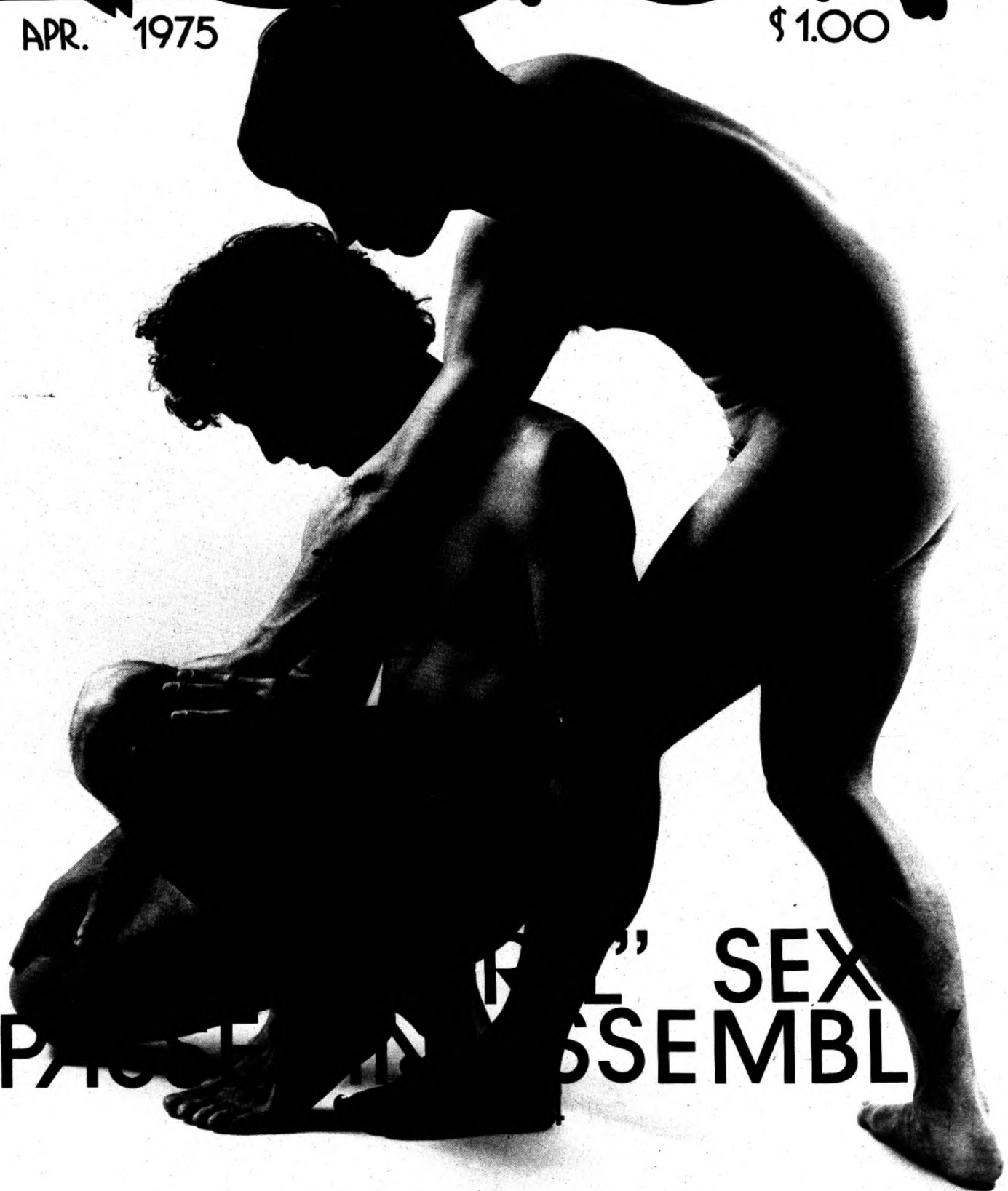


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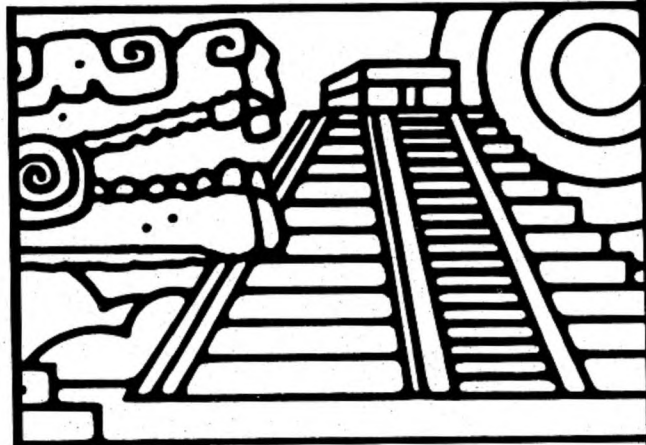
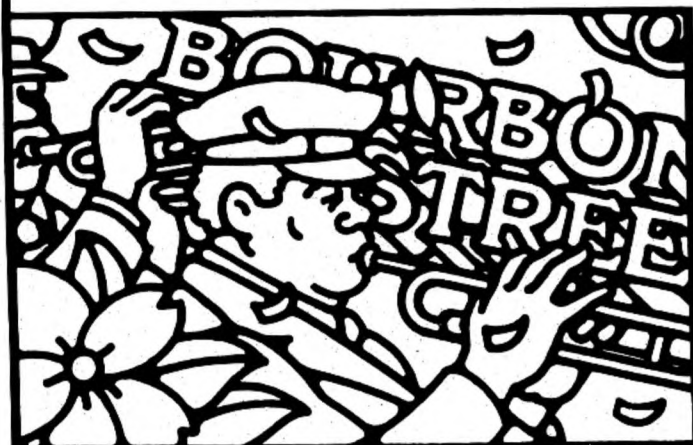


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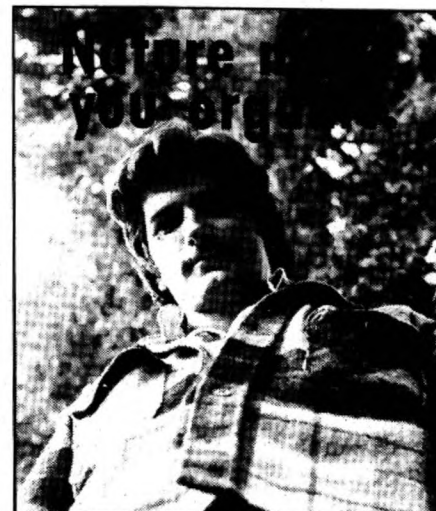
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# EDITORIAL

The relationship between the Society For Individual Rights and VECTOR causes some people to turn white in rage, others green with envy and still others blue with depression. Several times a month correspondence is received asking clarification of this union. It's so simple.

S.I.R. owns VECTOR. Since S.I.R. is owned by its membership, it follows that VECTOR is owned piece by piece, page by page by a substantial number of supportive individuals who feel the importance of sharing in the joys (and sometimes agonies) of the elusive "Gay Experience."

There is an ongoing struggle between those who feel that VECTOR should be more of a house organ of S.I.R. and concentrate on indepth coverage of S.I.R. events and personalities (much the way it was in newsletter form eleven years ago) while many others insist VECTOR belongs to the world where it is sent and argue that the dentist in Des Moines and the teacher in El Paso have but limited interest in personalities and events of one particular organization far away in the Bay Area. While the participants in these events come and go it has been the support of the nation that has allowed VECTOR to become the oldest continuously published gay publication in history. Therefore, we consistently try to keep the dirty laundry and very local affairs limited to the S.I.R. Newsletter—the Insider—and cover local events and personalities which we feel have a good amount of national interest/importance. Our financial statements indicate that this is a formula which works.

The recent election of S.I.R. officers will have a dramatic effect on the direction of this magazine and as the winds of change become hard realities the staff are leaping into the liberating freedom of having—for the first time in memory—a slate of decision makers who have backgrounds of technical and philosophical knowledge of the entire process of magazine production—from manuscript through advertising/promotion.

Former Treasurer of S.I.R. (and business manager of VECTOR) is now the President of S.I.R. Doug DeYoung is, first, a businessman who almost single handedly rescued S.I.R. from going under by taking firm control of the money reins and with brilliant, albeit agonizing, decisions guided us out of the red and into solvency. With the same energy drive and zeal he is now able to concentrate on bringing the amazingly diverse factions of San Francisco gay life under one roof, one banner: working together in a way that can't help but benefit all gay people everywhere.

President DeYoung with Vice President Bill Plath (Publications Director) have assembled a veteran staff of workers who have proven their successability in various functions from zap leaders to fund raisers and he is demanding (and getting) projections, accountability and PERFORMANCE. Chief among his appointments was that of Ken Rice as VECTOR Business Manager—another business man with talent and imagination backed with enough courage to see impossible dreams become daily realities.

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Chuck J. Baird  
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Michael Novick, East Bay  
David Melnick, Poetry  
Ambrose, Food  
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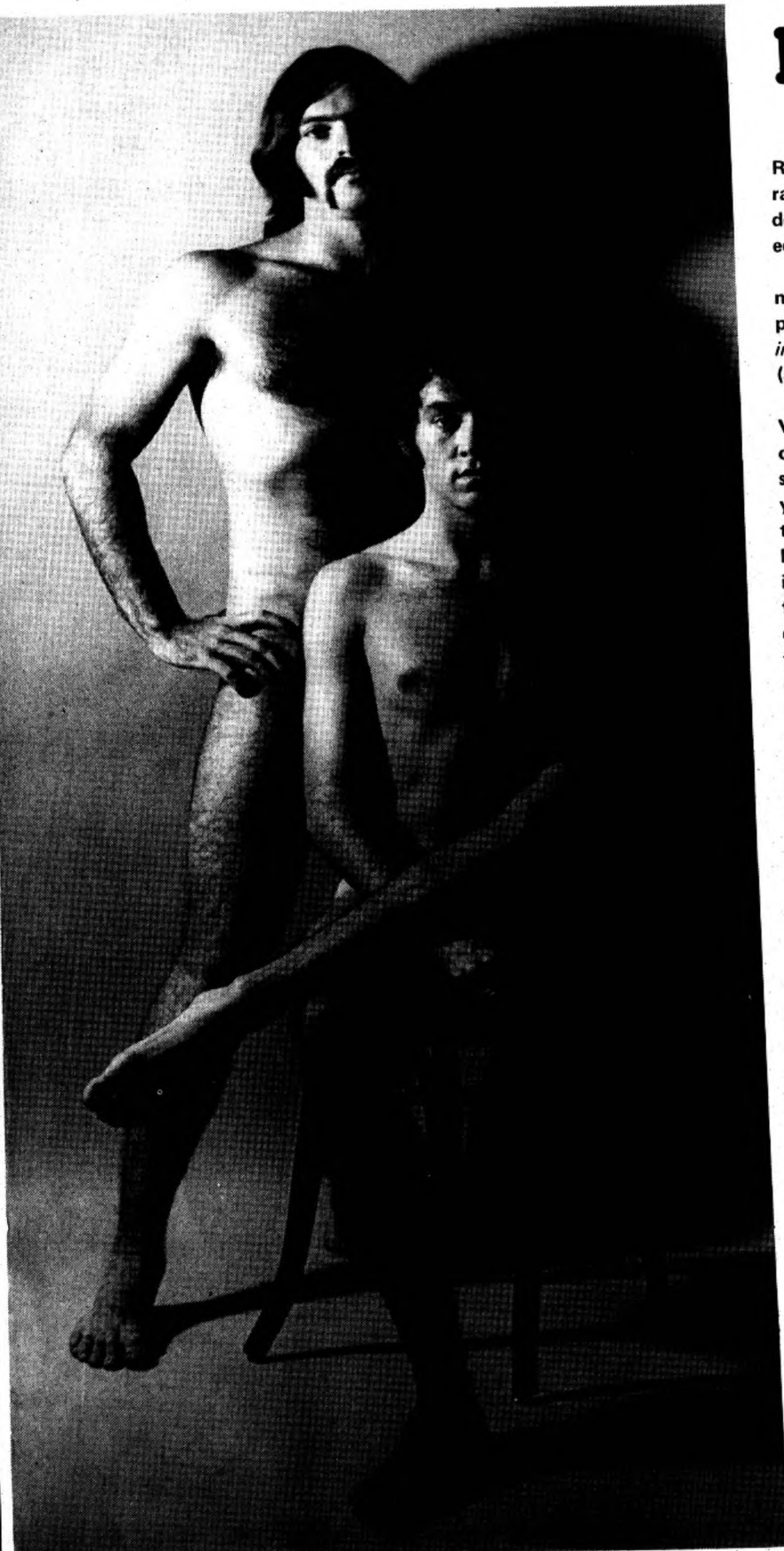
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COVER PHOTO BY GRAVEN IMAGE

# VECTOR





# letters

## SCREW NOSTALGIA

I can't think of anything in months that I've agreed with more strongly than Gerald Jones' "How Far Back Is Nostalgia Taking Us?" (Vector, Oct.)

The feeling has been growing in me for several years now that we're all playing Jimmy Dorsey and the Andrews Sisters while Rome burns—just a grittiness in the air about me, a sense of See No Evil, of being punch-drunk, of John Held irresponsibility, Drink the gin, honey, it's a shitty but amusing world. I hear it in the music (going nowhere), see it in mens' fashions, read it in magazines and the newspapers—Let's all go back to the 30's and 40's, Babe, wasn't it cozy then?

Bullshit it was. I remember those decades, and the 50's—depressing years—all of them. I don't want to go back, ever. Good old days? BAH!

*Richard Amory  
San Jose, California*

# \$30,000 FOR S.I.R.



My lover and I have taken the liberty of naming S.I.R. beneficiary for a Mutual of Omaha Airline Trip Accident Policy for \$30,000. Enjoy!

