IN TOUCH™

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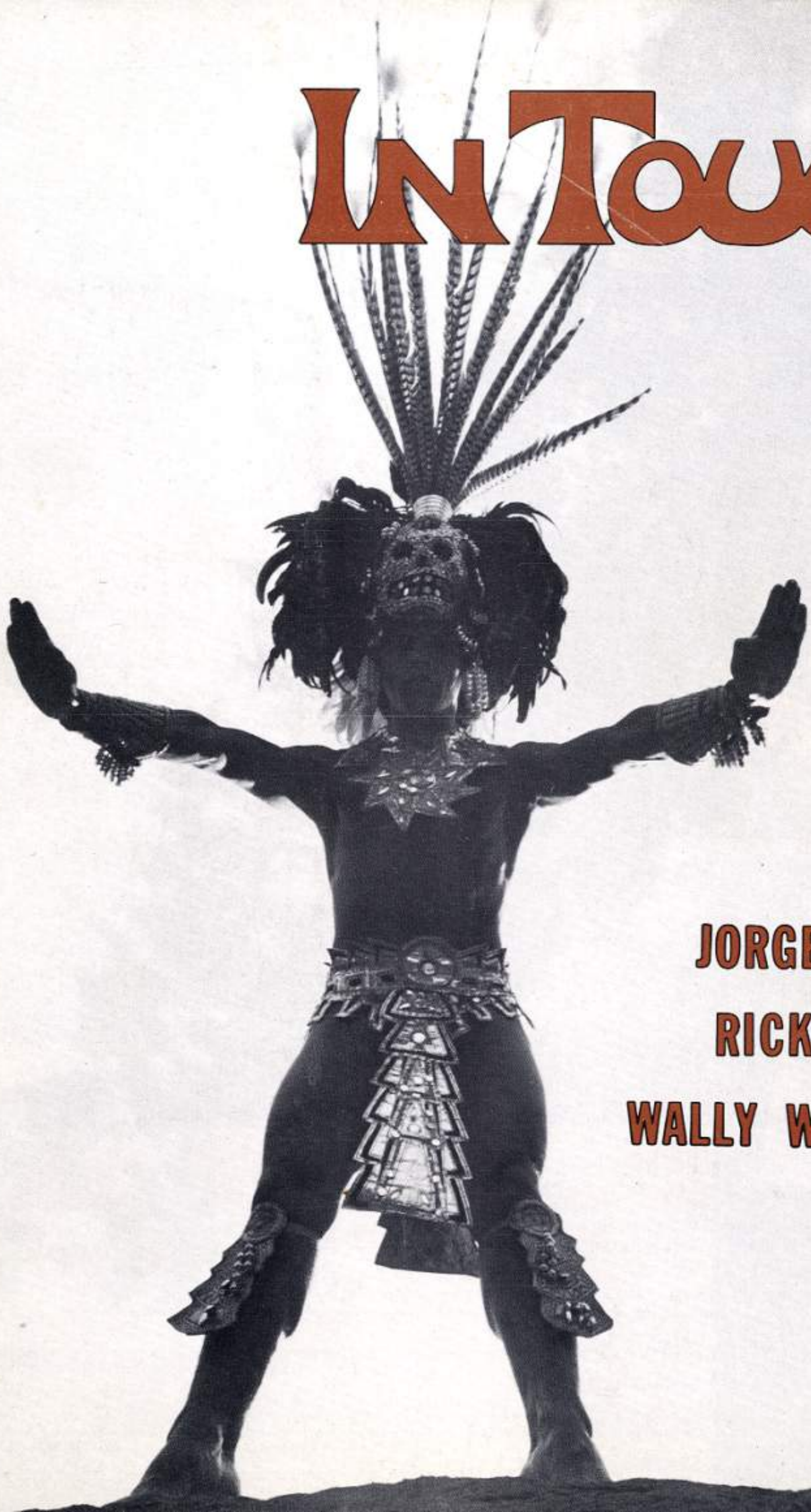

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RICK HERALD

WALLY WILLEMET

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IN TOUCH

celebrating gay awareness

vol. 1, no. 5 february 1974

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OUR COVER: Dancer Jorge Tyller, in his famous Mayan Priest costume.

This Page: Jorge Tyller (Page 16), Billy Maness and Bill Mann (page 28), Wally Willemet (page 34), Rick Herald (page 46), and John Tate (page 52).

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keeping IN TOUCH

Dear Sir:

I recently enjoyed your December issue, every article, but in particular the one on your discovery, Chuck Ballard. The writing and the pictures, of course, were superb. Chuck's the kind of guy, I think, who'd make a great friend. Hope I see your publication around these parts in the future. Can you relate to the eastern coast, too? You see, I'm writing from about as far away from Southern California as you can get—Maine.

A New Englander

Dear Sirs:

I recently received my latest issue of IN TOUCH and although I was mostly pleased with it, remember that there is more to our country than just California. Sure, your state is a groovy one, but after all, must you forget about the fact that there are Gays in EVERY state?

Good luck to you.

L. Hardin

Dear Mr. Roth,

I have today seen Issue #2 of IN TOUCH and would like to congratulate you on your very fine publication. I would go so far as to say that IN TOUCH is the finest openly gay publication that I have seen. My only complaint is that the magazine is limited in scope. There is a definite need for a publication like this with a national outlook.

Yours in Gay Pride,

Jay L. Friend

Thanks to all of you who write with suggestions. They are always helpful. No one is more anxious than we to see IN TOUCH become a national publication. In time and with your continued support this will happen—hopefully in the not too distant future. However, before we feel that we can move into the national community, we want to be on very solid ground both financially and artistically. A national magazine approached in the manner which we would like is a very expensive proposition (you might be surprised to discover just how expensive it is to publish as is). We don't want to do an inadequate job so we will have to wait until we're in a position to do nationally the kind of work we are now doing here. In the meantime, we do feel that there is much of national interest in our current format. Keep up the encouragement and support and soon we'll be a national leisure magazine. —Editor

COLT

GALLERY

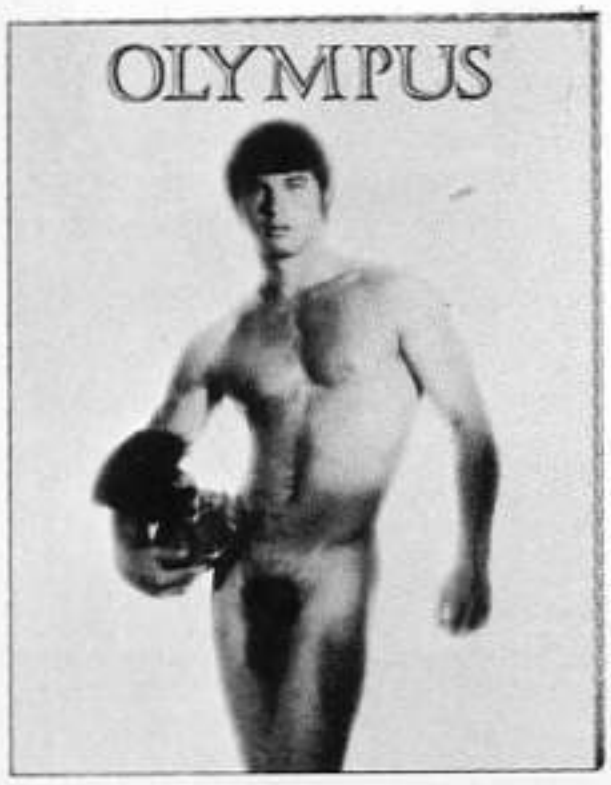
This issue of our privately printed magazine contains 36 pages of our exclusive model TIGER in all new b/w photos. Available only through COLT.
GALLERY #9 . . $5.00

Now in our sixth year of business, Colt continues to bring the masculine image to our thousands of subscribers. Over the years we have discovered many new faces which have gone on to fame in many areas; films, theatre, sports, etc., and we hope to continue the excitement of the search for talent all over the globe. When ordering from the Studio, may we remind you that because our men are photographed in the nude, we must ask that accompanying your order is a statement that you are 21 or over. And also, to the total of your order, please add .50. We must ship your order First Class, double-taped and the additional .50 helps defray that extra cost. We want to be sure *you* get what you want. Thank you.

THE COLT STUDIO
BOX 187-N, VILLAGE STATION
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. 10014

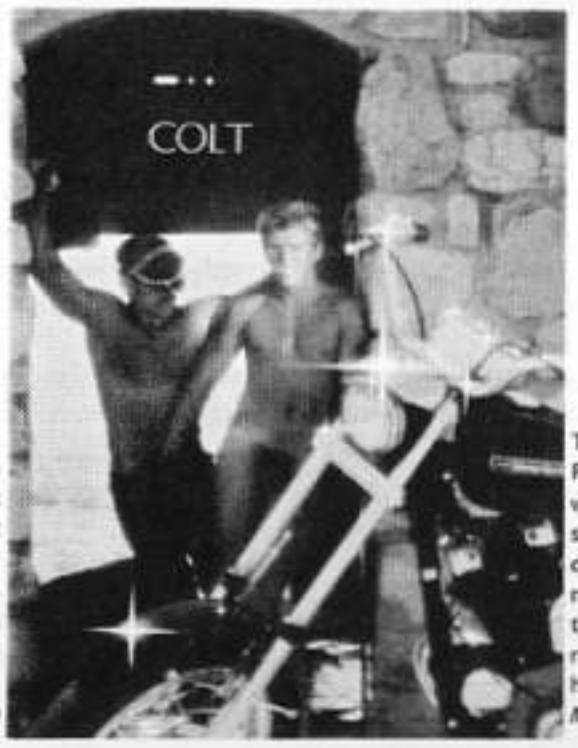
"We handle men only"

To help you in selecting from our extensive portfolio, may we suggest the Colt Catalog? It contains over 60 illustrations (16 pages) of our photos, slides, movies, magazines, etc.
CATALOG #4 . . . . . $3.00



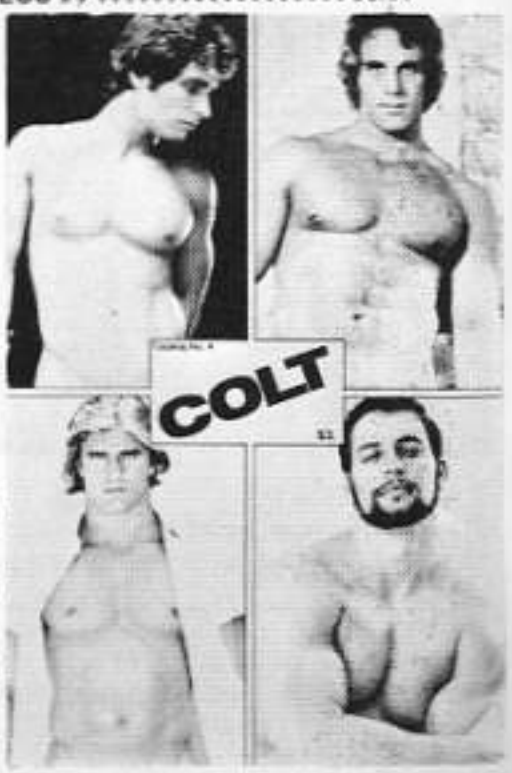
OLYMPUS #2

Our deluxe opus; a lush 8½x11" big with 8 pages of full color, 16 duotone pages—all of COLT's fabled discovery, ERRON. Take a look into the home of the gods!
OLYMPUS #2 . . $6.00



MANPOWER! #6

The man's magazine. For this issue, we've wrapped up the leather scene (including the cover!). Many new models, much color, the COLT touch. Definitely *not* the children's hour.
MANPOWER! #6 $6.00



INSCRIPTION

One Valentine's
you booked me
on Benton's
"Never A Greater Need"
inscribing
"When you read
this, remember
me. I will always love
you~."

And now I
wonder how long
is always?
Does it mean
forever or whenever?
Is today, years
after parting,
part of always?

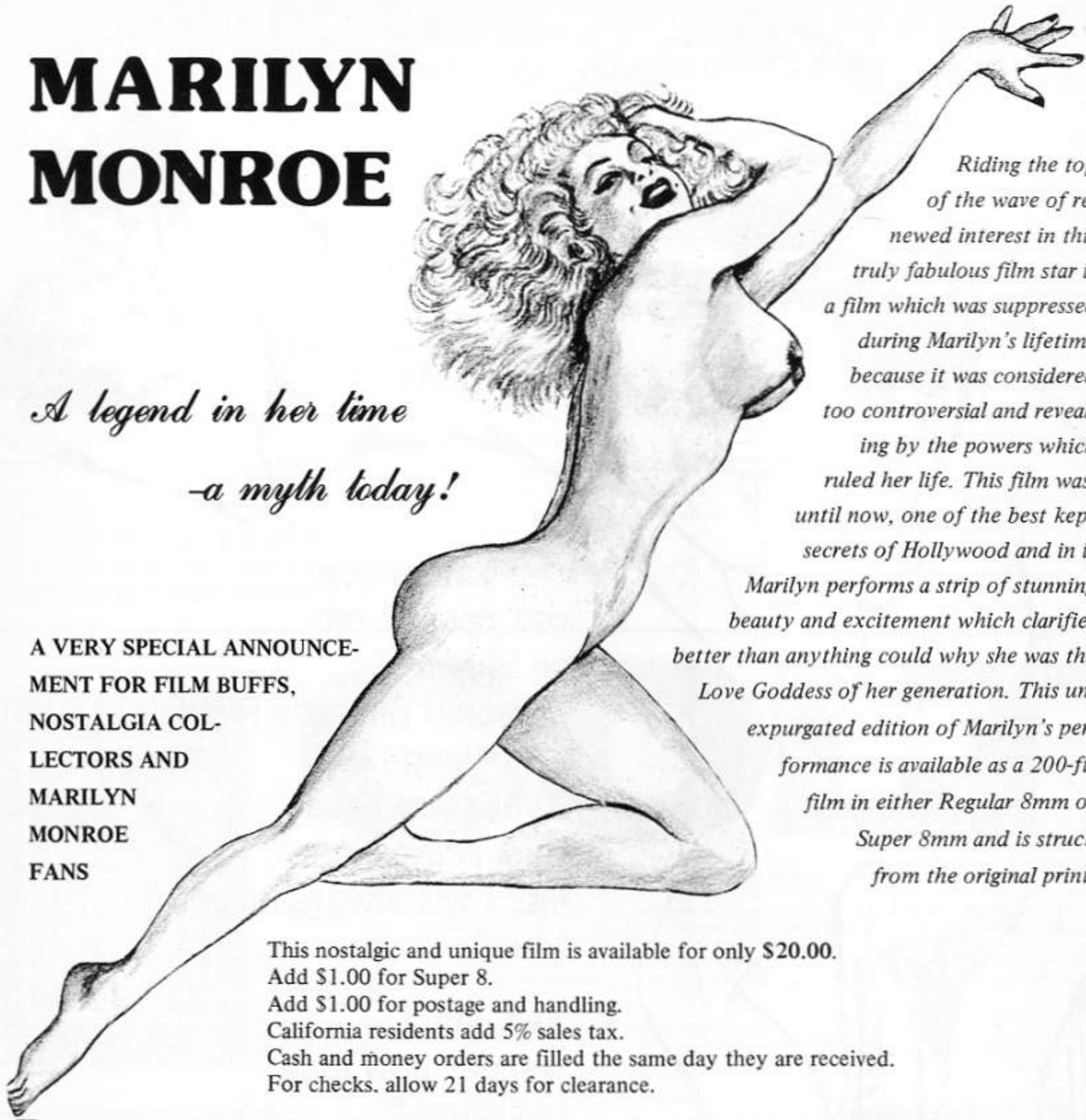
How long is always?

By Henry Patrik
Illustrated by George Holimon

MARILYN MONROE

A legend in her time

–a myth today!



Riding the top of the wave of renewed interest in this truly fabulous film star is a film which was suppressed during Marilyn's lifetime because it was considered too controversial and revealing by the powers which ruled her life. This film was, until now, one of the best kept secrets of Hollywood and in it Marilyn performs a strip of stunning beauty and excitement which clarifies better than anything could why she was the Love Goddess of her generation. This unexpurgated edition of Marilyn's performance is available as a 200-ft. film in either Regular 8mm or Super 8mm and is struck from the original print.

A VERY SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT FOR FILM BUFFS, NOSTALGIA COLLECTORS AND MARILYN MONROE FANS

This nostalgic and unique film is available for only **$20.00**.
Add $1.00 for Super 8.
Add $1.00 for postage and handling.
California residents add 5% sales tax.
Cash and money orders are filled the same day they are received.
For checks, allow 21 days for clearance.

To: **NOSTALGIA**
P.O. Box 2668T
San Fernando, Ca. 91343 Reg 8 _____ Sup 8 _____

I enclose: _____ Cash _____Check _____Money Order _____Amount

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(signature)

IN TOUCH comments

In the whirling vortex of public scandal that has oozed out of the break-in at the Watergate Hotel (the revelations of spying, theft, misuse of public funds, destruction of evidence, deliberately manufactured slanders, frame-ups of radicals, and possible complicity in various assassinations and public shoot-outs), joined now with the all-too-sudden crisis of shortages which ecologists have been predicting for years but which politicians and developers have ignored and are still not dealing with in any meaningful way, the gay community has every reason to look warily over its collective shoulder and wonder how might all of this affect the spectacular gains which we have made in the past 25 years?

As individual citizens we are each directly affected by the sudden shortages of oil, food and what-not, and by the gnawing suspicion that even if, in the long run, the shortages are all-too-real, their sudden onslaught smells of possible political manipulation. As a group we are threatened by the Watergate appointees to the Supreme Court and their threat (despite some surprising rulings) to reverse 15 years of judicial "permissiveness." If we are really heading into a recession (such a polite term!), we know that on many types of jobs, Gays, like Blacks and Women, can be the last to be hired, the first to be fired. A real paper shortage (apparently a very serious threat now) could suddenly kill off most of our precious publications. And gas rationing could close down many of our churches and social events.

But the biggest threat (the fear of so many of us when the Corrl story broke recently in Houston) is of public fury turning against us, making Gays the scapegoat for general public frustration and rage.

That silent majority we so often speak of, that inner core of this nation, that nation of Archie Bunkers, has seemed little threat to us in recent years. In time of public confidence and prosperity, Archie Bunker is a half-likeable fellow, venting his half-understandable prejudices on his own family and fellow workers, but rarely stirring from that chair in front of his TV. His hatred is what sociologists call "unfocused." He doesn't like the way the world is going, but he doesn't quite know who to blame. What "All in the Family" misses is the fact that when conditions become really intolerable for the Archie Bunkers (and for the rest of us) he ceases to be that lovable old bias-monger and becomes a real terror, fully capable of abandoning his TV and joining a lynch mob.

I don't like to go into a Cassandra act, but it begins to look as if (to mix a metaphor) the sky really is falling, as if we may be fast heading into a political and economic crisis that may equal or finally surpass the worldwide crisis of the 1930's.

* * * *

That could spell disaster for the gay movement. Ours is so far a peripheral social phenomenon, not yet reaching to the heart of broader social issues. Our movement, in spite of the spectacular gains we have made since 1965, is essentially fragile in contrast to the larger shifts and strains that are tearing at our society. Cynicism born of Watergate, coupled with the frustration and consternation of a sudden end to a seemingly endless era of expansion and economic growth; the sudden end of the myth that we can despoil the world's resources in profligate style without ever having to pay the piper; the realization that America can no longer order the rest of the world around; and finally a realization that there seems no viable way to get rid of a president who has thoroughly discredited himself—all this is likely to lead to a new wave of frustration, hysteria and witchhunting such as Germany saw in 1932.

I hope not. Perhaps we will find a way out. But from the beginning of America's homophile movement in the early 1950's, our chief nightmare has been a possible repeat of the German experience.

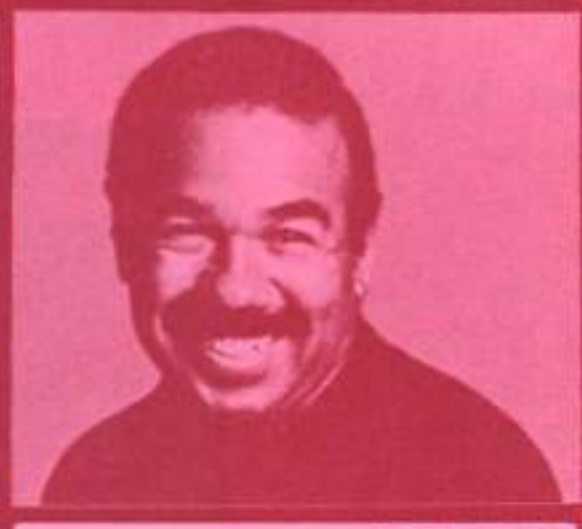
Germany in the 1890's, after 30 years of unsuccessful efforts by Karl Ulrichs, produced most suddenly the world's first viable homophile or gay liberation movement. The German movement displayed from the start the several not always harmonious emphases that have characterized our own movement since 1950: some emphasizing medical and other scientific research coupled with a vigorous law-reform program, and others emphasizing a program for the cultural development of the gay community; some socialist, some mystical, some conservative; some allied with the women's liberation movement and some aggressively masculine-oriented.

These several groups prospered, maintained some degree of cooperation in spite of their divergent philosophies, survived the terrible impact of the Eulenberg trials.

Then the Depression, the Nazi horde, and the first and largest gay movement the modern world has seen were all wiped out almost overnight. I don't want to over-stretch an analogy. It needn't happen to us simply because it happened there. But what comes of the present crisis is of vital interest to us. IT COULD HAPPEN HERE.

—JIM KEPNER

The CALENDAR

S	M	T			
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.					
			3 3 P.M. **Meet the Candidates Making the Gay Vote Count in 1973** One Auditorium 2256 Venice (near Western)	**4** 8 P.M. **Missy's "4 in 1" Unity Night Contest** (Information 467-8889) Mayflower Ballroom Inglewood	**5**
			10		**12** 8 P.M. **SPREE: Lively evening of gay films and live drama: "The Virgin's Revenge"** Trouper's Hall 1625 N. La Brea Hollywood
			17 Royal Coaches to San Diego **Various Clubs and 5 Royal Courts sponsor a gay visit to San Diego and the Royal Bazaar** Contact Buddy at the River Club	**18** 8:30 ONE NIGHT ONLY only LA appearance the fabulous **BOBBY SHORT** Shubert Theatre Century City (Also 5:30, Feb. 17, Geary Theatre, San Francisco)	**19** Last night at 8 P.M. **Mr. and Miss Valentine Contest** Fourth Annual Data-Boy event Mayflower Ballroom Inglewood
			24	**25** 8 P.M. **Queen of Hearts Ball** Sponsored by Lane West The Proud Bird (near International Airport)	**26**

for FEBRUARY

W	T	F	S
		1	2
7		8 8 P.M. **Rabbi Sanford Ragins** Guest Speaker Metropolitan Community Temple Leo Baeck Temple 1300 N. Sepulveda West Los Angeles	9
13 Tomorrow 10:00 a.m. **THE NAKED VALENTINE** photo exhibit by Rik Lawrence opens for 4 weeks: Finley-Lawrence Studio 524 Locust Long Beach		15	16 8 P.M. **Monthly meeting of DIGNITY** Newman Center 4665 Willowbrook Los Angeles
20	21	22 Tomorrow is the **Deadline for SPREE** **"Amateur Male Movie Contest"** Contact: 1545 N. Detroit Hollywood 90046	KINGMASTERS BIG, MUSIC, MEETIN', MUNCHIN' MIXER! FebruFest! LARCHMONT HALL 118 N. LARCHMONT BL. 8 PM - 2 AM
27	28	29	30 31

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.

1170—It is there.

GRIFF'S—Beer bottle bruisers, more serious hunky hornies, more easygoing western and leather have gathered large crowd here to avoid mob scenes elsewhere. Still prime. 5574 Melrose, Hollywood.

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—Music programmed for anticipation adds to tense feeling of expectant leather. Good spot to get jived up for cruisy neighborhood. Just up the street from the OUTCAST, should make link-up soon. Weeknights more relaxed. If there ever will be a construction worker bar this will be it. Watch out. Corner Sunset and Santa Monica in Silver Lake at 1087 Manzanita.

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—Going towards neighborhood gathering. Still mixed but a lot less leather, western, and decadence. Weekdays mostly sociable. Sunday conventions still planned. 7511 Santa Monica, Hollywood.

MIRROR ROOM—Very mixed and lively. Wilshire Guys and Gals together, but not a family affair. Weekend crowd extra jovial. Clean, healthy, laughter and liquor. 1600 W. 6th, Los Angeles, Wilshire Center.

CLUB CHATEAU—Speakeasy atmosphere found outside of town, brightly lit with lights on the roof seen from a distance. Extremely cordial hosts and honest friendly crowd. WEEKENDS. 16235 Foothill, Fontana.

THE HUB—Mixed crowd converges for one purpose. Busy poolroom 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 poolroom temper. 1616 Washington, Venice.

MIKE'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.

PADDLE BOARD II—Daytime beach bar, nighttime cruising and socializing, afterhours mobs, dancing and coffee, must score. 1417 Pacific Coast Hwy., Redondo Beach.

JOE'S—Kicky bar, lots of Levi and leather. Large adjoining game room with plenty of cruising. Early crowd gets mature but never elegant. Late crowd gets raunchy and always ready. 2682 Long Beach Blvd., Long Beach.

NEW LAGOON SALOON—Leather fun bar with great layout for bike club meetings. Huge patio, separate rooms, kitchen, and bar. Some crazy trade still around. 1415 Santa Fe, Long Beach.

TRAFFIC JAM—Humpy bartenders hold the fort for late crowd. Mixed types with some western and some seamen. Bar broken down to three sections: socializing up front, game play around the pool table, and serious cruising in the back room. 4663 Long Beach Blvd., Long Beach.

GAF—All purpose bar-club for Palm Springs area. Entertainment some nights, crowds for dancing, with time for cruising. 67901 Hwy. 111, Cathedral City.

THE STUD—L.A.'s second liquor-leather bar continues to forge the new ground Larry's has broken. They said it couldn't be done. There seems to be plenty of room for the beer bottle bruisers to mingle with the liquor lechers in this new age of divine decadence. By some The Stud is much welcomed, by others it is being allowed. The result is a kicky fun spot that should be a permanent part of the new scene. Handy for freeway fliers too. Just off Vermont on Melrose.

GOLIATH'S—Continuous go-go boys, films, tape program, and restless crew have re-engaged the conspiracy to capture you in an excitement game. An experience with one thing in mind. 7011 Melrose Ave., West Hollywood.

THE SEE SAW—Pleasant spot gearing in with leather. Ample bike parking in rear. Just across the street from CBS. Large bar broken up into many corners makes for cruisy layout. 7713 Beverly Blvd., West Hollywood (next door to Crest Motel).

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.

OUTER LIMITS—The whole town shows up afterhours, crowding chicken out onto the ultraviolet dance floor and filling all empty spaces; Tiffany trade poolroom find harmonious balance. 11918 Garden Grove in Garden Grove.

JERRY'S HOLE—Chicken coop crowd keeps dancing while the afterhours flow fills the hole. Heavy cruising in the patio. 1858 San Diego, San Diego.

TRADESMAN—Raunchy before hours group gives way to more elegant raunch engaged in heavy cruising in double bar with double movie. Entwining throngs. Just off the alley. Melrose at Gardner, West Hollywood.

LARRY'S—Larry must be one of the most popular guys in the gay leather community. His new bar, a clean, barren, slightly poshy dungeon is L.A.'s first liquor/leather bar. Hot

and heavy cruising, mostly leather with plenty of real bikes. Melrose Avenue near Van Ness, Los Angeles.

EL CAPITAN—Established local fun spot. Almost raunchy atmos houses very friendly and boisterous crowd. Jovial barmaids. Packed on weekends, small weekday crowds. 13825 Hawthorne Blvd., Hawthorne.

MINE SHAFT—New kicky bar, Levi and leather, plenty of cruising. Weeknights get raunchy and mature; weekends cruisy and younger. Sunday buffet draws some seafood. 1720 E. Broadway, Long Beach.

MOSTLY ON THE DANCE FLOOR

MUG—Weekend hotspot, good dance floor with young social mobs. Artificial atmos with good music constantly changing moods. 8612 Garden Grove, Garden Grove.

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—Disc jockey now emphasizes the in-fashion dance craze, dancing all night, must-score posse gets raunchy, perennial chicken gone fashion, jitterbugging hags, pool playing trade, all types, all friendly. 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.

THE SALOON
769-9858
10848 Ventura Blvd.
N. 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.

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

THE AIRPORT—Quiet dance floor convenient for locals that might feel romantic urge to fox trot or rumba. Warm spot for cold winter nights. 3626 Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake, L.A.

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.

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 supposed 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.

BRASSRAIL—Backbar has moved up front to consolidate cruising grounds; a safer bet than last month for groovy cruising. 836 N. Highland, Hollywood.

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.

GLASS ONION—Beer and wine lounge, good dance floor, sometimes shows, great buffet on Wednesday, weekend rush at 19723 Ventura Blvd., Woodland Hills.

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.

SWEET LIPS
THE KOKPIT
301 TURK ST. SAN FRANCISCO, 775-3260

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.

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.

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 the entertainment complex includes a showroom 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, impersonation, burlesque skits, and pantomimes are all put through the limits of spectacle on a small stage. 1421 University, San Diego.

QUEEN MARY—Fun crowds always. Female impersonators; comic skits, live and pantomime; amateur nights. The showroom now has a name—The King's Den. 12449 Ventura, Studio City.

MARY'S HANG UP—Very mixed bar, always one scene or another happening here. Weekends have a unique drag show. Catch the Dimpled Darlings, 714 Garnet, Pacific Beach, San Diego.

SUNSETEAST SHOWBAR—Yes, there is a drag show and yes, it is good. But there is much more. A local neighborhood spot that gets raucous proving that Silver Lake has her own brand of alley cats. Some trade but mostly just fun-loving ruffians. Jeff aims to please everybody, keeping his cozy little joint jumping. Across street from Detour. 4007 Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake, L.A.

SHIP 'N SHORE—Behind Captain Dick's on Crenshaw you can find a spot for good people, friendly people, happy people, people you thought had vanished from the face of the jaded planet. Entertainment every weekend includes specialty acts like hypnotists that "like to hypnotize gay boys" and comedy teams. Join me there. 5215 S. Crenshaw, Hawthorne.

THE OXWOOD INN—All-girl combo adds spicy life to very, very mellow rendezvous spot. Still taking shape, promises to be more than neighborhood spot. 13713 Oxnard, Van Nuys.

TROJAN SHIELD II—If you've seen one tacky showbar you haven't seen them all. If you only see one more tacky showbar it might as well be this spot. The show has talent and the facilities, as usual, don't do them justice. Support your local drag show. 15122 Beach Blvd., Midway City.

THE 49'R—Not exactly the classiest joint in town. This spot is alive and so is the show. Two bars serving the most mixed group in East Hollywood, with dancing between shows. The show is unique. The Glamazons not only have some classy female impersonators but a male impersonator as well. Large crowds get loud but plenty of room for privacy between shows. You can always tell when an owner cares about his customers. Don and Lynn are running a low budget, high quality service. They care. 5510 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood.

COMING CLEAN

HYPERION BATHS—Clean, adequate facilities, friendly attendants, educated clientele. Daytime bath, especially fun on Wednesday afternoon and other early evenings. 2114 N. Hyperion, Silver Lake, L.A.

CYPRESS BATHS—Busy South Pasadena spot open to the public with 22 rooms and upstairs. Steam and sauna. Nice attendants, weekend crowds. 3241 N. Figueroa, South Pasadena—Mt. Washington.

SERPENT 8 CLUB—Private club. Clean, responsible institution. Large growing crowd each night. Gym, Sauna, Color TV, 25 rooms, 4109 Burbank Blvd., No. Hollywood.

