take our same little quiz and run it on the average teenager. It's no surprise that over eighty percent could identify ALL the singers on the list, but MOST important they knew exactly what these performers were "into." These kids approved: "Why limit your sexual experiences to one sex." Others just weren't concerned: "I'm only interested in his sounds, man, not who he sleeps with." Or some attempted some sort of understanding: "If that's his bag, hey, it's cool with me. It's not what I'm into, but it's sure helped me understand his head lots better. And, you know, my OWN, too." Listen, ANYTHING having this much effect on a whole generation requires from those mostly responsible for its manifestation something much more than a who?, what?, or a disinterested shrug.

Sooo . . . Try these names on yourself. They comprise the cream of Rock and Rouge. Its proverbial golden dozen:

Marc Bolan
David Bowie
Alice Cooper
Roger Daltry
Ray Davies
Gary Glitter
Elton John
Mott the Hoople
Iggy Pop
Lou Reed
Rod Stewart
Edgar Winter

How'd you score? Bad, huh? Well, try adding three more names to make it fifteen, and see if you fare a little better:

Mick Jagger
Little Richard
Bette Midler

A bit better that time, right? Now that that's out of the way, let's back it up a bit.

To have meaningful examination of a movement or trend in any art form—and that rock IS an art form, in my opinion goes without saying—you can't just jump in the middle, letting opinions fall where they may. So, let's pick up a brief history of that rock that led to Rock and Rouge. First, remember we are concerned with the Public Image of these people, NOT their private lives, although in some cases, as will be noted, there will be distinct crossovers. Here there may well be Gays not included, but inclusion in this trend can't possibly, automatically, leave any of the performers involved open to question.

Briefly, oversimplifying, rock's earliest beginnings were just clean white rehashes of black music. "Hearts of Stone" and "Dance With Me Henry" (the original of this, "Work With Me Annie" couldn't get airplay at the time —too suggestive—how times do change) are a couple of quick examples. This basic rhythm seeped over the country, and not too slowly. Radio stations which had one or two hours of teen programming found their ratings jumped. Along with the shrill success of Bill Haley and the Comets' "Rock Around the Clock" stations switched rapidly to full "Top Forty" type programming. And,

we had a name for this new music, Rock and Roll. Television, too, found itself not immune to the pulsating sound. It was up to Dick Clark—"The world's oldest living teenager"—and his "American Bandstand" just to pull it all into sharp focus. Still, for all practical purposes, rock remained relatively pure. Until. . . .

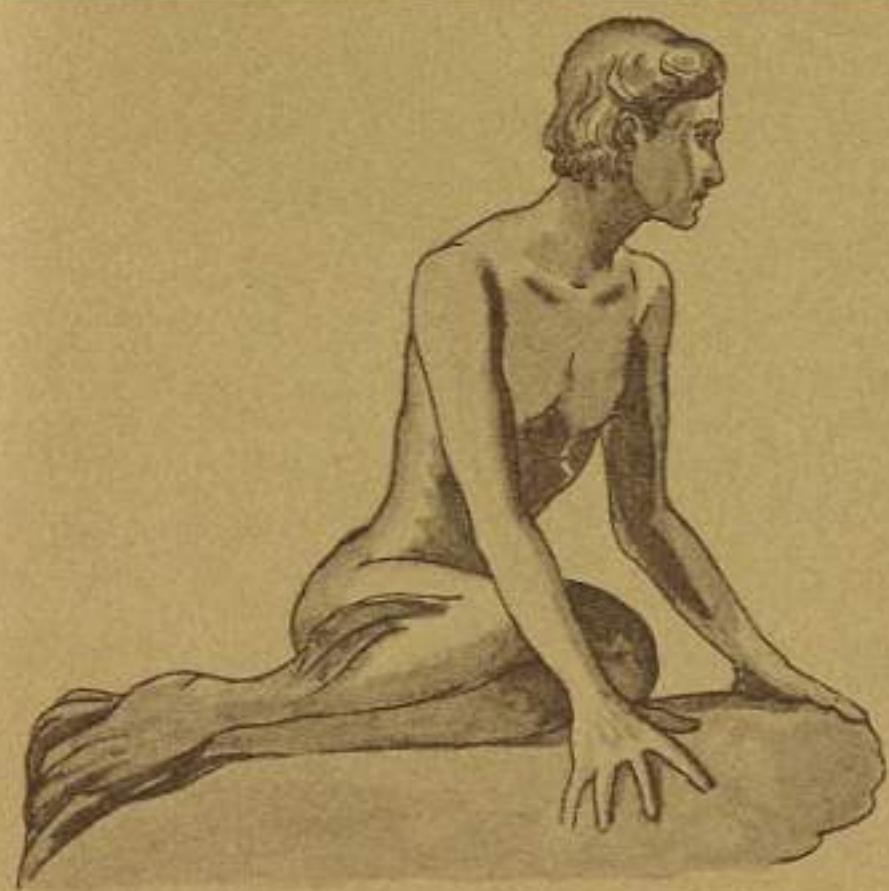
From the south it was first heard, a rumbling that was to shake pop music to its very basics. That sound? The hips of one Elvis Presley, gyrating in bone-crunching abandon, syncopating his low, growling, sexual appeal. With the finesse of a Gypsy Rose Lee, his bumps ground that famous pelvic area into the eyes, hearts, minds, and crotches, successively, of his openly delighted audiences. Parents were horrified, kids enthralled, battle lines drawn, and Cock-Rock was born. That clean scrubbed look rock had uneasily maintained for so long, fell away almost unnoticed. What was noticed from this flamboyant performer was his, at first, uneasy blurring of the sexual instinct. Oh, Elvis' stud image was male all right . . . perhaps, too much so. He oozed all the availability of a street hustler. It just didn't seem to matter at whom the pelvis was thrust, boy or girl. The audiences responded in kind. This paragon of perversity was damned in pulpits, PTA's and civic groups across the country. Too late. Rock's first Super-Stud-Star roman candled, Elvis the Pelvis, the founder of Cock-Rock, and surely the grandfather of Rock and Rouge, was here to stay.