*Ronald Jeffers  
San Francisco, California*

## TRANSVESTITES

We, at Queens Liberation Front, wish to express our gratitude for your fair reporting. Too often, the news which is pertinent to the transvestite community is ignored by the gay press.

Your interest in appealing to the entire gay community is one of the reasons, I'm sure, that your magazine is such a success. Continued good fortune, to a good magazine!

*Bebe J. Scarpie  
Queens Publications  
New York, New York*

## FATIGUE



It was a great exclusive for Vector to get the interview with Dr. Ruben but you spelled his name wrong. It's "Reuben" and not "Ruben." What happened?

*Dick Elliott  
Seattle, Washington*

## NEW STANDARDS

What an Issue!

The current Vector (Vol. 11, No. 4) has set new standards for all gay media. My most sincere congratulations to you and your whole crew. Special plaudits to Art Director, Doug Smith, for the



great layout and design (what a change from the old days), and to Guest Editor, George Mendenhall. George's growth as an editor and writer is outstanding. The article, "Unions and the Tavern Guild," is exemplary for its unbiased reporting.

Keep up the good work!

*Bob Ross  
Editor, B.A.R.  
San Francisco, California*

## GETTING OFF

Your magazine is getting better and better and I want to offer my thanks. I enjoy it from cover to cover and even though I'm far from San Francisco I appreciate the work you are doing, realizing that any progress you make there will eventually be felt here.

I am surprised and chagrined that more people do not subscribe—surpris-

# VOL.11

# NO.4



illustration: Charles Hufford

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by MICHAEL NOVICK

Economic crisis was the subject of a recent conference in Oakland dealing again with gays at work.

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by JEFF

Certain selected signs are in for one hell of a month and advanced cruisers are well advised by Jeff to select and not settle—this time.

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by FRANK HOWELL

Terror in the Prisons: Homosexual Rape and why people condone it.

### POLITICAL SAVVY 17

by M. FREEMAN & G. RAYA

Last year's profits from the Police/Gay All Stars went to P.A.L. Authors Freeman and Raya question gay money going into straight charities.

### THEATRE 19

by RICHARD PIRO

Fathers Day is a classic example of theatre's way of remaining competitive with TV. Combine the three most favored TV ladies and write a script utilizing all of their bits and call it theatre.

### WOMEN 20

by RICTOR NORTON

One of the most interesting findings of current empirical research into homosexuality is the growing conclusion that lesbians are better adjusted than female heterosexuals. Reprinted from Gay News.

### DINING OUT 21

by AMBROSE

Zelda's pushes Marin County into the sunlight of the gay dining experience with a facility well worth the effort of a 20 minute drive.

### WOONG, A Short Story 22

by DANIEL CURZON

A sex-starved civilian working for the Air Force in the Far East; a gorgeous airman who is reluctant to have sex without love and pure frustration make up the 3rd part of this 5 part series.

### WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST 23

by DON KLEIN, D.D.S.

Gay discrimination in dentistry backed by some very interesting statistics concerning some state's policies of granting licenses to up-front gay dentists.



### HISTORICAL DECISION 24

by FRANK FITCH

California is the first state to pass specific sex law reform unattached to penal code reform. First introduced in 1969 by Willie Brown, the bill finally passed Assembly and is almost assured passage in the Senate. Gay Lobbyist, George Raya, shares the moment.



### PRECIPICE, A Short Story 26

by J. HUEBENER

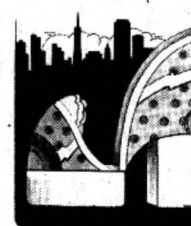
They met in San Francisco: he an American street musician, his love a French artist. They go to Paris where the honeymoon ends in tragedy.



### THE EVERARD BATHS 29

by H. KARP

The history & development and current practices of a New York City bath landmark told in surrealistic terms by novelist H. Karp.



### THEY'RE ALL GONE, A Fantasy 30

by NORMAN ARMENTROUT

What if all the gays left San Francisco?

### PHALLISM 35

by NORMAN DAVIS

Gay classifieds lean heavily on penis size in the search for companionship. Angry Davis wants to know why.

### A DAY AT THE BEACH, A Short Story 36

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### YOU'RE GOING TO BE A SUPERNUMERAL! 38

by DENNIS CHARLES

A hilarious gay account by award-winning columnist, Dennis Charles, of his debut in the San Francisco Opera's production of Aida.

### MY WHOLE TRIP: An Interview & Photo Story 42

The combination of Ray, owner/manager of the **Mayan Health Club** and photographic art of James Armstrong combine to bring readers into Berkeley's newest and most outrageous bath/entertainment experience.

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ed because it is such a good magazine; chagrined because I think more people might be motivated to get off their asses if they were exposed to it.

Stanley Seiden, M.D.  
Jacksonville, Florida

## STRONG DESIRE

Please find enclosed, a check for \$20.00 in payment for dues in membership and a Vector subscription.

Due to the distance involved and for economic reasons, I will not be making much of an appearance at SIR functions. However, my heart will be with you in your efforts towards equal-

ity and freedom for all Gay people.

I have a strong desire to do volunteer work for the Gay cause though I don't know of any groups that need help in my area. Do you know of any?

My time and money are limited but I will do what I can to help Gays to understand themselves (my self included) and to help the straight world understand us all.

Norman F. Olaine  
San Jose, California

## TURNED OFF

You have to be kidding or else on a nostalgia trip with your March Issue. Studs washing cocks with all of soap appearing as sperm is a far cry from where VECTOR was over the past couple of years.

If this is a new trend you intend to follow then we must talk because, seriously, we were totally turned off!

Marty Feldman  
Newark, New Jersey



## WARNING

I'm glad to see that you have posted a warning in the magazine for persons to be aware of someone breaking into cars near the baths.

My car was broken into and about \$85 worth of miscellaneous items were taken. The right vent window was opened and the locked door broken. Items did not appear obvious in the car but were under the seat and in the glove compartment.

I hope you continue to alert the readers of this and other important items.

Name Withheld  
San Francisco, California



# east of the bay

## ECONOMIC HARD TIMES

ON MARCH 1ST AT LANEY College in Oakland, a group of about 25 Lesbians and Gay men gathered for a Gay workers and Gay welfare recipients workshop as part of the Hard Times community meeting on the economic crisis. The workshop has been convened by the Oakland Gay Men's Political Action group (which also co-sponsored the overall coalition calling for the conference) and drew support from the Lesbian Focus group of Berkeley-Oakland Women's Union, one of the main conference organizers.

About half of the men there had been at the Gay Male Workers Gathering last October, and so to some extent the meeting was a followup to that and able to build off it. Some of the issues raised at that gathering helped serve as a starting-off point: is gay oppression purely psychological, something we can deal with in our heads, or does it have an aspect of direct social and material oppression, for instance, in harassment and discrimination on the job?

Related to that was the question of whether or not it was essential to come out at work. One woman noted that it seemed to her more men were "out" at her job, and that it seemed harder for a lesbian, who already faced hassles and prejudice as a woman, to take on the added burden of defending herself as an open lesbian on the job.

A good deal of the discussion centered around the questions of differences and similarities between lesbians and gay men, especially in the workplace, and how we could support each other.

As implied by the name, "Hard Times," the conference, as a whole, was focused on economic crisis being experienced by most of the capitalist industrial nations and by the "underdeveloped" semi-colonies worldwide. As gays in a tightening job market, we face increasing pressure to stay in line. Like other communities at the conference, we need to figure out how to understand and organize to deal with the situation.

One of the major points made at the

conference was that the economy has never "delivered" for Third World People, and that this crisis of unemployment and inflation is hitting Blacks, Latinos, and Asians hardest. This is certainly true in the gay community as well. As gays, we aren't exempt from facing the issues confronting all working people: sexism, exploitation, racism, militarism and the bloated American empire.

A major part of the gay workshop was devoted to considering workplace

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## East Bay

organizing, as opposed to or in addition to community organizing. Some felt that organizing around gay issues on the job only served to isolate gays from other workers; on the other hand, one man pointed out that only by putting an end to the special intimidation that we are subjected to could gays participate on an equal footing with our co-workers around other shared concerns. The workshop at the conference in a sense served as an example of linking the issues up and getting other progressive communities to recognize the validity of our concerns, as well as grounding our own efforts clearly in the actual historical conditions that we cannot isolate ourselves from any more.

Most of those in attendance were in favor of staying in touch. One idea was a periodic open rap for people looking for work or facing hassles on the job, so that we could share experiences and strategies. It was decided that a number of people would start to relate to Bay Area Gay Liberation (BAGL) and to its Labor Committee. (This organization has been meeting and using the S.I.R. Center's facilities at 83 6th St. in San Francisco.) Hopefully this would develop a larger East Bay contingent to that organization.

If interested in more information, or want to rap about some of the issues raised here, please call [415] 654-1578. The overall coalition is probably going to stay together to plan further activities, or possibly to relate to a plan being put forward by a number of Third World groups for national and local demonstrations on May 1st. It would be a positive development for gay people to play a larger role in those efforts. ♦

—Michael Novick

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# ACLU

An Interview With ACLU's  
DEBORAH HINKEL

# ATTACK

Deborah Hinkel, staff attorney of The American Civil Liberties Union's San Francisco office, won a major victory in early March for the Victimless Crimes Project. Judge Spurgeon Avakian of the Alameda County Superior Court ruled that the age-old system of arresting prostitutes while letting their intended customers go free was discriminatory and unconstitutional.



Deborah Hinkel

Now that your Victimless Crimes Project has had a big success with respect to prostitutes, what do you intend to do for gay people?

Obviously, since gays are the target of much of the police action in the sexual field, they stand to benefit greatly if we can get the court to declare a right to sexual privacy. This will begin to curtail police harassment and the terrible discrimination against gays.

Our Victimless Crimes Project philosophy is to bring cases that will have the greatest positive impact for the greatest number of people. So our next case will attack a statute under which 13,000 arrests of gay people are made each year in California—Penal Code Section 47(a).

What attack will you make on Section 647(a)?

A frontal attack! Sec. 647(a) makes it a crime to solicit anyone to engage in or to engage in "lewd or dissolute conduct in any place open to the public or exposed to public view." This language is so broad that it gives the police wild license to use it any way they want, and they have chosen to use it in often incredible circumstances to deny freedom of association among gay people. So every time a man goes to a gay bar and talks with a man to whom he's attracted, whenever the discussion reaches the possibility of sexual expression he is taking the chance that the stranger is an undercover agent who will arrest

him on a 647(a) charge. We'll seek a court ruling prohibiting the whole range of police action under this section.

What is the penalty for a 647(a) conviction?

The stated maximum penalty is a fine plus a year in jail. But there are vicious side effects: anyone convicted under 647(a) must register as a sex offender with the sheriff of his home county, and if he is a teacher or other state-licensed professional, he stands in great jeopardy of losing his license. These effects amount to a lifetime of parole—a terrible burden to bear.

When will ACLU's attack on Penal Code Sec. 647(a) begin?

Soon—just as soon as ACLU raises the funds to finance the case. Cases like this are expensive. The challenge of 647(a) could cost as much as twenty-five thousand dollars (\$25,000).

Victimless crimes litigation is pursued by the American Civil Liberties Union Foundation of Northern California, contributions to which are tax deductible. Contributions may be sent to ACLU Foundation, 593 Market Street, San Francisco 94105—earmarked for the Victimless Crimes Project.

# Toni

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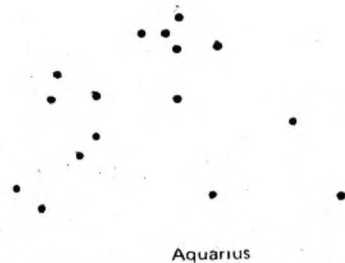
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## VENUS—THE PLANET OF LOVE, CHARM, AND BEAUTY

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During the month of April, 1975, Venus transits the late degrees of the constellation of Aries. Its effects will be largely felt by those who were born between **May 3rd and 15th**. You can really get next to those you consider to be your close friends now. It's also a time for making new friends, in every sense of that word. When Venus graces our Sun we fall in love, or are fallen in love with. During April the charm of Venus is bestowed on the entire Cardinal group—that is, Aries, Cancer, Libra, and Capricorn. All of you should be enjoying increased love and friendship with a great sense of fun. It's party time. It's an excellent time to put yourself forward in situations where your own personal charm is a necessary ingredient to success. You will be well received in April.

From the 10th of April to the end of the month Venus transits Taurus. She smiles on the Fixed group, that is, Taurus, Scorpio, Leo and Aquarius. Your stern visages will melt and you will suddenly find yourselves much more charming and yielding. Of course,

**STAR CRUISE** will be devoted to the needs of the Gay Community. It is our hope that through Sidereal Astrology you can better understand yourselves and your lovers, and better cope with the everyday joys or problems of life. Send in those cards and letters, folks. We want to hear from you. Astrology applies to EVERYTHING! (or anything.) If you have a question about yourself please send your complete birth data — that is — date, year, time and place of birth, along with your question, of course. If you have a question about someone else we need all that information about him or her, too. We cannot make personal replies and letters cannot be returned. But watch the column. We will try to print and answer all letters received. Of course you'll remain anonymous.

### THE PHILOSOPHY AND NEW LIFE APPLICATION OF THE PLANETS' TRIPS AMONG THE FIXED STARS OF THE CLASSICAL SIDEREAL ZODIAC

by JEFF

you Taureans are Venus types anyway. In some cases your charm will increase, though this writer fails to see how Taureans could possibly be any more charming. Forget your diets and disciplines, Taurus. There will be much temptation in April and it would be a shame to spoil the party.

The New Moon occurs Friday, Apr.

11th, in the constellation of Pices. Those of you in the Mutable group, that is, Pices, Virgo, Sagitarius, and Gemini can expect increased social activity and a definite up-beat in your enery cycle. Late degree Pisceans can expect it to get a little drunk out. Try to remember Honey's advice, "Never mix, never worry," and be grateful that you have a full weekend to recuperate.