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, jacuzi, 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 bunkrooms. 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

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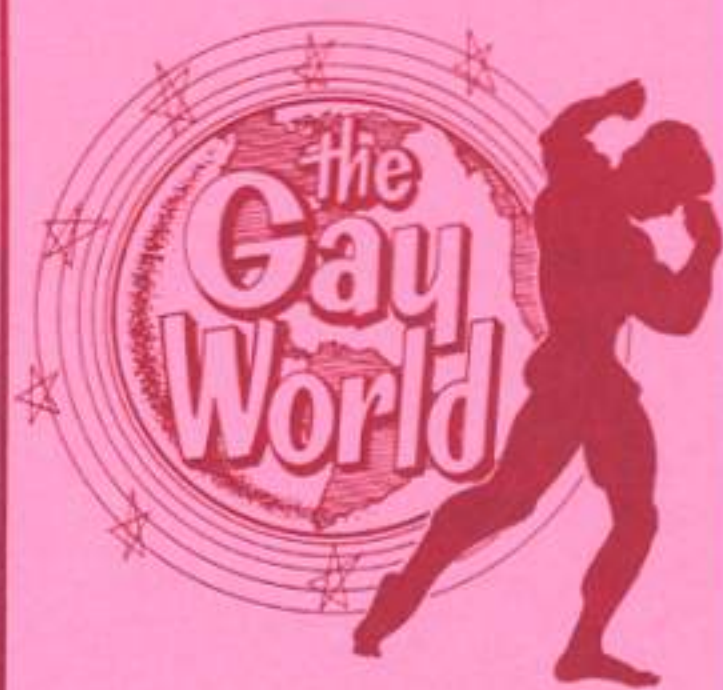

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ATLAS BATHS—Small, lively downtown bath with raunchy types. Across from Bee Jays and USO. 743 Columbia, Downtown San Diego.

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.

GLEN'S—Not private, open 24 hours, steam room, sauna, color TV, poolroom, private rooms, friendly crowds, just off Ventura Frwy. 4653 Lankershim, No. Hollywood.

YORK BATHS—Very private affairs are over fast and roam around corridors filled with shameless lovers and recreant employees. 5013 York, Highland Park, L.A.

AQUARIUS—Small steam room, showers, TV room, private rooms. Heavy city. Fast score corridors. Interesting parties. Educated clientele. 4504 Eagle Rock, Eagle Rock, L.A.

LEVI CLUB—Extremely accommodating personnel will take care of your ditty bag and other locker needs, right away, and send you into the hordes of swarming bodies that make up the clientele of this frolic spot. Just fifteen minutes from Hollywood, off the San Bernardino Frwy. During off-ramp construction call (213) 686-1851 for loving guidance. They're at 10715 Garvey in El Monte.

OIL CAN HARRY'S SPA—Plenty of action here when everywhere else is out of season. Fine facilities for finer people, dancing in the aisles from scene to scene, a variety to choose from. 68999 Broadway, Cathedral City, for the Palm Springs area.

PALACE BATHS—This relic can be said to have a certain charm, a mystique of raunchy, dilapidated institution. Quiet all year-round, it must be there for someone. 132 E. 4th St., Downtown L.A.

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-hanging 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—Quiet bar with crowded unique game room. Poshy atmosphere made comfortable by pleasant crowd that continues to grow slowly. Going to be big summertime tourist spot. Just off Selma at Ivar, behind the Ivar Theater.

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.

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MARIO'S—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 Main Street 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.

CORNER POCKET—Lots of pool paces out the cruising style of trade studs. Sometimes rowdy crowd kept in toe by the seriousness of the cruising rituals. Lacks the zest added by the psychedelic rabble of years gone by but much better for scoring. 8800 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood.

MUSTER INN—Pretty gypsy boy bartenders and a few rugged types are carefully watched over by local neighborhood cracker Gays. Strange. Otherwise jazzy neighborhood, this hovel echoes rare country rock and rouge. Lots of atmosphere undefined. 2222 E. Anaheim, Long Beach.

ROMAN IV—Heavy downtown traffic with plenty of room to roam. Pool tables have own side of the bar and the rituals are set but fast. Easy to score, servicemen, tradesmen, gentlemen, and trade seem in good accord. Fun location. 14 Elm St., Long Beach.

ONION TOO—Constant mixing traffic, trade, drag, hustle, chicks, butch, fems, and assorted other alley cats. Pool, dancing, loud talk, and funky fun. Afterhours alley cat mob scene. Lively. Alley cat stomp. 1540 N. Cahuenga, Hollywood.

THE COVEN—Union hall crowd restless in angry atmosphere. Seldom crowded, always open. 6907 Santa Fe, Huntington Park.

THE GALLEY—Very mixed, trade, hags, chicks, and lovelies nestle round busy pool table in small bar. Sometimes straight group prevails but bartenders friendly to all. On Gower just north of Sunset, Hollywood.

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DINING IN THE RAW

AU PETIT JOINT

This tiny dining room is mobbed so reservations are definitely in order; call 656-9234. Funky atmosphere and groovy waiters augment interesting menu. Medium price is $5.25. 7953 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood. Closed Sundays.

BLA BLA CAFE

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 p.m. at 11059 Ventura Blvd., Studio City. Call 769-8912.

DROSSIE'S

Russian and Continental food. Medium price $3.75 for high quality, from homemade soups to homemade desserts. Menu changes daily. Bohemian atmosphere and clientele. A celebrity hideaway. Funky waiters, excellent service. 7405 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood. 876-9149.

FELLINI'S

Striking, sophisticated, rustic ambience. At last, an Italian restaurant with no hanging plastic grapes. Medium price on the menu is $4.25. Selective wine list. Groovy waiters. Discriminating clientele. 6810 Melrose Ave., Hollywood. 936-3100.

LILLIAN'S

Tiny dining room is almost always packed, as is their petit patio; so reservations are necessary. Call 874-7011. Menu changes daily. Home-style cooking, lots of food at a medium price of $4.25. Wine is offered. No bar. Clientele is cross-section of community with some straight friends. 1253 N. La Brea Ave., West Hollywood. Closed Sunday and Monday.

PARISE'S

Charming French inn, beautifully decorated in elegant Provincial style. Interesting French menu is medium-priced at $5.25 and includes a special dinner for $2.50. Lunch is served Tuesday through Friday, 11 a.m. to 2 p.m., starting at $1.50. Sunday champagne brunch served from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. Wine and beer available. 707 N. Heliotrope, Hollywood. 663-2811. Closed Mondays.

DINING WITH LIBATIONS

AFTER DARK

Two dining rooms open to full bar and piano bar. Exciting menu, with medium price of $4.50. Bargain Early Bird and late supper menus. Entertainment after 9 p.m. Videotapes during cocktail hours. Very good food. Groovy, friendly waiters. Reservations are suggested; call 652-4210. 365 N. La Cienega Blvd., West Hollywood.

CARRIAGE TRADE

Intimate '40s ambience. One room with dividers separating bar from main dining area. Menu is mostly steaks with some specialties; medium price is $5.00. The waiters are charm-

Continued on Page 66

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TYLLER IS

When I first walked into Jorge Tyller's apartment at the Montecito, I was amazed at how tiny he is, for his stature as a dancer in the fabulous Folklorico Mexicano makes him look at least ten feet tall onstage. Born February 17, 1949, in Sonora Hermosillo, Mexico, he is a bronze, wiry 24-year-old who speaks in halting English.

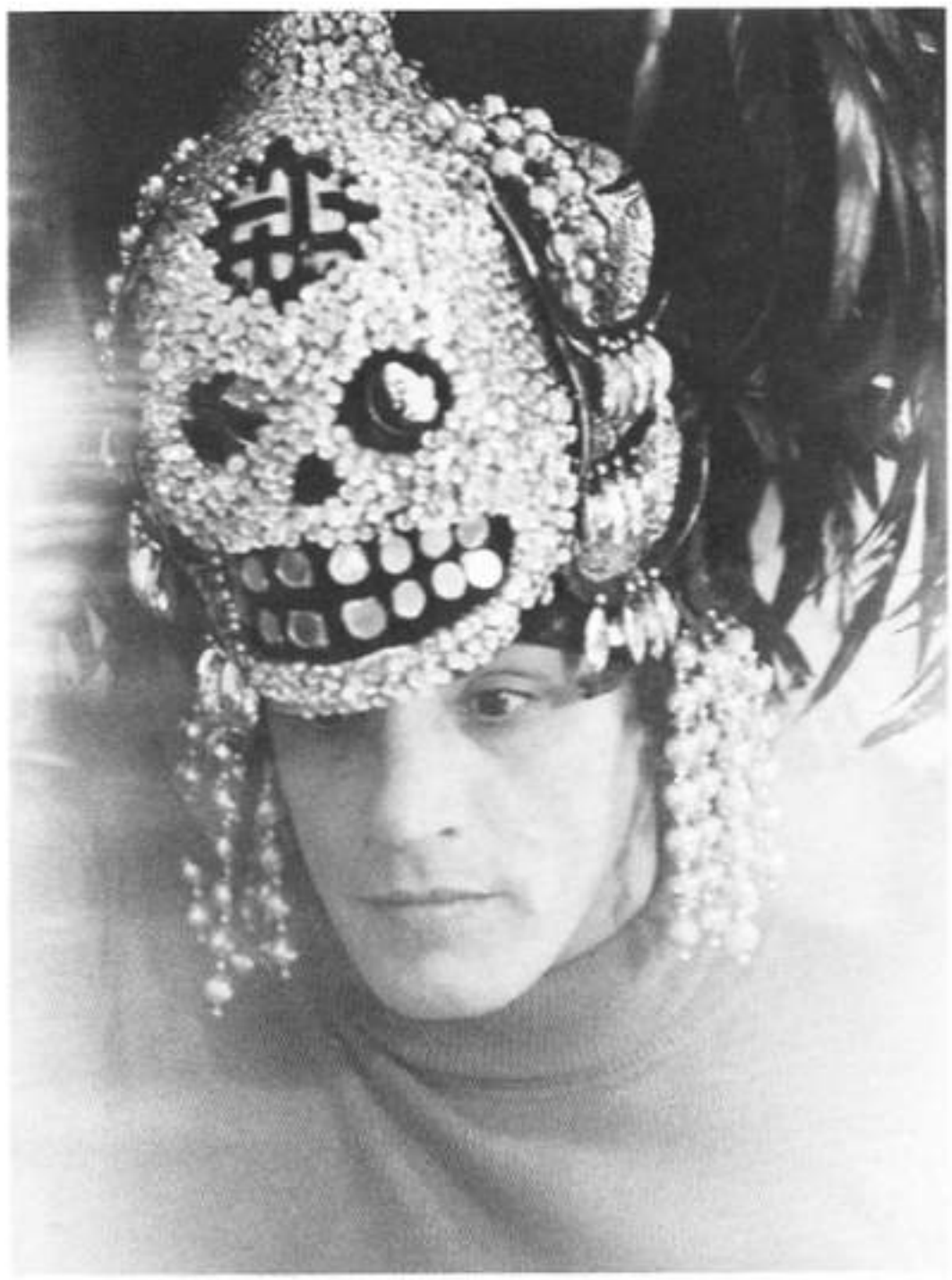
Isabel, his mother, died when he was six and he carries her picture with him wherever he goes. His father, Daniel, taught him how to dance and was his faithful mentor until his death five years ago. As a child, he would sneak out of school at night and furtively creep up to where the Sonora Indians were holding their traditional folk death ceremony: the Deer Dance. He watched, his heart throbbing wildly in his throat, and memorized through the flickering fire every step and rhythmic beat of the fascinating ritual. At the age of thirteen, he began to dance it with Amalia Hernandez' *Ballet Folklorico of Mexico City* and ever since he has stopped the show with his electrifying performance all over the world. Paris rose to its collective feet and gave him a standing ovation. Nureyev was in the audience and rushed backstage in admiration. Thus began a close personal friendship that has lasted through the years and is going stronger than ever now. Jorge tells it: "When he come back, I spoke no Russian. He speak no Spanish. But we talk with our hands and our hearts and we understand. We become good friends. We go everywhere together. We go to the London Museum. We go to other ballets. We dance at the Palace of Fine Arts in Mexico City together. Seven months ago I tell Rudolph I dance the Russian ballet, *The Little Box,* from the Moiseyev Company version. He say: 'Oh yes? Show me how you do it.' And I did. He say: 'It's good!' And, for fun, we dance it together in his suite in London. I went to Russia in 1967 and danced there for five months in Moscow and Leningrad. Then I go to Prague, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Australia and New Zealand."

"How do you keep from burning your hands and feet in the fire in *Sacrifice of an Aztec Princess?*" I asked.

Jorge smiled.

TERRIFIC

By Allan Leopold
Photographs by Hy Chase



"The audience think no fire. I think no fire. So we both pretend it no hurt."

That may very well be but Jorge still showed me a badly burned wrist caused by the fire's heat on his heavy turquoise Indian bracelet.

"How did you happen to leave the Ballet Folklorico?"

"I no leave. My grandmother, she die. I am alone. I feel I must rest for a little while. I have dance for eleven years with no stop. I go to think. To forget everything. I go to Acapulco. There the man from Ema Pulio's Folklorico Mexicano of Acapulco find me. He come to my hotel. He beg me to dance for Ema. Ema, she friend of mine and she ask me to dance with her. I no leave Ballet Folklorico. I just help Ema for now. We have no contract. Just handshake."

I wanted IN TOUCH readers to learn about Jorge Tyller, the personality behind the dancer, so I asked him questions about his height and weight and ran into unexpected problems in the area of feet and pounds.

"How tall are you?"

"168 metres."

"How much is that in feet?"

Jorge shook his head. We were clearly out of our depth.

"How much do you weigh?"

"61 kilos."

You'll have to take my word on this but my guess would be 130 something in pounds.

"What are your favorite foods?"

"Soups and Chinese food and fish. I love all the fish family. Oysters, lobster, shrimp, crab. In Acapulco the crab or *almeges* are as big around as your fist."

"How about you and sports?"

"I love horseback riding, sailing, water-skiing and tennis. I can't play soccer or football because it hurt my feet."

"Do you do any weight-lifting?"

"No. Dancing is all the exercise I need."

"Any favorite colors?"

"Blue, red and black."

"Who does your hair?"

"I do my own. And I style the other boys in the company."

I suddenly decided to give Jorge a Rona Barrett-type zinger:

"Any comment for my readers regarding your love life?"

Jorge pulled his knee up under his chin on the sofa and his brown eyes twinkled.

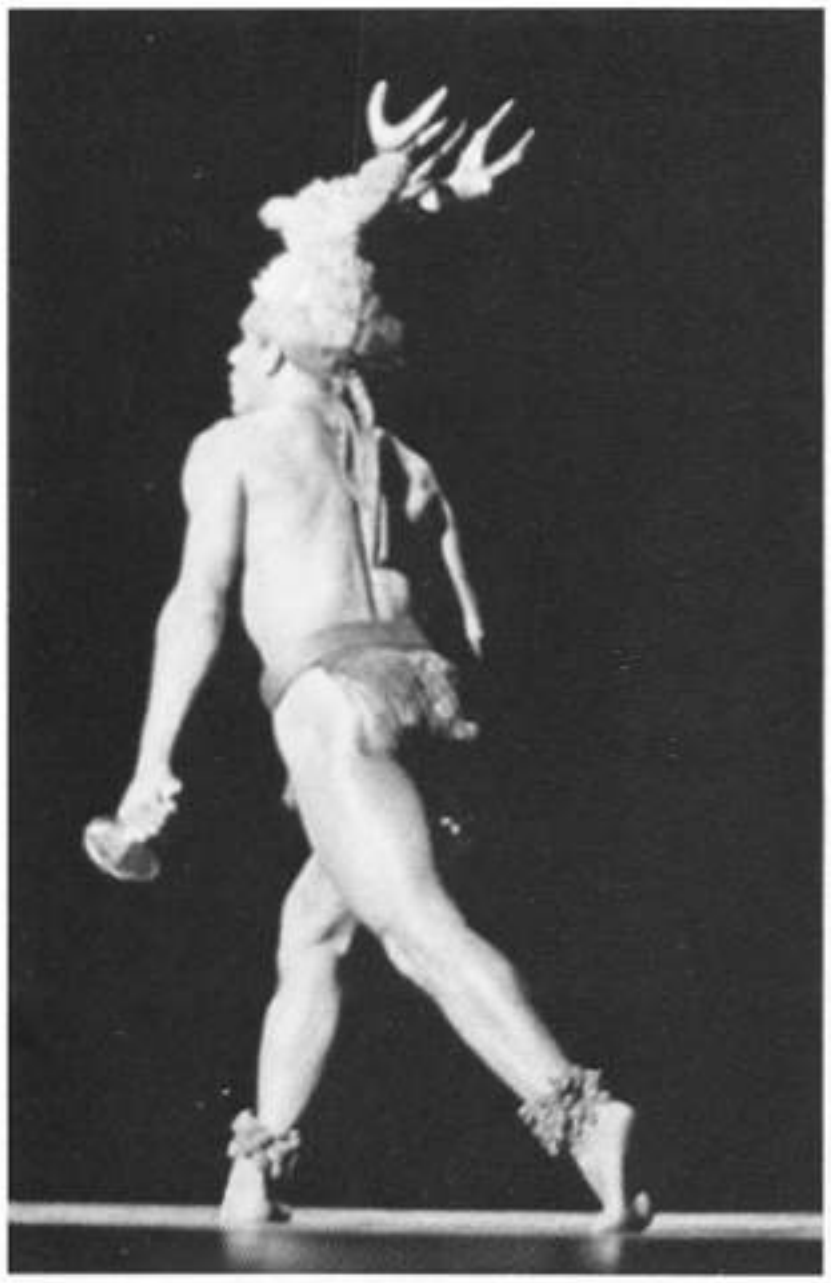
"To find someone to love is important but sex as sex to me right now is not important . . . maybe tomorrow I might find the right person. But, for today, I live by myself."

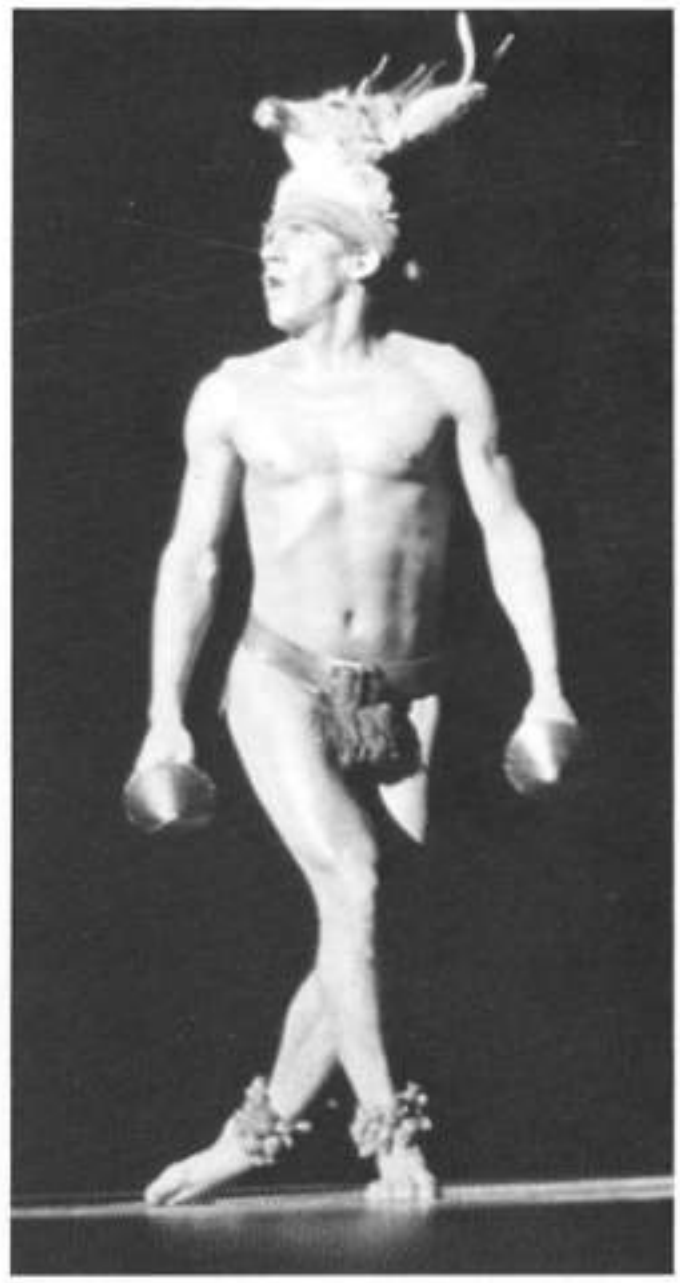
"How do you find Southern California?"

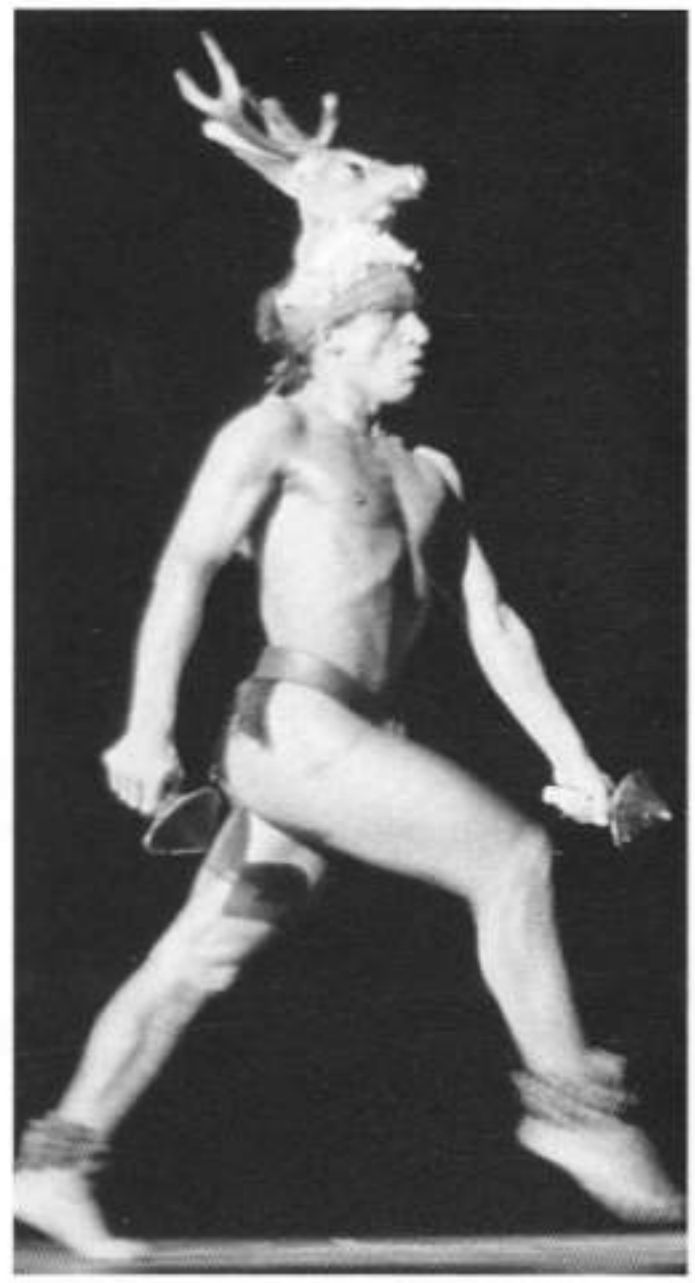
"I was here in 1971 at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion and twice at the Hollywood Bowl with the Ballet Folklorico in 1965 and 1967. I like your beaches. I've been to Laguna and Santa Monica and I love Carmel because of the beauty there. I take the sun whenever I can."

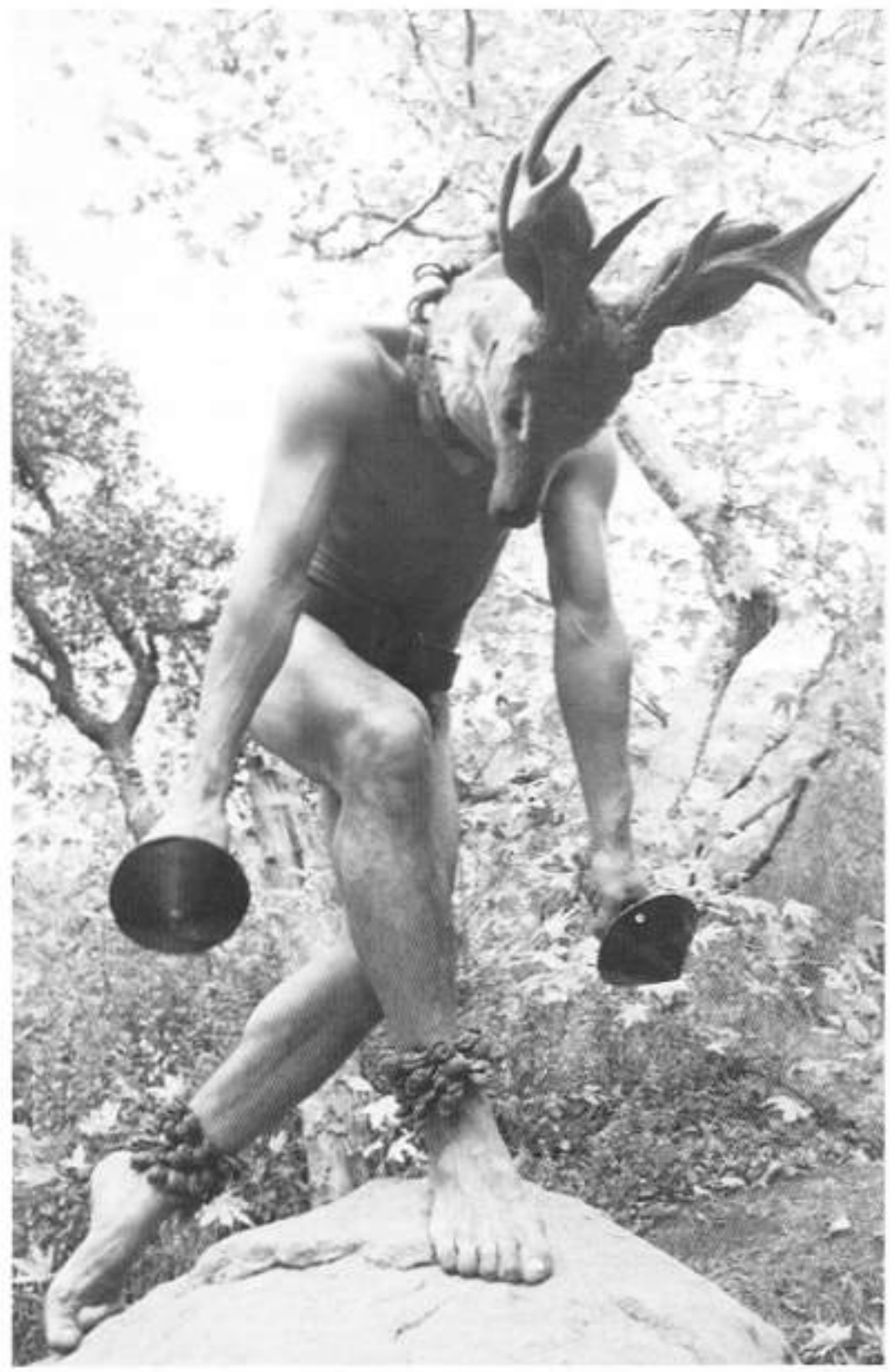
I always close my interviews with star dancers by requesting advice for beginners. Here is Jorge Tyller's:

"Start when young. Never stop dancing. Be dedicated in your feelings and love to dance because dance is love. You can feel it in all your audiences and they give it back to you. If you don't feel this love, don't try to be a dancer. When I die, I'd like to die dancing."









life styles HOMOPHOBIA IS NOT JUST

Several sociological observers of the gay scene have said recently that it would be preferable to investigate the causes and functioning of homophobia in our society rather than to continue the fruitless search for "causes" of homosexuality. But despite their perceptive suggestion, these writers went on to till the same fallow field, to study the "development" of Gays.

Homophobia is a new, somewhat bastardized term meant to describe one of the deepest, most damagingly pervasive pathologies in our culture, the fear and hatred of homosexuality. Though homophobia operates almost unconsciously in the individual, and seems from his vantage point to be merely a random set of irrational fears and vents of anger, it nonetheless is seen by up-to-date sociologists as a tool of social control, a social device to keep men and women in line, forcing each to give public avowal of their homophobia lest they themselves fall under suspicion.

To the homophobic person, homosexuality is too terrible a thing to contemplate rationally. It is a plague, a sin, a disease, a perversion, a dirty joke, an embarrassment, a monstrosity—a nameless threat never to be considered as something which might be engaged in by nice, reasonable people under decent circumstances. Blocked by his extreme antipathy for the subject, there is no way for the homophobe to seriously consider the possibility that perhaps Gays merely have an alternate life-style.

In our homophobic society, where even normal sex is viewed by many with only conditional approval (necessary for procreation, but not to be really enjoyed) the chief though hidden aim of education in all its forms becomes to inculcate hetero-monogamous values and gender-roles. Teachers may be unaware they are teaching this (they accept it implicitly, even when it runs contrary to their own lives) but the conditioning goes on year after year, in children's books and child's play, in schools and Sunday Schools, in films and on TV, and in most casual social interaction. "Let's play house." "Who's your girlfriend?" "He's a queer!" "Don't be a sissy!" "Be a man!"

The heterosexual impulse ought to be strong enough in itself to survive without resorting to homophobia. Other societies have shown that peaceful coexistence is possible between gay and non-gay. But our society takes such an all-or-nothing attitude that training for hetero roles is almost inextricably tied to homophobia.

Gays do not escape this brainwashing. It is in the air every moment. The simple fact that any of us get through it without being heterosexualized should prove something.

But though we do get through, gay in spite of it all, the brainwashing *does* affect us. It is not surprising that many homosexuals, and even some more or less liberated Gays, still are infected with homophobia,

A STRAIGHT DISEASE

By Jim Kepner
Illustrated by J.D. Klamik

which for us amounts to self-hatred.

In the general population, homophobia expresses itself in anti-gay attitudes that range from extreme hysteria to pseudo-tolerance: "I don't think you people should be persecuted, but I wouldn't want you near my son."

We are usually more concerned with the extreme expressions, the lynch-mob psychology of those who want us all locked up, who would sooner stand near a leper than near one of us; who believe that we threaten the nation with fire and brimstone, that any homosexual (and *only* a homosexual) would do what Corrl did in Houston.

* * * *

Is it possible that some homosexuals harbor and transmit similar bias against their own class? Not only possible; it is distressingly common.

My second lover, years back, jolted me with his harsh homophobia—though that word hadn't yet been coined. I was idealistic about my fellow Gays, male and female, though I'd met very few of them. John vented hate for almost every class of Gays, and it didn't take much depth-perception to recognize this as self-hate. I asked him, after our first roll in the sack, about the chance of starting a gay defense organization. He said that the last thing in the world he'd want would be to get into a roomful of screaming

queens. I didn't think either of us was a screaming queen; besides I'd already observed that the queens' upfront attitude toward their own gayness was a lot more gutsy than us shamefaced ones who hid behind a mask of masculinity.

Our relationship was fairly idyllic for a while. We went to a lot of semi-gay restaurants. But his hatred of most other Gays was too corrosive for me, and after about six weeks, I decided that I preferred exploring and becoming part of the gay community (such as it was in San Francisco, 1943) to having someone to sing to, "You'd be so nice to come home to, so nice by the fire."