Naturally, the last vestiges of the sanctity of rock, Mr. Clean Clark and Bandstand were still espousing Fabian, Frankie Avalon, Annette, and crew, all proponents of white-filtered black music. Parents stole furtive glances, and middle America was lulled into a false hope; this Presley person was just a flash in the pants. Clark and Company were the real representatives of the music of their young. HA!!! If only on that fateful afternoon, the television sets of America could have looked back and shown us those stunned faces of the viewers as Little Richard made his coast-to-coast TV debut. Now, if you don't think it's a long way from Fabian to Little Richard, Better Think Again! It's somewhat akin to switching a person from a diet of pure pasteurized milk to raw rotgut.

If the parents were shocked by Elvis, this one must have caused apoplexy—or something closer to a nationwide paralytic stroke. There were no overwhelming outcries. This has got to be the point contact was lost and the mothers and fathers of America began their total retreat from rock music.

For, if Elvis Presley is rock's King, Little Richard surely must be its Queen. If Mommy and Daddy weren't ready, Sis and Junior were. That afternoon, on the heels of two unignorable hit records, "Lucille" and "Tutti Fruitti" (!), he arrived in all his glory—bejeweled, spangled, sequined, mascaraed, and coiffured pins flying. Twenty years too soon Rock and Rouge was stillborn. As it turns out, his most important contribution lay in another area. He not only forced the closet door open, but the black door as well. His music was as grittily dark and real as he was flashy campy. Rock's budding camps sank back, letting the closet door snap firmly shut behind them to wait for the safe Seventies. From the other door that raw urging black rhythm came bursting out, and with it such soon stars as Chuck Berry, Fats Domino, *et al*, culminating in the all-time-great black screamer, James Brown, "Mr. Soul."

Another new sound, with its slightly off-center beat, really opened Pandora's Box. Jiggling over from that tight little island across the great grey-blue ocean, in the industrial center of Liverpool, by a small river, the Mercy (how inevitable), it happened. By this time Mum and Dad apparently regained their lost voices. The verbal disapproval was deafening. There, at the center of this calamity, stood four, slight, somewhat fey, shaggyhaired young Englishmen—John and Paul and George and Ringo—The Beatles. From the beginning their unisexual appeal was apparent. The overall effect, strongly accented by that long hair ("Just like a goddamn girl's") was more little boyish—a touch indecisive. Then there were those not too oblique allusions by the boys themselves, and their wisp of a manager, Brian Epstein, to their ambidexterousness—if not near the hand they were fond of, willingness to be fondled by the hand at hand. The boys hopped on their bisexual and ped-



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dled it all over the world.

It was up to Jagger, though, to go it a step further. Too far, in fact, for some, and "Fag" began being openly muttered by many. There, for all to see, was the first big star with a bi-image. Building on Presley's studding and Little Richard's flouncing, running in the wide little boy tracks left by the Beatles, Mick was a Sweetie Stud. And it worked! His prissy pouting onstage stopped just short of overt acts, but the width of his cross-appeal was only the start. He also shucked his Jockey shorts and introduced music to the well-defined crotch, instead of the ever so neatly tucked-in and contained bulges as before.