The full moon occurs on Friday, Apr. 25th, in the constellation of Libra. It's very close to the planet of thrills and surprises, Uranus. Should be a spectacular weekend for the Cardinal group—Libra, Aries, Cancer, and Capricorn. Thrills and excitement and the testing of new ways of getting it on (or off) offer themselves for experimentation. The New Moon conjunct Uranus in the artistic and creative constellation of Libra calls for something decidedly different. The bar scene should be very lively, but is that new? You Librans should investigate new thrills, and especially new and unusual friends.

## stars

### BIRTHDAY PEOPLE

April 1 — April 6

Your Sun is in the middle degrees of the constellation of Pisces. When you want, you WANT! You may forget why you wanted it, but you are still fiercely determined to have it, NOW. Of the Pisceans you are the most determined and the least likely to yield. Of course, you share the rosy, somewhat un-real view of life that characterizes most Pisceans, but your determination often serves to create the keenest disappointment and disillusionment. You always seem to be walking into walls, but the hurt is not lessened by discovery that the walls weren't really there in the first place. If you learn nothing else in life you will do well to heed the lessons of moderation. 1975 will offer you opportunities that you least expected, even in your far out dream patterns. But you will be forced into a self-awareness that will make your problems of absorption and addiction painfully real, even to you. Reality is not your best suit, but 1975 will tend to force your hand.

April 7 — April 14

Your Sun is in the final degrees of the constellation of Pisces. You are the truly creative Pisces. Your religious sense is deeply felt and very real to you. Late degree Pisces are the most likely candidates for cultism. You are a religious mystic. You are acutely aware of the beauty of life and the harmony of all living things. You possess the very essences of the innate charm and pleasure-giving potential of the Piscean vibration. You are the *noble* Pisces, the *inspired* Pisces, and the *generous* Pisces. And, you bring out such qualities in others. Those close to you are often bewildered by the complexity of your psychic concepts concerning the order of the Cosmos. But they stick around for more, hoping that eventually it will all become clearer. You have much to offer in love or friendship, for you are above all an inspirational partner. Love to you becomes truly a sacrament. You have the ability to make anyone you love feel worshiped. You can be too generous with too many, however, People can take advantage of your inability to see them as they truly are. You tend to see them only in a good light.

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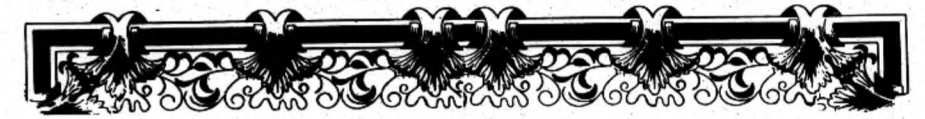
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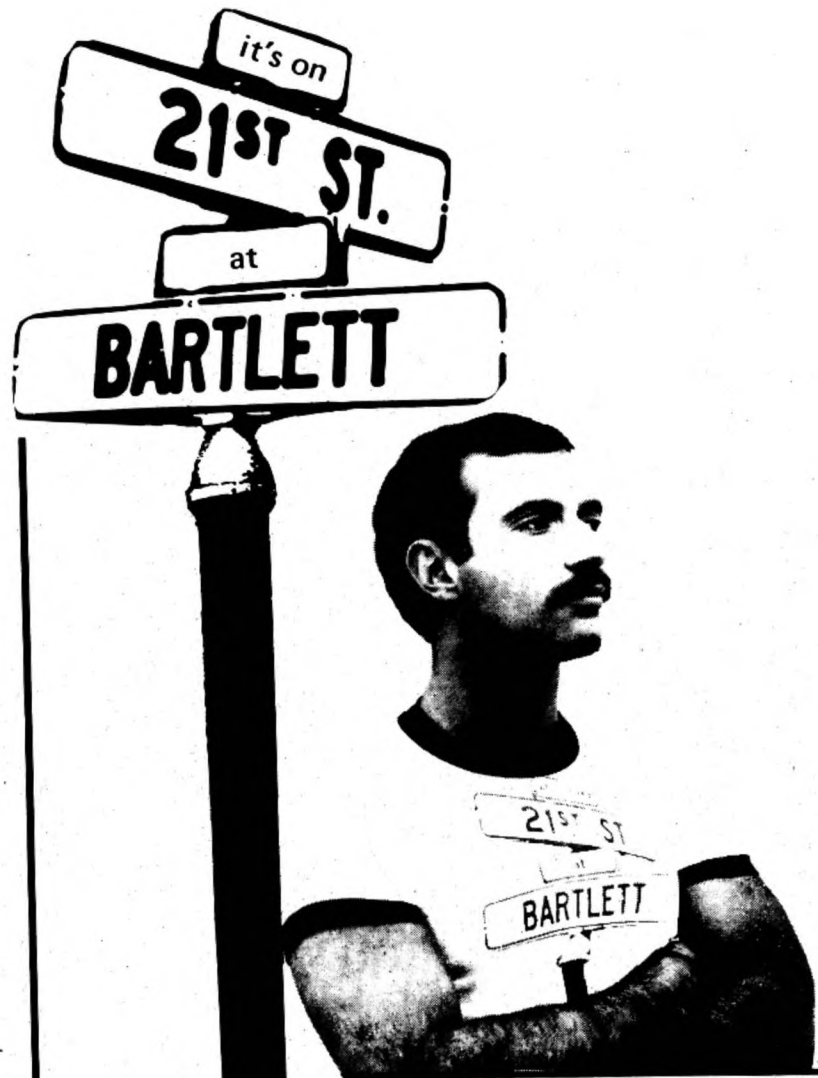
Because of your blind trust you become an easy mark for a sad story. In 1975, Jupiter near your Sun will bring you luck and opportunity. Saturn and Pluto are also affecting your Sun this year. Surprises and changes, sometimes not so pleasant, are indicated. But your ability to cope will be great. Be ready to let much that is not truly necessary in your life go. This could include—sorry to say—people.

April 15 – April 19

Your Sun is in the early degrees of the constellation of Aries. You do nothing slowly. You haven't exactly got the market on passion cornered, but your shares are enormous. Anyone you court, be it friend or lover, is literally swept off their feet by your ardor. Your inclination to do everything yesterday sometimes leaves those who try to keep up with you breathless and far behind. Dashing and exciting, you give love or friendship with gusto. A partner with good nerves is absolutely necessary, and if they can put up with your sexual athleticism they are in for quite a time. You love magnificently. The worst mistake any partner can make is to criticize you in public. The second and often fatal mistake to any relationship a chosen partner can make is to bore you. You find disloyalty the hardest thing to forgive. 1975 is a year of gaining new and soul expanding knowledge for you. The unusual and the exciting adventure is, of course, nothing unique for early Ariens, but you will have further opportunities to stretch your horizons in 1975. Most attractive will be the world of ideas. Learning and information will be paramount on your list. But wisdom is also possible. New insights and above all answers are coming your way.

April 20 – April 30

Your Sun is in the middle of the constellation of Aries. The Arien temperament is expressed by an exciting combination of passion and romance here. Long love letters with lots of passionate goo, the old hearts and flowers routine appeals to you enormously. But your partners might be wise to beware—that puppy-like loyalty



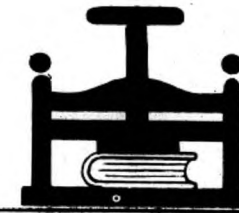
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hides a fierce bite. You find dis-loyalty the hardest thing to forgive. You don't give up easily and have talent for fresh and unique approaches in the face of the most obstinate refusal. You can be deeply wounded by rebuff and cannot forget rejection. Once accepted you tend to overwhelm a partner. One thing is sure—they will feel *loved!* And, they had best forget the old "Not tonight, I'm tired. . ." routine. Your solar return is very similar to that of early Ariens. 1975 holds much that is new and exciting for you, especially in the area of love and all kinds of friendships.◊

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BOOKS

**TERROR IN THE PRISONS:  
 Homosexual Rape and Why  
 Society Condones It**  
 by Carl Weiss & David James Friar  
 Bobbs-Merrill, \$8.95

Rape assaults us from headlines and womens' groups everywhere. Justice must triumph. Consider the plight of the victims. The resulting trauma terrifies the woman for half a lifetime. But we seldom hear of men and youths who are attacked by the same manner in our prisons. Some experts actually claim that males are penetrated more frequently than women.

The subject of homosexual rape is rarely examined at length. Carl Weiss, a psychotherapist and David James Friar, a journalist and radio veteran, have smashed the taboo. By traveling about the country and interviewing wardens, rapists, victims, and state legislators, they've unearthed an astonishing scandal. But the average citizen has become inured to violence and brutality. He fails to remind himself that a relative of his may wind up behind bars in the future and encounter more than bad prison food. It may be his son or daughter.

The hardened cons literally run certain aspects of the prison life. At night, in numerous cell blocks they can do as they please. The guards ignore the plight of the young, good looking inmate who is under constant pressure to fight off those who desire to subdue him. Young, fresh looking kids, some as young as sixteen, are mobbed by as many as a dozen older prisoners. In women's prisons a similar situation exists.

The authors, unfortunately, do not provide any bibliography or detailed index. Much of the material is redundant and the unrelenting style soon settles in-



Photo/Jarrett

to a tiresome rut. The final chapter, "The Experts and Their Solutions," falls back on pat sociological solutions and random quotes from those working in the field.

Nevertheless, the book casts a few rays of light. Much more needs to be done in this area which the public would really like to ignore.



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Ironically enough, the majority of those who rape are heterosexual and perform their deed for mostly non-sexual reasons. Frustrated cons wish to humiliate and bolster their pent-up masculinity by acts of violence. The folklore of the underworld proclaims that those who get screwed are no longer men, but "punks." The outnumbered victim has no way out. Once violated he cannot protest for fear of another beating. No one respects him even though he fights to the end.



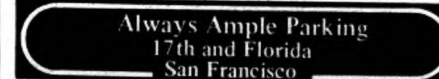
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books

**MOUTH OF THE DRAGON:**  
A Poetry Journal of Male Love  
Box 107 Cooper Station, N.Y. 10003

Gay poetry actually goes back centuries to the Greeks. Walt Whitman, we can suppose, represents the emergence of the modern period. Fortunately, this line of poetic expression is getting less dependent on erotic formulas for success. One always received the impression that whenever gays beheld each other sex would immediately occur. That's why such people were referred to as homosexuals. Words were meant to limit as well as to define.

The poetry here has a fine balance. Some non-sexual areas are brought into play. My lover and I were especially amused and touched by a piece titled, "Sunday Services at Smokey Mary's," by Owen Wilson.

I went to church to find God  
But God was not there.

I waited and waited  
But no God.

I lit a candle,  
God did not come.

I whispered, God I'm waiting.  
No God

I ordered God to appear!  
Nothing.

Finally I stood up and yelled:  
I'M IN PAIN YOU SON \* OF \* A \* BITCH  
MY LOVER IS GONE.

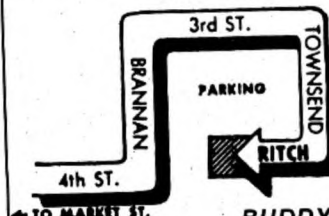
Some guy in a black dress asked me to leave.

It is now possible to subscribe to this love journal. In SF Gay Lib Book Service  
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-Frank Howell

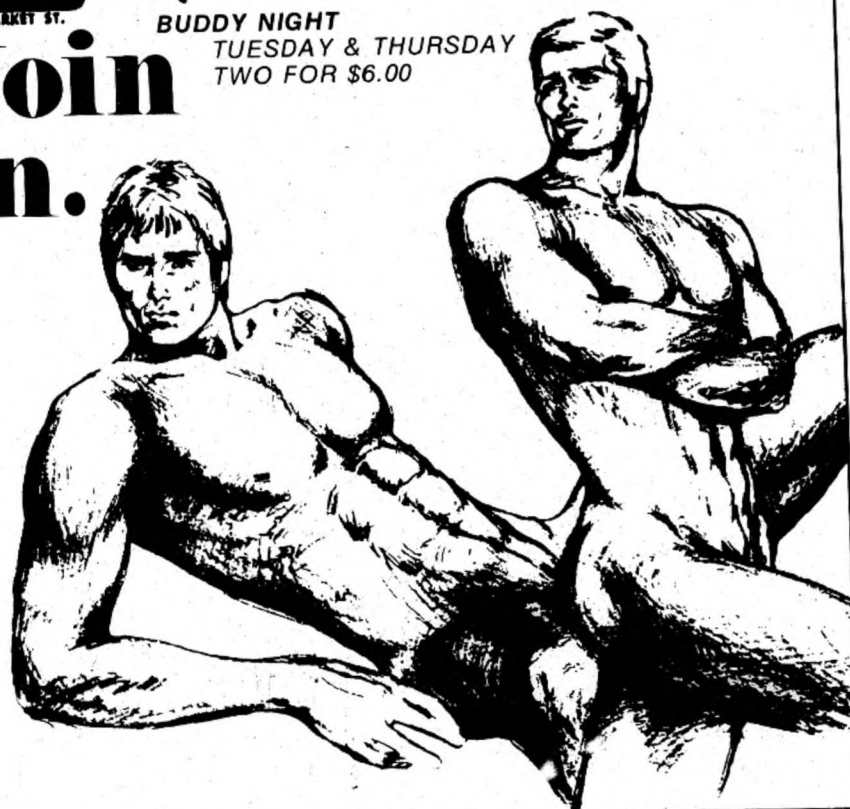
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## political savvy

**GAY MONEY/STRAIGHT CAUSES?**

by GEORGE RAYA  
MARK FREEMAN

THE SOFTBALL TEAM OF THE Police Department will be going up against the Gay All Stars of San Francisco once again this year. The Police will probably be taking a closer look and organizing their efforts a little better this time after their good-hearted but very decisive defeat of last year. And although there are honest differences of opinion within our communities over the value of a gay/police rivalry on the baseball diamond, many of us will certainly be buying admission tickets to root for the team of our choice.