* * * *

How often have you heard a Gay complain that all homosexuals are "unstable, undependable, flighty?" This is rank homophobia, borrowing the majority's contempt of us and turning it inward on ourselves. Being gay is an experiment in liberation, and stability, as commonly defined in our society, is a hetero ideal. There is a clear polarity between their ideal of stability and that of freedom. While we see examples of incredibly stable Gays (and most individuals fall somewhere between the two poles), it would be a tragic mistake to judge the value of a gay person purely on how well he conforms to an essentially het standard.

Continued on Page 60

the fall balls

A Photo Essay by Bud McGinnis

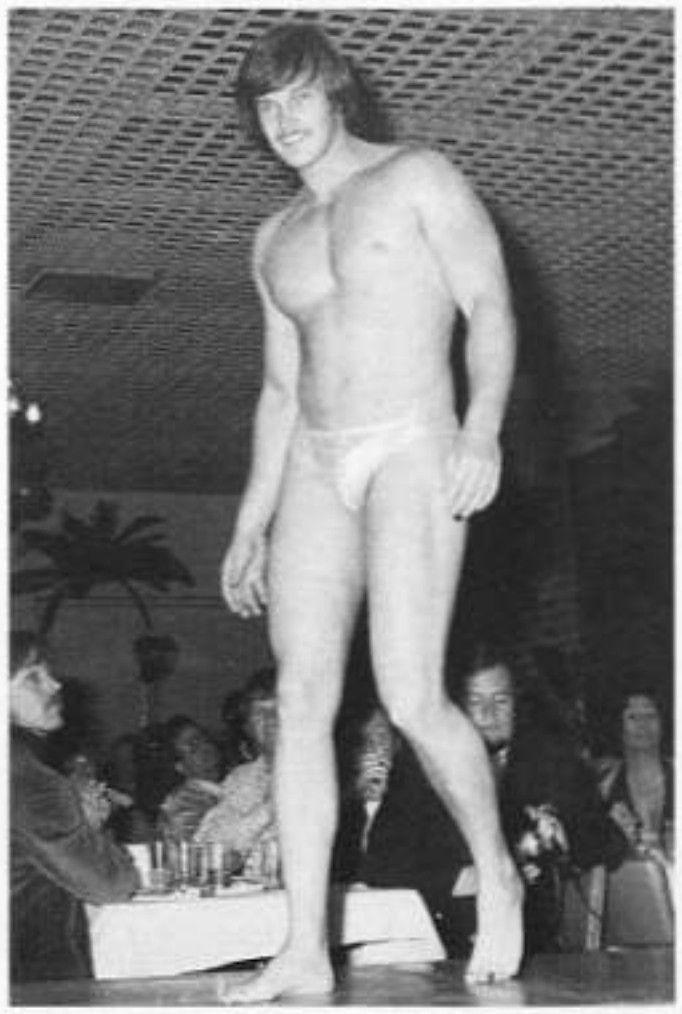
CLOCKWISE STARTING ABOVE: 1972 Los Angeles Emperor Luigi, 1972, Los Angeles Empress Andrea and LaRey (left to right); Empress designate Honey Caroline; Emperor designate John I; 1973 Los Angeles Emperor and Empress John I and Honey Caroline; 1972 Emperor and Empress crown the 1973 Emperor and Empress.

EMPRESS

Clockwise from top left: Dee Richards as Marie Antoinette; Emby West plays Joel Grey as the Emcee from "Cabaret"; Honey Caroline as Mae West; Larry Kite, first place Male costume winner; Rick Gutterridge, one of the dancers in Rolf Barnick's "Un Bel Di" production; and George Gilland, one of the entertainers at the ZTI Ball.

Clockwise from left: Sponsor Ray Harrison, Fabulous Freida, Nancy Lansing who won the Grand Sweepstakes, and Marshall Kinsey at the height of festivities; two of the contestants as Bette Davis and Joan Crawford in "Whatever Happened to Baby Jane", OOPS—a good time was had by all; Mark Lowy, part of the SPREE entertainment; the Hollywood vamps undraped; the Hollywood vamps in full costume; SPREE Go-Go entertainment, Jack Walton; Sandy as Marilyn Monroe; and one of the Butterflies, produced and designed by Joe Toland.

G.G.R.C.



UNIVERSAL

Clockwise from top left: Kim Christy as Mars in the pageant opening the Universal Ball; Mr. Everything and 1972 King of the Universe Jim Hughes; Universe Ball producer LaRey as the Sun; 10 female finalists in the Universe contest; 1972 Queen of the Universe Renya (left), 1973 Queen of the Universe Ladylyn and the 1973 King of the Universe Brian Redfield; Emby West plays chicken and wins best costume; and finalists for King of the Universe Brian Redfield, T.R., Billy Miller, and Scott.

camping at red rock

by Hugh Roberts
photography by Bud McGinnis

If what you're really turned on to is the Beverly Hills cocktail Hollywood celebrity party circuit, I promise you'll absolutely hate the low desert country. But since almost all of us do possess that little touch of loner, you should at least give it a try. To begin with, the Great Mojave Desert is commonly referred to as the Los Angeles entrance to Death Valley. This should give you a tip as to what to expect—mostly miles of miles. Some choose to refer to it as bleak, but if you, like Bill and Billy, can repace your head, slow your life-style a bit, and adapt to desert time (which you'll find measured in milleniums) you can find a different life concept and life-style. It's not only teeming with new life (some very small and almost undetectable) but traces of life millions of years past.

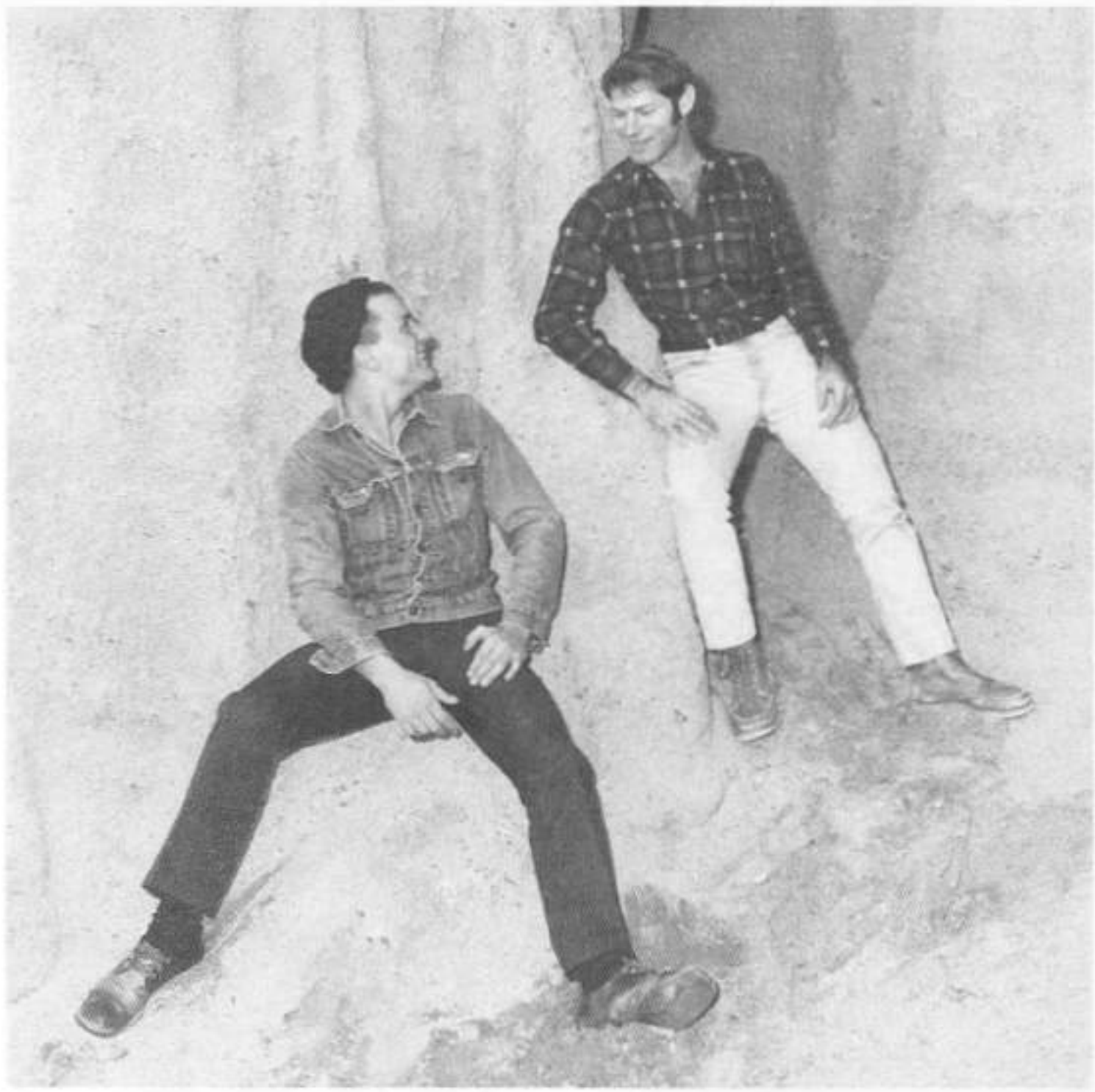
There in Red Rock Canyon you'll find an endless series of self-made, self-activated and self-involving activities to choose from—trail-biking spelunking (rock-climbing), hiking, or just camping out. Bill and Billy chose the latter, deciding on some real desert tripping. Learn a lesson from Billy, take along plenty of warm clothing. Due to some well-meant, friendly, but nonetheless poor advice, coupled with his own lack of knowledge about this kind of country, he brought along only very light clothes. Don't make the same mistake, for just as soon as that sun sets, those shifting sands become more like shifting snow banks in temperature.

Camping at Rim Ridge (would you believe?) can be a refreshing rediscovery of not only yourself but our desert heritage as well. So, equipped with those necessary warm clothes and a nice serviceable van or camper (forget the motels in the town of Mojave, they're strictly below par . . . and much of the fun is staying out in the desert), get a grip on yourself—all of

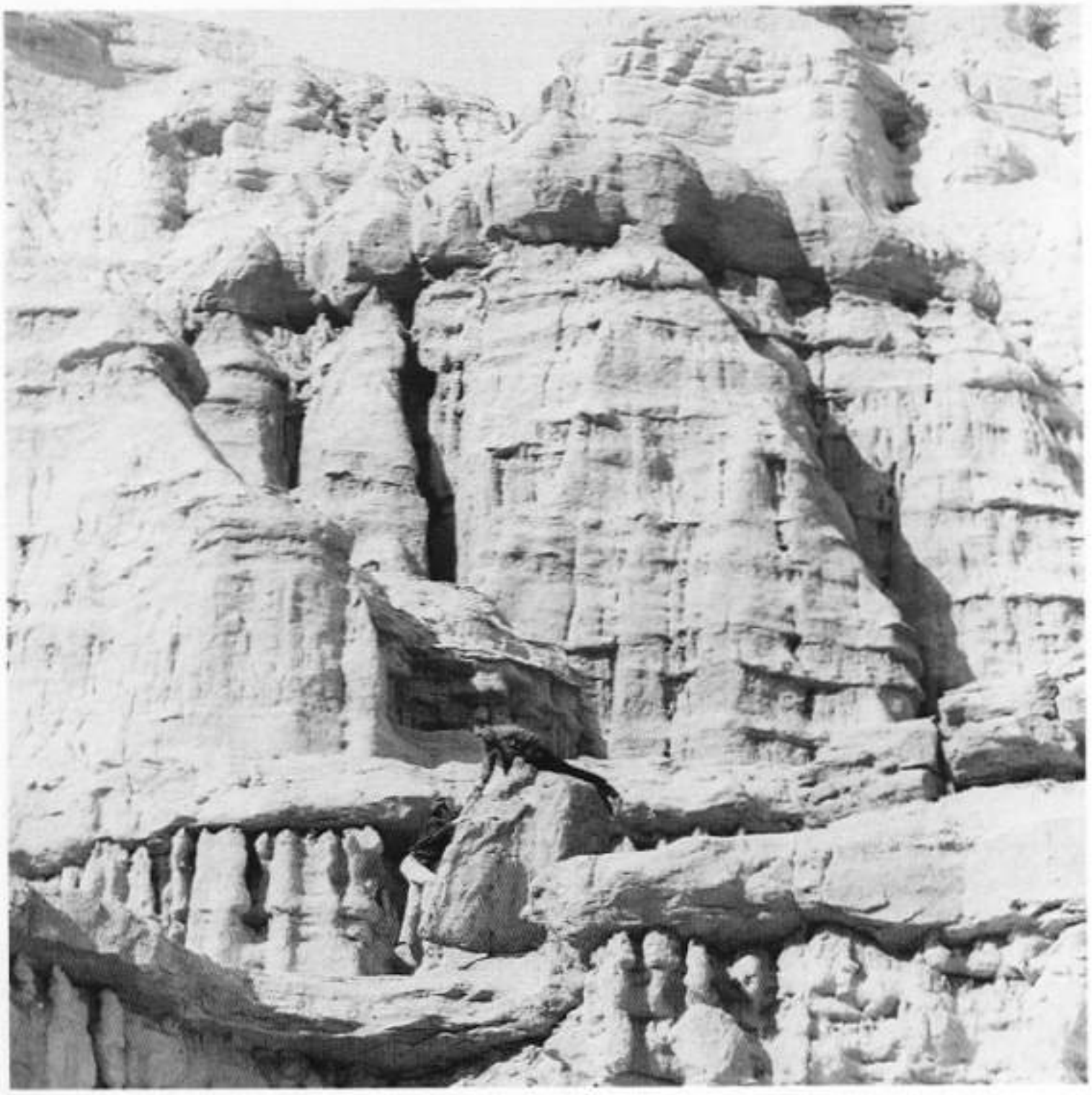
you—wits, survival instinct, and explorer abilities—and get set for fun in your desert discovery.

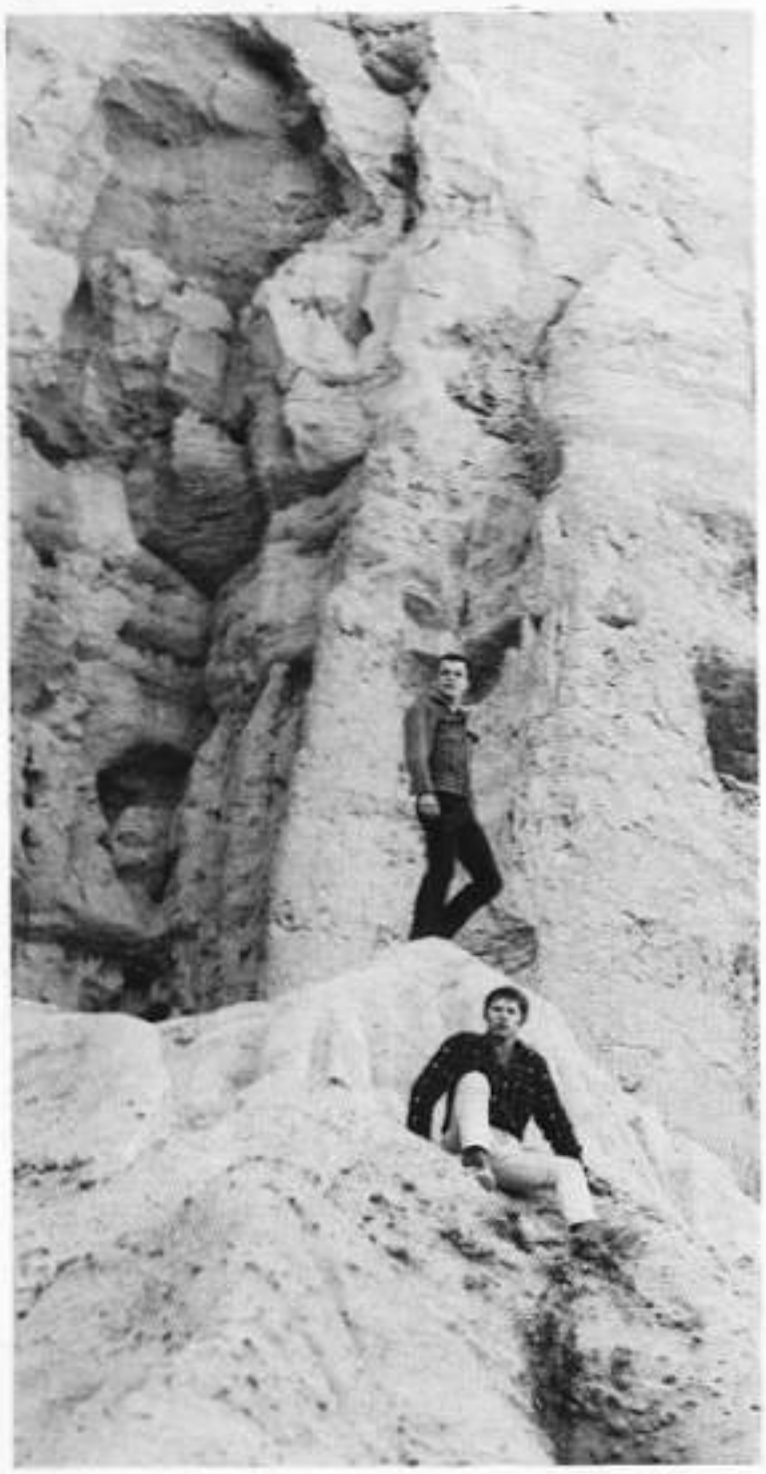
Rim Ridge in Red Rock Canyon palisades itself down into the desert floor in a spectacular layering of sand-fossil-stone history. This natural painting has sand cascaded into some really breathtaking splendor. By climbing a bit and poking around those little wind indented, glacier/water carved sandstone inlets, Bill and Billy discovered bits and pieces of history not just from other times, but other places as well—shells from some distant (maybe even long buried) sea and stones and volcanic rock glacierly pushed from hundreds of miles away. If you have some smattering knowledge of geology, all this layered effect is, in itself, a history lesson—nature's way—all suspended in sandstone rippling. A touch of rock knowledge can also help in uncovering bits of treasure. Between them the two guys not only found some interesting fossils, but a nice chunk of pure jade, several good specimens of petrified wood, a rather large tiger-eye stone, and even a few opals in matrix. All these need only a bit of cutting and polishing for the beginnings of a fine little precious stone collection or even some lovely tie-tack, cuff-link, or ring settings—all with twice the fun and meaning because you really did do it all yourself.

There are any number of other collection trip items like sun-bleached bones (if that's your bag), or pieces of wood (resembling driftwood) brushed by all that wind-blown sand. Since the area and lay of the land is right, enough patient looking is sure to produce any number of precious and semi-precious stones. Certainly gold and silver ores are in abundance, and because of that glacier action, who knows what else. It's all there for the taking, but do learn to use a bit of restraint, for hard lessons in the near past have taught us that it takes man only a few years to destroy what nature took ages to create. Take only what you really want. Pick and choose with care.



If collecting is not your bag, there are other attractions on such a trip. Try aloning it for a bit of self-cleaning solitude. Here there is a large area designated for trucks, bikes and campers, but most everyone seems to be out somewhere else doing their own particular trip. This leaves you lots and lots of time and space for freedom—both the physical kind and the mental variety. You see, the desert does have this strange quieting effect. All the city hassle, now so far behind, seems so trivial. All those super-important things that weighed so heavily on you, now sink into oblivion, right along with





man's artificially created time concept—minutes and hours here return to their natural state of days and nights, sunrise to sunset. This, for me at least, is perhaps the desert's greatest gift.

Naturally, we can't ignore all the fun of the desert, like all that collecting and discovery already mentioned, and for that I suggest you take along a buddy even with a friend of your family along (you'll also find some of the quiet, loner bit remains. It's true of almost everyone who seeks out this area, so chuck any ideas of cruising, and get yourself on an inner trip). The variety of experience is almost endless. It all truly is what you make it. So decide on a fun time, if you will, grab a bunch of blankets, a portable stove, a few convenience cookout foods, then slip into something warm and comfortable, grab a trusty compass, by all means leave your watch at home, and git!

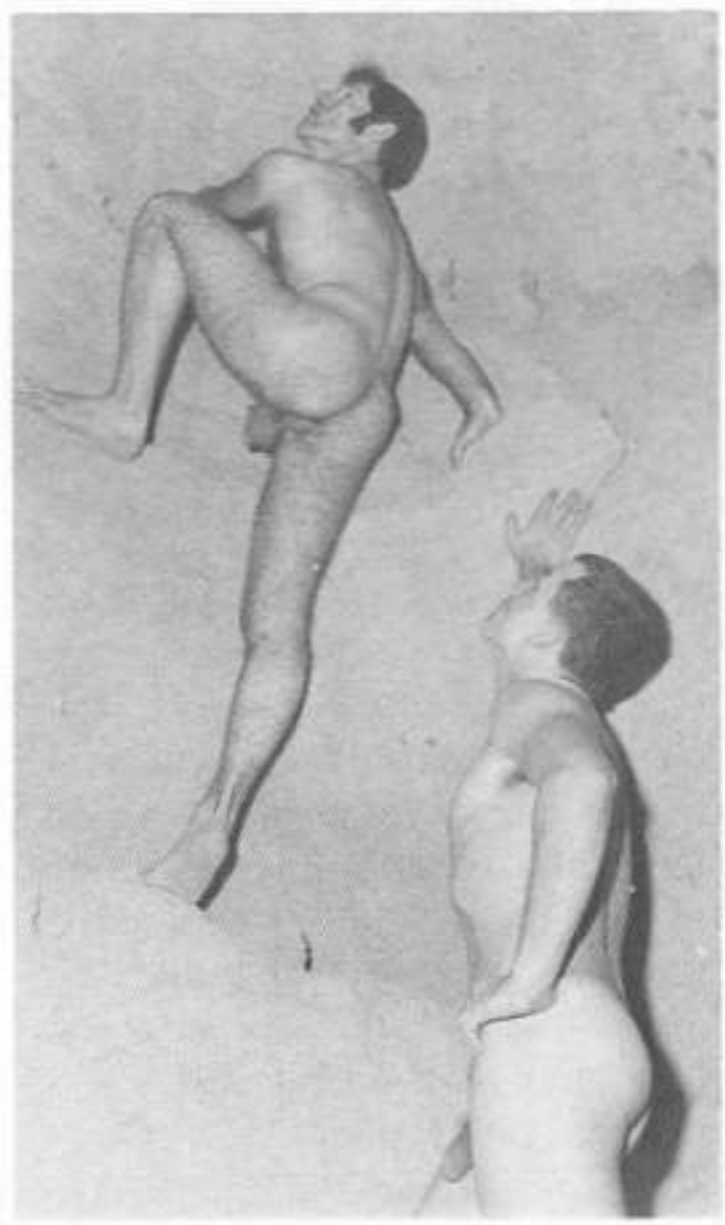
The guys drove up the canyon on a small super-bumpy road in their well-equipped van. Although there were a few other cars and campers present, no people seemed to be in evidence. These breathtaking weird sandstone forms fingered the sky. They parked in the rapidly lengthening shadows of these tall sand towers, and after all the appropriate gasps and wows, Bill and Billy got their gear setup into a serviceable grouping. Bill, knowing a bit about this kind of terrain—he's a veteran camper—chose a spot for the fire, digging a deep hole and surrounding it with large rocks, well away from the sparse desert vegetation. The next order of business was collecting wood and starter brush, dropped away from the mesquite, yucca, Joshua trees, and sage (which is about all the plant life you're likely to find, and that's pretty spaced out). Having set up the fire wood for their return, they began an exploratory romp. The rock collecting they did was a breeze. Far less easy was the climbing. It seems all those sand palisades offer little resistance, but are very inclined to be terribly crumbly. Regulation rock climbing equipment is next to useless. They found their greatest assets here, outside of the compass, to be simple caution and serviceable shoes. After a couple of minor slips, they carefully examined every hand and foothold, since a fall to the desert floor could easily have proven fatal. This still didn't stop the general mood of frivolity. Dangerous? So what! It was all worth it for a stance on one of those high sky-touched mesas overlooking the entire horizon flung desert. Here, bleak is beautiful.

Next, again carefully slipping down the sides of the sandforms, they began slipping into those lit-

tle rippled inlets for a bit of further exploration. These odd indentures are their own reward, pulling you back into some historical past as well as your own childhood concept of a safe, hidden-away, no-one-can-find-me thing. It's rare to come upon this kind of serenity, unexpected especially in our hustle-type world, so the moment could and should be savored. It makes the whole trip worth it.

By now the sun had started to sky-dissolve behind all the tall mesa towers, and a brisk wind, self-whipped across the flat desert land unimpeded by hills, houses, or tall trees and only stopped short in a sand whirling whip in front of this jagged ridge, ice-fingered right into the guys. Hand-thorned memories of mesquite wood gathering for that fire were quickly asserted, and were pressed to a swifter need by Billy's light clothing, causing him ridges of goose bumps to match the mountains. They stone skipped back, accompanied by the rhythm of chattering teeth, to the fire-hole location, and all its promises. A few matches brought the promise to warm reality. The brittle dry tumbleweed burst into friendly flame. Quickly added wood, assisted by close cuddling under a couple of the warm blankets, edged off the wind's sharp chill. A touch of discomfort . . . which can have such advantages.

After the chill was fire-dismissed, came time to care for stomach's growl. A pan of bubbling water was quick-converted into steaming mugs of black-hot coffee (you should try the great concentrate they used: seven cups of water per pound of coffee brewed and steeped for a full day. It has a rich full body instant coffee can never match. Use it about the same.) Other fires began dotting the rapidly blackening purple shadows, and the smells of food criss-crossed the natural desert



scents. It's true, you know. Food really does taste better outdoors. Nothing anywhere can approach it—be it McDonald's or Chasen's. It must be a universal feeling for their quickly cooked/burned food was quickly pounced on and devoured at lightning speed. Contented sighs then followed contenting cigarettes close by the crackling fire which provided warmth and just enough light to form a bejewel-splashed pattern on the walls of the ridged mesa behind. Their return to nature's time became complete under that star-dotted blue-black sky. Strange. In cities stars seem only a memory, but here they are so very real. This cross-twinkle path of pinpoints of light, accented by a live vibrant hum of unseen desert life (which can only be heard if you're very still and totally stunned), found our boys slipping back to an almost animal-like primal need, to seek shelter and sleep at day's end. The van with its soft mattressing and piles of warm blankets was the easy choice in preference to nature's wind-howling exposure. Man is still indeed in need of many creature comforts.

The van does provide a touch of civilization's seemingly necessary enclosures for us. Of course, if you're very brave, and if you really want to reach out and grasp nature firmly on its own terms, you might try a sleeping bag, and search out one of those semi-protected inlets. Most of us would prefer the van's confines, I'm sure. If you do sleep in one of these travelers, like Bill and Billy, pick up one of the readily available brochures on the do's and don'ts like: No fires inside, EVER! Don't attempt to leave the motor running all night for warmth. Always have one window open just a crack, no matter how cold, to let in fresh air and help the circulation. Remember, to keep warm, blankets and a buddy are much more fun.

The complete return to nature's time arrives full circle with eyes opened in a full-wide-awake at the sun's first over-the-horizon peep. I hate to sound like one of those corny travelogues from the Forties, but, really, in order to appreciate sunrise in the desert, you gotta be there. The sky and sand look exactly like God went crazy with a finger paint kit. The sounds are from some long-ago almost-remembered childhood, when the world was a stiller and happier place. And there are birds—flocks of birds. How long has it been since you've seen birds in huge flocks in the city?

The burned-out fire just lies there, a cold bed of coals. But it needs only a little coaxing and prodding to resume its fiery, friendly life of cooking and warming. The soon-steaming coffee, merely delicious the previous day, was morning's blessing, and was followed by a breakfast both filling and fulfilling. Billy was quickly bundled into some of Bill's more appropriate warm clothes, and a morning spent in quiet walking followed. Having gone along this full natural circle, the morning seemed best given to quiet thought and contemplation, stopping for only an occasional discovery/examination.

The previous night had dumped a hard snow on the higher peaks that surrounded them, and the nippy winds swept over them as it pushed out to the desert. Cold hands and faces soon had to return to friend fire.

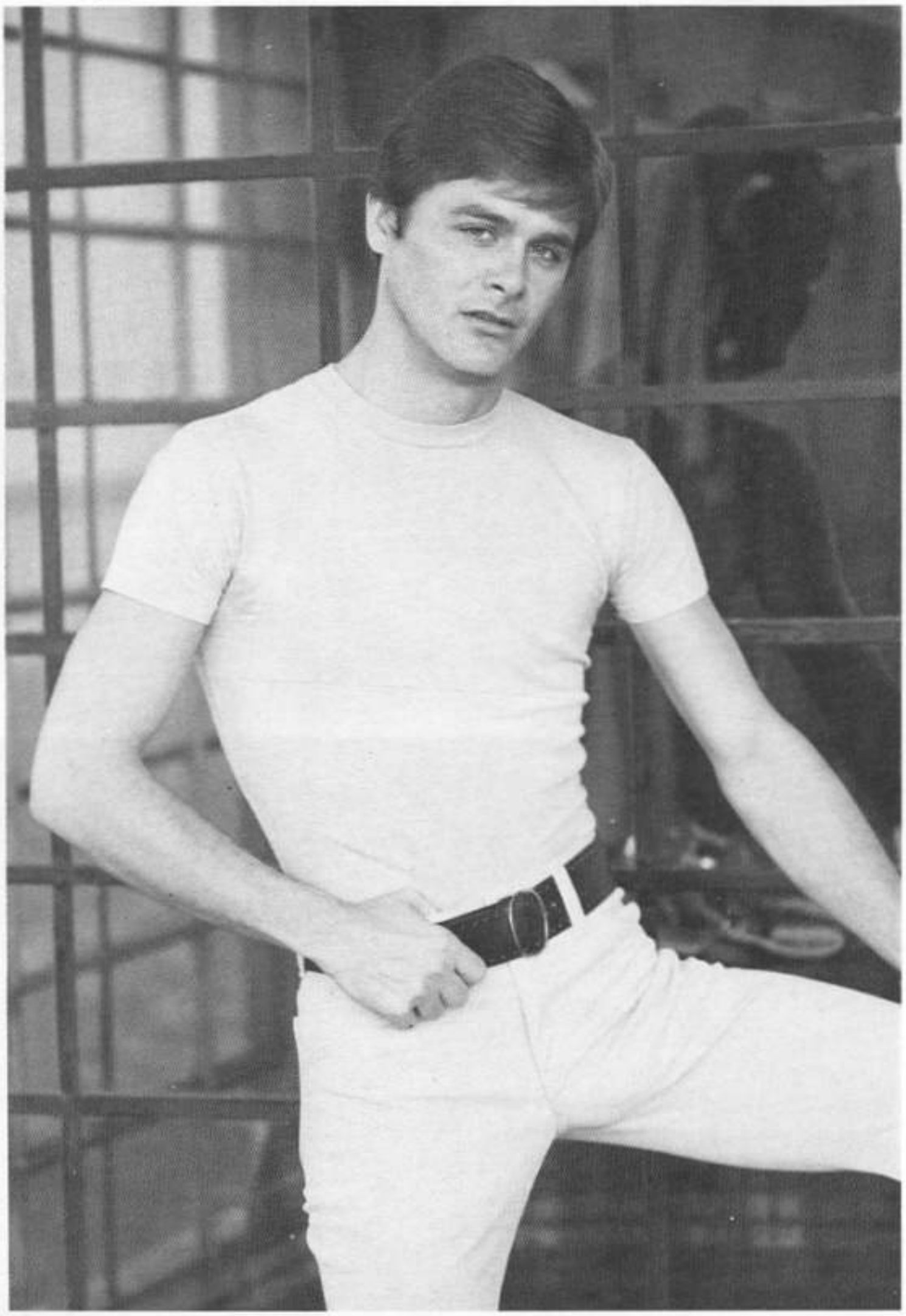
Sorting began, all the collected rock and wood were slowly and carefully examined. The rejects were returned to the desert for reclamation by either the sand or another collector. The slow pace of the sorting gave evidence to the reluctance to leave, but cold winds and stinging sand helped hurry that slowing process. Leaving time was now. The van was repacked with gathered treasures carefully folded in blankets. Old friend fire was then covered with sand and drenched with water in some strange ritual burial.