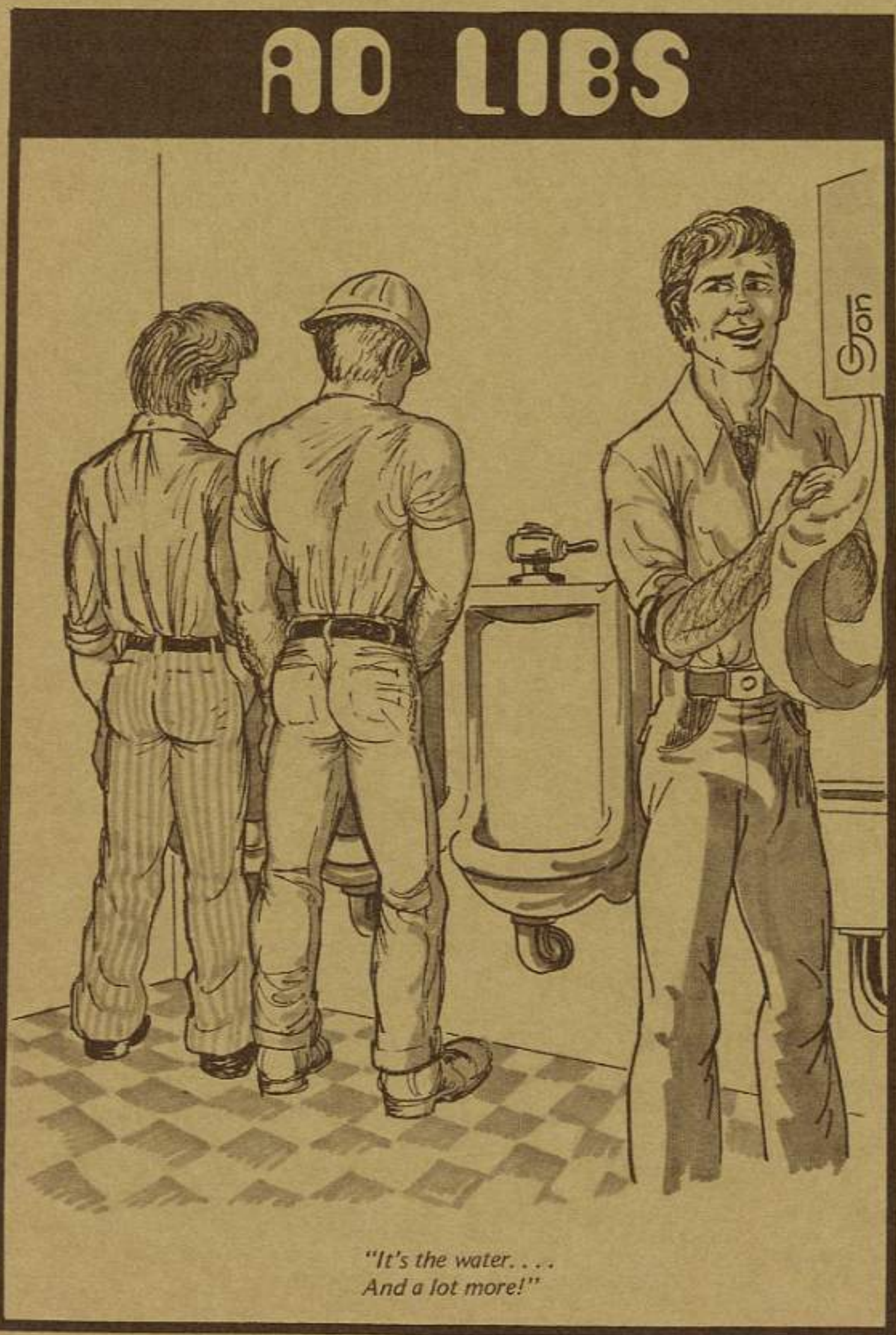
Audiences everywhere lapped up these two frontal groups, the first real turn-ons since Elvis—frankly sexual, frankly ambiguously so. Long hair flying, clothes clinging, they cooed, coaxed, and beguiled. Girlishly boy-like, boyishly girl-like, no bases were left untouched. In the wake there began the great all-encompassing sexual revolution, not really caused by this, but using it as a vantage point. Old ideas, customs, and morals dropped away as fast as the kids could change into their unisex clothes and haircuts.

There followed out of England, whose hold on rock still remains, a parade of groups and singers all seemingly stamped out of the same mold; some good, some bad—the effete Cliff Richards, Gerry and the Pacemakers, that English version of chicken delight, Herman and the Hermits (whose "No Milk Today" was rumored to be a cum song), and even an expatriot American, P.J. Proby, whose pants had a charming way of splitting at every show. These few examples along with their much more subdued counterparts here like Paul Revere and the Raiders—early in the game they were trying to out-box Jagger, but they gave that up . . . pity Gary Puckett and the Union Gap, the first of the family groups, the Cowsills, and the ripoff group of all time, the Monkees, all happily let both hair and innuendo grow to great lengths. The fans happily followed suit. No one confirmed or denied anything.

Now, since just *everyone*, or so they claimed, was into heavy dope and, natch, heavy dopers dug heavy music, we looked to San Francisco and Acid-Rock; heavy, intricate, and above all free from restriction—ethical, moral, civic, and more often than not, musical. This total unabashed freedom was given rise by and gave rise to music's first real freaks—The Grateful Dead, The Mothers with Frank Zappa (to whom Alice Cooper owes EVERYTHING) and rock's first real hardcore porno group, The Fugs.

One Dream-Stud from Acid, Jim Morrison of The Doors, pushed his bi-trip to a little beyond the limit. Witness that unforgettable performance in Florida. A really contradictory, complex, but consummate artist, Morrison undulated across stage as if he had "I can be had, and I'm WORTH it" branded on his butt. (For a taste, check out his frisky hyper-anal number "Back Door Man" on the first Doors LP.) He not only exposed himself, with full erection—claimed he always got one during a performance, it "helped the music" not to mention the audience—but the Lizard King jerked off a little in full view of the crowd, and pantomimed going down on his close friend, the guitar player (that little trick was picked up and

AD LIBS



"It's the water. . . .
And a lot more!"

pushed to its limits by Bowie, who actually oralates the GUITAR). The fans dug it, the cops hated it, and Jimbo, everybody's favorite sexual fantasy trip at the time . . . and vice versa, was busted, found guilty, and kicked out of Florida. (By the way, there are a few bootleg photos of this performance kicking around, if you're interested.) Morrison's quiet death at just over thirty, of a heart attack—true, all reports to the contrary should be ignored—was a direct contradiction to his vivid multifaceted life.

The Stones, the only group to survive Acid dipping, were still trying to outdo, as they had done with the now defunct Beatles, and outdo they did. While happily accepting and being accepted by Acid Rock, on the cover of a single 45, "Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby, Standing in the Shadows," they appeared in FULL DRAG. It immediately became, as it still is, a collector's item, and was a million seller before it hit the radio, something almost unheard of. The closet door was jarred, and just as expected, the fans weren't fleeing in horror. But, Acid-Rock, as anticipated, was proving a musical dead end. So, now what?

In this country a trend was developing. The Acid-heads had set up the Glitter-heads. At first called Shock-Rock, it was served up by one Alice Cooper, an all-male group in semi-drag, skull-like makeup, complete with phallic boa constrictor, doing grizzly camp—guillotining dolls and throwing beheaded chickens bleeding into the audience (that little trick has been abandoned, thank God). It slowly gained a vast underground following.