All well and good. And once again, may the best team win. But there is another question about the game that arose last year, never got settled, and is with us again. How many, last year, knew that all the receipts of the benefit game went to a police "charitable organization," the Police Athletic League (PAL)? This year, while there is still plenty of time before the game is to be played, we'd like to take the trouble to decide if this is what we want, and raise the general question of whether the money we donate to charitable causes should go to aid "our communities" or "straight charities."

There have been a number of gay organizations who, out of very good and noble intentions, raise funds for straight charities or causes. But does our community attain any real benefit from this? The reasons in favor of gay fund raising for straight causes are 1) Good publicity for the gay community, and 2) Doing our social duty as part of the greater good.

But is it possible that the gay liberation movement is actually set back by these monies leaving our community and ending up in the coffers of the United Bay Area Crusade or whatever? And are we really by our actions trying to buy with cold cash our acceptance by raising funds for these charities?

If so, it's a very roundabout way to win acceptance. Even on the level of personal relationships, we all know that way of going about things is pretty unsatisfying in the long run. Our goal is not acceptance, per se, but a change in the

social values and realities that will bring that respect and gain that acceptance. It's good to remind ourselves that the advances we're making and the increased respect we command are due to the activism and organizing we are accomplishing in our own communities.

Our donations to straight charities have not decriminalized our sexual behavior. Those who accept our money are still not ready to hire us as openly gay teachers in the schools, or fight for

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## Politics

our legal rights as gay parents to custody of children. And how do you think a young gay would be "accepted" on one of the competitive baseball teams run by the Police Athletic League for "underprivileged youth?"

We are not opposed to straight charities. But we propose that for us there are more direct and effective alternatives to "charity." So-called Gay money can better serve our needs if it is directed into gay service organizations and some gay causes. For instance, in the following ways:

1) Gay people have problems that regular straight groups will not or cannot cope with. Groups such as the Whitman Radclyffe alcoholism project, Join Hands gay prisoner support, Page Street Survival House, Pride Foundation's anti-defamation campaign and the Los Angeles Gay Service Center's youth program and workshop for parents of gay people are only several examples.

2) A continuing statewide effort to secure passage of legislation that would change the laws we have to live under extend civil rights protection to our communities needs financing in order to succeed.

The commendable example being set by Emperor Bob Cramer should be followed by other gay organizations. Once a month the Cable Car Court has a fundraiser for a gay cause.

PAL itself has been involved in the past in fund raising activities that have come under serious question. More than half the monies raised by promoters through sales of tickets to circus performances were said to have gone directly into the pockets of the promoters themselves. Another instance involved PAL authorization for telephone persons selling magazines in the name of the police. Complaints were filed that this caused intimidation to those called to subscribe. The charges were investigated by the Fraud Department of the police and all persons involved were cleared. Marilyn Baker, now well-known as an investigative reporter on the SLA ran an expose of this question on KQED-TV Newsroom.

So while the Gay Community Vs. Police Softball Game may be of benefit

to both sides in coming to mutual understanding and respect, the question of who it benefits materially should be kept open. Last year the receipts went to PAL. This year they should go to a gay organization in need. Since we're in the position of giving the other team a chance to win back "the pennant" and out of a simple sense of fair play, we don't see how there can be any objection.

Therefore, specifically we're asking that the proceeds of this year's game go to the Page Street Survival House, a group that has been serving the community with job help, crash housing, and ser-

vice programs over the years and has never received the kind of funding it needs and deserves.

The question of who receives the funds raised by an annual softball game is only a local example that currently concerns us in San Francisco. Much more important is the on-going question of where our money goes. Let's take another look around at the varied and numerous agencies and organizations that have sprung from our own communities, and remember that the advances made by the efforts of some benefit all of us. ◊

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# theatre

## FATHERS DAY American Conservatory Theatre

A.C.T.'s latest In-Association-With (Barbara Rush Productions) is a hilarious evening of one line zingers with predictable enough humor and situations to satisfy even the remotest of tourists. Carole Cook and Barbara Rush are absolutely delicious to experience. They carry on in the old comic team tradition trading bitch lines as fast as laughter can follow. Three women are sitting out their divorces in a New York apartment building and the traumas of having ex-husbands in to visit their children serves as the plot vehicle and Neil Simon would turn green with envy if this "situation" had come up ten years ago.

This isn't really surprising and we only wonder what took desperation so long to find solution. **Fathers Day** is a pristine example of theatre imitating television and it takes good dope and super self control to keep the brushes of depression out of the evening and allow what's there—humor—come through. Later the depression hits. Substitute Maude, Bob Newhart's wife (Susan Somebody) and Mary Tyler Moore and you have the core cast with all of your favorite lines and bits intact with no culture shock at having left the warmth and safety of your Sony Trinitron. Since author Oliver Hailey (a very prolific writer) served as story editor for two seasons of—ugg—McMillan and Wife, it's clear that the apple never falls far from the tree.

Another upsetting aspect of this TVish script (in addition to the vile, tired, and dreary stock faggot jokes) is the blatant homosexuality/transvestite/transsexual nature of the evening. Women—real women—simply do not carry on this way. Drag bitch queens do and Hailey has captured the tone of a bitch queen with perfect, perfect

Laura Wallace, Carole Cook, Barbara Rush  
from FATHERS DAY, A.C.T.



cadence and the audience licked it like sweet, familiar cream. (What a perfect vehicle for all-male theatre!)

So for the slightish amount of \$8.50 (tops) one can see theatre imitating television; women imitating drag queens and walk away trying to remember the lines to spring at your next party such as, "My divorce is in shambles," or, "How 'bout some Debussy for my pussy."

**THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE**  
Showcase Theatre, 430 Mason St. SF

I was embarrassed—singers that don't sing, actors that don't act, orchestra that doesn't play and an incredible amount of mugging and unfocused

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energy. Goodness these kids try hard! But... we fled at intermission having reached the maximum point of discomfort. At this final preview, the audience sat quite quietly giving the performers very little to work off of and that may have dampened the spark so that there were no moments spontaneous enough to get something going.

Revivals without huge cuts simply don't work in 1975 and the very scripts are embarrassing. "No, No Nanette," and "Irene" were not revivals in the sense that they were done in original form but were re-tellings of a script with some of the original music. The producers of "Boys" didn't do their homework.

—Richard Piro



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MEN AND WOMEN



## women

### One of the most interesting findings of current empirical research into homosexuality is the growing conclusion that lesbians are better adjusted than female heterosexuals.

This wasn't always the conclusion, of course. According to earlier theorists such as Freud in 1920 and Deutsch in 1944, female homosexuality was believed to be the result of "an unresolved oral conflict" of the pre-Oedipal phase. And the very first close study of a lesbian, by Fromm and Elonen in 1951, argued that lesbians typically deprecated men and viewed people in animal-like categories.

But the first study of non-psychiatric lesbians, by Armon in 1968, showed no difference in "orality" between female homosexuals or heterosexuals, and documented that there was no significant "disparagement of men" among lesbians. Neither did Armon discover any noticeably masculine identification among lesbians. He concluded that lesbians were not psychopathological, and that they couldn't be classed into a clinical entity.

Armon's conclusion that lesbians aren't sick has been verified by virtually every study since then. Only one study has asserted that lesbians are more emotionally inhibited than female heterosexuals (this is part of the profile of "the lesbian personality" put forth by Hopkins in 1969—in the space of a mere four pages!).

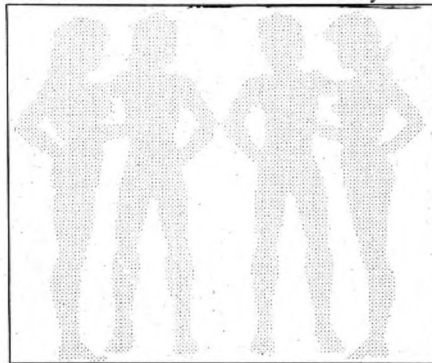
But most of the studies have begun to suggest that lesbians are somehow more socially fit than female heterosexuals. Gundlach and Reiss in 1968 concluded that lesbians have greater "field independence," that is, that they are better able to distinguish a figure from its surrounding context, a test which measures self-reliance. Most startling is the conclusion by Freedman in 1967 that lesbians are better adjusted psychologically than heterosexual women, that they have greater candor, greater self-acceptance, and greater acceptance and control of aggression, are more independent, inner-directed and self-actualised.

This has been supported by Wilson and Green in 1971, who conclude that lesbians have a greater intellectual efficiency and

endurance, and that heterosexual women tend to be more neurotic.

The most recent studies have steadily supported the evidence that lesbians are better adjusted. Siegelman in 1972 says that lesbians are more competent, mature, and independent than heterosexual women. And Steinmann in work still in progress shows that lesbians score higher than heterosexual women on tests which measure "self-achieving orientation for both self and ideal," her statistics drawn from a study of several thousand women.

Only one study in the series of 'modern' researches, that by Kenyon in 1960, suggests that lesbians are more neurotic. Kenyon's



study has been criticised by Siegelman on the basis that his 'lesbian' sample included many women who were more bisexual. The implication is that the more predominantly homosexual a woman is, the more likely she is to be better adjusted. These and related studies—all tending to the same conclusion—are discussed by Reiss, Safer, and Yotive in the first issue of the *Journal of Homosexuality*, 1974.

So what does all this mean? Most of the definitions of "good adjustment" are associated with 'masculinity' insofar as independence, for example, is regarded as a male attribute. This might suggest that lesbians are stereotyped men. BUT all the studies simultaneously indicate that lesbians are NOT male-identified (on Draw-a-Person Tests, for example, they don't typically draw a man before drawing a woman). Lesbians in fact seem to have some of the good mental health characteristics granted

to men, not because they imitate men, but because they escape the oppressive roles meted out to heterosexual women. "Good mental health" is more universal than sex-determined, and lesbians are better adjusted because they are allowed such things as self-awareness, instead of feminine role-playing, and can direct themselves to more fulfilling goals than marriage and motherhood. More than heterosexual men, heterosexual women, and heterosexual men, they are freer to become who they are.

Whether or not future studies will continue to reinforce the evidence that lesbians are indeed better adjusted than nearly everyone else, virtually all recent studies demonstrate that lesbianism does not fall into the category of "psychiatric disorder," and nearly all responsible students have now accepted this premise as the basis for future research.

Rictor Norton

(Reprinted from GAY NEWS, London)



## SISTERS

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## dining

### LA CUCARACHA 2500 Market St., SF

Hallelujah San Francisco's done it again! La Cucaracha is the hottest and finest "experience" to hit town in years and having it sit smack in the middle of the Market/Castro area is brilliant. Continuing in the tradition that makes San Francisco a designer's paradise, the graphics alone are worth the trip. Lynn West has converted an old candy factory loft into a spanking new/old subliminal Mexico trip with banana palm trees painted on the walls of this large, large room topped by a desert sunset ceiling mural with a three-sided view of the whole Market/Castro area seen through tiny bamboo slats. Add to this Carmen Miranda in extremis, the largest living Boston Fern plant we've ever seen and an authentic Mexican kitchen and you just begin the experience.

First out on the table was placed a funny pizza-like thing with no red on it but bits of melted cheese and spices. It's a quesadilla that is broken into small pieces and dipped into a mild red chilli sauce. The fascinating menu (in terms of content and design) runs from Filet Mignon (\$6.95) with everything else (and a gigantic everything that is) running an average of \$3.50.

I had a combination plate (\$4.75) that I won't begin to describe. It was a spectacular plate (the size of a medium pizza), hot, covered with treasures of enchiladas, tacos, rellenos, authentic black refried beans, with a mound of divine rice in the center. Just the sight of this feast would have been enough. John had the Chile Relleno with Arroz and for once, I didn't envy his choice since it was equally magnificent.

The kitchen crew are Mexican imports and, just having returned from a six week jaunt there, I can say that the reason the food in Mexico stinks is that all the good cooks are in San Francisco! Lynn adds a fascinating sound environment to complement the food, too.

When we thought another grain of rice would burst the bladder, Lynn appeared with their house specialty desert—Bananas Venezuela (\$1.50). Imagine, two whole bananas which have been done with rum and raisens and exotic spices with a mound of (real) whipped cream topped with a brilliant red cherry.

Two very filled, very satisfied, very turned on men walked out of La Cucaracha soaring with the experience of QUALITY wondering how the hell they manage to do it for the ridiculous prices they charge. The place carries a very posh wine list (presented in a padded leather wedding-album kind of affair with labels under plastic) and a full range of superb Mexican beers.

**ZELDA**  
Paradise Cove Shopping Center  
Corte Madera

Marin County enters the gay entertainment/restaurant experience and does it up in red. For those interested in getting out of the City for fun and frolic and food need only make one stop (after a short twenty minute drive). **Zelda** has it for you if it exists..

The menu (which lacked courage) ranged from Steak and Lobster (\$11.25) down to Baby Beef Liver (\$4.00). The theme was competence, charm, and a very, very mellow environment. The

mere fact that **Zelda's** exist in this shopping center is enough to disorient even the hardiest.

My Veal Chanterelle (\$5.25) was a superb combination of flavors closest to a Northern Italian Veal Saute—with a red wine sauce with fresh mushrooms. John (I was jealous) selected the Veal Cordon Bleu (\$4.95) which was a perfect combination of veal, melted cheese, ham and a similar wine sauce. The meal ended with excellent cheese cake and respectable coffee.

## ZELDA'S

That was the beginning. **Zelda's** has a discoteque type of operation that staggers the imagination. In a very filled area with almost as many women as men being jolly (plus a most respectable amount of cruising—you could feel it). Thus we ate and ran to the other room and stayed and stayed. One begins to feel that everyone looks the same in San Francisco and the only alternative to urban cowboys is in Berkeley but the range of physical types in Marin is even greater. Thus you have suburban cowboys to balance your visuals, and very established "assimilated" Marin gays, plus lots of upfront Lesbians, and all glossed over with sympathetic friends and neighbors of gays giving **Zelda's** a feeling of completeness that is lacking almost everywhere else.