The same super-bumpy road led Bill and Billy back to the proper world of proper minutes and hours—a seemingly more safe and secure world—but certainly a far more sterile one than the desert with all its bleakness. Still, all the houses, paved streets and electricity in this more familiar world would never erase the fun, or the discovery, or even the chill of this desert weekend.

discovery

TAKING STOCK .. WALLY WILLEMET

By Thom Taylor
Photographs by Hy Chase



What do you say about a twenty-five-year-old bank officer who is gay and gorgeous? Wally Willemet is an account worth banking on. As these pages reveal this young businessman is nothing short of super in the buff, yet until IN TOUCH was fortunate enough to catch him that way, Wally had never been photographed. In fact, he has no pictures of himself at all.

"I've never had my picture taken before. I don't even have any of the little wallet kind that a lot of people carry around." A tribute to his lack of vanity?

Unlike many — perhaps even most — that hover under the skirts of Hollywood, he has no desire to work on stage or before the cameras. This has been a one-time experience for him that we are lucky to share.

"I've never done anything like this before, and I don't plan to ever do it again. I was really nervous at first working in front of the camera, especially when we did the outdoor nude shots. There were a couple of people watching us, and that bothered me. The pictures we shot at the market must really have been terrible. There was like a crowd of people standing around, and that shook me."

But one could hardly blame the spectators, he is certainly a guy who deserves a second look, and that is what our agents thought

when they saw Wally and a friend in costume at the GGRC Ball in October. When contacted later about doing a centerfold, he pleased us—and surprised himself—by saying "Yes." And we say "Thanks."

There is nothing about him of the staid old bankers sitting stuffily behind their desks. In fact, according to Wally, there is little about the bank business that is that way (except, perhaps, in *Mary Poppins*).

"They're very open-minded. They have to be. Too many people that work for them are gay. In fact, several employees have even gone through the sex change. They asked the bank officials if there would be any problem in changing their gender on the records from Mr. to Miss, and the authorities said, 'No.'

"The gay scene is becoming more natural and acceptable to society all the time. People are becoming more open-minded as more and more are getting into it. My parents know that I'm gay. They accept it, but it's never discussed."

Wally went into the banking profession as accidentally as he came into modeling. "I was interviewing for work. I just walked in their door one day, and they hired me."

Now, several years later, he has progressed to a position of responsibility and authority as the head of his department in Installation.

"I hope one day to be a vice-president." Quite an aspiration, but from this point of view, his credentials are fine. And if he attacks it with his characteristic enthusiasm, it should be merely a matter of time. Wally will thrive on the challenge because conquering is one of the strongest fibers of his being.

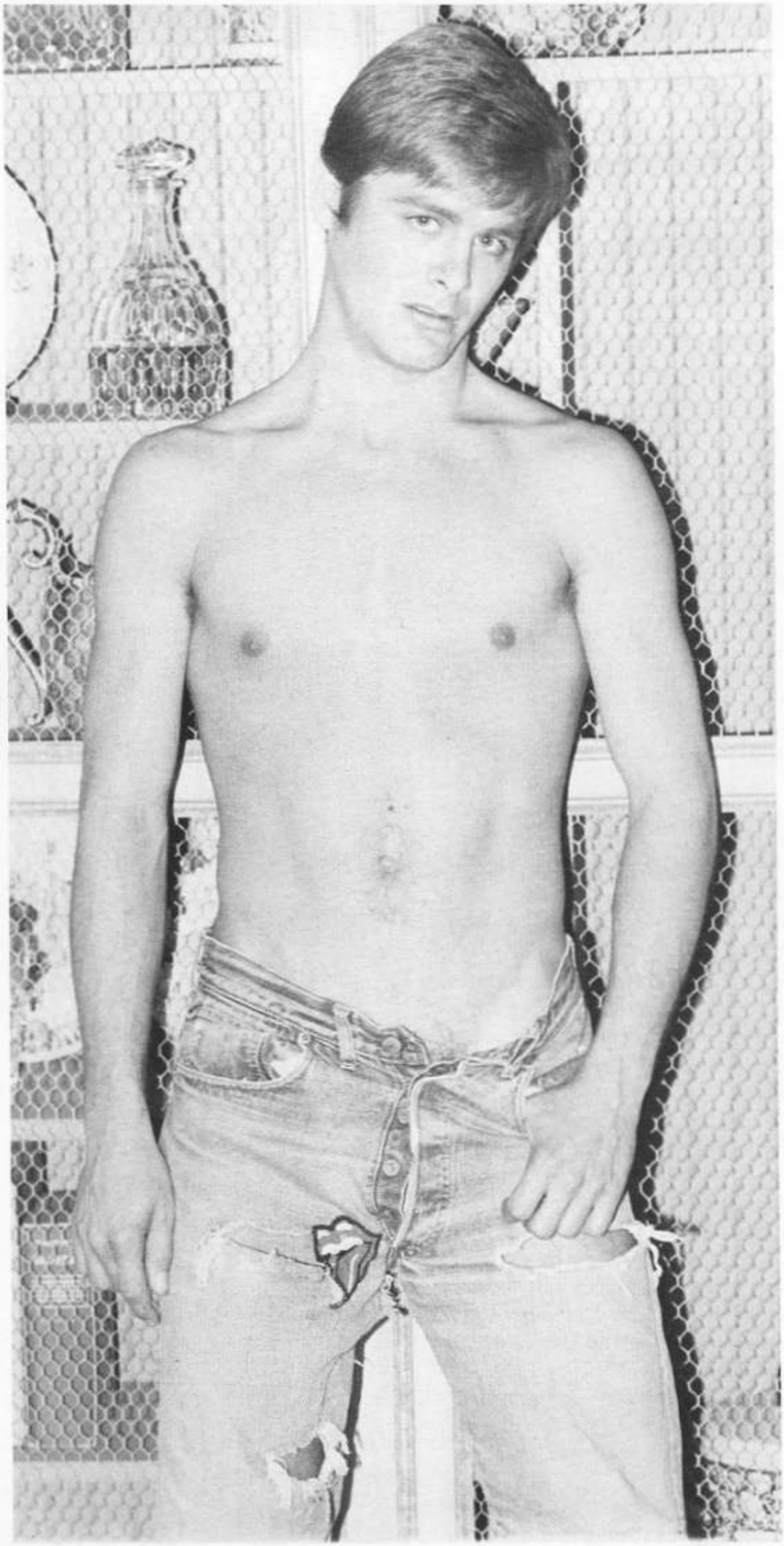
"I enjoy doing things that present a challenge. I like to try things that I've never done before and see if I can do them. Like, for instance, I decided once to try skiing. I'd never done it before, but the first time out I stood up and did it. The same with ice skating."

It is his acceptance of challenges and his eagerness and willingness to create his own that add such depth and charisma to this handsome young man. He is a problem tackler, and one who doesn't give up easily.

"I love to do crossword puzzles and jigsaw puzzles. A couple weeks ago I was doing one, and I stayed up almost the whole night before I finished it. Once I get started on something like that I don't like to leave it unfinished. That's just the way I am," he says, eyebrows lifting to emphasize the statement.

Wally exudes an air of self-control and confidence, not in the sense of one who has superiority feelings but one who knows where he's going, what he wants, and what he as a person is all about.

His introduction to the West Coast came while he was a student at Louisiana Tech. "I was going home for a vacation, and I decided to come to Los Angeles instead, so



I flew out here for the weekend."

When he did return to California, it was to San Francisco where he lived for four years until his bank transferred him south. Still a relative newcomer, he finds the Southern California life-style fast-paced but very rewarding, always a chance to meet new people and form new friendships.

He has become an avid fan of Mexican cuisine. "I've learned to like so many more foods since living in California. I love to do my own cooking. I like to bake apple pies and things like that. I really enjoy it. There is such a variety of cultures and foods here."

Here is home as opposed to the French Quarter of New Orleans where he grew up with three brothers. The first year of his life, however, was spent in Australia, his mother's native home. She was born in Sydney.

While in the third grade, Wally began his still current romance with music. Inheriting an unwanted trumpet from his older brother, he taught himself to play. His interest in music continued through high school into college where he majored in the clarinet and classical piano.

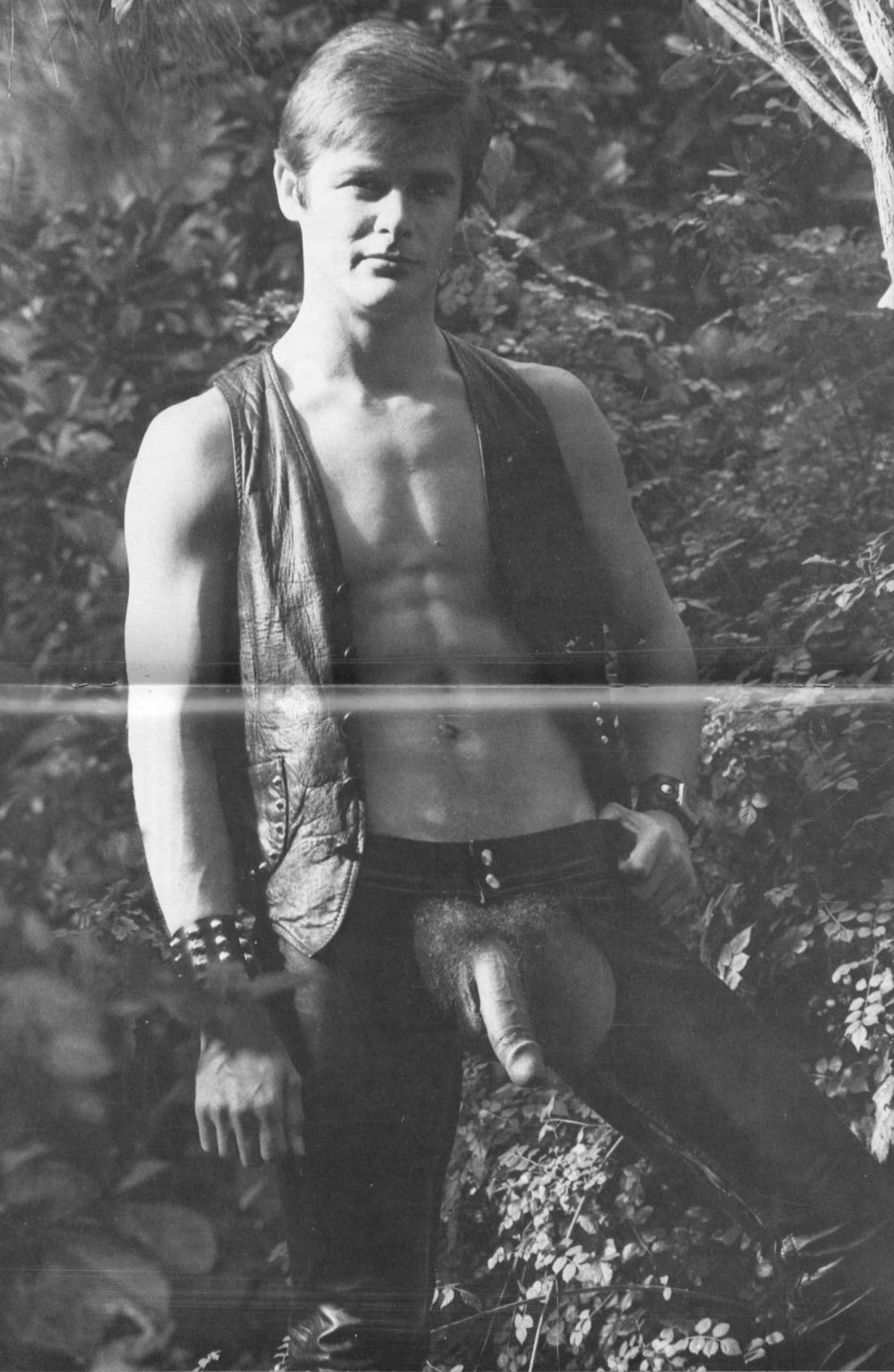
"I love to play the piano. I can sit and do that for hours."

An attractive and easily likable person with a body conditioned through years of swimming and gymnastics, Wally recently—and easily—found a special someone with whom he lives and shares his life. The two of them, together with Wally's two German Shepherds, share a house in Hollywood. He loves being in the thick of things, where life is bright and busy.

"We go to bars every now and then and to films. I love movies. A few months ago I saw my *first* stage play, *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* I hope to see a lot more in the future. There is so much to do here. I'm always on the go."

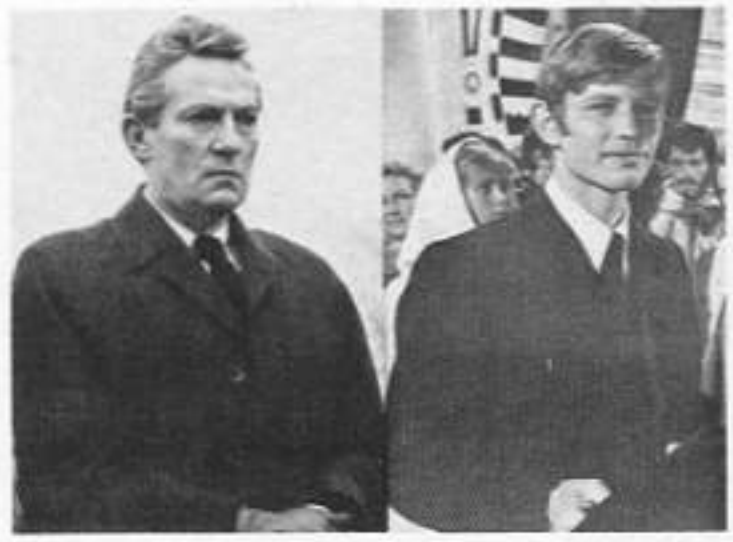
On the go and going upward. . . . This Aries ram seems to have the bull by the horns, and he knows exactly what to do with him. "I just take each day as it comes and plan as I go."

Undoubtedly, Wally Willemet will one day have a bank to which we will all rush to make our deposits.



IN TOUCH with films

Shashi Kapoor, in the title role of Conrad Rooks' film of Hermann Hesse's "Siddhartha" (Columbia—left). Christa Lang and Stephanie Andrain in the Sex Shop dance from "Dead Pigeon on Beethoven Street" (Emerson Films—right). In "The Homecoming" Teddy (Michael Jayston), Lenny (Ian Holm), Sam (Cyril Cusack) and Max (Paul Rogers) placidly puff their cigars while inwardly they seethe with hostility. (American Film Theatre—below left.) Katharine Hepburn and Paul Scofield as Agnes and Tobias, the wife and husband in Edward Albee's "A Delicate Balance" (American Film Theatre—below center). Peter Finch and Michael York, two of the stars of "England Made Me" (Cineglobe—below right).



"Am I crazy? When will I go crazy? Will I know it when I go crazy? Have I already gone crazy and simply not taken note?" These are some of the questions Katharine Hepburn opens and closes the poignant film-play **A Delicate Balance.**

The Albee play soon lets you know that there is no need for Agnes (Katharine Hepburn) to go crazy. Life itself can get quite crazy enough. If Agnes is ever crazy it is because she is too sane, too rational, and too willing to be the fulcrum upon which the family balances itself. The eternal American wife-mother, she makes no decisions; but rather, carries out the decisions of husband-father Tobias (Paul Scofield).

Tobias is both incapable and unwilling but also has an essential need to make the simple decisions which keep his family afloat on the sea that storms about them. It is apparent to him that the storm comes from within his family but it is also apparent that they know of no other way to float.

A Delicate Balance is overall a much quieter and less ugly play than *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf.* It explores the roots of meaninglessness and frustration in its characters but explodes with much more deliberated concern and far less indulgent emotionalism. There is a concern with the problems of the characters and the problems are more clearly seen as our own.

The consistently and persistently rational Agnes may not know how to recapture the raptures of youthful sincerity and newlywed love but she knows the value of sharing her thoughts and often stops to reflect aloud just what it is she thinks they are doing. One time she stops and says that she believes that as we get older we become less the individual selves we fancy ourselves to be and more the archetypes into which they conveniently fit and into which they can best affect the course of things. Although it be helpful to think of the older characters in the play, Katharine Hepburn, Paul Scofield, Joseph Cotten, Betsy Blair, and Kate Reid, as archetypes they never lose their human qualities. The problems they hold are not shadows on the wall of the cave but recognizable human problems of survival.

EDWARD ALBEE: "There is a misunderstanding about what political theatre really is . . . when I'm writing a play, I'm interested in changing the way people look at themselves, and the way they look at life. I have never written a play that was not in its essence political. But we don't need an attack on the specific or the conscious. We need an attack on the *un*conscious."

The play's production was a GREAT theatre experience. The film as play was perfect. The film as cinema was lacking in camera and sound rehearsals. Everything was sacrificed and understandably so to the performances. The film thus comes off like a live broadcast from the Broadway stage, which was an exciting error fully appreciated by the American Film Theatre subscribers.

Now that I have seen the third of the American Film Theatre's offerings I know better the value of a good playwright and I doubt that I will be as satisfied with Hollywood hackneyed shlock. I am gratefully enriched.

EDWARD ALBEE: "Life is absolutely super and wonderful. There shouldn't be any sadness in it. People should be aware of things at all times, they should experience the extremities of life, fulfill themselves completely. Why does everyone want to go to sleep when the only thing left is to stay awake?"

The first two-thirds of *England Made Me* are character developments and the story just waits until you get to know the characters. Once you know them then you start being able to know how their personalities can affect the outcome of the plot. You realize that in all this intrigue it isn't the rules of the game; it's the personalities that affect the outcome of the intrigue. *England Made Me* was a perfect film.

Peter is a capitalist caught up in the maneuverings of Adolph Hitler, who has not taken kindly to foreign business on German soil. Caught up just like every-

one else but with a plan of his own to come out ahead, the capitalist knows how to plot in financial and political/legal terms but he does not know how to plot in social and psychological terms. "I don't find people easy," he says to his future wife's brother in a rather analytical scheming way that suggests the thinnest amount of remorse.

Michael York, the future brother-in-law, finds people easy but money doesn't come his way easily. His sister, Hildegarde Neil, is marrying as part of the business arrangement that will swindle Germany out of the property it plans to soon seize. She is in love with her brother and uses money to try to hold him near. Pretty and young, Michael York is too naive to see or understand much of all this. He is given a job with the firm in public relations but he has already made friends with a demented old news reporter and is willing to give him news tips. He becomes a threat to the plot.

The film may be a perfect film but it is not a great film. It is extremely civilized compared to films that have dealt with the same subjects recently, *The Damned* and *Cabaret*. The film seems loyal mostly to the Graham Greene characters and contains some fine performances and one great performance by Peter Finch.

Peter Finch does so much with a character. He spends every silent moment developing the character with subtle gestures and the gestures become essential to the story. One scene really points this out. It is towards the end of the movie so I'm giving away a lot of the plot. The millionaire throws a party and invites all the Nazis who are already suspicious of his dealings. The guest of honor is the head of the secret police. As the party proceeds Peter Finch takes his future wife aside for a short stroll and lets her know that their guest of honor obviously likes young people and could she fix him up. She asks, "Boys or girls?" He says quickly, "Girls," but then thinks about it and adds, "in public." At the beginning of the scene you can see the thinking going on in the millionaire's mind before he suggests that the chief Nazi guest be fixed up. It is easy to see that all this is unfamiliar to him and although he understands people in general terms he has no experience with them. When she raises the question of homosexuality he is not shocked but rather you can see him thinking of classic history book cases and coming to the conclusion, "Well, of course."

Samuel Fuller seems to have half-heartedly decided it was better to poke fun at the things he has so long revered. Yet only the characters are funny in this cheap dimestore extortion ring novel. Cheap dimestore novels are common but it is so rare that a film duplicates their sleazy quality. If you let yourself go, it's a story. If you keep your wits, it's hilarious. Only after leaving the theatre are you aware that the film's creator might not have intended it to be funny, although the titles are campy and set you out to laugh. After I came home and thought about it for a while, I thought the film was not intended to be a chuckle at all. But now as I get closer to the film, once more, and remember scenes during which the audience roared with disbelief, I don't care if it was meant to be a comedy or not. It was funny and fun and I am tempted to recommend it highly but I won't. The name of the film is *Dead Pigeon on Beethoven Street.*

When I saw *Siddhartha* I was fortunate enough to also see *Gumshoe.* If you want a great detective story and a lot of laughs that don't make you feel guilty, then see Albert Finney in *Gumshoe* next time it returns to your local art house theatre and forget *Dead Pigeon.*

A script with the probing brevity and almost-irreverence of a documentary winds its way like a flat quiet river with the stylistic imagery of a travelogue. Most faithful to the concepts of Herman Hesse was the film's complete lack of a feeling of fairy tale, which even most travelogues shot in India seem to build around the enchantment of the country. Looking at India is like traveling through history, a history book with all the pages out of sequence in a collage of the present. Everything shows some age. The movie is a nice movie, with much of the politeness of nice people and with some unconvincing amount of consideration by good people.

I did not see the film alone. I went with a Buddhist sort of person who is like a brother to me.

JOHN: First of all, it's very much like Carl Jung. It's like premonitions and recollections. Really there's no mystery at all. Hesse's known as a mystic but that's because he falls into that category that deals with the unconscious realm of magic and sort of a spiritual quest.

DAVID: Freud was dealing with the unconscious realm?

JOHN: They didn't finish Siddhartha [in the film]. They were fortunate enough not to get into the total realm of pretension. The movie was there but most sort of spiritual films have to do a series of vignettes. They can't show psychological metamorphosis. They can only present things in chunks.

DAVID: Hesse comes from a psychology discipline, right? More than a philosophy discipline, wasn't it?

JOHN: It's really very much mixed.

DAVID: I think it ends up being mixed but his discipline is a psychologist's, isn't it?

JOHN: Yeah, it seems to be so. *Siddhartha* is as though he were reliving one of his yogic experiences and he writes it in a dramatic form. The *film* was visually poetic at times. But as far as saying something it is barely passable.

DAVID: I read something once that attributed the rise of fascism in Germany to Herman Hesse.

Harold Pinter:

REFERENCE: Born 1930. British playwright, usually juggles obscure plots.

DAVID: He is doing more than juggling.

MORGAN: Oh yah. Very probing kind of psychological stuff.

REFERENCE: His films are the *Caretaker,* 1964, which started out as a play. (The play may have been called the *Visitor* at one time.)

DAVID: A lot of the titles sound alike. I remember the *Servant.* But that was not his first film, was it?

REFERENCE: No. I'll give them to you in order. *The Caretaker* in '64, that was his only other play that has been filmed. He has written the scripts for *The Servant* in '63, *The Pumpkin Eater,* it was best picture in Britain, '64. *The Quiller Memorandum* was in '66 and *The Accident. The Quiller Memorandum* was an espionage tale.

MORGAN: So there is something to say about the variety. *Caretaker* and *The Servant* were much the same.

DAVID: *The Pumpkin Eater,* with Peter Finch and Anne Bancroft, was

Continued on Page 64

IN TOUCH with books

Idols, by Gilles Larrain, Link Books, $6.95 paperback, $9.95 hardcover, 64 pages 9x12, with 55 color photos, ed. by Ralph Gibson, is a masterwork of Felliniesque posings of transvestites: the monstrous made weirdly beautiful, travesty transformed into sacrament.

Not all of Larrain's subjects are in drag, but they all project a sense of primordial transvestite magic which surpasses mere flora-dora clothes-horses, who can be as dull as their ballroom costumes are lavish. The shamanistic spirit of Gender-Fuck is at work here so that even the astonishingly lovely Pan (a slight male nude dancer lacking hands and one foot), a few photos of insouciant Blacks or Latins that suggest Lionel Wendt's classic photographs of Ceylon, and one very butch shot of a leather-boy, still retain the magic-circus spirit.

I've rarely seen a photo book so skimpy on text. Readers may even wonder if all the subjects are born male. Aside from a brief dedication and a cast of characters, the text consists solely of:

"We dress for our own pleasure and get off on each other. It's our own small world; within it we understand and are understood—and we do what we want. When we put on our clothes, we feel free.

"If other people want to share in our joy and freedom, they're welcome to. There's strength and self-confidence in the way I dress. Suddenly I don't feel ugly anymore."

These seem mostly New Yorkers: including Taylor Mead, Alexis del Lago, Beauregarde and Goldie Glitters, but their counterparts parade the streets of San Francisco—a colorful flock of strange plumaged birds who are not so much female impersonators as dynamiters of the whole concept of restricted sex roles.

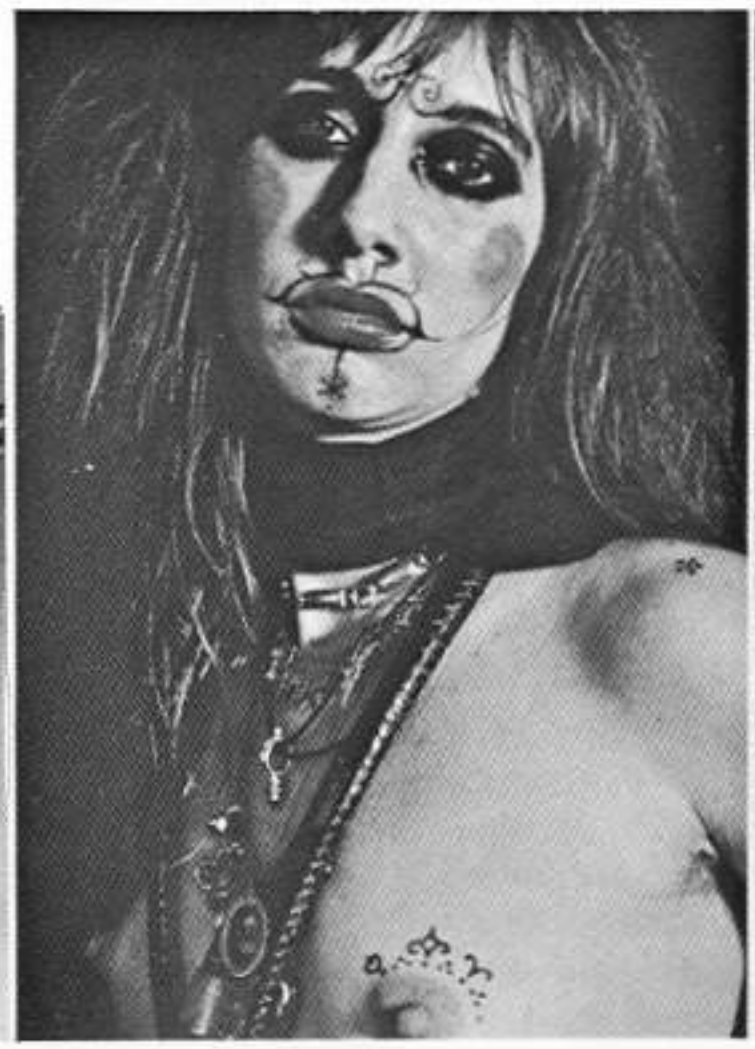
I've never seen such a flock in Southern California. Their Daliesque high camp, their arch poses from *Great Expectations* and suchlike baroque extravaganzas, their glorious outrageousness, would not at all be appreciated by our serious-minded apostles of public relations, who are now devoted to permitting only a "Mister Clean" image of Gays on TV and in the films. . . . Pity! Our glory is in our fantastic variety.

* * * *

The Other Face of Love, by Raymond de Becker, Bell Publishing Co., 207 pages, translated from the French by Margaret Crosland and Alan Daventry, with more than 100 illustrations, is now "in remainder," which means that the publisher, a division of Crown, has dumped them on bookstores at a discount price. It is a very good buy, despite a certain amount of psychoanalytic twaddle in the introduction, where the author is at pains to show that he has no personal commitment to the subject—male and female homosexuality throughout the ages.

As once-over-lightly treatments go, it is entertaining, very well illustrated, highly informative (though not *always* reliable as to facts and sources) and worth reading, even by persons who have already read widely in the field.

While the illustrations give equal attention to male and female homosexuality, the text skimps on the female side. Nonetheless, de Becker presents several novel and persuasive arguments for the



social necessity of homosexuality.

* * * *

British actor Sir John Gielgud, once excluded from the United States because of his 1953 homosexual arrest, attended his first play (Peter Pan) at the age of 7, 62 years ago. He has written, in **Distinguished Company**, Doubleday, 179 pages, $5.95, a low-key memoir of actors and theatrically oriented people he has known. The writing is unaffected, though choppy and terribly discreet. He tells us very little about himself, other than his enthusiasms for performers and performances, and his sensitivity to actors who were down on their luck. It is a gossipy book in which the gossip rarely gets nasty.

His family was closely related to the great theatrical family of the Terrys and he hints that Edith Gordon Graig was involved with the coterie of lesbians who surrounded her mother, Ellen Terry. There are also hints of some homosexual activity involving Herbert Beerbohm-Tree, half-brother of the critic-caricaturist, Max Beerbohm. And a few little references came out of the blue, such as that Lady Cunard liked "to refer to homosexuals as popinjays," or that Lady Colfax stayed with Harold Nicholson and his lesbian wife, Vita Sackville-West. There is only one passing reference to his own trouble, with no comment on its effect on him or his career.

The gossip concerns personal idiosyncrasies and backstage pratfalls, though he repeats the assertion that Charles Hawtrey (a fine old character actor) helped gather the evidence against Oscar Wilde—a charge refuted by Rupert Croft-Cooke in a book we covered here two issues back. Theatre fans with long memories will delight in the many small insights into the lives of Jane Cowl and Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Vivien Leigh, Sybil Thorndike, Claude Rains, Cedric Hardwicke, Charles Laughton, and Gertrude Lawrence.

A pleasing book, but not a very introspective one. Gielgud, trained to reticence, seems incapable of betraying his inner feelings. Some say it is a training which especially equips the actor to portray a variety of roles; and on the stage, Gielgud is an unquestioned master.

* * * *

The Will of Eros, Selected Poems, 1930-1970, by Parker Tyler, Black Sparrow Press, Los Angeles, 152 pages, $4, is an elegantly handsome limited-edition, paperbound, lavender on azure, of cultured verse by the reigning queen of cinema criticism, whose recent book, **Screening the Sexes: Homosexuality in the Movies,** is still making waves. (He said all those horse operas were homosexual stories in disguise.)

These are classically mannered, well-crafted verses, full of allusions, generally dispassionate. One long poem, "The Granite Butterfly," won high praise when it first appeared in 1945. Gay readers who are less inclined than formerly to read between the lines will likely find "To a Photograph," "The Erotics," "Beau-Ulysses-X" and "His Elegy" the most interesting. The last starts:

"I will be calm about us, about the terrific,
Finger-pointing
Exclusion under the tolerant, smiling mask
Of society. Yes, others are calm too, I know
But it is hard

"For a man to make a girl of his ego, it is
Difficult — —"

* * * *

Jesus Now, by Malachi Martin, Dutton, 317 pages, $7.95, is a sometimes exciting, sometimes glib, often infuriating and sometimes inspiring book by an ex-Jesuit priest who attacks the several false faces under which Christians and others have presented Jesus during the last two millennia—including the current notion of Jesus as gay, which he misreads as the unfailing message of "gay" churches.

Martin's position is curiously ambiguous, a socially conservative journalist who insists that everybody but him has dumped the baby with the bathwater.