Things in England, however, weren't quite as Underground. While Jagger left the closet door ajar, a new star, David Bowie, kicked it down with a thunderous echo. Davie-baby dressed in lamé pinafores, made up fully, sprinkled himself with glitter, dyed his hair orange, pranced onstage, and publicly announced he balled boys as well as girls. Now, were his followers, who dug his excellent, albeit far-out music, horrified? Not on your Aunt Mary! He became a huge cult figure, truly a star of the highest caliber. Now, after a tough struggle, he is on his way to international stardom.

T. Rex's Marc Bolan, long suspect because of his flitty appearance, had been watching it all in total disbelief, with a mixture of horror and fascination. He then quickly, screamingly capitulated, adopting not only both the style and statements, but Jagger's old "outdo" trick. Using flowing chiffon scarves, outsized ladies' glasses, heavy makeup—more girl-traditional than Bowie, a bit of a pout, and an awful lot of narcissism, he parlayed his considerable, if narrow, talent and the group into the heady stratosphere of superstardom. It all heralded in Glam-Rock (glamor), as it's called in England. It brought with it all the bad taste of the twenties and thirties—art-deco, platform shoes, padded shoulders, bright red lipstick, plucked eyebrows, and ultra-camp. As Bolan and Bowie, involved in a strange love-hate relationship, staged a long-lasting public bitch fight, out of the closet poured the campy performers, former inhibitions gone; many because it was now safe, others just caught in the rush, but most just to follow a trend. The rock Queens of England had arrived!

In the U.S., not surprisingly, acceptance took a bit longer. The disc jockeys and music directors—they're the people who decide which records get played—must be regarded as super-hets. With a following of adoring teeny-boppers, it's kind of hard to counterrelate. The male groupie is into the charisma of the singer, not of the DJ who tends to attract mostly girls. A couple of fast ones were pulled on radio people though.

Ray Davies, of the Kinks—now, that's an apt name, believe me—pulled fastie number one. This well-established group was the first in Britain to do a switch over from just rock to Rock and Rouge, and salvaged a badly sagging career in the process. Among their previous hits, whose meanings were not exactly lost on the gay listener, were "Dedicated Follower of Fashion" and "A Well Respected Man." It all came out in "Lola": ". . . I'm a man and so is Lola." Now music directors may be square, gay-wise, but who'd have thought they were deaf!

The Who produced the other sneaky, and started tongues flapping. Their lead singer Roger Daltry is a true beauty, and truly hung—also more than willing to prove it (catch his throat-choking turn in "Woodstock"). Daltry, with just a toe into makeup, is heavy into flamboyant costuming; yards and yards of swinging fringe, and an eternally exposed bare chest. Stepping into Jagger's boxy silhouette, he wears pants so tight you aren't sure he can breathe, and they only come up that far—I mean they're worn all the way down to THERE! So, when he starts that little hit "I'm a Boy" . . . "I'm a boy 'cause they told me I was" . . . well, you understand what I mean. With all this other stuff, he also has talent. His performance in The Who's own rock-opera, *Tommy*, is well alone proof. The group seldom appears on TV—those low-slung tight trousers on many occasions have exposed vast fields of golden pubic hair—so, check out the lad's picture on the cover of his new solo LP; it's well worth your time and trouble.

The music-folks were taken only by the English glit-flits and firmly resisted all the good ole U.S.&A. versions including both Cooper and Iggy Pop, with his wild group The Stooges. Pop is rock's only True madman, who sprays himself with gold enamel while wearing long

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white evening gloves and tattered Levi's, and bangs himself in the mouth with the mike until he bleeds. Resistance to that was fairly easy! Poor Iggy stayed where he still remains — deep, deep underground. Give him credit, he predates everyone on this little trip. He began his number before Alice Cooper got his first set of false eyelashes.

When the small network of underground stations started playing "All the Young Dudes" by Mott the Hoople, and it showed signs of becoming a hit of wide proportions, resistance started crumbling. The song gained vast regular station airplay. Mott not only dropped his pins, he threw them at the audiences, and they screamed for more. That gritty far-out hit from a group dipped in silver wisps very nearly became the national anthem of the hip gay young. Dear Mott frequently publicly recants what would appear to be his private sexual leanings, causing industry wags to observe, "Ohhh, yes, he's the great recanter . . ." (sung to the tune of an old Platter's hit).

The ice broken, melted really; the look no longer had to sneak, if it was indeed still capable of sneaking. Thus our next boys hit the radios, all pretensions gone. Lou Reed, late of Andy Warhol's nerve-shattering group The Velvet Underground, both its chief proponent as well as product, blessed us with a little number on his own. It concerned itself with a young man's journey between the two coasts, in the course of which he shaves his legs and becomes a girl. Lou-Lou invited the whole country to "Walk on the Wild Side," and they took him up on it. The record was Rock and Rouge's first unqualified smash hit. Mr. Reed also holds the somewhat uneasy distinction of having a hit single, doing an act as Frankenstein in drag, and getting married—yes, to a girl—all in the same month. A busy boy, that one!

By now people were jumping into the movement faster than you could say Mae West. Hearing them, there isn't a lot to identify their involvement. It's all rock, and rock sounds like, well, rock. It takes visual confrontation with the likes of Elton John, Rod Stewart and, especially, Edgar Winter to correctly place these acts. These three are important figures to the trend because they were into makeup, baubles and costumes very early in the game. Stewart, a hunky, rugged ex-Rugby player, gets himself up in sequined glittering jumpsuits, slit to the navel. He only just dabbles in body and face paint, but features an unlikely hairstyle for a man. It may not sound like much in light of the other guys, but it sure was three years ago. Edgar Winter is really a very fine guitarist, currently enjoying the great success of a Number One hit single, "Frankenstein" (no relation to Reed's act). It's also that rarity, an instrumental, making his rougey contribution totally visual. Winter is heavily into jewelry, with gems pasted on his face and body, and sprinkled in his long flowing white hair. A real crossover dresser, he sports an enormous necklace, supposedly very expensive, wears bright red lipstick and, all in all, can best be described as unorthodox.