It's a one stop place where, as we said, if it exists **Zelda** has found and tamed it and is offering it for your pleasure and consideration. Welcome to town!

— Ambrose

(The following short story is the third part of a five part piece. It is complete within itself. The first part, REASON, appeared in the February Vector followed by EROS. Next month's FORCE will conclude in June with LOVE.)

I FOLLOWED HANK INTO THE Base Chapel, which was built like an A-frame barn. Way up in front was a small altar with emblems of the Jewish, Catholic, and Protestant faiths. "You haven't called for several days," I said to his back as he slid into a pew in the middle of God's barn. "I'm not like your other tricks," he said rather smugly. He picked up a misal and realized it was the wrong relig-

an anemic-looking organist under a gigantic plastic cross.

"Listen, I'm relying so much on myself I'm in danger of giving my private parts a rash!"

"Well, I'm not your ordinary cheap guy."

"You're not ordinary at all, for Christ's sake!" I blessed myself.

"Excuse me!" I said to the altar. I grew serious.

"You're in danger of hanging yourself up for your whole life, because you're beginning to like not being 'ordinary.'"

"We shouldn't be talking about this subject in church."

I pushed down the kneeler and clasped my hands in prayer, looking over at Hank.

"I'm going to kill myself if you don't go to bed with me. You'll be responsible

"Look, I'm prepared to worship you today!"

He moved his knee away from me.

"Here now!"

"Yes, Here! Now! Anywhere! Furthermore, I'm prepared to give you all the kingdoms of the world, if you'll kneel down. . . and suck me off! Is that fair? Is that a bargain?"

"Hey, that's not right talk!" Hank reprimanded me, looking as if he expected a thunderbolt to incinerate the two of us the next moment.

"I'll even tell you what C.C. stands for." I offered.

"What?" He moved his moccasin on to the kneeler.

"A moccasin! Leather!" I sniveled.

"O, my big-hearted leather brave, come to my wigwam, my tepee. I will

# What We're Up Against

GAY DISCRIMINATION IN DENTISTRY

## WE MUST NO LONGER CRINGE BEFORE THE POWER STRUCTURE OF OUR INSTITUTIONS

by DONALD KLEIN, D.D.S.

FEW PEOPLE REALIZE JUST how enormous is the discrimination against gay people. Until the last few years, only a handful of people were open enough about their gay identities to confront the various institutions and agencies on the issue. But as nurses, teachers, electricians, writers slowly begin to come out, we find that heterosexism is rampant in every area. Having received my D.D.S. (Doctor of Dental Surgery) degree from Northwestern University, Chicago, in 1970, I felt it was up to me to investigate discrimination against gay dentists, since I knew of no other openly gay dentists willing to confront the institution in this country.

I began my survey by writing to the Directors of the Dental Boards in each of the fifty states. (In order to practice in a specific state, one must pass a series of examinations in that state.) My letter asked two questions: 1) Would your Board license someone who they knew was homosexual? 2) Would a homosexual person already licensed in your state have his/her license revoked if their sexual preference was known?

Thirty-two states responded over a period of three months, at which time I re-wrote the remaining 18 states which had not answered.

Another three months passed, and all states responded except Illinois, Iowa, Maine, Massachusetts, Mississippi, Nevada, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island. It is interesting to note that four of the eight states are in New England. New Hampshire, which is not exactly known for having an enlightened attitude about anything, replied, but instead of answering my questions they merely passed the

buck. The Board told me to contact the Attorney General, and the Attorney General referred me to a private attorney, which I could not afford. So, no answer, from a practical standpoint.

Other states' responses ranged from totally positive to totally negative. Typical of the positive responses was South Dakota which stated that "I do not feel the Board has to pry into the personal habits of dentists unless they are affecting their ability to perform as competent dentists." California, Oregon, and North Carolina gave similar replies.

The majority of states, however, gave "liberal" replies, not actually telling me anything one way or another. One problem is that my questions were all hypothetical. No openly gay dentist has ever had the courage to apply. Louisiana, for example, points out that, "The Dental Board does not pre-judge any case until specific facts are presented to it."

Sexual preference is not mentioned in any of the state statutes, but one does find vague phrases like "moral turpitude" and "immoral conduct." Such terminology is open to interpretation by each particular state. At least ten states say that a persons' dental license can be revoked due to "immoral conduct," and at least twelve more will revoke licenses if one is convicted of a felony or misdemeanor involving "moral turpitude." Since homosexuality is against the law in most states, this means that if the authorities wanted to do you in, they'd have a good legal case.

Some of the replies were pessimistic. West Virginia says that "pursuant to our laws concerning criminal offenses, this (homosexuality) is a violation passed by the West Virginia State Legislature. . . A person convicted of a crime or known to have committed a crime cannot be licensed."

Wyoming, too, is negative, "I can only say that the Wyoming Board would not

look favorably upon such a situation. . ." Speaking of homosexuality, the Oklahoma Board says that "This is not an accepted practice in Oklahoma." Although these states don't give an absolute "No," most gays would certainly not want to risk being open, and so would have to continue in "the closet living double lives" out of fear for their jobs.

Only one state was open enough to admit that the Middle Ages were alive and well in 1975. I asked, "Would Utah State Dental Board license someone who they knew was a homosexual?" They answered, "No. The individual must show good moral character." They also said that if a licensed dentist were discovered to be gay, "We would hold a hearing to revoke his license." This was especially disconcerting to me since I had several friends in Utah, and had wanted to take the Boards there. My seven years of college were down the drain because I was able to love another man spiritually and physically.

Why the necessity to be open? Why tell the Board one's sexual preference? The reason is that we must not cringe to the ignorant people in positions of power.

My right to practice dentistry should have nothing to do with my likes and dislikes in bed. If I were to neglect telling the Board, and were to be licensed, I would always be afraid of having that license revoked. I could never be open about a beautiful and integral part of me, for fear that my livelihood would be terminated.

I urge all gay dentists to begin opposing the power structure. Please write to me to share your ideas for a collective effort to change the laws, to discuss personal cases of discrimination, or just for support. All information I receive will be kept confidential. Please write Donald Klein, D.D.S., 2027 Hearst St. Berkeley, California 94709. ◇

# Whooping

THE ARGUMENT FROM COMPASSION

by DANIEL CURZON

Part 3

ion. He lifted a Protestant prayerbook instead.

"What other tricks?" I said, hearing my words fly up. I stared up for a second, wondering if it would do any good to call on God. Was God very big on helping gays? Or was he still pro-heterosexuals? Or at least pro-Israelites!

"I don't have any other trucks. Not one, not one in three months, Hank! I'm going berzerk!"

A dozen or more of God's customers came in and sat in pews up closer to the front.

"You'll have to learn to rely on yourself." Hank placed a shushing forefinger over his inscrutable hillbilly lips and looked up to see if the service was ready to start yet. A minister was conferring with

for someone's death."

"You ought to have some clothes made," he said in the same incantory he always said that.

"I'm going to have to have angel wings made then." I didn't smile.

"Maybe you'll go to the other place," He knew he looked like an all-American cherub in his starched white shirt and tie.

"How can I? I'm already in the other place!"

Hank pointed at a hymn in the prayerbook.

"You want to stay and worship with me today?"

I got down off the kneeler onto the floor and placed my pious hands on his knee.

cover you with bearskins and beargrease—and other greasy things."

Hank was caught between laughing at my fooling and dismay because I was blasphemous.

"You're acting like a heathen," he said, knowing—I think—that he sounded silly.

"You're going to make me slit my throat with my tomahawk."

"What does C.C. stand for?" he asked, leaning toward me.

"Clayton Conrad."

"Really?"

"It used to be Child Crippler, but I changed it."

"Is it really Clayton Conrad Cochran?"

"Anything you want, Hank baby!"

(Continued on page 50)

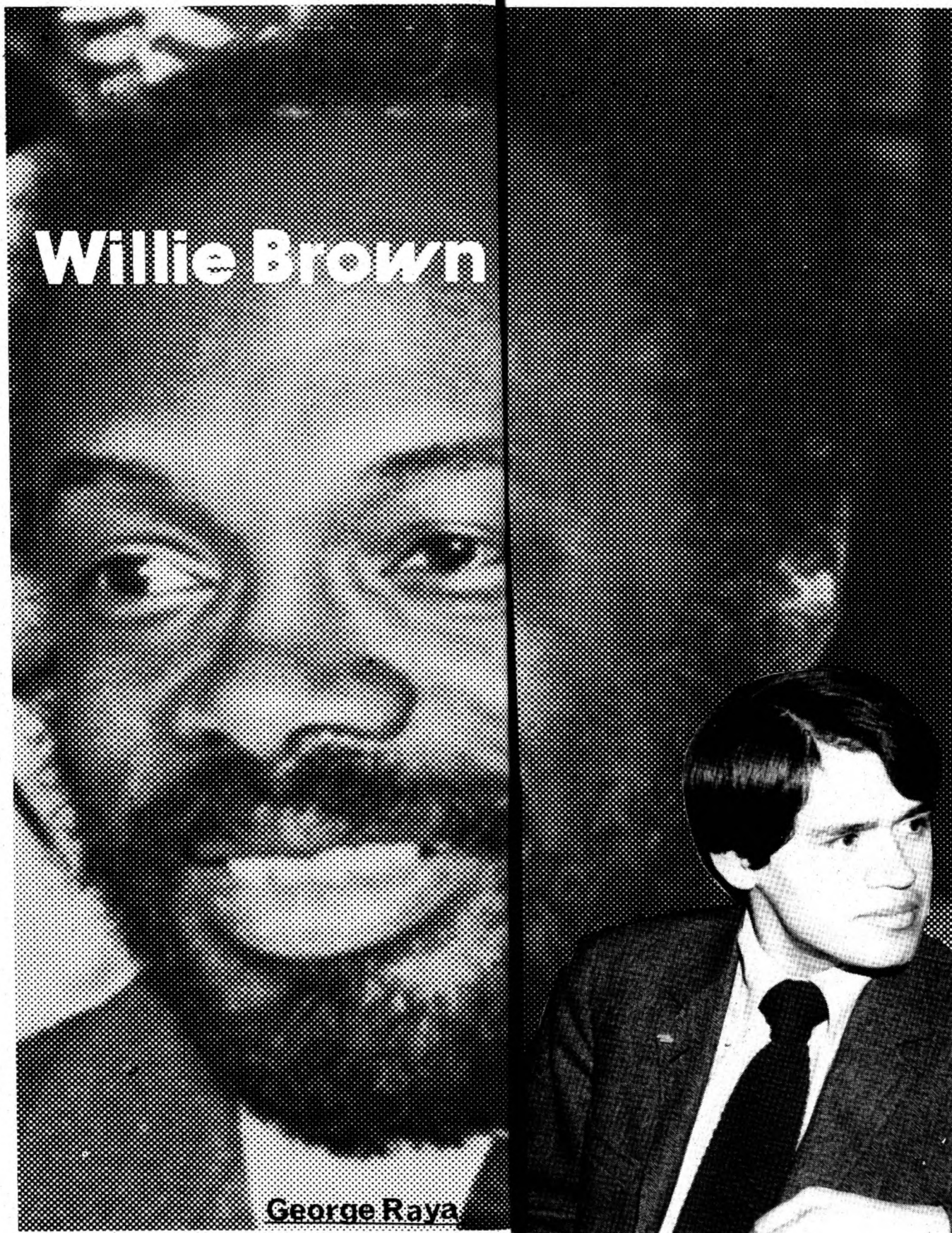
# “UNNATURAL” SEX BILL PASSES!

by FRANK FITCH

**T**HE HARD WORK OF ASSEMBLYPERSON WILLIE Brown Jr. (D-SF) in conjunction with lobbying by gay people, largely focused through George Raya this year, has paid off. AB 489, which will forever remove criminal sanctions against oral copulation and sodomy by repealing sections 288a and 286 of the Penal Code passed the Assembly 45-26. This is the culmination of a six year long effort.

After the bill was first introduced by Willie in 1969, his friends felt called upon to point out, when introducing him at functions, that even though he was carrying gay rights legislation, he was definitely married and the father of three children. Legislators that told the gay community they would support a broad penal code reform bill, balked when asked to support a bill dealing specifically with sodomy and oral copulation. In November of 1971, the first vote on the bill on the floor of the Assembly, there were 27 votes yes—14 short of passage. In part, this was due to the vocal and obstinate denunciation of the bill by former Governor Reagan and his flat decision to veto it, if passed. Nonetheless, quietly and behind the scenes, Willie Brown was using his powerful position as Chairperson of the Ways and Means Committee to educate fellow legislators and gain support and votes for his bill. He also used money given him by his gay and straight supporters to help finance the campaigns of candidates that would be supportive of progressive legislation such as the Consensual Sex Bill. He also impressed upon the gay community the importance of lobbying assemblypeople throughout the State.

The Gay community did not get involved in great numbers in forcefully lobbying the Assembly until the passage in the Senate last year of a Penal Code revision package called SB 39. That bill removed sanctions against heterosexual sodomy and oral copulation, but retained them against homosexuals. Thus homosexuality became illegal for the first time in California. This direct attack upon our community mobilized a tidal wave of opposition to SB 39 in the



CALIFORNIA IS THE FIRST STATE TO PASS  
SEX LAW REFORM WHICH WAS NOT PART  
OF A PENAL CODE REFORM PACKAGE

Assembly Judiciary Committee and the bill was buried.

The fact that such an inimicable bill was introduced, came out of committee and passed the Senate largely without our knowledge, brought home the necessity for a lobbyist for our community in Sacramento. Such a person would keep us informed of new legislation, see to the introduction of bills helpful to gay people and educate legislators to vote for such measures. In December of 1974, our community was fortunate enough to discover a person who was willing, without pay, to do this important lobbying in Sacramento—George M. Raya.