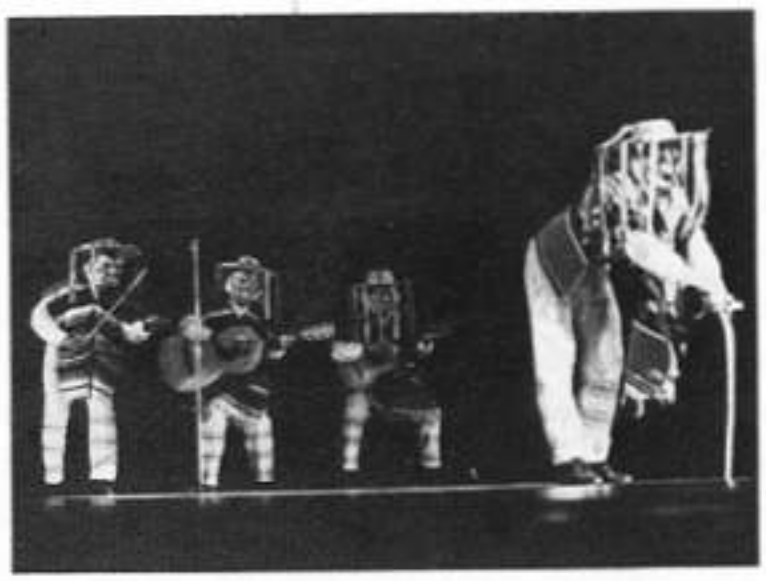
His scholastic and theological background is impeccably first-class, but at times his polemic gets so free-swinging that the reader almost feels that a few pages of *The National Enquirer* have somehow been slipped into an otherwise respectable book. Despite his studies in the early history of the Church (his

Continued on Page 71

The photos on these 2 pages are from Gilles Larrain's "Idols" published by Link Books.

IN TOUCH with theatre

Barbara Bel Geddes and Robert Lansing as the married couple whose relationship is maintained in delicate balance in Jean Kerr's "Finishing Touches" (Ahmanson Theatre—left). Dee Marie Michaels, Edward Knight and Kevin May in a climactic moment during Arthur Miller's "View from the Bridge" (Onion Company, Alice Orn-Stein—right). Joseph Mascolo pointing the finger at Phillip R. Allen in the prize-winning "That Championship Season" (Shubert Theatre, Friedman-Abeles, below left). The Dance of the Old Men from Folklorico Mexicano (Huntington Theatre, Hy Chase—below center). A spirited moment from "Deadwood Forest" (Ivar Theatre, Rik Lawrence—below right).



That Championship Season by Jason Miller comes into the Shubert laden with the Tony Award, the New York Critics' Award and, would you believe, the Pulitzer Prize? I presume, for these reasons, I am supposed to like it but I'm sorry, folks, I can't. Instead, let me express my reaction in the words of actor Joseph Mascolo:

"I'm so bored half the time it's killing me."

Briefly, the play concerns four basketball players (never cared for that game either) who meet twenty years later to hash over Old Times with their coach, Forrest Tucker. In the first act the coach attempts a high kick, doesn't quite pull it off and repairs upstairs to recover from the exertion. We learn that Joseph Mascolo has been screwing George Dzundza's wife and George plans to shoot him. In Act 2 we find George decides *not* to shoot him so everybody sits around drinking Schlitz and Cutty Sark. It develops that Mr. Dzundza is not miserable just because his wife has been an easy mark. He's miserable because their baby was Mongoloid and had to be put away. He becomes ill at the thought and vomits into the silver basketball Trophy Cup. In Act 3, the air turns positively blue by the language. Here's a tasteless example:

"Married women don't yell, tell or swell and they're grateful as hell."

Of the cast, Forrest Tucker is all raw bluster as the coach, but I couldn't cotton to anyone who refers to Negroes as niggers and Jews as kikes. Of the others, I admired 34-year-old Phillip R. Allen most. He's a charming and likeable actor and, when ordered out of the coach's house, he makes his exit profoundly moving. The fine set is by Santa Loquas who hails from the Yale Drama School. I suppose *That Championship Season* was meant to be a corruscating experience. Perhaps I might have felt that way had I not been so damned bored by it.

After a cesspool like *That Championship Season*, I cannot tell you what a pleasure it is to encounter as refreshing and urbane a comedy as Jean Kerr's *Finishing Touches* in the Ahmanson. It has style, wit and grace, sensitive, knowing direction and some of the best ensemble acting you are likely to see this season. Barbara Bel Geddes gives a truly marvelous comic performance in it and Robert Lansing is the Lunt to her Fontanne. They strike the kind of responsive chord in audiences that create a sort of magic glow the theatre is always striving for. Mrs. Kerr, the celebrated wife of critic Walter Kerr, is a known wit and her plays exemplify this. In some ways, *Finishing Touches* is an even better example of her winning manner with words and characters on a stage. It is peppered with quotable chuckles throughout:

"Why did you marry Alice?"

"She suggested it. There didn't seem to be any polite reason for saying no."

"How is it you've never noticed the bathtub doesn't drain?"

"Because I never look back."

The younger son, posing his riddles:

"If April showers bring May flowers, what do May flowers bring?"

Answer: "Pilgrims."

"You and Dad always seemed so lovey-dovey."

"Well, now we're hawkey-talky."

Barbara: "Do you think Stevie has become a homosexual?"

Lansing: "At least we won't have to cope with grandchildren."

(And regarding their future together):

"There may not be a bright golden haze on the meadow but there are compensations."

And indeed there are in this very human comedy that harks back to the days when entertainment was a more important commodity to the theatre than a sounding board for social ills. In closing, a few vital statistics might be in order. The rainstorm that concludes Act 2 is as effective as anything I have seen onstage since the production of *Rain*. Jill O'Hara's suitcase is far below the choice in luggage any rich socialite would carry. Gary Cookson, who plays Steve brilliantly, is the son of Beatrice

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IN TOUCH dines out

There are few experiences I like better than to discover new restaurants with friendly atmospheres and good food at reasonable prices.

"Reasonable" is a very relative word, depending on the type and quality of the food and the cooking, and the quantity served.

I was delighted with my first visit to **Sesame & Lillies,** 7513 Sunset Boulevard, West Hollywood, a brand new French restaurant on Sunset Boulevard, a few doors west of Gardner St. The tasteful decor is accented by plants grown by the owner.

Mrs. B., as she prefers to be called, is a gourmet chef from Tokyo. In her native country, she was fond of giving large dinner parties and her friends suggested she open a restaurant. Her first professional venture was an Italian restaurant in Tokyo, which she sold after three years because she had always wanted to live in the United States.

Once here, she noted the paucity of moderate-priced *good* French restaurants. With the help of her beautiful daughter and a handsome young French waiter, *Sesame & Lillies* came into being.

What's a French dinner without hors d'oeuvres. An exquisitely prepared assortment is offered for $2.50, or perhaps you'd prefer Escargots a la Bourguignonne at the same price, domestic caviar at $1.70.

Dinner entrees are sweetbreads, sauteed in butter with bread crumbs, cheese and chopped parsley, served with Sauce Arore ($4.50); duckling a l'orange with Sauce Bigarade Cointreau ($5.95); beef tongue Madrilene, braised in Sauce Espagnole, red wine, mushrooms and bacon ($4.25); beef Tournedos Bordelaise, filet mignon wrapped in bacon and served with a coquille of butter seasoned with red wine and shallots ($6.95); Coq au Vin, in red wine with pearl onions and mushrooms ($4.75).

Also offered are seafood curry, shrimp, clams, scallions, mushrooms and herbs, at $4.25 and turkey curry, with fresh vegetables and herbs, at $3.50.

On Fridays, Bouillabaise Marseillaise is served at $6.75.

For a taste of elegant dining without having to take out a bank loan, treat yourself to the seven-course dinner: a glass of wine, hors d'oeuvres, soup, salad, two entrees (half portions of each), dessert and coffee or tea. The price is between $6.95 and $7.95, depending on the entrees for that day. The hors d'oeuvres were delicious and looked like bon-bons. There was a creamy cheese in the shape of a flower, paté in a square of gelatin, fish salad in a pastry shell and cauliflower in a French dressing, among others. Pumpkin soup was superb, creamy and with a delicate flavor that tasted like a bisque. The first entree, Crepe Bengal, was excellent, light and it melted in my mouth. Next came the Tournedo, wrapped in bacon, very tender, but with no sauce of any kind. Glace a la Framboise (raspberry sundae) was the dessert.

Sesame & Lillies
7513 Sunset Blvd.
West Hollywood
876-9044
Monday thru Thursday 5:30-10:00 PM
Friday & Saturday 5:30-11:00 PM
Closed Sunday

The decor of the **Yellow Submarine,** 8253 Santa Monica Boulevard, West Hollywood, is designed with the same humor as the title; a Victorian submarine interior that would gladden the heart of a quixotic Captain Nemo.

But the menu itself was enough to put the **Yellow Submarine** on the map. It's one of the few places left where you could stuff yourself, with decent cooking, for from 95 cents to $2.50. And on top of that, you can sit around the open-pit fireplace and toast marshmallows, compliments of the house.

The a la carte dinner plates offered are: Italian eggs, scrambled with peppers, onions, cheese and sauce, served with delicious Italian fries and garlic bread ($1.75); Italian meatballs, with cheese, sauce, peppers, onions, fries and garlic bread ($2.00) or substitute sausage for meatballs at five cents extra; spaghetti plate, with sauce and garlic bread ($1.50); spaghetti dinner, meal sauce, meatballs or sausage, salad and garlic bread ($2.50); and eggplant Parmesan, with cheese, sauce, peppers, onions, garlic bread and fries ($1.85).

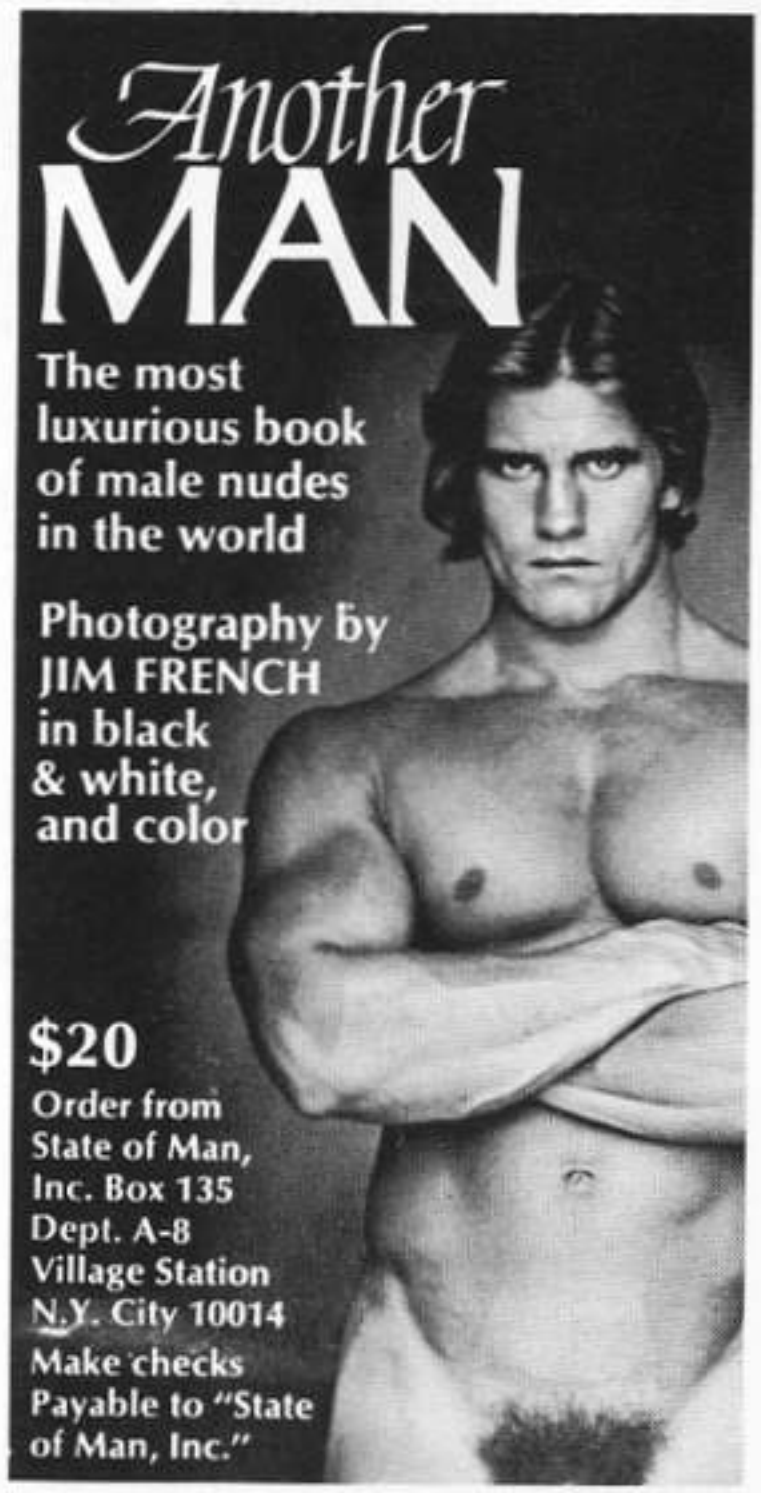
But the real fame of the **Yellow Submarine** can be attributed to its sandwiches, which may be ordered in small or large sizes. The small ($.95 to $1.65) comes on half of a huge Italian roll and the large ($1.70 to $2.50) is on the whole roll.

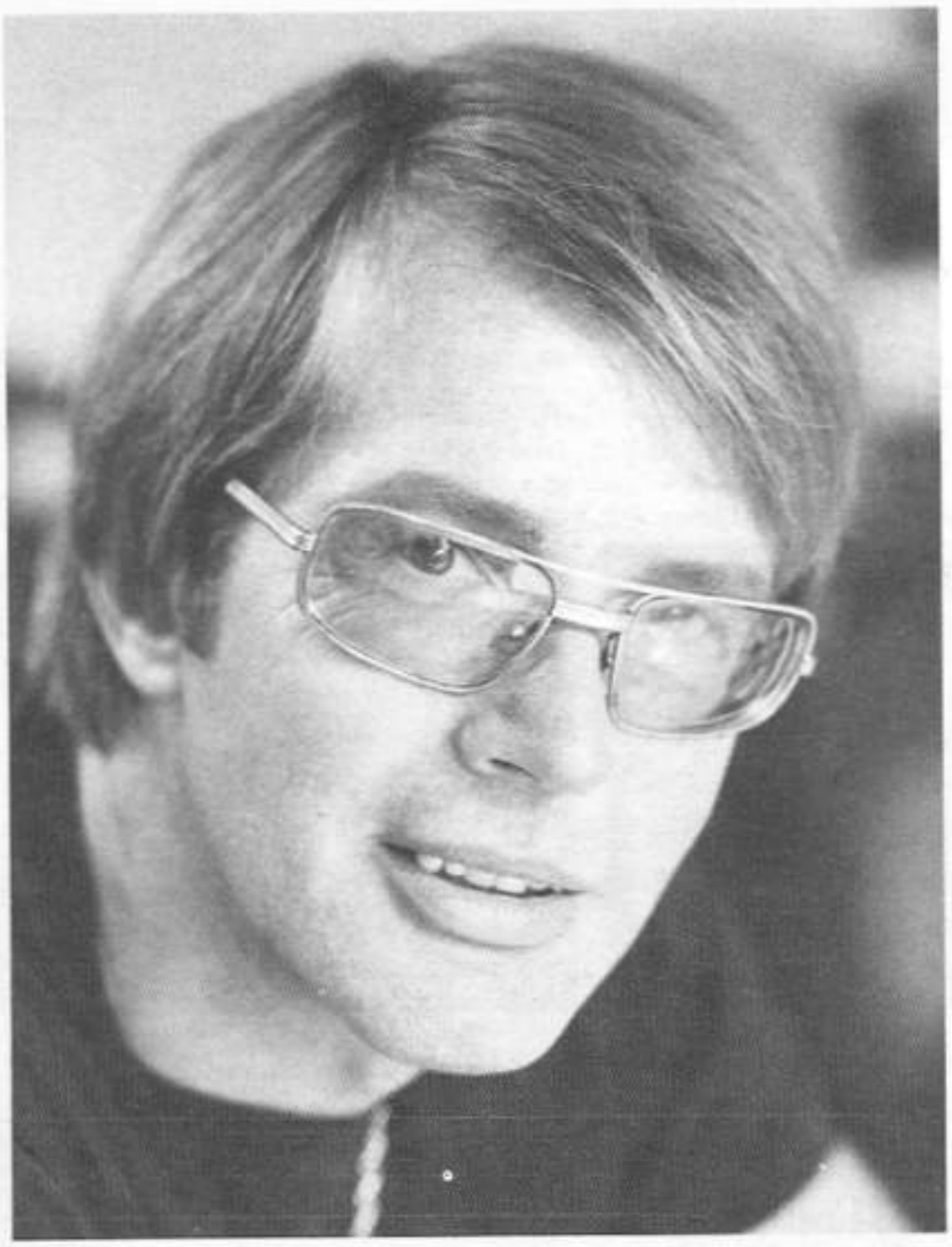
The sandwiches range from the Italian selections (sausage, peppers and onions, meatballs, steak and peppers, Italian burger, eggplant and cold cuts) to avocado, hamburger, hot dog, assorted cheeses, tuna salad and egg salad, some with Italian fries included.

The only drawback is the jukebox. Conversation becomes sporadic, but then, one is not supposed to talk with his mouth stuffed.

Yellow Submarine
8253 Santa Monica Blvd.
West Hollywood
654-9277
Monday thru Thursday 11 to 2 AM
Friday and Saturday 11 to 3 AM
Sunday 11 AM to 12 midnight

—RANDY ALEXANDER





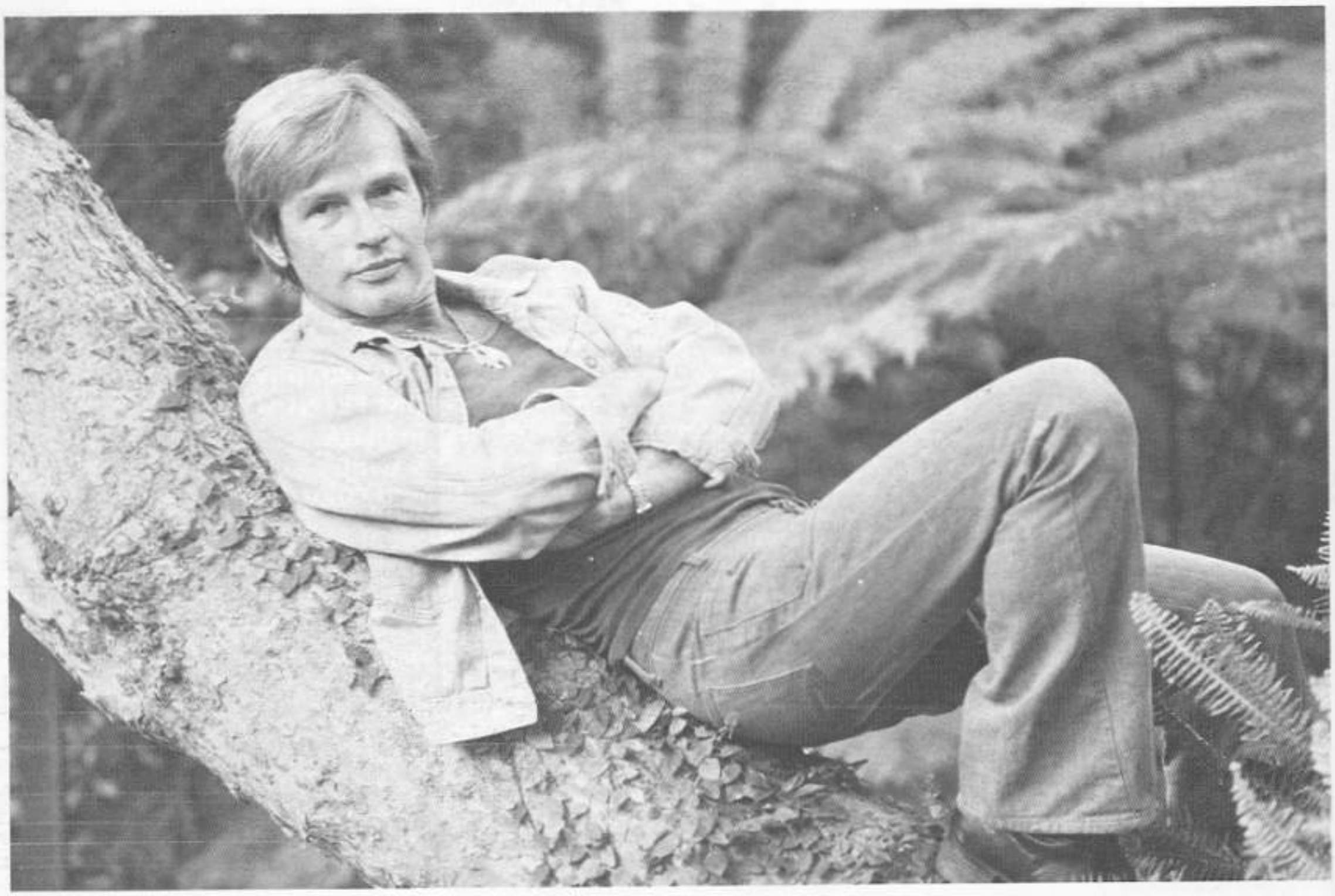
community leader

THE TATTOO COMMITMENT

By David Minton
Photographs by Hy Chase

Rick Herold has a home in Hollywood's secluded Nichols Canyon. His home sets on a hill, and to get to it you must walk up a peaceful pathway. You wind past waterfalls and strategically placed benches for meditation. By the time you reach the front door you are disarmed and completely unprepared for the array of angles and lines that greet you inside. You stand there looking about and begin to sort out the various periods of Rick's life in a display of his art works. Their arrangement is integrated into the all-over design of the home's interior.

One small room is totally different from the rest of the house. It is soft and cushioned and filled with mementoes from India. Here in this room I start out



with the usual questions but find very soon that they aren't needed. Once you get Rick started, you need do no more than sit back and listen.

In Touch: "What are your interests?"

Rick: "Just my art work and my garden. My garden is a perfect blend of New England and Hawaii. I've taken great pains to maintain that balance and I do the same with the inside of my house. I don't feel my house is cold at all. It is a rational balance of hot and cold."

In Touch: "What is your purpose?"

Rick: "Anything I can do to make my sense of awareness and a collective awareness through art . . . to make my community more aware of itself is what I hope to achieve through my work."

In Touch: (I had watched Rick give a man a huge butterfly tattoo on his chest.) "How does tattooing fit into that purpose?"

Rick: "I feel that . . . for people, nowadays, everything is so transitory. People don't want to commit themselves to anything. They wonder: 'How am I going to feel tomorrow? What if I don't like it tomorrow?' Everything is so noncommittal. One of the reasons everything is so ugly in our society is that it takes time to build and believe in things. If people don't want to commit themselves . . . if they haven't got enough philosophy or character to know that they can *build* on something that is *consistent* . . . if they don't understand that, in so building, rather than *limiting* themselves they are *expanding* . . . then they are without the essentials of what it takes to build toward things which are permanent and beautiful . . . be it architectured cities, a way of life, or anything. To me the *tattoo* is a beginning—it is a commitment. It's small but if someone's going to do it, they know they'll have it the rest of their lives. If they have the guts or the balls to commit themselves to getting a tattoo, then they could commit themselves to do other permanent things in life.

"I always was an artist. When I was in kindergarten, teachers would ask me what I wanted to be; I wanted to be an artist then and I have never veered from that."

* * * *

Rick Herold has never had to make a choice about his career. There never seemed to be a question in his mind about it. But this certainty has not lessened the excitement of his life. Along with his involvement in art, Rick has been enmeshed in the enriching fabric of religious culture.

Rick was born in Cleveland, Ohio, where he went to school in the winter. He spent his summers in the country in Pennsylvania. This moving back and forth between hot and cold environments seems to have been a forerunner to a pattern his life has followed.

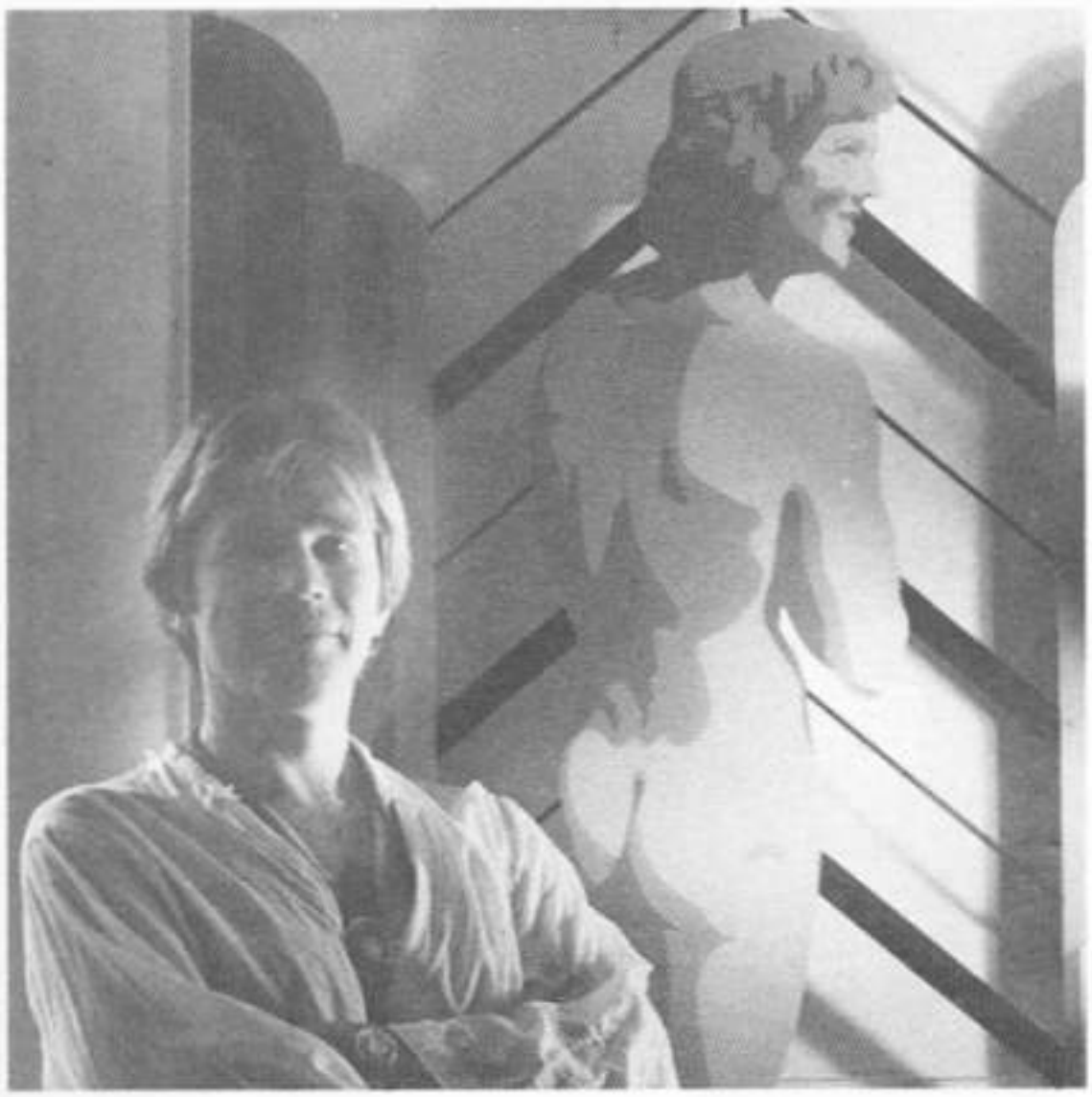
After several early years in the cloistered atmosphere of Catholic school, Rick entered a coed college. This was a jolt and he soon found himself entangled in a relationship with a guy and a girl. He recognized the absurdity of the direction his adolescence had taken, so he quit school and joined the Navy.

In basic training he worked on a mural for the officers' quarters and learned none of the things he needed to know for his first assignment aboard ship.

"I came aboard on the ship and I said, 'Hello.' The officer of the deck about fainted! I didn't even know which end to salute."

Being absolutely helpless, he was assigned as the Captain's writer. After two years aboard ship he petitioned for, and surprisingly received, Embassy duty in Paris. For the next two years he roamed about Europe practically as a civilian. He lived with a wealthy person for a while but could not adjust to being kept, so when his separation from the Navy came he returned to America.

St. John's Monastery in northern Minnesota gave Rick a quiet contrast to Europe for the next three years. After graduating in Theology, Rick came to Los Angeles on scholarship to the Otis Art Institute



for graduate work in contemporary church art. He was commissioned by Bob Hope to do a piece for a Cleveland church, and received another commission from Cardinal McIntyre. But Rick was disillusioned by these experiences, considering them downbeat and negative. So he turned away from the negative and did a series of American heroes, pop-art paintings of cowboys, female pin-ups, and surfers, which, to Rick, were upbeat and positive.

While doing the hero series, he experimented with aluminum paint, and then switched to painting on aluminum.

". . . and this immediately produced a series . . . my first large completely coherent series of work: male and female nudes. The idea of working with the figure seemed very, *very* corny at that period of abstract expressionism in art. I did it as a series of erotic, heterosexual, male and female lovemakings."

Rick took the series to all the galleries and finally

on *one* day he persuaded *four* places to take a few paintings each. The very next day, Art Seidenbaum of the *L.A. Times* was making the rounds of the galleries to formulate an idea for a segment of his television show. After noticing Rick's work in four different galleries, he decided to do an entire program around him.

". . . he had a panel including psychiatrists, anthropologists, an art critic and one gallery owner who eventually became my dealer. It became a very interesting program with a lot of comment. . . . In fact, it had a few replays."

During the program, Eva Marie Saint called the station and bought one of the paintings and that began a sale of Rick's work right on the air. Rick had his first one-man show at a gallery the next week. He stayed with that gallery until it closed. Then his direction changed from aluminum to plastic.

His next show was in plastic, a concept in voyeurism using the reflection of the observer in the composition of the erotic work.

"They would see their reflection and they would see the two people having sex, but they become involved in a sense of discovering it—a sense of voyeurism in that they would find themselves peering at them."