The remaining eye-trip, Elton John, is rock's little cutie-pie, in every sense of the word. His clothes are only somewhat far-out, but his hair, dyed in multicolored stripes, and an outlandish collection of eyeglasses, tinted, odd-shaped—hearts, squares, etc.—flashing

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lights, spelling out his name, are his trademarks. Much more interesting to you, dear reader, is his entourage: appearing to be hip male Barbie dolls all from the same pattern—long brown hair, broad shoulders, and of a hung length those tight-fitting baggies do not one thing to hide. All are just a silly millimeter longer. One wonders if John outlaws Jockey shorts on his cohorts?

Finally, there is the last male on the list, one Gary Glitter—that name alone speaks volumes—and though he's a major star in Europe, he has yet to crack the charts in this country, and unless he does get cracking, isn't likely to do so. Throwing himself to the edge of the stage, imploring his fans to touch him, all the while thrusting himself at them (I wouldn't touch him with YOUR ten-foot pole), he croons his inanely anal lyrics: ". . . Sit on it"; . . . and ". . . Take it up the back way . . .", and continues on his way toward being the first brown-stain star. With a style viciously, but accurately described as a bad Bette Davis drag doing vocals, his love of silver lamé, bouffant hairdos, and rococo stage settings, he just doesn't hide his dubious talent.

So far the only REAL girl able to crack it up there with the guys is Midler (but the all chick group, Fanny, is doing some far-out costuming). Bette, truly the Queen of Rock and Rouge (nice to have a girl as queen, if only for a day), is easily the best-known purveyor of the style to the average Gay, even replacing Streisand in their affections. Easy to understand since she got her first real break in New York's Continental Tubs. She, of the orchids, sequined sheaths with chiffon flounces, wedgies, plastic cherries, red, red lips, and huge heaving boobs, is personal chutzpah, bad taste personified, but hilariously so. All the guys tend to take themselves pretty seriously, not the lady. Tongue planted firmly in cheeks, rimming the hell out of success, part of her—most of her, in fact—laughs, regarding the whole trend as a great send-up, all the while coldly taking advantage of the whole situation.

Deserving of a quick glance are a few other people and groups, less known but keeping it moving. The Harlots of 42nd St. is a New York-based outfit, pretty much unknown anywhere else. The Cockettes from San Francisco are real dragsters with an extraordinarily wild sense of humor, but in search of something to bring it all together. That's especially true now they've lost their lead singer, Sylvester who, on his own in full drag, is getting it all together. With his talent Sylvester could happen big, fast.

Wayne Country, really weird, really funny, sports cock-guns, does one great number, "It Takes a Man Like Me to Find a Woman Like Me." He is absolutely the dirtiest show in any town—shits on stage as part of the act. Finally, the only other group of any real note and easily the most talented of these "also" groups—perhaps even of most of the original Golden Dozen—are the New York Dolls. Too much, they have to be seen to be believed. Running all the way from full elegant drag to rough street hustlers and dopers, they serve up and combine the best (?) of all possible worlds. Their following—large, vocal and passionately loyal for this fine, fine act—is starting much the same as Midler's began, and with many of the same fans. The one big hold-back: none of the above have made records to help reach a vast audience. Some of their bits and pieces are, surely, next to unrecordable. Lots of it just wouldn't come across (kinda hard to get a dump on record, right, Wayne?). But Mercury Records has just latched onto the Dolls. They're well worth it!

Now I sure don't expect you to rush out and grab up all the records by these people. It's rock—hard rock. So it wouldn't work anyway. It's the IMAGE of Rock and Rouge that's important, not the sounds. And I'm still left with the feeling that not only do most Gays have no knowledge of rock, but just don't care. The kicker is . . . you SHOULD care. You see, the effect of Rock and Rouge on this generation, here and now, is a whole new number. Remember how those kids reacted: acceptance, unconcern, discovery, and on and on. It's turned these young heads completely around! Come on, that alone makes it worth a try. Seek out a hip friend, or if hip, find a "straight" Gay. Smoke a number if it'll help and take in any rock concert. The Rouge bit is Very Vogue. You'll find at least one Glittereer in every show. In fact, catch the Dolls—they're coming to the Whiskey. Discover how far the kids have come along. You understand, while discovering something about the groups and their followers, you just may discover something about yourself. It really *is* a brave new world.

"Is this what they mean by *lip sink?*"

where it's at

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LITTLE CAVE—Silver Lake neighborhood mixes western and casual with country and beer piano, singalong relaxed generation. 3111 Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE—Afterhours for heavy Silver Lake cruising. Good place to get out of the reign and see a movie. Across the street from the LITTLE CAVE in Silver Lake.

MANSFIELD HOUSE—Sometimes open for business, sometimes feature films, sometimes fun party crowd gathers, always a big spot on Halloween. 2600 Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake.

NUT HOUSE—Latin neighbors social. Plenty of atmosphere with friendly bilingual bartenders, waiting for you. On Hoover near Melrose, Silver Lake.

FOUR POSTER—Silver Lake neighbors social. Always friendly, sometimes cruisy weekday afternoon. Silver Lake, Los Angeles.