George first came to our attention by succeeding in getting a gay employment discrimination ordinance passed by the Berkeley City Council. George came to the Bay Area from Sacramento, where he received a BA in Political Science. In Sacramento he was a founding member of the Society for Homosexual Freedom, a member of the Sacramento County Democratic Central Committee and chaired the Student Senate of Sacramento State University. He first learned about the legislative process while working for the Rules Committee under John Burton. Being on the staff of this powerful committee and a member of the Democratic Central Committee gave George an opportunity to get to know legislators and their staff, to sharpen his political skills and to acquire an expertise in the realities of the legislature.

George moved to the Bay Area in September of 1972 to attend law school at the University of California Berkeley. Immediately his presence was felt. Within one year of his arrival he became overall director of the law school legal assistance programs, a member of the Student Senate, a founding member of a gay law student association and a leading figure in the Chicano student organization. The City Council appointed George to Berkeley's Community Health Advisory Committee where he served as Vice Chairperson. George's activities lead to his initiation into the Order of the Golden Bear, U.C.'s most prestigious social and service organization, as well as membership in the Commonwealth Club. In October of 1973, George became active in the Alice B. Toklas Memorial Democratic Club of San Francisco. The next year, Jim Foster, Founding President of that club, asked him to be manager of his campaign.

(Continued on page 54)

I CLAPPED MY HANDS AGAINST the chill of the night air. Drifting fog outlined the dark water of the river and, huddled in the darkness under the bridge, I watch it move toward me under the weeping trees by the path. Abrupt cement walls separate the river from the walk beside it and the city above.

A dull moon, clung with shroud, scatters scarce light over the waves that lick quietly beneath me. The cold stone under the bridge enhances my depressed state of mind. I do not watch the river, for me there is nothing here. This is not Paris, enchanting, but a Paris of high and fallen hopes that have driven me through its alien countryside. I no longer have a home, you see. I am truly, "Ten thousand miles in the mouth of a graveyard. . ."

music. Or perhaps they only paid homage to vanity, I didn't care.

Certainly I had been a fool to have come to France on a one-way ticket, and twenty-five francs seemed a long way from the price of a ticket back. Didiers' words rang back sharply in memory: "an act of faith" he had called it. "Damn you!" I muttered to the dark.

The anger in my voice started me. I stared out over the river. "I love you Didiers" I heard myself say. I wanted to hate him, I wanted to love him but I could no longer do either. I rarely saw Didier now that I had moved upstairs and there, isolated, I lived in a frustrated void adrift in memories.

I shoved myself to my feet, clapping my hands across either shoulder and

others' eyes. In a shady glen we will make love by a stream, and your face, your face will be the imagery of angels and demons. We will bear together at the end of a long search and our laughter will wash us away and join us again. . .

Some memories are nails pounded into your hands, they rout me with terror and my eyes water in the cold. The emptiness of the street is blurred. I walk past tiny, dark shops under skeletal trees, and at this hour it is wholly quiet but for the gentle buzz of beige street lamps. I talk to myself now too, it has become a habit. I have lived alone in my small room at the top of the stairs for two weeks. Too long. He has little to do with me now, his sister Anne is the only one close to

# PRECIPICE

A Short Story by J. HUEBENER

I feel I am ugly when I am alone. I dreaded the prospect of returning to my room, my empty room under the roof. There would be no one home when I got there, save myself, and I haven't been my own best company.

The shadowy darkness of the bridge engulfed me and my thoughts stirred a bitter isolation: He doesn't love you anymore, there is nothing simpler nor more complex than than, are you stirring the ashes of a dying fire? Didier doesn't love you anymore. What had he said? "Yes, I will always love you. . . as long as you do not lose your beautiful balls."

I wanted to laugh as I thought of Didier. I clenched my fist and wanted to cry. I took a blue package of Gauloise from my pocket, pulled one out and lit it. From the box of matches a juggling clown grinned up at me.

I stuffed them both into my pocket, and fumbling, took out a cloth handkerchief in which I had wrapped the few coins I had earned and spread it out on the cold stone, counting them again. Twenty-five francs. The Metro had been crowded today, perhaps they had liked my

watched the other side of the river, stung with lights wafting in the mist. Low-flying clouds were underlit by the city glow: the top of the Eiffel tower, with its revolving light, sliced into them. I picked up my guitar case and walked, listening to my footsteps echo on stone and water. Golden leaves drifted before my feet: Autumn, Fall. Trees clung desperate against the stripping breeze that made me shiver. As I climbed the stone steps to the street my memories of Summer, those days with Didier that were joyous, displaced the alien coldness of the Paris night. Warmth came by only remembering. . .

The sun would shimmer along waves of sand, and he will see me running naked. I will meet Didier here for the first time, on this beach. An exhilarating day! A wonderful day; we will not need to speak. Gently, between our eyes, we'll pass messages of mood and tone. We'll share chocolate and French rolls and wine, we'll build sand castles. Then, later, we will watch as the tide rolls across the walls we've formed together. Gulls will flash through the sun and we'll sparkle in each

him, they could almost be lovers. Lovers, the very word is distasteful. What a change from the first few days here! It has been the trip to the South that had turned the tables, meeting Didier's few friends. And one by one the friends he respected rejected me. He told me I had to change myself. I tried to, too. But he said, "It's not your fault. You took too much acid. You have died. You can no longer leap." I had stumbled over these ideas of his: I could not deny them nor affirm them. Was I really dead? Had I damaged my mind, and died, as he said? And when we returned to Paris I had moved upstairs and my confusion took on manifold meaning with this rejection: "You are no longer able to create beauty."

My feet echoed in the street as I crossed Rue Mesnil and made my way to the small wooden door that led into the court of a great hewn-stone building that bordered the street. I shut the latch and walked quietly through the first court and stopped by the mailbox anxious for a letter, from anyone. I sorted



through the stack of rejected mail, started through the pile again and shoved it to the back of the box and walked on.

My footsteps clattered. I looked up at the faceless windows and the moon shone full overhead in a clearing sky.

The door was unlocked and I entered quietly. I started up the stairs and at the top of the first landing I stopped silent before Didier's door. No thin crack of light lit the slit at the bottom. On its front was an envelope thumbtacked there, from Claude Petit. My insides tightened as I thought of Claude and impulsively I took it down and slid out the contents. A month ago I would have been more trustworthy. A month ago I had leved there with Didier. I read the note.

Mon Cher Didier,

This is to let you know that I miss you terribly, as always. I will be back tomorrow for your birthday.

Your friend, Claude Petit

I fingered the crisp thousand-franc note that had fallen out of the envelope. It trembled slightly in my hand and hastily I replaced them in the envelope and tacked it back in place. I felt faintly ill, my insides were knotted as I climbed the stairs to the second floor. And what will you give Didier for his birthday, I asked myself, now that he doesn't want you?

In the darkness on the third floor I fumbled out my key and then rushed to the toilet and threw up. As I hung over the bowl, suspended by unexpected weakness, I thought of aged Claude Petit with his tired, greedy eyes and bourgeois manners with Didier. The thought of the sexual debt sickened me. I thought of Claude's hands carressing Didier's cheeks; it was just the money, the damned money. I rose wearily.

The light hurt my eyes a little as I opened the door. Every night for some time I had left the lights on, as though someone were home. "No one is home," I thought as I entered. Thinking of Claude Petit made my aloneness feel immediate. The money angered me. I threw the guitar onto the bed and walked two short steps to the window.

Tile Roofs gleamed under the moon. Construction cranes like giant and distant storks loomed above the line of tiles. The Paris horizon was in a state of flux from the antiquated to the modern and everywhere beauty was being uprooted, everywhere.

I got a drink of water and swilled the bitter taste out of my mouth and then went to my jacket to spread the coins out once again on the desk and roll them into bank-papers for the morning. I jotted down meagre earnings and summed them, ran the pencil through my hair and looked absently out the window. I thought about the three hundred more franks I would need, yet, I did not want to leave.

I wanted to go downstairs. I wanted to see Didier. I wanted to possess him as I had in the past and this was my constant horror for I could not bring myself to do it. I so feared his rejection. This was a valid fear, for the last two weeks had been like that. "I cannot listen to you speak, please leave me alone. Go upstairs. . ."

My eyes crossed the box of rat poison I had bought, I don't know why, at the market. I took it down and turned it round in my hands, reading the morbid instructions. It was absurd. I wished I had some hash. The thin-tubed pipe lay useless as I toyed with other artifacts littered on my make-shift desk. From a matchbox I took four white tablets and downed them without water. The taste stayed in my throat. I got up and flicked out the light, stripping off my clothes, and climbed slowly into bed, keeping the end of the bed from creaking down into the box that supported it. Claude would be back tomorrow. I lay in the dark waiting. I tried to sleep. The events of the day clung on for a time but broke down before the memories I roused within me. Memories washed and swayed me towards sleep as I thought of our days in San Francisco; memories pacified me, overjoyed me. . .

Soft yellow lights, San Francisco rolled behind dark windows. The trolley was almost empty, the last leaving for the city, and it rattled and wove with an electric hum and the clattering of tracks.

Didier moved my arm down off the seat and around his shoulders, nestling

in closer to me, his eyes closed. I did not mind the few blank, vacant stares we got for our conspicuousness. I closed my eyes and shut them out. In San Francisco no one really minds anyway. I thought about the day we had spent exploring beaches on the coast. Didier's head lay easily on my shoulder as he slept and I watched the dark city close down around us. I ran my fingers lightly through his hair. What would I have done, I asked myself, if I had never met you, Didier? And what will I do when you must return to France? I didn't like to think about the lonely days that has passed before I met him, the somewhat desperate person who had first fallen into his arms. How much do I love you? Enough to go to France with you? But it was frightening to take life on faith: at least a two-way ticket, I told myself, at least that much protection. I looked down at Didier, so content in my arms, and asked myself a fatal question: Did I need to protect myself?

I stirred slowly awake to a gentle knocking on the door. It stopped, and for a moment I lay in the dark. It could only be Didier. I was sluggish with sleep as I heard a second knock.

"Didier?" I closed my eyes and tried to fetter my rising fears.

"May I come in?" The door opened just enough so that I could see his face clearly. He smiled boyishly. His eyes twinkled. He knew that I thought of little else but seeing him. With the sort of expression one would expect from a cat playing with a mouse, he entered and I swallowed heavily as he sat on the end of the bed, the box creaking uneasily beneath his weight. I had turned my face from his. I could feel him rocking one leg back and forth, fidgeting, and I did not move. His hand touched my leg and moved up and down over the blanket, caressing.

"Are you all right?" His voice was restrainedly gentle, musical. Who was he speaking to?

"Yes," I murmured. I did not try to put aside the resentments welling up within me. Despite them I took his hand and held it under mine on my chest. Then I could look at him. He sat suspended in silence, watching me and smiling weakly. Angels and demons! The angelic in his face entranced me but there was



# the EVERARD

## Strangest Flower In The Flower District

by H. Karp

**W**EST TWENTY-EIGHTH STREET may be the grimmest street in New York City. In fact, it may be the grimmest street in the whole world. The buildings have no charm; not even the charm of craziness. Naturally (it makes sense, in New York, sweetheart) West Twenty-Eighth Street is the center, the heart, of New York's Flower District, the place where *all* the flowers that Jackie Onassis fills her apartment with come from. Except for a few dreary places dotted about that sell fur scraps to whoever uses fur scraps for whatever fur scraps are used for and an unprepossessing restaurant or two (one of them advertises: "The Best Bouzouki Player in New York", it's always deserted and the sound of the best—or the worst—bouzouki never floats out into the street), the place is solid wholesale florists. They operate out of grim, dusty places and even if they are often bursting with the madness of anemones and chrysanthemums, the windows are so dirty one can hardly see the living embers of flowers glowing in-

side. The stores are owned mostly by sour-faced, frightening men who snarl at each other in an incomprehensible language that might have started out being Greek. Huge trucks are lined up at the curb all day and often in the middle of the street as well and large men dressed in New York Drab hurry in and out of the stores carrying enormous boxes, screaming at each other and at the florists who are snatching the boxes and flinging them on counters. Sometimes at three in the morning when the flower market is just starting, the truck drivers and the florists lean against the trucks drinking coffee out of paper cups, their feet covered with rotting rhododendron leaves and cancerous scraps of smilax. It's a genuinely full-of-shit street, New York at its absolutely bottom-of-the-world worst. It's the kind of street people walk blocks not to walk on if at all possible.

An incredibly terrible place.

Except about a quarter of the way between 6th and 7th Avenues on the

downtown side of the street across from a parking lot, there is one of the best places in the City. Maybe one of the best places in the world. It's a building that *does* have charm; the charm of craziness, to be sure, but charm just the same. What it looks like is a synagogue built by a congregation of crazed Portuguese Jews.

("What was it built as?" I ask a guy at the front desk. "I think maybe a church," he says. The bald man sitting with him snarls, "You're out of your fucking head, it was built as a baths." "Bullshit," says the first guy.)

It's the **Everard Baths. Famous! Internationally famous! Renowned! Known everywhere!**

In Amsterdam, I am dancing at the DOK and a lovely Indonesian boy said, "American, yes?" I nod. "Ahhh," he says. "You know the Everard? It is my dream, to visit the Everard. It is my ambition."

The Everard Baths. Read about it in Ned Rorem's *New York Diaries*, in Alfred Chester's stories. In the climax of an extra-  
(Continued on page 47)

# "UNNATURAL" COUPLES

photography by  
Graeven Image



THEY'RE  
ALL  
GONE

**Time: 4am; Place: Market & Mason Street**

One hustler who has just arrived in the city and who doesn't have a place to stay, had been talking to another one who has a hotel room. They decide to give up and go home together. They're both hungry but broke and no food in the room, so they go to bed hungry. The guy who has the room has a big hard on and says, "If you're so hungry you can eat me."