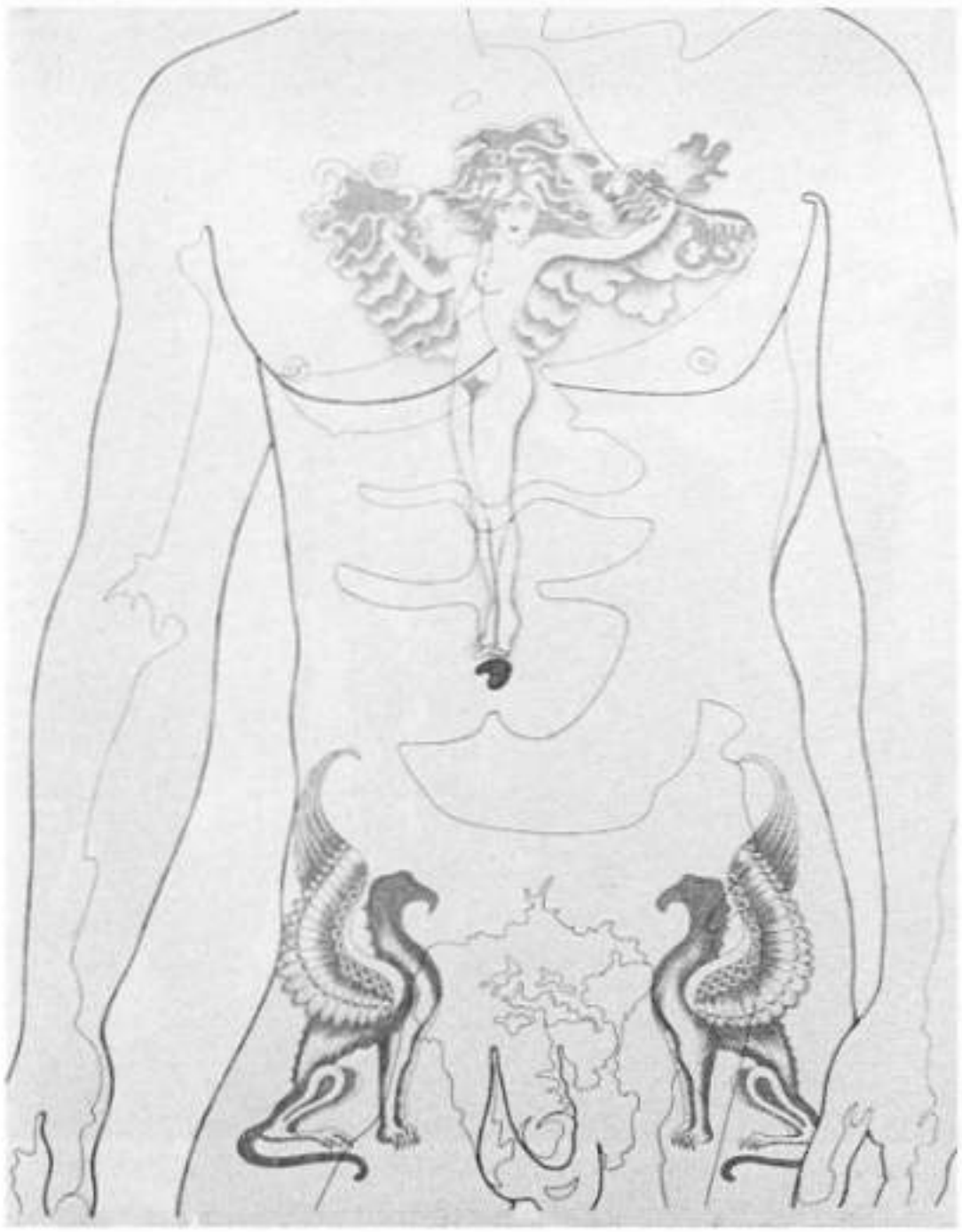
Rick had gone to Expo in Montreal and was very impressed by the use of plastics and photo processes. He did the penis and breasts photographically on sheets of hanging plastic and a vinyl tapestry thirty feet long. The motif repeated a breast hundreds of times.

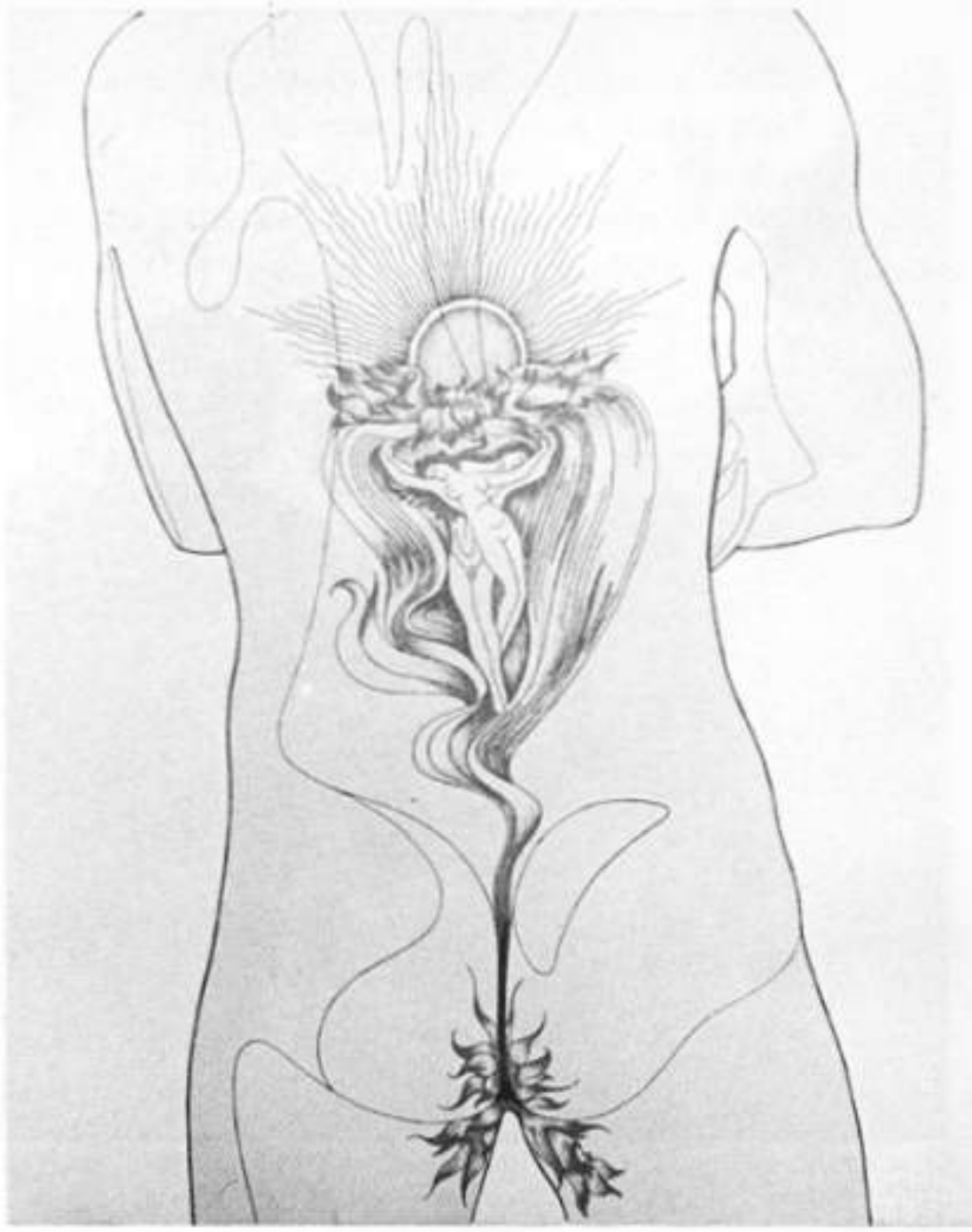
He then went further into the abstract with an entire show of variations of buttocks and penetrations. But soon the pop-art scene began to die and the Molly Barnes Gallery, where Rick had been, closed. Rick moved for a while to the Orlando Gallery, but then decided to go to the Orient where he became heavily influenced by the tantric concept of art.

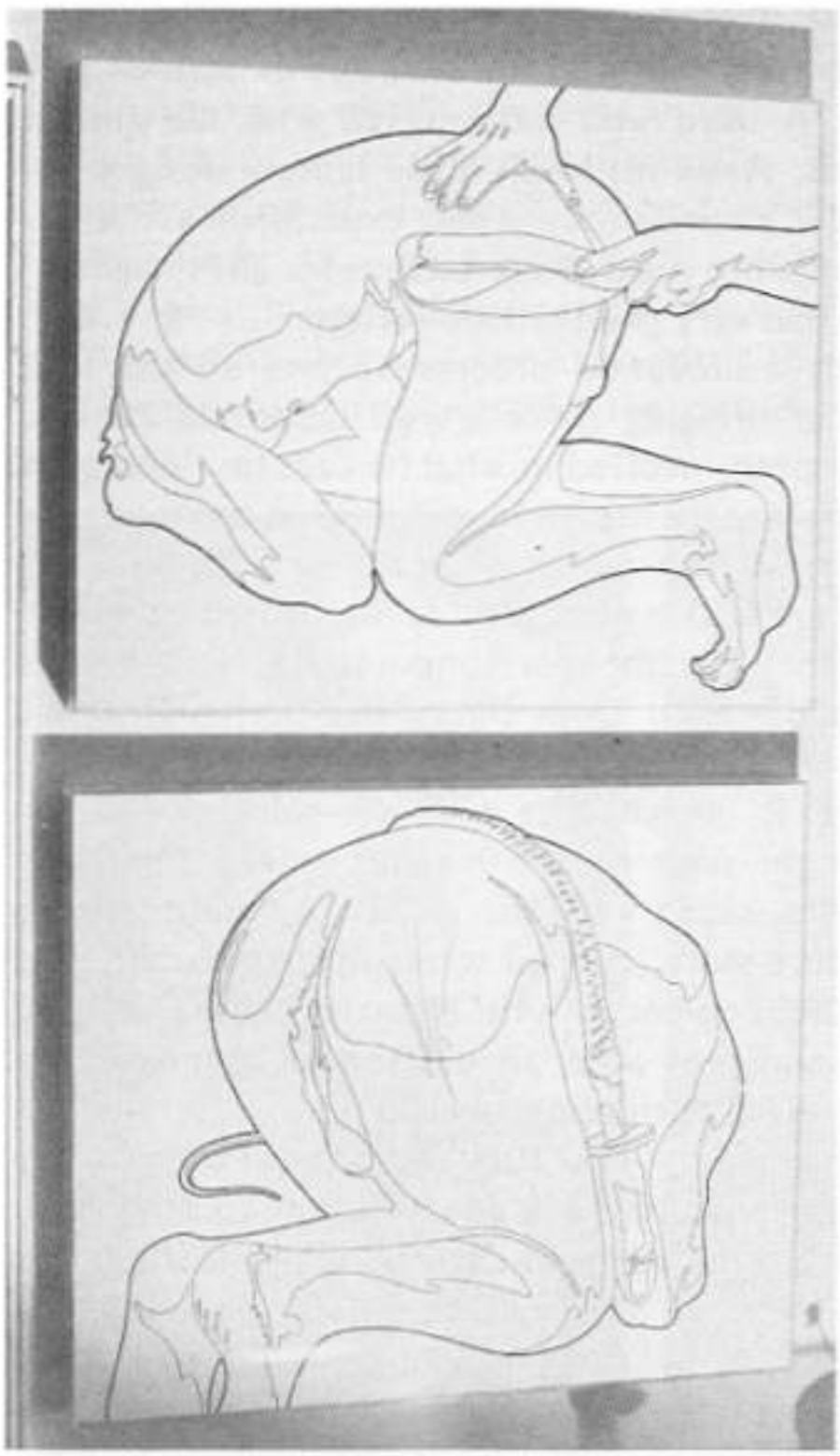
Rick's evolution had begun with religious art, passed through overt depiction of sexuality and gradually became increasingly abstract, leading to his first tantric show of abstractions in circles and ovals. These were Hindu symbols involved in primordial concepts of sex in terms of religious significance.

Following Rick's tantric show, he became disenchanted with the gallery scene. He didn't blame anyone for his disenchantment, but it was simply that art buyers were made dizzy by the rapid pace of the art scene as set by New York, and it was only natural for them to want the security of buying art that promised a return on their investment. Rick was not interested in creating investments.

"This put me on a very negative attitude toward the art consumer and the reason people buy art. That's when one morning I was drinking coffee and I







read about tattooing. It just seemed to fit. I thought, 'Wow! What a perfect art form.' "

Rick liked the idea of the art and the client becoming one, and the product remaining free from estimates of financial investment.

Becoming a licensed tattoo artist, however, takes some determination and, in Rick's case, some luck. Apprenticeships are not very often open. On his first attempt he was discouraged and sent away. He returned the following Tuesday to meet the boss, the *Master,* only because he had no other alternative—no other way to learn. He was hired on the spot. It seems the Master's previous assistant had just lost both arms in an automobile accident that weekend.

"I figured that was a pretty good sign—for me, at any rate."

Rick very quickly picked up the necessary skills, but found the downtown Main Street environment very distasteful. He didn't consider himself a professional because he, from time to time, would refuse to do certain designs which he particularly disliked.

After leaving Main Street, Rick worked on designs at home on flesh-colored paper. These designs, ". . . ideal tattoo fantasies . . ." grew into a collection which include examples of Rick's most beautiful work. This series of "tattoo fantasies" was begun on flesh-colored paper, but soon Rick switched back to aluminum, doing tattoo design on aluminum.

A whole assimilation process began of all the various forms Rick had worked in and the result was a new show. In one corner of the gallery he set up a tattoo parlor, behind which the wall was covered with his commercial designs which he offers. Another wall was covered with photo blowups of tattoos he had done. A third wall was covered with the aluminum designs. Amid his lovely little fantasy designs were a series of *neon tattoos,* a new experiment for Rick. On the opening night, Rick tattooed a girl's vagina. The show had very good critical reviews.

This assimilation process opened up the idea to Rick of bringing art to a wider audience. He had already been involved in what he calls his "non-painterly activities." They were, at first, just a creative outlet outside of the physical confines of the gallery and away from the mentality of the gallery coterie, but then they became more important to Rick than simply a diversion from the gallery scene. In order to allow Rick to be more fluid, he and a partner created ZEPHYR, which puts his "non-painterly activities" under the same roof with an art gallery. The complex includes, along with the gallery, a theatre, a shop, a furniture store, etc., all sensually and sexually oriented. The problem with the place is that the overhead is high and this adds an element of unpredictability which Rick finds oppressive.

Regardless of how Rick resolves the overhead problem, his creativity will go on "trying to probe various directions through which one could further experiment with our sensory perceptions, on a sensual level."

One of Rick's major non-painterly activities has been his sensoriums: a series of happenings and group

encounters which he designed to open up people to themselves. The sensoriums have taken many forms: nude touching, paint fights, tearing clothes off each other and so forth, in such surroundings as caves, swimming pools, etc. The "opening up" process was based on innocence. Some people, who didn't need "opening up," kept returning and focused their attention, instead, on sex. This is fine except that it is unfair to novitiates, and besides, Rick maintained, sex could be had just about anywhere else so why intrude?

Rick described one of the sensoriums:

"We'd make them walk down this passageway, alone and nude, down the long passage going to the bowels of the earth, with electronic music. That would just scare the shit out of a lot of people. Then, after setting up tensions and fear, at the end was a cave. We had all black-light and soft tom-tom drums, and body paint. It was sort of like a love-in thing; so that, after the alienation going through this tunnel, people were all together and move together. It was very nice."

The sensoriums had a combination of psychological elements, like the Esslin approach, but Rick's involvement was that of an artist. "The sensoriums were all aesthetically designed for movement, for color and things like this . . . also, the sensuality of it.

"The tattoo sort of fills the same thing. It's a tactile thing I have with other people's bodies. Tattoos are a combination of aesthetics, art, and the immediacy of the flesh. Also, it's a little more sophisticated in that it gets into a sadomasochism on a soft-core level. You definitely have to be masochistic to submit to a discomforting irritation like the tattoo needle. It's like going to the dentist without novacaine."

Until very recently, Rick had always *given* the tattoo (he enjoys giving it). Rick had never received a tattoo because, "I had high aesthetic criteria as to what they should look like. I hate the ugly, you know, tattoo-parlor look a drunken sailor gets on leave—World War II drawings." But, Rick had just met a young tattoo artist whose standards he approved.

During the course of this interview, a young filmmaker, Michael McCullock, had been making a film about Rick and his tattooing. The idea occurred to them that, for the dramatic conclusion of the film Rick should finally receive a tattoo, submitting to a new master, just as others had been doing throughout the film.

Paul, the young, straight tattoo artist, agreed to perform for the film. The tattoo filming session lasted for two days and two nights, with Rick and Paul giving each other little tattoos. Rick gave Paul a dragon that crawled down around his cock. Paul got into tattooing Rick's ass. The pain was more than Rick could bear and he passed out. Paul proceeded to tattoo Rick's ass up his asshole and out across his cheeks. It became a very heavy sexually symbolic scene. The film should be *sensational.*

The next day Rick realized what had happened to him. He had been "cleansed and purged by the experience." At first, looking into the mirror he was terribly embarrassed. But, after he accepted his actions, he felt that he had made *the* commitment to his art that he had *needed,* THE TATTOO COMMITMENT: flames emanating from his asshole forming a huge butterfly!

fashion

grand funk

By Jay Ross
Photographs by Dave Sands

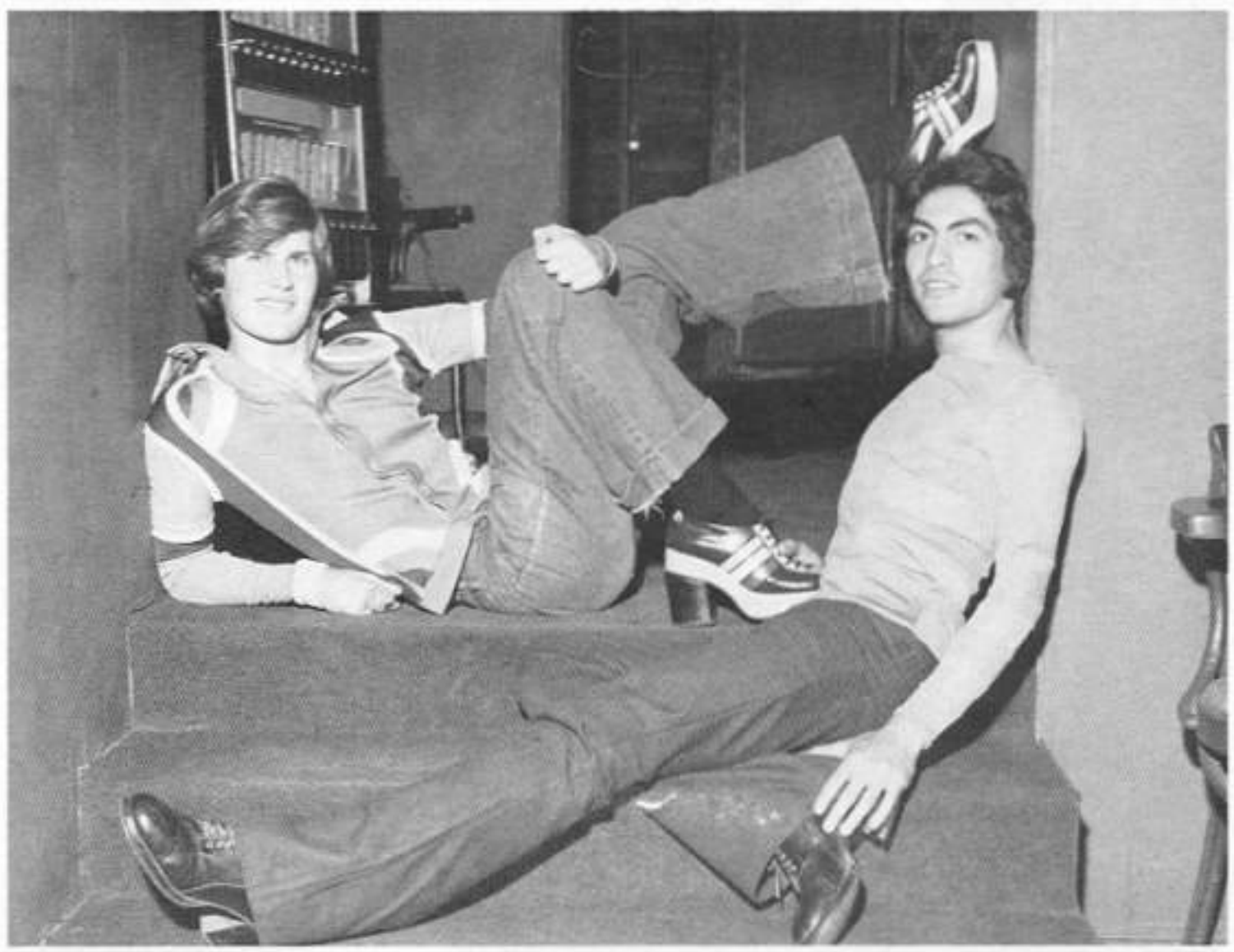
At night, **After Dark** is L.A.'s most popular dance club. The movements of the hordes filtering through the packed rooms seems choreographed and their sounds seem orchestrated into a complex arrangement with the musicians.

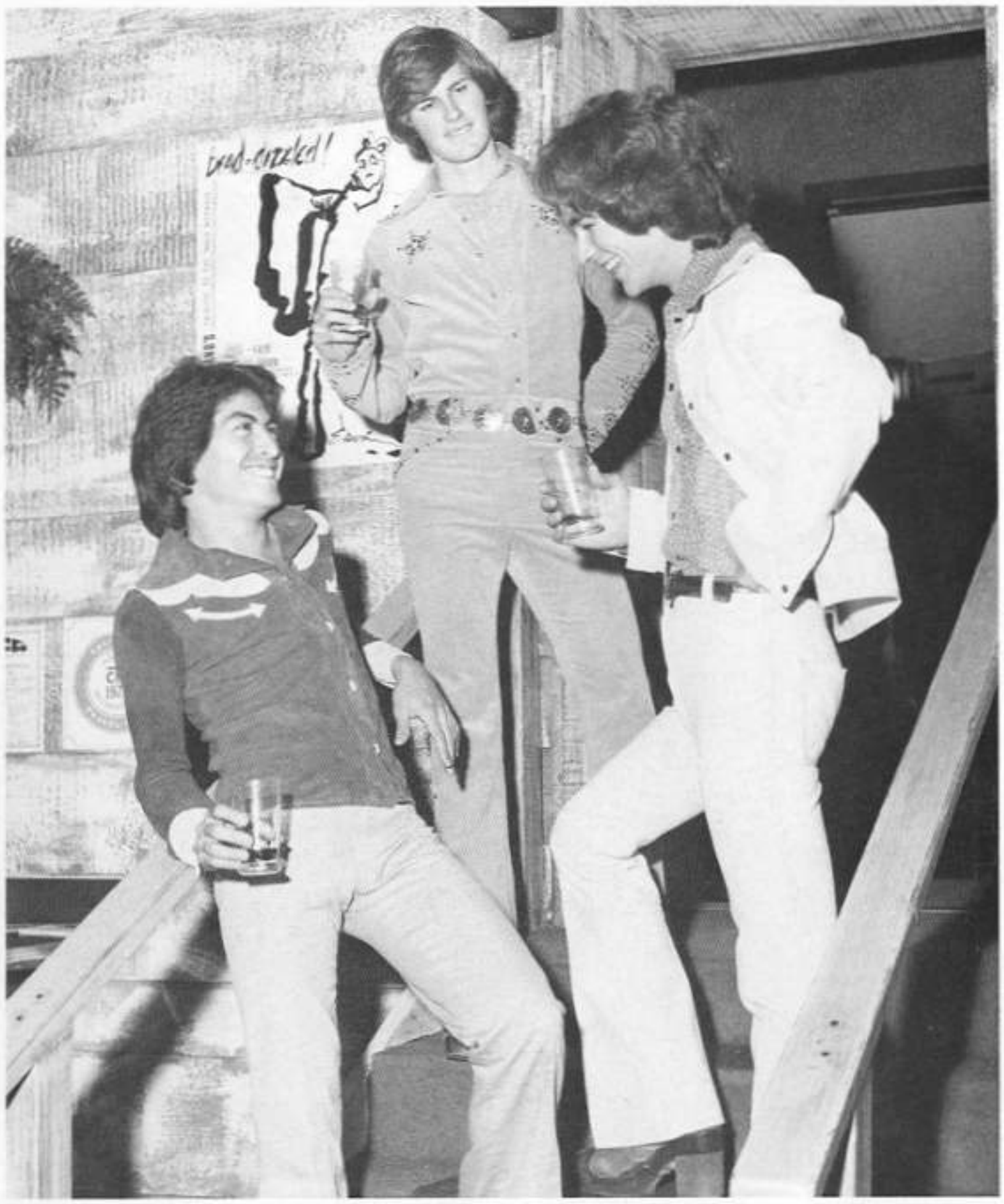
During the day, a staff and crew of more than a dozen generate enough activity to keep the large building from feeling deserted. As we set up for the first shots, entertainer Michael Owen was rehearsing a new number. His plaintive voice hypnotized the models. They followed direction so languidly the photographer didn't need to stop them to freeze the action. When Michael finished, the sound men took over. They checked out the sound system at full volume from the D.J.'s podium, and it was all-systems-go for the models. All three are professional dancers and it was a shame to have to stop them intermittently to get on with our work.

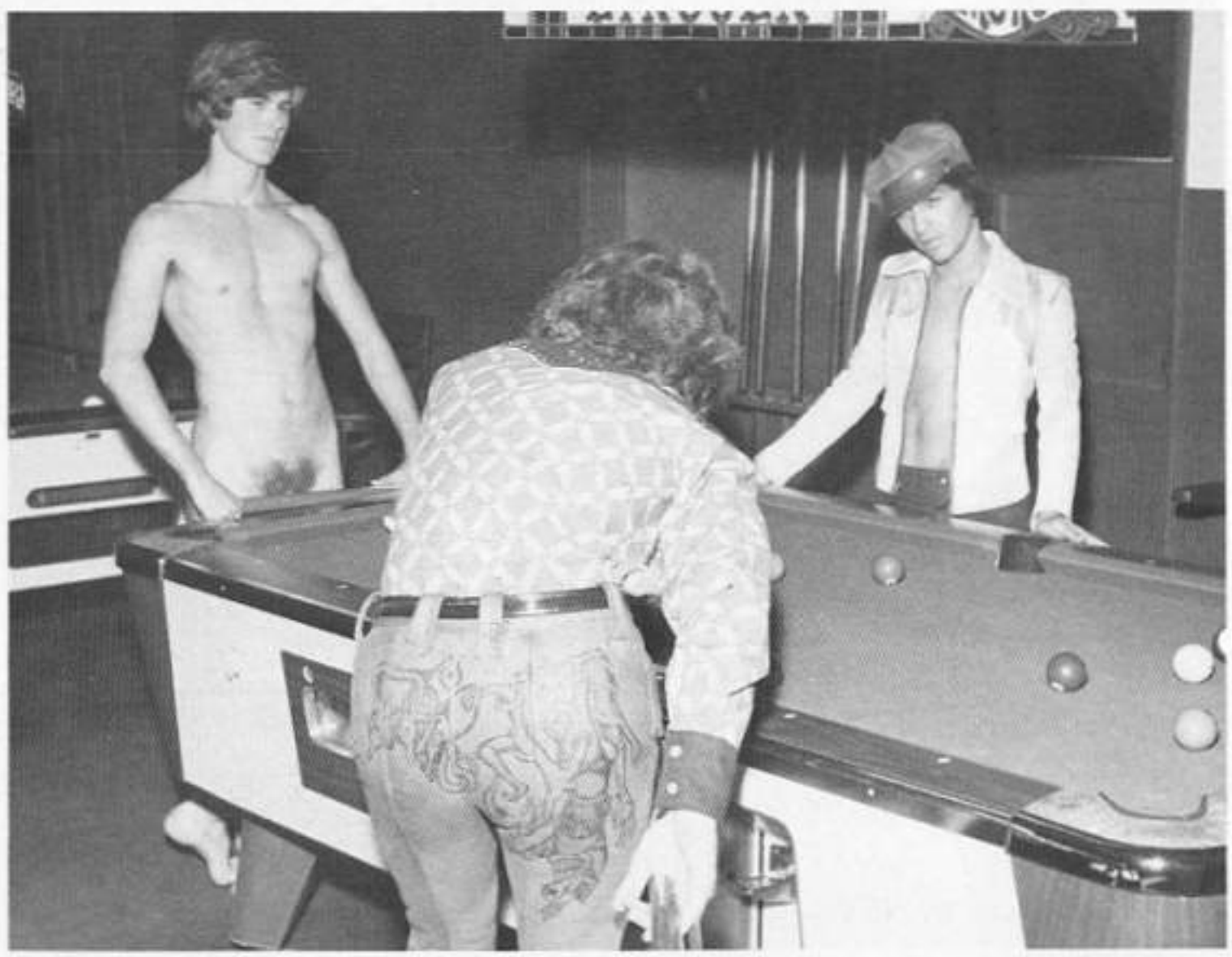
But it wasn't the music alone that freaked out our models. As in the fable of the Red Shoes, the high funk gear they donned made them want to dance till they dropped. Responsibility for the perpetrators of these enchanted duds is hereinafter affixed:

Bobby Grills opened his shop, **Grills and Yang,** 538½ N. La Cienega Blvd., West Hollywood, less than a year ago and already word-of-mouth has it that it's one of *the* places to go for original, far out fashion for men and women; much of it designed for both. Some of the early discoverers of this tiny store are Elton John, Diana Ross, Ringo Starr, Billy Dee Williams, Faye Dunaway, Buddy Miles and members of the rock group Chicago.

Bobby was a partner in a custom leather business in New York. There, he found many talented people who make small quantities of their own original styles. Their work forms the nucleus of his new







shop. He rounds out his stock from other sources, from L.A. to London, always favoring small manufacturers over big. Only a few of his items are one of a kind, but the chances are great that the garment you select will have no more than four others like it in the entire world.

Ecology is practiced with the use of recycled denim, silk scarves made into shirts and a wide variety of plain, figured and metallic-patterned fabrics used in unusual combinations for kimono-shirts.

Peter Monsanto is the creator of a fascinating variety of shirts for **Grills and Yang.** White jersey with pockets and insets is outlined with bright-colored overlock stitching. Abstract designs are evolved, through the use of insets and piping in a variety of colors, into long-sleeved shirts and tank tops.

M. Bassel is represented with a series of long-sleeved jersey T-shirts inset with blocks or stripes of contrast colors. Three colors of jersey are mixed in a collared T-shirt.

Cowboy/Indian motifs are prevalent in shirts which range from sheer voiles, through metallics, to chamois, from simple styling to appliqués, insets and piping. Body-contoured wide-legged pants come in a wide selection of high-fashion colors in both satins and velvets.

Bobby's jackets are, literally, works of art. Jon Tate models silver leather with Hawaiian scenes, handpainted in Maui, set in oval frames, surrounded by suede appliqués. A football jacket is covered in sequins in your "school" colors.

John Davis is up to his neck in silver leather with a diagonal zipper opening inspired by the motorcycle genre, and exposed to the world in a brief bolero of silver and black lamé in a diagonal-striped Art Deco pattern.

Spiderman Orando Rey wears black pigskin trapped in a silver

web. Yellow figured satin is surrounded by gold velvet and brown ribbing in a football jacket that will never see a playing field. Superfly sports freeform appliqués in pastel shades on a beige leather zippered jacket.

Brando's hat in *The Wild Ones* was the inspiration for the caps in solid leather or in contrasting combinations of leather and suede.

Ellene Halprin is the designer-owner of **Just Afternoon,** 9056 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood. Ellene springs from three generations of seamstresses. She made her first garment at age seven.

Her boutique displays macramé hangings by Ken Robinson and fantastic erotic paintings on wood, which incorporate the grain into the design, by Derrick John Taylor.

Just Afternoon features a line of recycled denims which Ellene manufactures and one-of-a-kind fashions for men and women who don't want to see themselves coming and going. Numbered among these individualists are Mick Jagger, Pearl Bailey, Buddy Miles and his band, Sly and the Family Stone, Judy Pace, Lori Lieberman, restaurateur Poppy, and the producers of that classic-of-a-kind *Deep Throat,* Ray Marsh and Don Ritchey.

Some of the costumes pictured have been custom-made for clients, but they illustrate the range of designing available. If you fail to find the right item on display, Ellene will design it specifically for you.

The green velvet jacket with matching lamé lapels and trim was designed for Pink Floyd. Worn with it are black jersey wide-legged pants with sequin waistband.

The white jersey outfit trimmed with red, blue, yellow and green rhinestones and studs is made for

the spotlight, onstage or off.