WOODY'S HYPERION—Healthy, young crowd most nights. Food and teeming masses on Sunday. Lively spot for the north side of Silver Lake.

SHINGLE SHACK—Nestled in a friendly hillside community in Silver Lake, this spot is always neighborly and the cruising is often more than cordial. 1941 N. Hyperion, Silver Lake, Los Angeles.

BOX CAR—Quiet. Interesting layout, waiting to catch on. Sometimes Sunday congregations. 2906 Los Feliz, Atwater.

FLORENTINE ROOM—Friendly cocktail crowd, mixed around pool table. Neighborhood elbow benders and professional bartenders ready to welcome you. 4579 Melrose, L.A., just off the Hollywood Frwy.

LATIN FLAME—Black velvet with flickers of red wine, dark quiet lounge with bursts of laughter punctuating the murmured Spanish. Quiet, romantic, and lush atmos with some fiery customers. Melrose at Van Ness, Hollywood.

BRASS SPUR—Wilshire District social plus visitors for light cruising. Sunday brunch and friendliest bartenders make worth your while. On Vermont just south of Wilshire in Wilshire Center.

NARDI'S—Quiet downtown lounge, social weeknights, cruisy weekends. Small crowd and beautiful bartenders. 665 E. Colorado, Pasadena.

THE OFFICE—Mixed neighborhood, some trade, friendly bartenders and pleasant customers. Just down the block from the DAILY DOUBLE, Pasadena.

DAILY DOUBLE—Practically private social event. Not too friendly but a few interesting numbers. 3739 E. Colorado, Pasadena.

THE OLD WEST—Formerly the BIG JOHN. Someday this sawdust barroom could catch on. 5150 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood. (213) 666-9769

THE HAVEN—The Valley comes into downtown Hollywood. There's plenty of room for dancing, which is coming soon to this growing little clubhouse. 5903 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood. (213) 467-8657

DAVID'S—Certainly not just a neighborhood bar. A loyal clientele and dining keep the bar interesting. 7013 Melrose, West Hollywood. (213) 934-5730

K'S STAR ROOM—Liquor before, during, and after dinner. Friendly Hollywood professionals gather to chat, makes for entertaining company. 1271 N. Vine, Hollywood.

JACKIE'S—Practically private for straights and drags only. 6023 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood. (213) 464-9961

RED CARPET ROOM—Guys and dolls rub elbows in the most congenial little bar in Hollywood. 6280 Yucca, Hollywood. (213) 462-0266

DE PAUL'S—Comfortable cocktail lounge with talking bartenders and get-together drinking neighbors. 1729 N. Ivar, Hollywood.

FOUR STAR—Boystown neighbors social. Good crowd on weeknights, can be cruisy, heavy on weekends. 8857 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood.

GALLERY ROOM—After dinner casual gentlemen stay on every night to form consistent young crowd. 8100 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood. (213) 654-7811

BEACH BOY—Beachcomber set in the heart of Hollywood. Good afterhours spot to sober up. 7113 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood. (213) 876-9254

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Continued on Page 58

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IN TOUCH comments

When until December 1960 I wrote a monthly news column for *ONE Magazine*, much of the gay news had to be dug out between the lines in the non-gay press. Gays only got into the papers in those days when they were arrested or murdered.

Today, the quantity and variety of gay news having so increased, this column shall concentrate not on reporting but on standing back a ways from the flow of events and trying to detect which way things are heading, how the daily news may at last affect the gay community locally and nationally.

We speak of the gay community both as a sociological description—that assortment of persons, from varied backgrounds in our society, who share the conditions of being gay or homosexual, and are drawn together by varying degrees of interaction, of mutual interest and a wish to end social disadvantage—and as an ideal: the hope that our community may become more supportive, more united, more creative and more fun.

* * * *

The idea seems sound, but it's odd that Stuporvisor Kenny Hahn, never a friend of ours, launched his suggestion for the election of a countywide mayor right after the election of Mayor Bradley. But anything would be an improvement on the present county pork-barrel system, and the issue should be on November's ballot. . . . Before that, the focus will be on Bradley's old 10th District Council race (8th St. south to Jefferson roughly, between Union and Fairfax). Barely a third of the 65,000 eligible voters are expected to decide between 29 contenders with no runoff. Ethnic considerations will weigh heavily (the 10th is fifty percent black, twenty percent Jewish, twelve percent Oriental, twelve percent Chicano), but our vote is not negligible, with eight gay bars and several gay organizations and businesses in the district.

Top contenders are Bradley's man, David Cunningham; Assemblyman Waxman's choice, Jordan Daniels; Celes King; Herbert Carter; Juanita Dudley; and George Takei ("Star Trek's Mr. Sulu). . . .

Bradley's anxiously awaited choice of James Fisk (twice passed over for police chief because of his somewhat liberal views) and three solid liberals to the five-man board which oversees the LAPD, prompted the expected hysteria from the nearly invisible Homosexual Information Center. They dredged up a 1963 anti-homosexual statement by Fisk—which they'd circulated earlier on behalf of Reddin and Davis . . . and Fisk predictably stuck to his guns.

Considering the political delicacy with which Bradley must handle Davis, Fisk appeared to be a politic choice. The relevant question may not be whether Fisk displays some homophobia, but whether a commission majority will be fair and forceful, and whether Fisk's stature will help curb the chief's phobias. It should be noted that Davis was a member of Nixon's Advisory Commission on Criminal Justice, which recently recommended a letup in prosecution of victimless crimes.