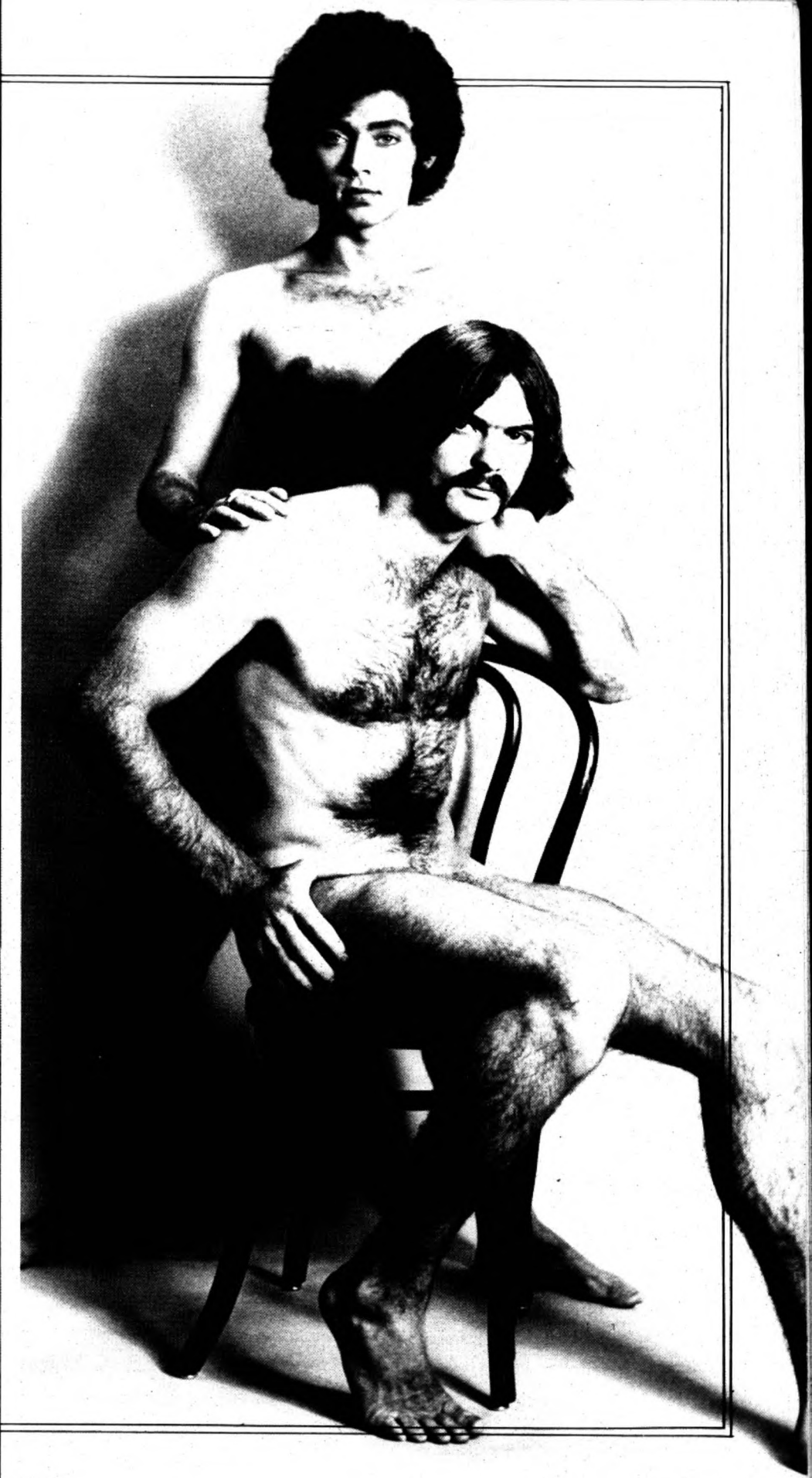
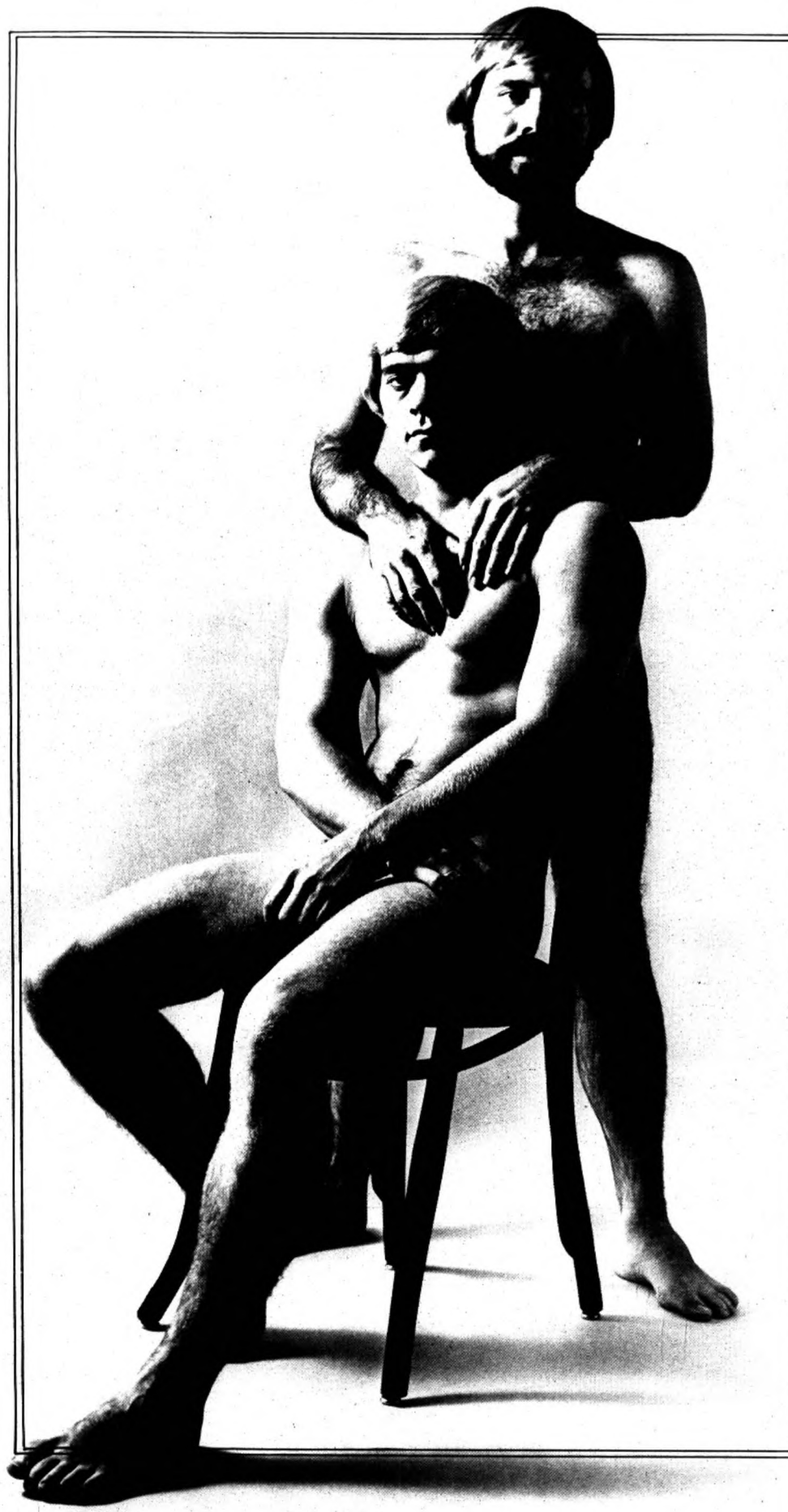
The new guy answers, "Oh, man, I have that done to me. I don't do it."

At that, he pushes the other guy's head down, and says, "If you want to sleep here, do it and jack off at the same time."

He then slides down and takes a bite of the cock. The other guy screams and kicks him out of bed, then jumps on him and they start fighting.

*(Continued on page 45)*







# PHALLISM



by Norman Davis

**P**ICK UP ANY GAY WANT-AD column and the same words appear again and again: "Heavy-hung stud, W/M endowed, want to meet with stud with 9" or more, must be well hung", etc.

Whether the sexual interest is active or passive, French or Greek, size seems very important, and the man with more than most would seem to have everything pretty much his own way.

What does it all mean?

It would be easy to say we're all size-queens, and let it go at that, but we know that isn't true. Nor is it true that bigger is always better, because often enough the owners of biggies are totally incapable of 1) getting it up, 2) keeping it up, 3) getting it up enough so it doesn't suffer from the bends, 4) getting off before his partner has either slipped a disc or dislocated his jaw, or gone dry. Nobody comes to the show to enjoy previews.

Biologically, they're all the same; two columns of cavernous tissue which swell up when the blood fills them, causing rigidity of the columns. The urethra lies

below and between these columns. At one end of the columns is the body, with the phallus arising from between the legs (a protected position, when we ran on all fours) with supporting muscles going between the legs and back toward the anus. At the other end of the columns lies the head, or glans (however distant that may be from the body), protected at birth by a bit of skin the doctors are fond of removing. The reasons for doing this are complex, but I suspect, chiefly involve the fee for the operation. In any case, the glans is where it's at. That's where the nerve endings come close to the surface—around the edge of the crown, and in the small triangle formed by the intersection of the two bottom lobes of the glans and the urethral column.

Big or small makes no difference, enough friction in the right places, and the damned thing goes off. "It" doesn't differentiate between the various possible sources of friction, whether it be hand, mouth, vagina or ass or a fur glove or some other nice surface. All the differentiation goes on in the mind of the owner.

I think we have to look at our concepts of "male" to understand the fixation with size. As children, we were brought up by straights in a straight world, where all of us (boys and girls both) were taught to regard a whole roster of male ideals highly. These included strength, influence, wealth, aggression, competition, popularity, and the like. Where comparisons between two males could be made, the stronger was esteemed more than the weaker; the more influential more than the less so. The greater number of these male attributes one had, the more made one in some obscure way, more masculine, more male, and therefore better. This concept frequently has led fathers to brag about his 6'4", 240 pound dummy son, at the expense of a less beefy son who might have taught himself Spanish, for example. It has led to guys spending all their waking hours with bar bells, trying to develop the biggest pectorals in Ogalala.

So we have a paradigm of male properties, all of which equate more or bigger



# A DAY AT THE BEACH

by TOM FELT

**H**E WAS IMPATIENT, RUSHING AHEAD OF ME through the trees. By the time I reached the beach, slipping clumsily down the steep path, he had already thrown aside his clothes and was wading, naked, out into the ocean. He turned, waving to me, the sun burnishing his body. Everything about him was golden. This is the way that I remember him.

Or rather: it is his nakedness that I remember. As he ran down into the water, the spray made his buttocks glisten and when he turned back to wave, tiny droplets had collected about his groin and his penis was wet from the sea. I walked slowly along the shore, without undressing, ashamed of the heaviness of my own body and envious of his youth. The waves lapped at my ankles and I shivered. I did not know how I could keep him; I knew that soon, all too soon, he would go away. This is what I remember.

And I remember the salt taste later, of his penis. It was still hot from the sun, and his body was golden all over, and perhaps this is what I remember best; this, and the salt taste of his semen.

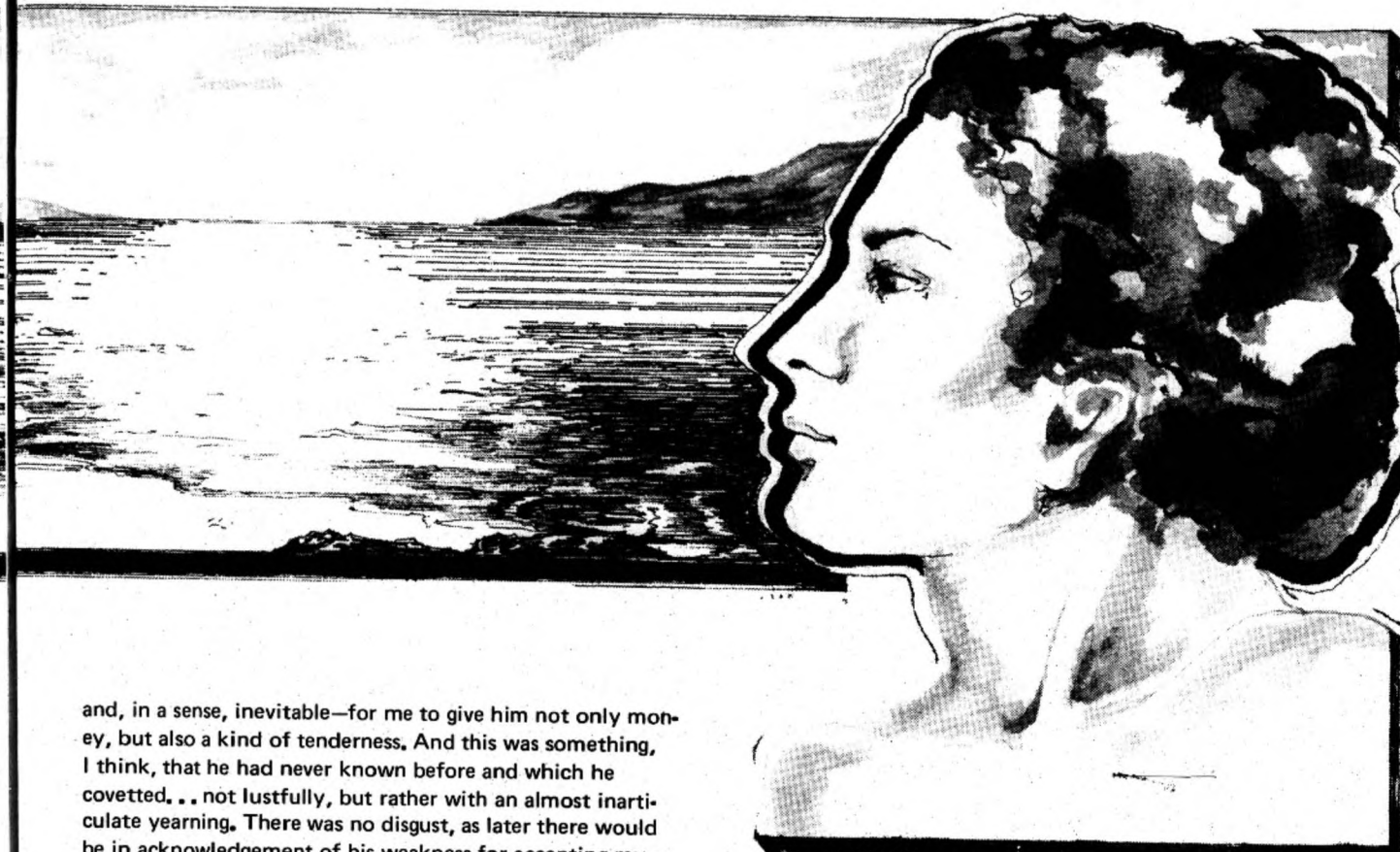
**T**HE FIRST TIME, I GAVE HIM TOO MUCH MONEY. He smiled at my gaucherie and stuffed it into the pocket of his levis without counting it. I was aware of his contempt; I am not an undignified man by nature. And yet—had he asked for it—I would have given him more.