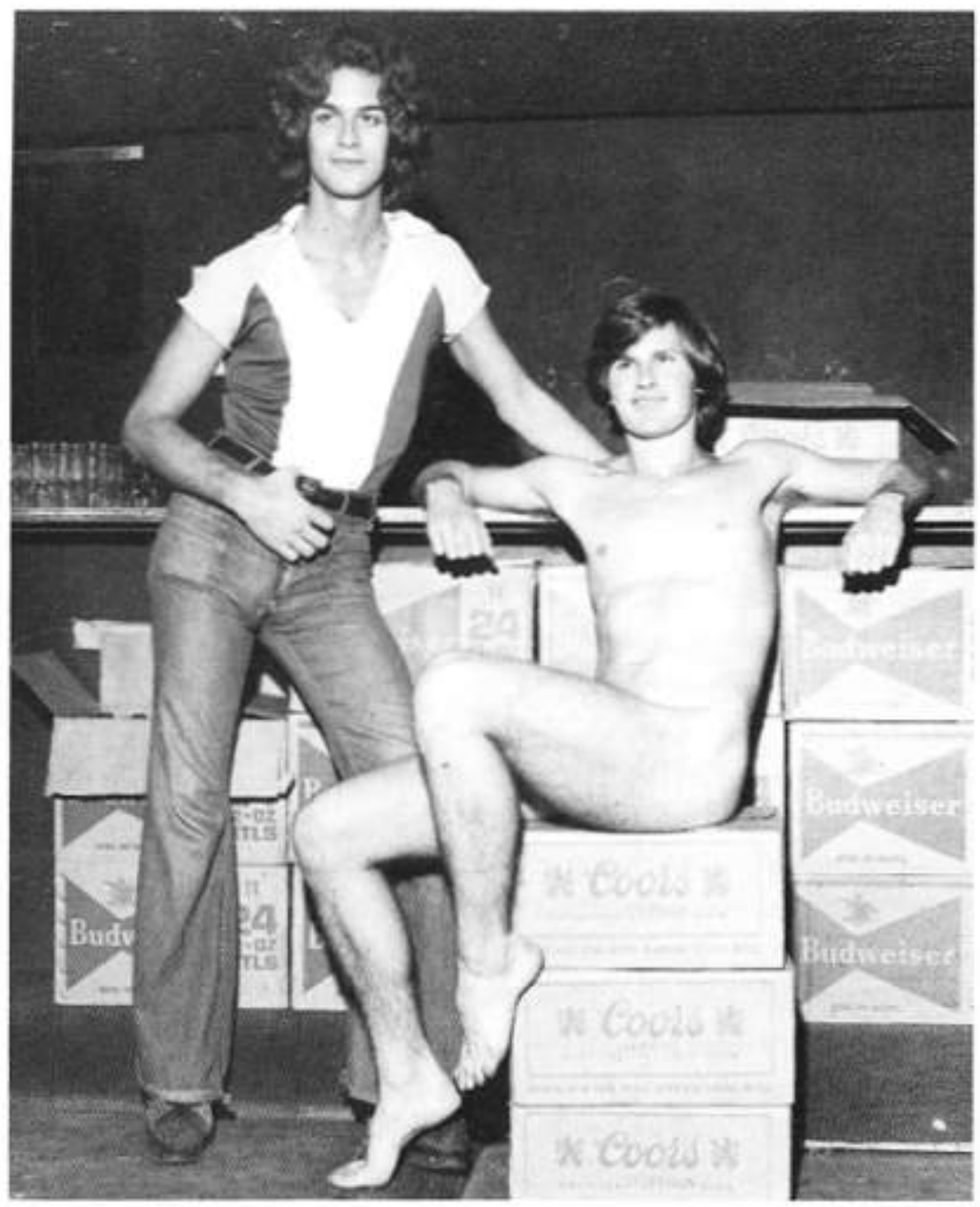
Casual elegance is the best description for the cream chamois two-piece outfit criss-crossed with rust leather thongs.

A go-anywhere suit in white denim is outlined with red zigzag topstitching and appliquéd with multicolored calico patches which match the shirt.

Your own personal rainbows, butterflies, Pegasus, or you name it, can be embroidered to order in rhinestones on the recycled denim long-sleeved T-shirt and space-helmet. It gives the impression that your flying saucer is double-parked at the curb.

Hard-working Hollywood cowboys can proclaim their status in the turquoise velvet, silver-studded, two-piece suit embellished with a silver concho belt, or in the studded black and tan Western shirt worn with rust leather bell-bottoms decorated with hand-painted ink drawings, burned in for permanency.

Carry your own art masterpieces around with you; in fact, wrap yourself up in them. Multicolor patches of chamois are appliquéd into pastoral landscapes on jackets and full-length coats. I don't believe it's considered chauvinistic to want to become an art



object.

And for a little touch that can transform even basic jeans into an individualistic outfit, **Just Afternoon** has an assortment of neckpieces of leather and feathers.

* * * *

Driving through West Hollywood has become hazardous in the last year, since **Fred Slatten** opened his shoe salon at 8803 Santa Monica Blvd. Brakes screech and bumpers crash as motorists catch a first glimpse of his show windows. Art nouveau-etched glass frames display areas which included spotlighted mirrored balls. But this brilliance is overshadowed by the merchandise itself—shoes and boots of silver and gold, emblazoned with rhinestones.

Fred had been a freelance designer of women's shoes for twelve years and he even took to the road to place his most far-out styles. But frustrated by buyers who were afraid of anything really different, he decided to open his own shop. The response was immediate. Barbra Streisand, Liza Minnelli, Goldie Hawn, Diana Ross, Mick Jagger's wife Bianca, Vicki Carr, Carol Burnett, Cher, Mitzi Gaynor, Brenda Vaccaro, Joni Mitchell and Bette Midler descended on him for footwear for both their personal wardrobes and for their shows. *Playboy*, *Playgirl* and *Viva* magazines spiced up their fashion or nude displays with Slatten creations.

It wasn't long before males demanded equal rights. Edgar Winter, Liberace, Sweet Louie of the Checkmates, and Paul Revere and the Raiders started Fred on a line for men.

At present, only one knee-high zippered boot is carried in stock in men's sizes, but you can bring in any shoe and it will be customized to your specifications. Platforms and heels of any size and style, any color or combination of colors, even metallics, rhinestones or snakeskin, airbrushing, sandblasting or hand-painting are just some of the services available on request. And if your feet are small enough to fit into women's sizes, there is an amazing assortment of readymades to choose from. A size 7 man's foot would fit a woman's size 9. I've been contemplating cutting off a few toes to be able to get into that five-color casual job John is wearing.

As mentioned above, this month's models are all professional dancers. Orlando Rey is with a well-known modern dance group and is also currently appearing in an L.A. nightclub. John Davis is studying with the New York City Ballet under a scholarship from the Ford Foundation. Singer-dancer-actor Jon Tate is a graduate of Temple University and has won the Philadelphia Drama Critics Award for Best Actor for his role of Og in *Finian's Rainbow*. He has starred in the film, *Young Graduates*, and has completed *Flowers in a Crannied Wall* for Tony Benedict Productions, soon to be released.

IN TOUCH at home

Let the sun shine in and all around. Summer or winter let the breezes blow. . . . After a recent visit to claustrophobic congested New York City, I reaffirm my belief that we Californians don't have it so bad. If we have smog, we also have open spaces in which to breathe it freely! And most of us are probably blessed with more of a view than the neighbor's wall.

To many residents of that great eastern city of New York windows are something to cover and forget. Many Californians do the same thing, but why? Windows are frequently the biggest chance many of us get to commune with the outside world. Why not make those special pieces of architecture something special?

I love windows: clear, frosted, leaded or stained. There are countless ways in which you can enhance them to add beauty to the overall ambience of a room. Look through these ideas:

• Most hardware stores sell tubes of liquid lead, and there are ample supplies of lead in each tube. If you are at all artistic, or can copy any of the several authentic leaded glass designs, you can even go to great lengths to become somewhat of a master with the stuff. Embroidering your own fancy pattern from a plain original is fun also.

• If you're a kind of smarty pants, there are now available "make your own stained glass window kits." They do require time, but the results can be fabulous. And the price is decidedly better than the cost of the real thing.

• If you developed your skills when the macramé craze began, you may already have discovered how beautiful can be individual window designs of macramé. Constructed of hemp, clothesline, rope, old ties, or just about anything you can knot, these woven jewels add much to an ordinary windowpane.

• Not long ago, I found at the Goodwill some extremely heavy woven material which at one time had probably been a decorative library tablecloth. I brought it home and tacked it over the kitchen window. It looked fine, but it needed just a little something more. Mop strings! I pulled it back to one side of the window and approximately every three inches I tied mop strings and fringed them. It was the perfect touch for funky elegance.

• If you live on an upper floor and want no drapes or window covering but perhaps just a little privacy on the "right" occasions, spray frosting works wonders. It's inexpensive, easy and quite authentic looking. And it lasts until you're ready to clean it off.

You can use it much as you use Christmas spray snow to create your own designs and filigreed patterns. If you are careful and clever, it's possible to make it look like antique etched glass.

• Another route to privacy with a view is window shades—hung from the bottom upward! Very small finishing nails placed into the window frame at different heights will give you varying degrees of privacy depending upon the activities taking place on your floor. All shades have a hole in the center for pulls.

• If you have windows that offer lots of light and a ghastly view, try this. Build a frame of 1x2 or 2x2 just larger than the outside of your window. Choose a nice fabric and staple it on both sides of your frame. Hang the frame from two eyehooks at the top corners of the window. Mix or match if you have more than one window to hide. Silk or gauze material offer the most translucency.

• For the plant freaks a similar view-cum-coverup is the window box. Using 1x6 or 1x12 create your own collage of shelves and tiers to fit into the exact dimensions of the window. Hang plants from the top or set them at different levels to fill the window. It serves as a perfect window garden as well as a screen.

• One gentleman with lots of imagination decided he would prefer windows with many small panes rather than one large window. Rather than purchase new windows, he found a clever way of creating his own windowpanes. Using strips of moulding he cross-hatched the large window to create many tiny panes. With glazing compound applied as necessary, no one could ever tell the difference between his invention and the real thing.

• One sure-fire way to bring the happiness and warmth of color into your house is through colored glass. If you have the kind of panes mentioned above (the real ones, that is), remove one or two of them here and there and replace them with different colors of glass. You can buy it and have it cut to size and shape at most stores where glass is sold. When the sunlight drifts through your window, you will see it and feel it in a whole new way.

• Of course, there is always that favorite old window ornament that Grandma used years ago: prisms. Prisms or pieces of colored glass hung on string in the window bring in the sunshine in a way that will never be surpassed.

Windows are nice simply as windows, of course. But there are countless ways in which you can enhance them to make the world outside just as eager to see in as you are to see out. And probably nothing you will ever do will help as much as a good cleaning!

—FRED JEROLE

DESIGNS BY Fritz

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the IN TOUCH body

What's the sexiest, most impressive part of a person's anatomy? Well, the second sexiest, most impressive part!

When viewing someone's body for the first time, where do your eyes focus first? Barring fetishists, you'll have to admit we live in a breast conscious world.

Since these articles are directed toward a male audience, we won't dwell on bosoms, although some of the chest developing exercises I'm about to prescribe could be of benefit to chicks.

There are two main methods for obtaining a good-looking chest; building the pectoral muscles (pecs) which form the major muscle mass of the upper torso and stretching the ribcage to give a tapered look. Analyze your chest in a mirror, then, like a sculptor, go to work on it.

Too many bodybuilders stress their pecs, bulking them until they appear top-heavy, and others force their ribcages into barrels. I suggest working both equally, then tapering off if one gets out of proportion to the other.

Pecs are composed of a number of strips of muscles that stretch from the upper arms to the breastbone. Some exercises concentrate their stress on the upper striations, near the clavicle, some on the central area and others on the lower. You can mold your chest to your own taste.

When exercising the chest you will inevitably work other muscles too, but if performed correctly, the major stress will be felt in the chest.

The following are some of my favorite exercises which are illustrated in the photographs.

1. **Dips**—These can be done using chair backs, countertops or professional parallel bars that are found in gyms. The wider the hands are placed, the harder the pecs are worked. Leaning forward also helps to throw more tension onto the chest pectoral muscles. This exercise concentrates mainly on the lower pecs.

2. **Pushups between supports**—This type of pushup allows the chest to descend further, putting much more strain on the central pec area.

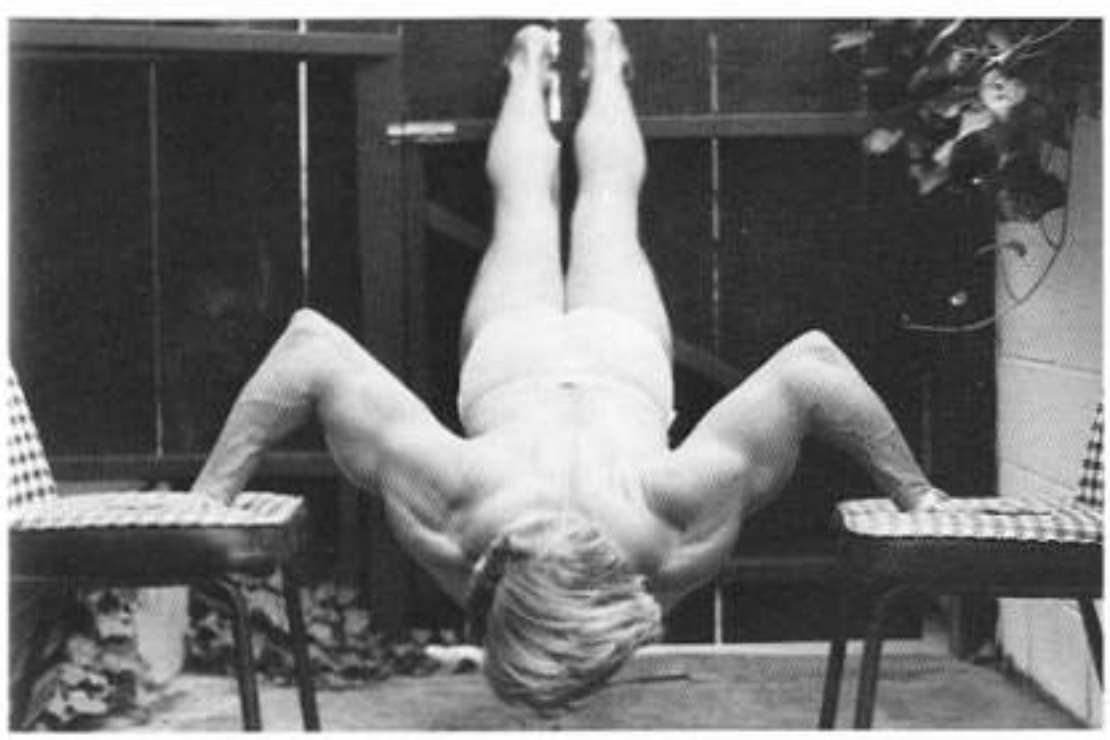
3. **Straight arm lateral raise**—Don't use too heavy a weight as this is a leverage movement. Keeping elbows fairly straight, start with arms above you. Lower arms as far as they will go for a maximum stretch. If done on an incline bench, as pictured, the upper pecs will benefit; if done on a flat bench the central section will take the brunt.

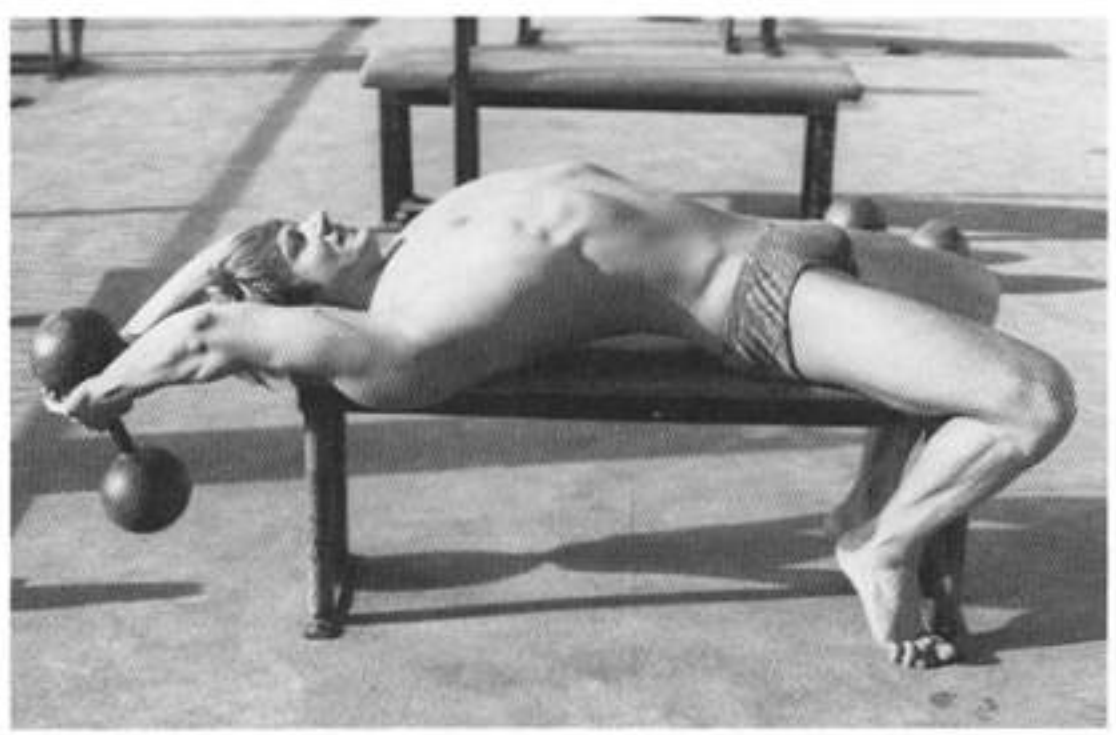
4. **Pullover**—This is mainly a ribcage exercise, but it also affects the lower pecs. It can be done most comfortably with a single dumbbell, but, as it is also a leverage exercise, don't overdo the poundage. The main thing to keep in mind is that the benefit of this exercise derives from the stretch it throws on the ribcage, so lower the weight as far as possible.

There are many other exercises for chest development, but I have found the above to be the most effective, and heavy weights are not needed to produce results. Remember, maximum effort achieves maximum gains!

If you have any questions, or would like to pass on some information related to body development, please feel free to write to me in care of IN TOUCH.

—JIM CASSIDY





homophobia

But many homosexuals do precisely that. Educated to unquestioned het standards of what is right, despising all Gays except those they see as immediate sex objects, they are sorely offended by liberated Gays who flout these standards. The homosexual still thinks homosexuality is just something you *do*, and in the dark. He generally accepts het definitions of himself and his "unfortunate behavior," and he warps his own personality in the effort to conform to what "they" expect, in everything except this one secret deviation. Gay is, in contrast to that, *a state of being*, and a Gay is a person who has *begun* to free himself of homophobia as well as of het definitions and standards. A Gay begins to ask, "Given the nature or the spirit which I share with countless others, what kinds of standards and goals are right for me?" He will look to the collective experience of the gay community for some of the answers.

To the homosexual, still partly despising himself for being "different" or "queer," the out-front Gay is a threat. ("For God's sake! They're so damned impulsive, so obvious, any one of them might call attention to *me*!") Having worked hard to put on a hetero disguise, which he has sacrificed so much of himself to wear, he resents those who have torn off the mask, especially those whose appearance says to society, "Fuck your rules about what a female or a male should look like!" The closeted homosexual sees drag queens and such as giving us "a bad name" (could we possibly have a worse name than we already have?), and it is true that they sometimes shock uptight people. The shock is well-deserved. But I have noticed that hets aren't nearly as deeply offended by these shocks as are the defensive, self-hating homosexuals.

Their complaints against the drag queens and stomping dykes are mostly a venting of their own homophobia. Hets seem less disturbed by "swishes" than by the fear that the nice, repressed bachelor next door may rape or kill their son. We won't get rid of public homophobia by trying to sweep the drag queens under the rug, but rather by letting the world see that Gays come in all sizes and colors, all trades and all political persuasions. Scapegoating the "stereotypes" won't do that.

But not all distaste for flamboyant behavior can properly be attributed to homophobia. Sometimes we are dealing with the sort of cultural naivete which makes a tightly conditioned person unable to understand how people can possibly behave in ways which we were taught were improper. Avoiding the companionship of those whose behavior we dislike needn't be a product of homophobia—but if the mere presence of an "obvious type" causes us acute distress so that we put all our friends on the defensive. . . .

* * * *

Quite possibly, *some* "flagrant queens" behave as they do out of a wounded sense of self-esteem, so their behavior can be psychologically translated as telling the world, "OK, if you call me queer, I'll show you just how queer I can be!" But it would be an oppressive mistake to assume that this is what motivates all effeminate males or masculine women, just as it would be a mistake to assume, as many do, that gay sadomasochism stems *purely* from the desire to be punished for the sin of being a faggot, or to transfer such punishment to a partner.

Of course such a rationale is operative in *some* gay S&M, and enacted in precisely those terms. Large classes of Gays still consider sex and the sex organs revolting. A lot of cruising seems to project the message, "Come on, let's do something nasty"—the predominant attitude in England. A person with such an attitude will probably resist calling himself either gay, homophile or homosexual, preferring masochistically to "tell it like it is": "I'm a cocksucker, or queer, pervert or faggot"—any self-denigrating term. His denial that the term is meant as derogatory is fully transparent. (The current radical use of the term "faggot" may be something else.)

* * * *

Clearly, as we progress from self-denigration to self-acceptance and self-realization, we will utilize along the way several formulas that will seem homophobic to Gays who have progressed further, or who came from a different starting point.

For example, many gay Christians will say (and be liberated by it, considering where they started) that "God loves me in *spite* of my being homosexual." A step further along, they will say, "God doesn't *care* that we are homosexual." Either way it remains apologetic, regarding homosexuality as a bad mark which God is capable of overlooking. But it is inconsistent with Christian theology, which teaches that both our weaknesses and our talents are God-given, and that God cares very much about both.

Jesus did not teach, as Paul sometimes did, that God considers us as worms, unworthy of his love. He taught us to love ourselves so we could truly love our neighbors, to love the God in us.

* * * *

Much recent homophobia among Gays is a hangover from popularized Freudian notions. Though Freud him-

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self expressed high esteem for homosexuals, his popularizers have left many homosexuals feeling bitterly that their parents gave them a bad break, and "if only I hadn't been so close to Mother. . . ."

Freudianism has in a very few decades seeped so thoroughly into our consciousness, that we are barely capable of thinking about any topic without some injection of Freudian dogma. And in most cases, it is a way to formulate our homophobic reactions.

* * * *

Another expression of homophobia among Gays is a tendency to blame the gay community for our personal failures or for our too-frequent "accidents"—losses of jobs, busts, losses of partners. "If Gays would just get together, I wouldn't be in this mess!" It starts with you, baby. How persistently have you worked to improve those conditions? Or did you go to one meeting once and decide you didn't like someone there—giving yourself a good homophobic excuse for dropping out?

The attitude of scorning association with other Gays except as sex partners is clearly an expression of homophobia, just as is the reverse bias of another set of homosexuals who seem able to choose for sex partners only "real men" (translate: *not homosexual*—so that the partner, like God a few paragraphs back, can like me in spite of the fact that I'm queer). I caught myself in this one a few years back. I'd been living for several years with a non-gay buddy (we shared interests, first in science fiction, then in politics, and finally were partners in a bookstore). There was no consideration of having sex, and without knowing what I was doing, I was building my sense of self-respect on having a hetero male like me well enough to live with me, in spite of. . . . When he suddenly decided to "come out," admitting that he'd wanted to be gay all along, I stupidly felt betrayed and resentful; he'd pulled off my security blanket. Though I realized how foolish I was being, I wasn't able to relate to him as a lover.

A most corrosive aspect of homophobia among us is the frequency with which Gays snub other Gays whom they know very well. There is last night's groovy trick, really very satisfactory at the time, but if you see him again tomorrow, in a store, on the street, or even in the bar where you met him, not one flick of an eyelid will betray the fact that you recognize him or ever wish to see him again. This is vicious, cold and dehumanizing, to him and to yourself, whatever the excuses may be. It would take very little effort to at least nod pleasantly, and then turn away. It wouldn't take much more effort to be decently friendly, even if for some reason which you may not understand yourself, you don't wish to repeat last night's pleasures.

This becomes even more cruel, dehumanizing, and destructive of community spirit, when the snub is given to someone you may have shaken hands with or hugged last Sunday at the gay church. You see them on the street and look the other way. It is easier to half

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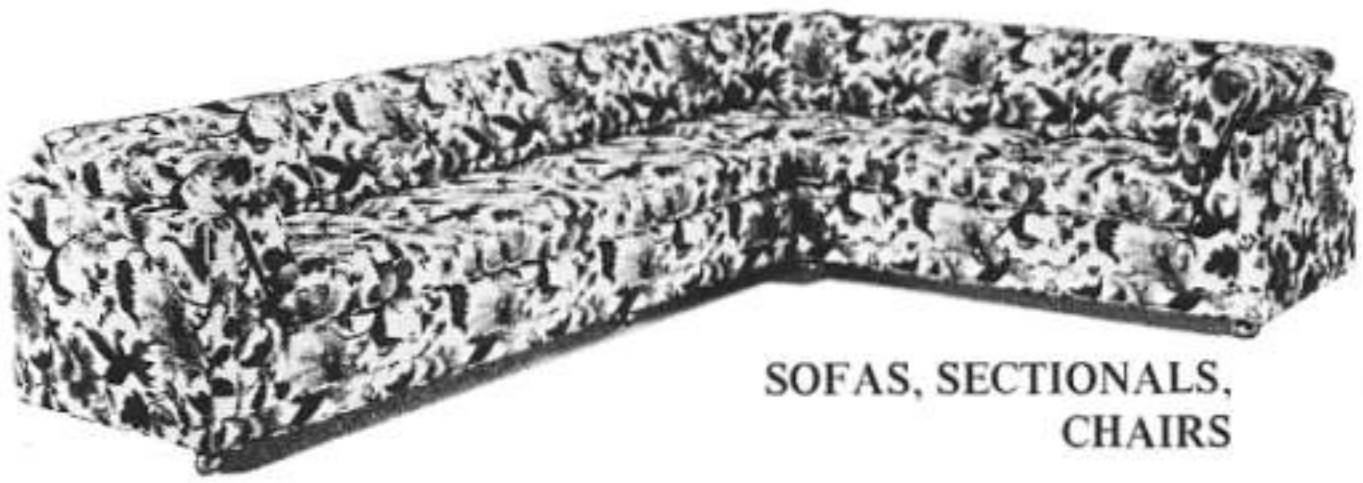

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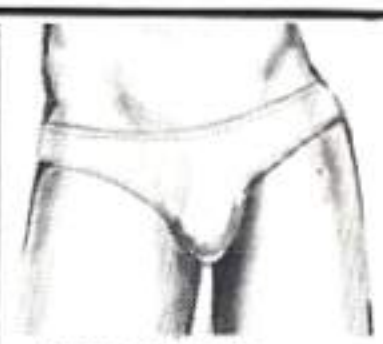

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understand if they come into the place where you work, and you're afraid they may blurt out something you'd rather your fellow workers didn't hear. . . .

But we should remember that everyone doesn't have an equally good memory of faces. You may have seen a guy several times at a gay bar or a gay lib meeting, and because you especially liked his looks, or because he spoke up frequently, you may remember him better than he remembers you. He may recognize you as someone he's seen before, but he can't recall *where*. . . . Not every apparent snub really is a snub.

* * * *

A last point I would raise is on the matter of "doing other Gays in." I think it takes a particular sick variety of homophobia to respond to a broken-up love affair by reporting one's ex-lover to his boss as a queer; to set fire to a gay bar because someone there insulted you; or to do the many other things we hear about at times. These acts aren't widespread, but they are so devastating that one offense becomes a catastrophe.

The most irresponsible form of this I've come across has been from some gay activists—persons who have worked hard and thanklessly for the gay cause, often without compensation of any sort. But when they are crossed they can become terribly vindictive (some very few of them, I mean) and will sometimes even suggest blackmailing an errant member who has complained about something the organization did. This is unconscionable.

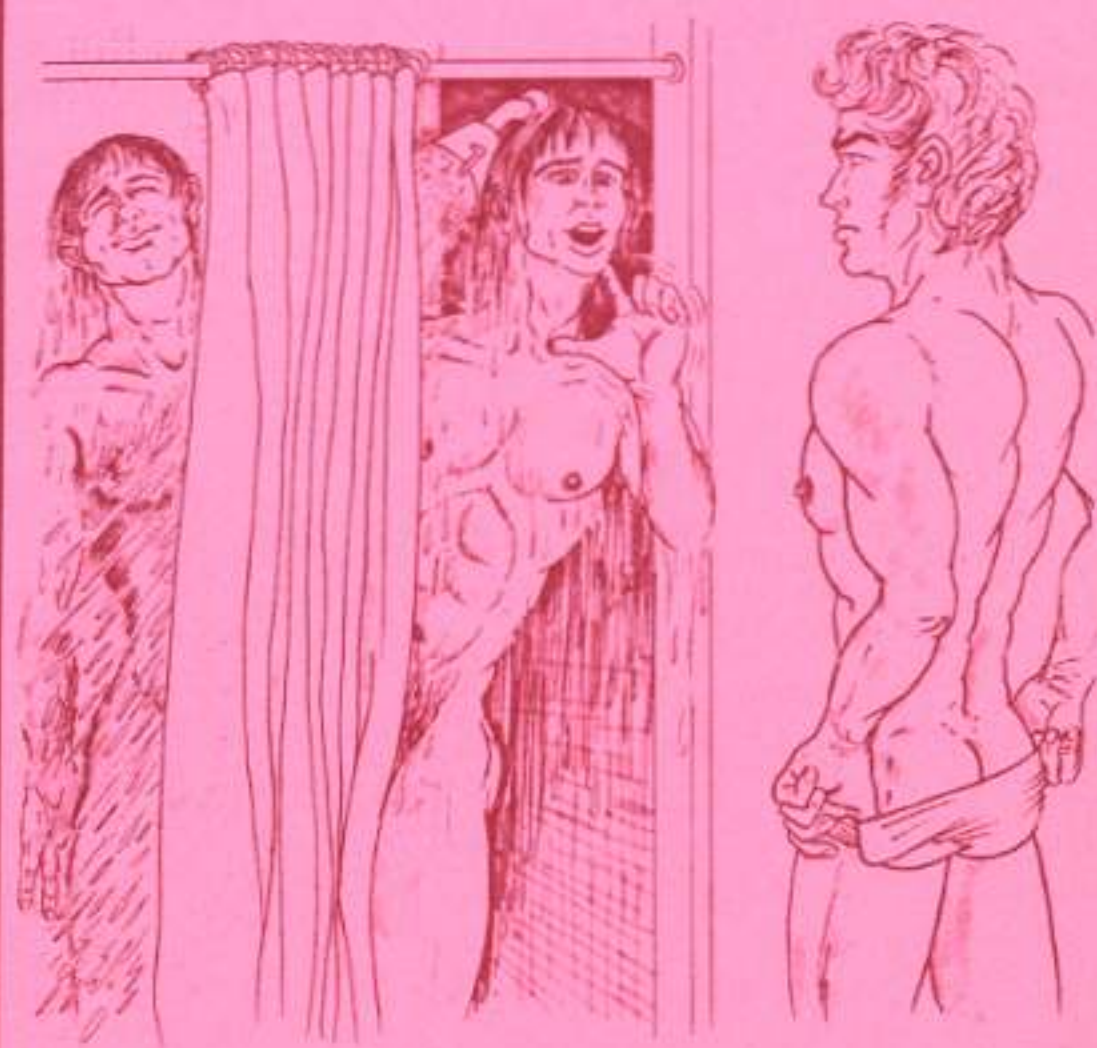
We have no civil service tests for gay leaders, and no psychological tests, which is probably just as well, for such tests are generally bullshit. Anyone who wants to can become a "gay leader." Simply come to one of the groups already in existence and get active, or else start a group of your own. But "gay leaders" have a special responsibility to avoid all expressions of homophobia, and alas, many of the homophobic ideas I have listed, and several others besides, are frequently expressed by some of the leading persons and publications devoted to freeing Gays of the effects of homophobia.