Gruesome sex murders are a constant in the news, though each is treated as the first and worst. But all Gays get smeared, even if inadvertently, in the press for acts of this sort in a way that hets are never "blamed" for the equally widespread hetero variety of sadism gone over the deep end. The certainly monstrous Dean Corll nightmare in Pasadena, Texas (and similar recent incidents elsewhere) could dangerously fan the flames of national homophobia.

There is no longer much doubt that the nationwide epidemic of fires which have burned out scores of gay bars, churches and community centers is all mere coincidence, and I think the authorities should look at certain radio evangelists who have criminally advocated such arson. The fires and the murders alike grow out of an unhealthy climate in which homosexuals are both hated and taught to hate themselves.

And the New Orleans tragedy again reminds us of how many Gays are not protected by family support or insurance, and of the critical need for gay community funds under reliable trusteeship to meet such emergencies. We know how often, even today, Gays are shunned by major public agencies, and we must increasingly find ways to care for our own. . . . we should see that the buildings we gather in are safe. . . .

We need some community preparation for the threatening economic crunch as the president phases us out of gas and beef and Erlichmann knows what else.

This is likely to be the main sewage to come out of Watergate, but other items in that massive exercise in arrogance are of special concern to us: from Segretti's successful sabotage of Richard Alatorre in the Brophy runoff; Segretti's sex-smears of Humphrey and Jackson; the planting of pseudo-Gays in the McGovern campaign; Dean's fears of being raped in prison; probable spies and provocateurs planted in gay lib groups; constant administration propaganda linking crime, immorality and subversion; Nixon's own close Mafia contacts; repudiation of several government commissions which have called for de-emphasizing victimless crimes or for improved prison conditions; Nixon's repressive federal crime legislation proposals; packing the Supreme Court with Watergate hacks handpicked to turn back the clock on "the era of permissiveness"; and even the ironic attempt to discredit the late J. Edgar Hoover. . . .

The Watergate Court has been steadily butchering the Bill of Rights, without much media attention except on major rulings, such as the obscenity fiasco; and the chief burgher, who complains of overwork, has called for virtual abolition of the *habeas corpus* right by which prisoners appeal their convictions or the conditions of their confinement.

With the present trolls on the court, attorneys handling gay cases ought to think twice before appealing all the way up and establishing worse law than we already have. . . .

* * * *

ODDMENTS: Labor Day to see General Conference of DIGNITY (Gay Catholics) at Hollywood's Holiday Inn, and of Metropolitan Community Churches in Atlanta (good local civic response; theme: ONWARD—AS ONE; 1,000 delegates expected from 51 congregations plus reps from Canada, France, England, Sweden). . . . .

—JIM KEPNER

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PINK ELEPHANT—Quiet Venice bar near old boardwalk. 2810 Main St., Santa Monica. (213) 399-9579

BEACH ROAMER—Nice little beer barroom stop in the middle of Long Beach's gay miracle mile. 1064 E. Broadway, Long Beach. (213) 432-9069

SAM'S PLACE—Mixed bar on the miracle mile. Small weekday crowd. 1744 E. Broadway, Long Beach. (213) 432-9586

P-M CLUB—Lively part of the miracle mile circuit. 1720 E. Broadway, Long Beach.

HUNGRY HORSE SALOON—Funky little bar near enough to the beach and baths. Good place for a tall cool one with the gang. Sundays good. Newly afterhours.

HOP HOUSE—Neighborhood boys bar around the corner from Diablo's. Growing lively atmosphere. Frolicsome crowd. 3827 Park Blvd., San Diego. (714) 296-9068

DOLL ROOM—Mixed little beach bar with brotherhood and sisterhood. Drink here, dance up the street. 756 Ventura, Mission Bay, San Diego. (714) 488-3443

SKIPPER'S—Cozy little cocktail lounge can be found in a retirement vacation motel restaurant. Good place for a secret rendezvous. 6737 La Jolla, La Jolla. (714) 454-7694

RECENTLY DEPARTED—R.I.P.

THE ARK—West Hollywood on Santa Monica.

THE OFFICE—Hollywood and Vine.

ZACHARY—East Hollywood on Melrose.

MIDDLE EARTH—West Hollywood on Santa Monica Blvd.

NERO'S—West Hollywood on Santa Monica.

BITTER END WEST—West Hollywood on Santa Monica.

GROVE—Garden Grove

INNER CIRCLE—Garden Grove

ATWATER BATHS—Los Angeles

THE OLD WEST—Hollywood (formerly the Big John)

STARDUST—Hollywood

TIGER CLUB—Silver Lake-Echo Park

VEGAS LOUNGE—Hollywood

NEW HAYLOFT—Wilmington

BROADWAY WEST—Venice

WESTWINDS—Venice

EVERYBODY'S—Studio City

GRANNY GOOSE—Van Nuys

HAPPY MEDIUM—Reseda

HEADLITE—North Hollywood

LIBERATION DANCE HALL—North Hollywood

LITTLE CAESAR'S—Studio City

PLAYROOM—Van Nuys

T.J.'s—Studio City

VANITY BOX—North Hollywood

WOODSHED—North Hollywood

CLUB 2220—San Diego

MY BROTHER'S PLACE—San Diego

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Poem by HENRY PATRIK
Drawing by GEORGE HOLIMON