For in the long run, homophobia does the worst injury to the person suffering from the ailment, not the persons against whom the prejudice is directed.

IN TOUCH humor

"Light or dark piece?"
"Decisions, decisions, decisions."

AD LIBS



"There's plenty left for you. I only used that much, Silly!"

"What energy crisis?"

"With my luck, I'd get the half that talked!"

about a woman that could not and would not stop having children.

MORGAN: *The Caretaker* and *The Servant* were very contained; obviously he trained in theatre. I think *The Accident* is his best work. Concentrate on that.

DAVID: I am concentrating on the *Homecoming*, because that is his latest film.

MORGAN: His most recent play is *Old Times*. If you could concentrate on *The Accident* I could tell you some things about that. In fact, I saw it on television last week.

REFERENCE: I see anything by Pinter. I don't understand it and I don't even particularly like it but I go home and I can't get to sleep.

MORGAN: *The Caretaker* I know was sort of made possible by a lot of money from Liz Taylor and Richard Burton.

DAVID: I saw that on TV last week.

MORGAN: It's about this old man.

DAVID: Yeah, he's just sort of bumming through town and he ends up being taken to this room.

MORGAN: It was a boring play. The humor of it was so fucking complicated.

DAVID: I wished I would have seen it on a movie screen. I saw it in gray and white on a real small TV screen.

MORGAN: Did you like it then?

DAVID: Yeah, I liked it but all there was was the words.

REFERENCE: The ritual battle for possession of place in *The Caretaker* is beautifully captured in the 1963 film version of the play as directed by Clive Donner. Conventional sources of film finance were withdrawn; and Pinter, the producer, Michael Burkett, and the actors, Donald Pleasance, Alan Bates, and Robert Shaw formed a special company in order to make the film.

MORGAN: When I saw the play that old bum was irritating. He was so demanding.

DAVID: He didn't have any idea what to expect or not to expect so he just insisted on expecting everything.

MORGAN: I remember something about his shoes.

DAVID: Yeah, they wouldn't ever fit. He had a hard time finding shoes that he felt really fitted him.

MORGAN: That old man turned out to be such an utterly pathetic son of a bitch. That's funny. I guess it's been eight years since I'd seen that play and it lasts with you. It has a tension. I guess that's really what describes most of Pinter's stuff. He sustains it not by a very strong story line as much as simply by the emotional tension he creates between characters.

DAVID: It's almost as if everybody is insane but they all pretend that they're not so it all seems logical, and you know it isn't.

MORGAN: You can compare it very easily with something like Genet's *Waiting for Godot*. It has the same kind of pointlessness.

DAVID: But Pinter instead of leaving you lost it leaves you terrified. I keep on thinking of the decivilization of mankind. I have a feeling that Pinter, even though he may be pessimistic, it's almost as if he is performing a service, which means he'd basically be optimistic, to slap us in the face so hard.

MORGAN: But Pinter—like Genet—doesn't try to describe the inner chaos of his characters. He never tries to define it as being a product of the civilization.

DAVID: I know, that's what I said.

MORGAN: That's what we all need to do. But Pinter doesn't. Instead of trying to fill up the drama by describing the environment he creates the dramatic tension just in the ego battles and emotional frictions between the characters. He doesn't need either environmental or story structure. It has an emotional beginning and end to sustain itself.

DAVID: I keep thinking that most of the people that go to see Pinter plays come out thinking—not me. I wonder what that means.

MORGAN: I guess that's what is so disturbing.

DAVID: He doesn't let you lay comfortably back in the security of "not me." You become terrified thinking, "Not me, but just about everybody else."

MORGAN: I never identify with any of those characters but they frighten me.

DAVID: Frighten me every day. . . . You know, I have this habit of when

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someone asks me what I thought of the movie, the first thing I do is place it between two movie examples as poles. When I walked out of *The Homecoming* the first thing I responded was, "Well, it must be somewhere between *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* and *Clockwork Orange.*" And I didn't sleep all night.

more films

Lucifer Rising is one of those long-awaited films that you are just going to have to wait on a little longer. It is technically in a final state. It is bigger than anything Kenneth Anger has done before. It has an expensive look. It is an epic and like all of Anger's films it is a ceremony. This particular epic ceremony is the coming of the morning light. Anger thinks of Lucifer as the bearer of the morning light. Every character in the film plays a role in the ceremony and has no personality other than those idiosyncrasies required for the particular ceremonial role. Everyone in the play is heralding the heralder, Lucifer, who is the morning star to the Romans. Everyone except the blonde girl dressed out of period (everyone else being in ancient Egyptian garb). She seems to be headed in the opposite direction from the other celebrants. Her whole reference seems more Salem than Sahara. She is going in the opposite direction and up to a rock that looks ominous.

Along with *Lucifer Rising* I was able to see a Kenneth Anger festival. Two of the films I hadn't seen before and they were both quite different from anything else I've seen. *Rabbit Moon* was a beautiful, sad, and magical ballet for the magic lantern. *Puce Moment* was a glorious segment of a larger film on the Hollywood glamor girls of the twenties.

Anger met Cocteau when he brought *Fireworks* to a film festival Cocteau set up immediately following the war. It was a Festival of Damned Films, films that could be shown nowhere else. In France Anger made two films. One was *Rabbit Moon.* Cocteau arranged through Cinemateque Francais for Anger to shoot on his first real live soundstage with arc lights and all. The result is a stunning and haunting ballet put on film in a frozen blue frosted by white moonglow and the fluff of a breeze that carries a simple little parable so gently that it is too light to begin to touch and quickly falls away around the presence of a "symbolic" magic lantern.

* * * *

"Black and Blue" includes this rare scene from the suppressed film, "The Collection."

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Black and Blue starts out by setting itself up as an objective look at sado-masochism. It pretends to use an historical approach. There are many stills of Egyptian ceremonies, Roman orgies, and Medieval inquisition rites. The pseudo-intellectual narration in its silly attempt to be objective actually comes off as derogatory. The opening sequence of stills is annoying enough to drive most gay-libbers out of the theatre but some rewards come to the apathetic who sit out the shlock. The stills end. The asinine narration continues to come in and out for the first half of the film but finally disappears with the general chaos of the film's editing and overall design.

One sequence stands out in *Black and Blue* far above the rest of the film. It was filmed at *The Hangin' Tree Ranch* and features the ranch's host, Jack Jackson. Jack takes over the narration for this scene and is allowed to explain in his own terms what he is doing.

He first ties the partner up to a center pole inside his huge teepee. In the teepee is a cauldron of oil heating up over a wood fire. He uses the hot oil not only to sensitize the partners' touch on skin surface but also to clean him out. After he is cleaned out with the hot oil he is ready to take what Jack has to give.

Jack decides to give it inside the ranchhouse. Inside, he ties the guy up to several pulleys by the brass eyes in his head harness. Spread-eagled and on toes, he suspends in the air with a precarious balance. (If he was to lose his control he could be in trouble.) After playing around with various little trips, Jack pulls out a shiny, brown, Spanish leather dildo. It is as long as a horse cock and has a similar shape. Slowly Jack begins prodding it up his partner, further and further. Only so much is possible. Partner faints away. Jack tries to hold him up but the cameraman has to drop the camera to go to the rescue.

The sequence ends with the tender moments spent as Jack revives the guy with gentle massage and warm oils and balms. It seemed staged to me but the thought was a sincere attempt to show the relationship of trust and concern between a masochist and his sadist.

The rest of the film is awful. *Black and Blue* is exploitation in the worst mode.

—DAVID MINTON

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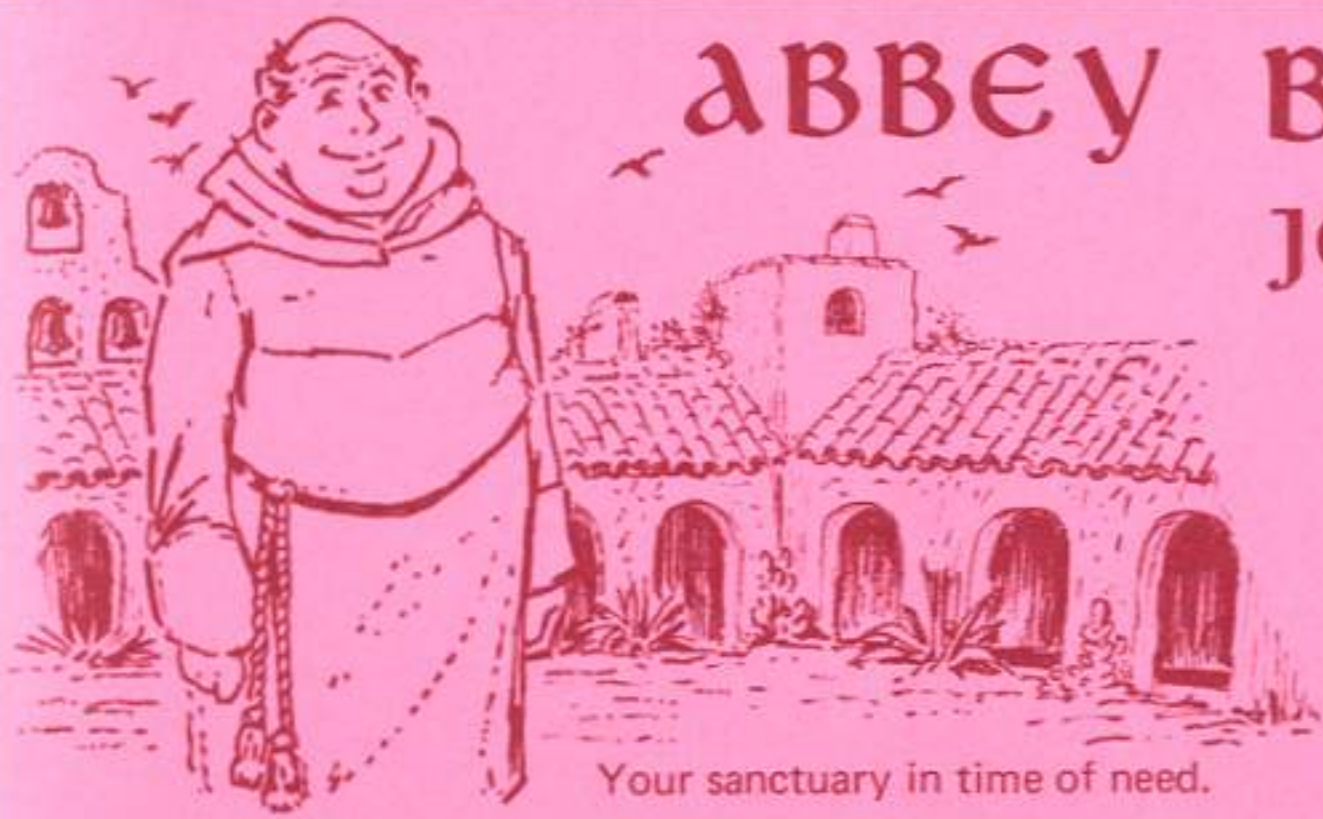

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SAM'S PLACE—Mixed bar on the miracle mile. Small weekday crowd. 1744 E. Broadway, Long Beach.

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

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.

B.J.'s—Small friendly crowd with dancing weeknights becomes mixed and leather crowded afterhours weekends, down the street from Black Pipe makes it Must Score afterhours. 2692 S. La Cienega, Los Angeles.

FALLEN ANGEL—Quiet and friendly neighborhood hangout for middle-aged Wilshire District. Travis tends bar with good conversation. 2709 W. 6th, Los Angeles, Wilshire District.

JOLY'S—Neighborhood weeknights becomes hot spot for the Wilshire District on weekends. Gets crowded and sometimes cruisy. 117 S. Western, Los Angeles, Wilshire District.

THE (NEW) NEW WORLD—Remodeling for fun, cruising, and afterhours. 12319 Ventura Blvd., Studio City.

TYKES—Always good conversation, very neighborhood in a very gay community, fun while waiting for laundry, can be a place to meet someone new for whatever. 4306 N. Figueroa, Highland Park, in L.A.

GOLD RUSH SALOON — Western image comes to life afterhours. Mixed crowd socializes and then cruises afterhours western additions. Formerly The Alibi. Good jukebox. Nice guys running the joint, trying hard out there. 480 Pomona Mall, Pomona.

TENDER TRAP—Neat little bar, a survivor. Feel at home with the townfolk. Afterhours cycles swell with the full moon weekends. Not dead. 667 W. Holt, Pomona.

INQUIRE—Long bar with plenty of friends sitting around. Very personal and almost private. Sometimes wandering minstrels entertain. Cocktails educated. New location. 3974 Atlantic, Long Beach.

LITTLE SHRIMP—Exciting coral reef atmosphere, aquarium bar, crowded weekends, weekday beach bar social. Very nice, like a honeymoon spot, a place you would like to remember as the years roll by. Sort of down an alley, keep looking. 1305 S. Coast Hwy., Laguna Beach.

CAPRI—North Hollywood social with cruising of new blood and chatter of old conversations which hold drinking buddies together. Crowded Sunday afternoon with buffet bath. 6131 Vineland, North Hollywood.

MAGNOLIA INN—You can't help but like this quiet little place. Friendly, nice; helpful if you need to know where to go, at any time. 12136 Magnolia, North Hollywood.

THE BRANCH—Moderate, moderate, moderate posh and piano. Office break lounge to cool off the pressure of the doldrums of a draggy day. Pleasant and safe place. 13548 Ventura, Studio City.

PLUSH PONY—Chicano chicks play host to Latin boys. Everybody welcome for pool, familiarization, socialization, and plans for later recreation. 5261 Alhambra, Alhambra.

VAGABOND—Friendly talking bartenders serve good liquor to vagabonds who care to pull into port for a while. City bar. Friday and Saturday busy neighborhood crowd. 315 E. Florence, Inglewood.

MASON'S BAR—Opening soon for San Diego's boys and girls together trip. Should be fun. 1211 Market St., San Diego.

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TIKI HUT—South Pacific atmosphere sways nice weekend gatherings. Quiet weeknights. 9042 Garden Grove, Garden Grove.

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MINESHAFT—Wicked intentions disperse on weekdays but still carry a promising atmosphere, cruising and conversation, beer and boys, nice and friendly, 1702 E. Broadway, Long Beach.

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books

scholarship shows only when he talks about Islamic views of Jesus) he shows little awareness of the great battle in the Church's first three centuries to drive underground all views and accounts of Jesus not approved by the reigning bishops. So although he places the advent of "Jesus Torquemada" well back into the Fourth Century, he does not deal with the versions of Jesus as seen by those who suffered from loyalty oaths and bloodbaths in that early day.

He is excessively polite in recounting the rise of "Jesus Caesar"—the first major travesty on Jesus of Nazareth. His polemic is soft wherever he criticizes things Roman. His rage against corruption of power, moral depravity and spiritless riches is reserved for the Byzantine Church, in a chapter whose whole meaning will escape many readers since he never explains the term, "Jesus Pantokrater" (all-ruler).

His arguments become flagrantly unfair and often untruthful when he attacks selected Protestant distortions of Jesus. The learned scholar got left somewhere behind the woodpile where the tar-and-feathers were being prepared. Readers who share his biases will find the polemic cute (even hip at rare moments) and pleasingly nasty. They will tremble when he so lasciviously describes how Jehovah's Witnesses are stoking the eternal hellsfire for all those who follow any other way, quite ignoring the fact that J.W.s simply do not believe in the concept of eternal hellsfire.

He is equally cute and unreliable in cutting down Christian Scientists, Pentecostals and Jesus Freaks (though few readers will easily recognize the latter from his elliptical description). Then he turns back to do old Charles Darwin in, to repeat that Darwin's theory had no evidence to support it, then suddenly, by an act of legerdemain I wasn't able to follow, he swallows evolution whole, spitting out only the originator of the theory.

But before he can get to his own interesting ideas about what Jesus is doing in the world today, he has to set up other cardboard figures to knock down:

"Jesus Mystic Gun"—a slanderous attack on Dan Berrigan and other Catholics who, he feels, miss the spirit of Jesus entirely in their commitment of peace and civil rights;

"Jesus Black"—tracing the attempt of Blacks to relate to Jesus in their own terms back to the Arian heresy.

"Jesus Femina"—his peculiar term for Women's Lib theology which is a needed corrective to a patriarchal theology which projects a Divine Family consisting of a Son and two Divine Father figures.

And finally, briefly, "Jesus Gay." He expresses sympathy (but no real understanding) for the long oppression of Blacks, Women and Gays by the Church, and recognizes that white, het males have distorted the Jesus image to suit their fancy. But he heaps scorn on attempts of each group to reexamine that theology, though after his cavalier treatment of women theologians, he went astonishingly easy on Gays.

Of course he got our dates all mixed up. The Stonewall Riot occurred two years before the date he mentions; the first gay church I know of was started 14 years earlier; and the first conference on Religion and the Homosexual predated his by six years.

He gives, in a few paragraphs, a passable (slightly sarcastic) presentation of some of the Biblical gay-support arguments, adding a few new ones: Elias's method of healing the widow's son; and a male Jahveh telling a male Israel: "Come with me, my true love. Thou shalt be master of my love."

But then he makes another of his inexplicable jumps, announcing after no supportive argument that gay theology is humbug: "For thus Jesus with his love and compassion is excluded. . . ." Perhaps he considers the arguments he enumerated (about David and Jonathan, etc.) so preposterous that their fallaciousness was self-evident, but how does he arrive at the conclusion that gay love automatically excludes the love and compassion of Jesus?

His sortees against Bernstein's *Mass, Jesus Christ Superstar* and *Godspell* are not much better, and he only gets on positive footing in the latter part of the book when he lays down his Quixotic lance and begins to examine what Jesus means to him, and, he hopes, to the world today. . . .

—LYN PEDERSEN

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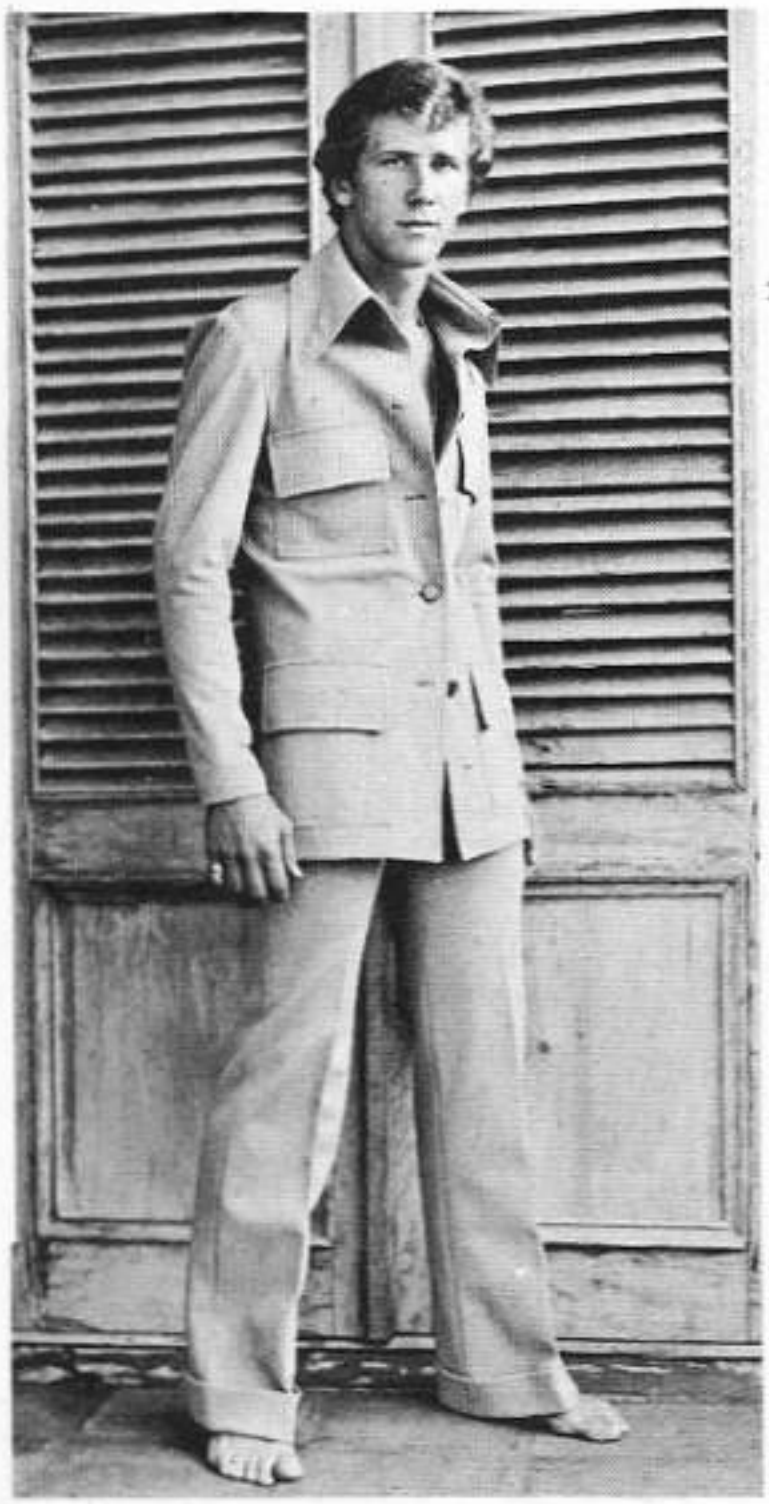
theatre

Straight, one of the finest actresses of the American theatre, and her actor-husband, Peter Cookson.

The Folklorico Mexicano, recently at the Huntington Hartford, was one of those rare experiences that make writing about the theatre so rewarding. The Mexican National Tourist Council sent us a company of 70 of their top singers, dancers and musicians that superbly brought the rich ethnic culture of that land below the border to Los Angeles. Each facet of this startlingly beautiful production was not only enchanting as entertainment but informatively illustrative of the Mexican way of life. The choreography of Hector Fink Mendoza, Rafael Zamarripa, Florencio Yescas and Johnn Sakmari was pictorially resplendent and endlessly resourceful, particularly in the Dance of the Old Men which was, by turns, intricate, funny and delightful. It utilized the dance form in an entirely new way. Twenty-six-year-old Artistic Director Jorge Tyller performed his now world-famous *Dance of the Deer* with the sensational technique that sent Rudolph Nureyev rushing back to his dressing room, precipitating their close personal friendship. As the hunted deer, he leaps virtually nude upon the stage, displaying one of the most incredible bodies I have ever beheld in all my born days.

Early in this production Tyller appears in the *Sacrifice of a Mayan Princess,* burning his hands and feet over an open flame. I have no idea how he manages this but it looked both impressive and very painful from where I sat. Also on the program is Daniel Armas who plays the Psalter, one of the rarest musical instruments in the world. Daniel learned to play this from his father and he is absolutely fantastic on it, creating the most gorgeous sounds imaginable. I attempted to praise him lavishly backstage but, alas, he speaks no English and my Spanish has oft been described as: *El Stinko Grande.* A word about the costumes. They are truly dazzling, the work of Ema Garces and Elena Miro. Cultural events of this kind not only enrich the countries they visit, they ennoble the spirit.

The Onion Company production of Arthur Miller's *A View From the Bridge* in the Zephyr Theatre on Melrose turns out to be a long scallion of a first act that develops into a sweet Bermuda in the second. This version is severely hampered at the start by the miscasting of Rodolpho and Catherine. No proper rendering of the text can be given unless they are entrusted to virtual sex bombs. Their physical presence must hover over the play like a tent, their body heat scorching Eddie Carbone until he is driven to the pitch of sexually assaulting them both. Neither Kevin May nor DeMarie Michaels are remotely right in these roles. I have never been one for Hollywood type-casting but, in this instance, it is mandatory and the play simply will not work properly otherwise. A further puzzler is the publication of a photograph in the theatre program that fully telegraphs the climax. It is rather like printing at the bottom of the cast page in a mystery play: *The Butler did it.* Another incredible aspect of this offering is the staging of a stabbing right on top of the patrons in the first row. You know Eddie is not *actually* stab-



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bing himself and, if further proof were required, he slumps to the floor an inch away from your instep with nary a trace of blood on the knife.

Edward Knight is Eddie and he also serves as his own producer. This is a mistake as he, therefore, feels he can set his own pace and rhythm. Playing with an annoying set of mannerisms, Mr. Knight has a tendency to slow the forward thrust of the action down. Isa Crino as his wife is a lovely, solid actress, always believable, and, when required to let the stops out and be shrill, she rises to the occasion nobly. Terence Evans as the stolid refugee is never given much to do but what he does is choice. Two aspects of the play appear to be hopelessly dated. Salaries, even on the docks, are no longer $40 per week and, in these days of unisex and David Bowie, references to a man's feminine tendencies no longer have the power to shock if, indeed, they ever did. To be fair, this *View From the Bridge* does manage to boil up to a fine ferment after intermission, rising to dramatic heights I would not have believed possible for it earlier in the evening. The setting by Will Eyerman is serviceable and right and that tempting plate of spaghetti consumed onstage by the cast was furnished through the courtesy of *Via Fettuccini Restaurant.*

Deadwood Forest, a haywire musical installed in the Ivar by Apothecary Productions, is a tragic dichotomy. It has a brilliant rock score wedded to a hopeless libretto. A gifted cast of amateurs do what they can with it but all to no avail. The show lies like an infected gallbladder on the stage and no amount of surgery is going to fix it. Jim Gordon, who plays Richard Nixon in the damn thing, told me the piece was completely restaged from beginning to end just ten days prior to the opening. Is it any wonder that nothing about it makes sense? It always seems on the verge of going somewhere. Of course I am generally leery anyway of musicals that feature two toilet seats on the stage. If the actors feel the urge, the wings would still appear to be the better solution. All of the songs are quite lovely and sound like resounding hits. The large cast mills about in clown whiteface reminiscent of *Godspell* and they possess extraordinary voices. Bonnie Ware is as good or better than anyone I heard in *Hair* and Jim Gordon, Remy Martell and Nolan Porter are equally fine. In Act 1 *If I Am a Dead Man* and *What is the Meaning of Faith?* stop the show cold and in Act 2 *Poppycock, Why Can't You Leave it Alone?* and *Life is Like a Ship* will send you out of the theatre humming.

There are occasional glints of high camp humor in the murky book. Here are some prime examples:

"My mother's a Queen. What chromosomes lurk in your genes?"

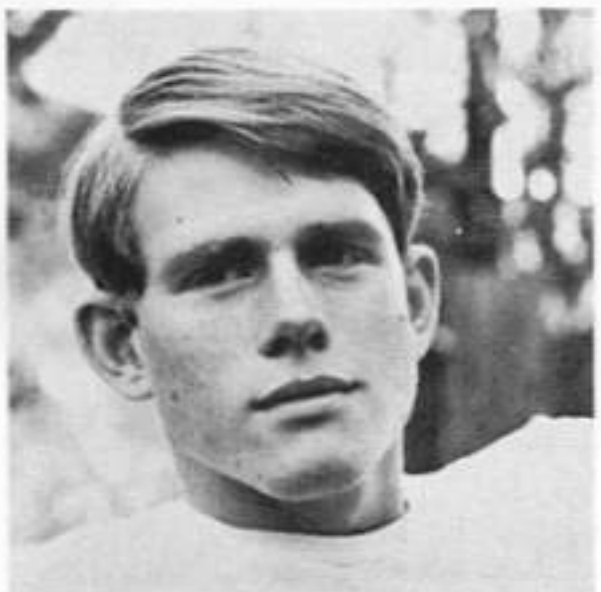
"There is a time to be born and a time to lie."

And I liked a vassal addressing the Nixon character with the nom de plume of: "Your Kingshit."

I also admired the swishy Friar, Timothy Paola, who was delicious. With this great score and these talented people, why couldn't writer-composer Howard Hirdler have given them something to act on a level with what he has given them to sing? If he had, I wouldn't be writing this obituary now.

—ALLAN LEOPOLD

march's IN TOUCH



PERSONALITY: He's as traditional and all-American as Mom's apple pie, but considerably more exciting. He's Ronny Howard and at 19 he's a college freshman and a television and movie star.
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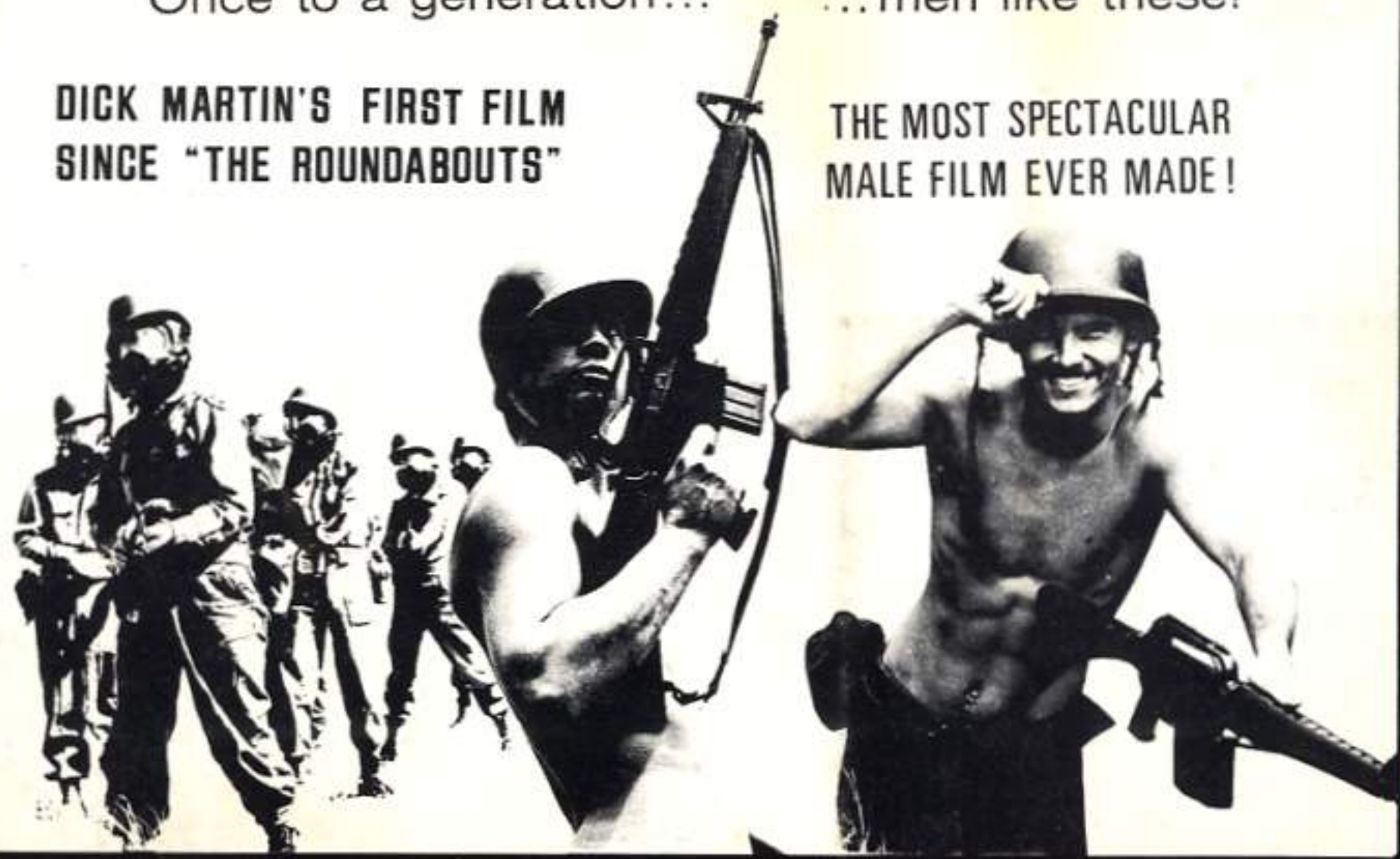

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