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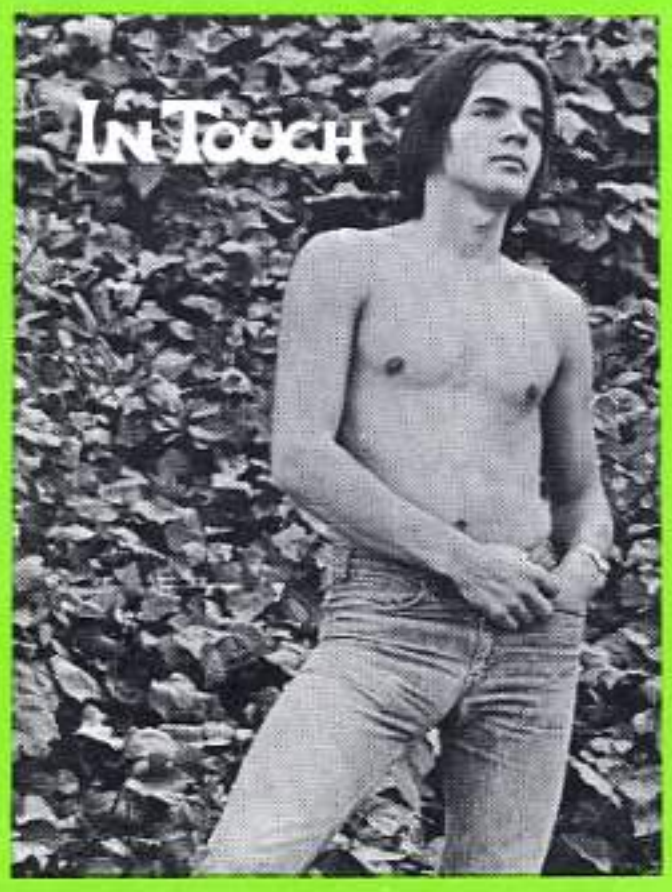

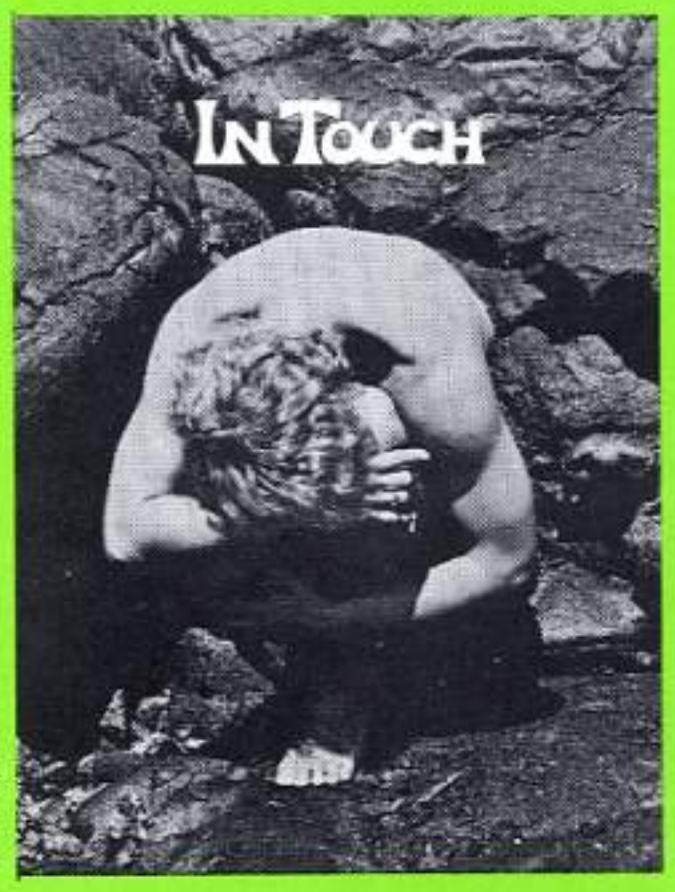

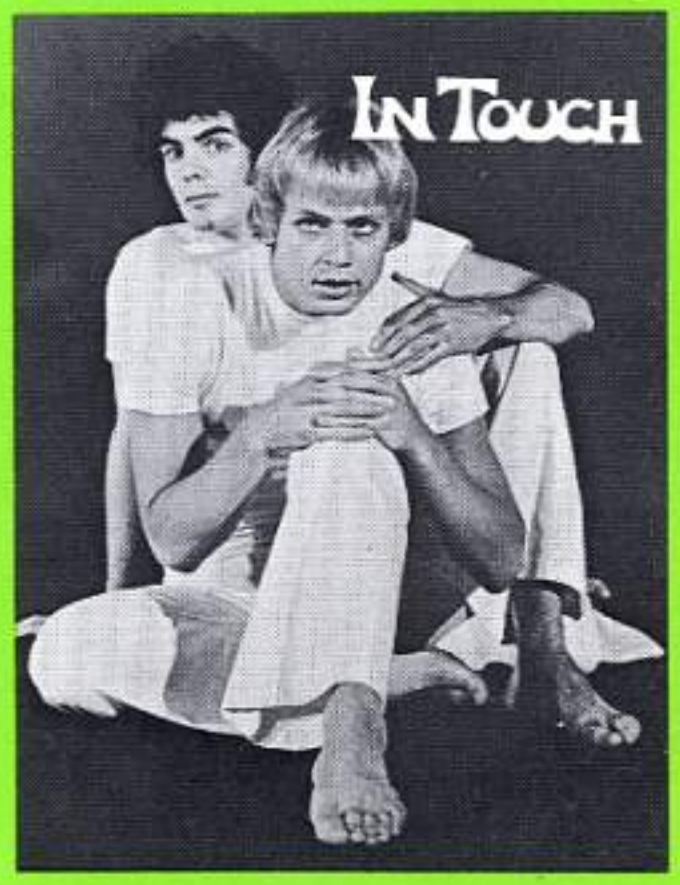

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