I am not entirely able to explain this. He would have prostituted himself for less. But I think that I knew, even then, that no amount of money could ever buy his soul, and that, in some curious way, he would always remain inviolate. It was this, I suppose, that made him so overwhelmingly attractive to me.

Though I do not mean to suggest that he was insensitive. I think, rather, that he must have recognized that I was beyond the point where I could be hurt. And that all that he could offer me was contempt. Contempt and humiliation.

(Yes: I remember the time, much later, when he insisted that I fuck him—I who had never wanted to bear down on his slender form, fearing that it would be too suffocating. And yet, he reveled in it. He mocked my tears and laughed at the rage that grew within me until, frenzied, I was able to accomplish his desire. And then it was I who felt violated, the bulk of my stomach and hips pressing him to the bed. He once said to me that he was indifferent to events. And to some extent, I think that this must have applied to people as well.)

**T**HAT DAY AT THE BEACH WAS SO POIGNANT because it was the longest time we had ever spent alone together without sex as our immediate object, (though it was there, as always: it was what I was seeking, what I anticipated, knowing it to be the only thing that he could offer in return for... what? Well yes, for money, but by that time too, for a kind of ponderous affection as well, an obsession that bordered on love but without binding him as love might have done. Something that made it possible—



and, in a sense, inevitable—for me to give him not only money, but also a kind of tenderness. And this was something, I think, that he had never known before and which he coveted... not lustfully, but rather with an almost inarticulate yearning. There was no disgust, as later there would be in acknowledgement of his weakness for accepting my love, though it was never quite that—the slight tincture of feeling that would make it impossible for us to ever be alone in this way again—alone without the rigorous protection of sex.

And on that day, perhaps he felt a sense of freedom that he had never known before. The beach was deserted and there was only I, I, who would wait patiently. I, who had made all this possible and yet, who would never insinuate myself beyond the limits that he had set. (The limits that he delighted in changing daily, without warning, as if to torment me, to keep me dangling like the most wretched of fools. And I—I was aware, even more so than he, of the utter depths of foolishness to which I had fallen, or rather, of the depths to which I had sought.)

There was only I. He was alone with the sea and unhampered by the necessity of using his body (as, under any ordinary circumstances, he must use it: to attract, to seduce, and always, to compete.) He shed his clothes and ran into the water, splashing with his arms and yelling and laughing at the salt sting upon his naked body. I could have loved him then.

Perhaps I did.

Perhaps he will return to me now.

**I** LEANED DOWN TO SET MY LIPS AGAINST THE flesh of his belly. (This was the first time.) I was almost afraid to touch him—tormented by the fear that to do so would disrupt the stillness. And then I remained that way for as long as I dared, my lips dry against his skin.

He did not move.

It was a kind of acquiescence, perhaps even indifference—as if he has been trained never to assert himself, but always to follow, follow.

I inhaled the odors of his youth, the musky, sweaty smell of his sex. I touched, with my lips, the dry, crinkly hairs that nestled about his penis. And then, when I could stand it no longer, I felt the touch of his hands on my head pulling me down between his legs. My lips glided over cock and balls and into the crevice of his buttocks; I was no longer restrained. When he came, it was in a high arc that splashed hot and wet onto his chest, his hands still clasping my head: he did not make a sound.

In the silence, there was sweetness. I pressed my face against his wet skin and wept.

And now he has gone, To San Francisco, I suppose, or to New Orleans, or New York. To some place where his youth will be renewed.

My poor golden boy. Did I drive you from me? Did I press too hard for your love, because I could not love you enough?

There was an infinity of desire.

I knew that you could not love me at all.

And that is what I remember: that day at the beach. And the pure, glorious nakedness of the boy who has gone.

That is all that remains. ◇



**YOU'RE  
GOING TO BE  
a  
supernumeral**

**Dennis Charles**

**Y**OU'RE GOING TO BE A supernumeral!"

What's a supernumeral? It's a \$2.00 a night, spear-carrying extra for an opera. In this case it's *Aida*.

"What would we have to do?"

"Be a soldier in the first army of Pharaoh, carry a spear, wear a gold skirt and march on and off stage once."

"We'll do it. Sounds like fun. None of us have ever been in an Opera before."

The above conversation happened on Thanksgiving Day, and resulted in about three hours of intriguing, anxious, riot-out fun.

Reporting time, six pm. Going in the stage door didn't have the grandeur that the front door on Opening Night at the San Francisco Opera has. No glitter or enthusiasm, just the normal walk and the conversation of people reporting for work. Most of the "supers" had been through make-up, wardrobe and on stage before. You could tell the veterans from the amateurs by their attitude. Walking through the door, making a quick left turn, stopping at the table manned by two men, signing their name and collecting the \$2 paid for their services without the quickest break in their conversation or relaxed poise.

"Follow that passageway," were the only instructions that were given for us to find our way to the dressing area. Down about two flights was a prime sight. Twenty or so women stood beneath the trap doors of the stage, the ropes, sand bags, dead sets and clutter, doing what they should—dressing. No screams or yells as members of the male sex approached.

"Where' my other sandle? Who copied my halter top?"

We walked through as fast as if we had walked into a ladies' room uninvited. None of them seemed to mind. This was theatre!

Passing them, and pushing on, we crossed a gangway of two boards and a thin and smooth rope railing that hugged the back wall. It connected opposite sides of the under stage. In the middle was a gaping hole that was forbidden to be occupied by anyone. The different elevator sections of the stage were lowered and raised into this pit. Each was numbered for accurate manipulation. They were all closed, making the upstairs flat. But someone had broken the unspoken rule. There was eviden-

ce of some type of occupation in the pit. Behold a beer can, a coke can and an empty box of cigarets lay there.

Feeling more comfortable off the rope bridge, that spanned the pit, we sighted mass confusion. There were 30 to 40 Egyptian soldiers smoking cigarets, light bulbs surrounded mirrors, occupied, and tons of lead pipe racks holding what was to be the uniforms of the five armies of Pharaoh.

"Where do I go, what do I do first?" were the half panicked pleas. No one seemed to know.

Pharaoh's army wasn't that much different from the one in which some of us had been in. Going on past experience our flash reaction was not to volunteer for anything, be inconspicuous, and look like we were doing something until we had sized up the situation. The most logical conclusion we could make was to get the body make-up on. We could see that the spear carriers who were dressed had body make-up on. We could see that it had to be make-up. No one could ever get a tan the color of brown clay.

"Down those spiral stairs and put on body make-up," said a very bald and fat high priest of Anok. We proceeded unquestioningly. Who was going to doubt a high priest?

Thankful for some, any, positive directions we descended into the house of the dead. There your ancestry was wiped out by a sponge and a large pot of brown clay body make-up.

"Strip to your shorts and paint every inch of your body that is visible except the hair on your head," commanded the head master. A different emotion arose at this point. Our group, entirely Gay, opened our eyes wide. Inspection of a fun kind was in order. Everyone trying not to be seen looking at parts of other male bodies were catching other persons' inspection of the same thing. The opera certainly attracts beautiful people!

We helped each other apply our tans for it's hard to sponge your own back. It went on easy and dried quickly. It began to feel as if we had put mud on and it was beginning to dry, crack, and make that awful gritty sound that dry mud on your skin makes. Someone yelled some encouragement.

"Just wait until you try to get that stuff off, suckers."

After some discussion we novices de-

cidated it would be as easy as mud to get off. We failed to consider that mud doesn't have oil and pigment dye in it.

There was a line forming at the spiral staircase. Being a potential soldier at this point, I automatically fell in. Inspection in front of hot light was in order. Each armpit was checked, back, chest, face, leg pits and arm pits. Touch ups were done painstakingly by the inspector. It was an event that should have been done as quickly as possible. Especially since the inspector was one of the very young and well built ballet dancers who was dressed in his own thin tights. Having your body examined that closely, created, for the novices, a slight but pleasant uneasiness. (Theatre!) But after we all passed the inspection station, our anxiety quickly passed. The inspected soldiers filed up the stairs as soon as they had been examined. Being good soldiers, we followed.

"Pick up a pair of sandles, try to get them to fit."

These orders resulted in an outbreak of laughter. It looked like a \$1.00 sale at Macy's and everyone trying to find a mate to one shoe they found that fit. Hardly anyone had a matching pair. The only one consistency was they were all the same color, body makeup stained brown clay.

The costumes were the same color on the inside as the sandles. They were easier to select. The wardrobe master simply asked you, "Which army you in?" No one seemed to know anything about that which just seemed to add to the wierd feeling that this opera wasn't really going to happen.

"Well, pick a number from 1 to 5."

By the number picked, so you were dressed. Hoping to pick the right number for the costume that would look the best we chose number one. A rap-around skirt, a white stained belly band, a gold collar, a head piece like the head piece of the Sphinx, and ten safety pins made the dressing complete. For the first time we were beginning to feel the role. It was very obvious. Physical posture changed to a more rigid stance, solemn on stage attitude. It wasn't a fantasy anymore, we were almost ready to march into the footlights in front of an audience we couldn't see, but knew were there. We would have sold our souls for a drink of alcoholic courage.

Not quite ready yet! Over a distant corner were lights bright enough and ordered enough to indicate the make-up area. Dodging our way past empty costume racks, dressed and dressing Egyptians, we made it to the next line to be waited in. Thick straight eye brows, white eye lids with a little gold were the final touch to make us totally unrecognizable to each other. A familiar voice was the only way to recognize the person you had walked in with.

We waited one hour after that to go on stage. (Supers are "done" first and then the regular chorus members.) We couldn't sit, lay or lean up against the wall. All the walls had sheets of plastic taped to them to prevent us untouchables from getting them smeared. The people of the San Francisco Opera knew what we were yet to learn. Our army was led by an assistant to the director to our respective on-stage entry point. Our final instructions finally came. We all stood in single file on opposite sides of the hallway facing two closed doors.

"How many of you have done this before?" About three of the twenty held up their hands.



"You will be the leaders. All the rest of you have to do is follow your leader. He will walk on stage, turn left and walk off stage. Think you can remember all of that?"

Now we were completely lost and nervous. What if we lost our leader? Even worse yet, we had no idea where the stage was in relation to where we were standing. The assistant was standing on one leg half way in and half way out of the two swinging doors. Her hand was held up in the air as if the race on stage would start by the sound of a gun.

A quick conversation with our leader tended to set us somewhat at ease. He assured us that first time jitters were common and that we should relax. This sort of confused, non-rehearsed atmosphere was also common and that everything always seemed to work out.

That didn't help much. We still had the feeling that behind those doors was an unknown land with unblazed trails and three thousand or so people waiting to gobble us up.

The hand came down! Off we went, through the doors trying to keep in step. We made a bee-line for an opening in the middle of back stage that all the light and music was coming through. Half way there someone quickly handed out gold spears. By the time we were able to get it into mock position of our

leader we were at the opening. We all took deep breaths, tried to stop shaking, and started off on the right foot.

The Triumphant March from *Aida* was playing. We marched in. Someone yelled from back stage, "Straighten up those shoulders." We did. Someone yelled, "Point those spears out." We did. Now feeling and acting and looking like the soldiers of the First Army of Pharaoh all of us were on stage paying homage to our Pharaoh. Our illusion quickly died. Instead of seeing a great Egyptian temple, as the audience saw, we beheld ropes, bailing wire, cross boards, paper-mache props and all the things that hide behind the front half of the objects that create an illusion for an audience. We understood then why this job was called "acting." We had to pretend.

We marched, left-right, left-right, past Pharaoh and the massive box of chorus singers and other soldiers. We made a left turn as we approached the front of the stage and marched off.

"That's it. You can get changed now."

And that was it! All those hours of preparation for two minutes on stage.

Following our leader down and down we went back a different way



than we had come up to the magic transformation from gay civilians to Egyptian soldiers (also gay). Replacing our costumes on wire hangers we all stood there in our shorts with one thing echoing in our minds. "Wait til' you try

to take the body make-up off, suckers." This we would see was going to be our final challenge.

"Over here, fellows. Clean yourselves off with these hot towels."

Someone had gotten the bright idea of heating the towels over some old steam pipes.

"One per person and place them in the laundry cart when you're through."

Each arm and leg would require a single whole towel to just begin to get back to clear caucasian skin tone. So with only one towel, just the highlights were cleaned. We could still hear the singers from above us as we put our civies back on—all of us streaked from ill attempts at removing body make-up. None of the previously beautiful men were in any way attractive at this point.

All still very stunned by our experience, we decided to meet at a local pub on Polk Street to unwind. By the time we got there we were all bubbling and bragging about our performance that night in the San Francisco Opera. And very proud of the looks we got by standers who inquired about our odd skin tones. ◊

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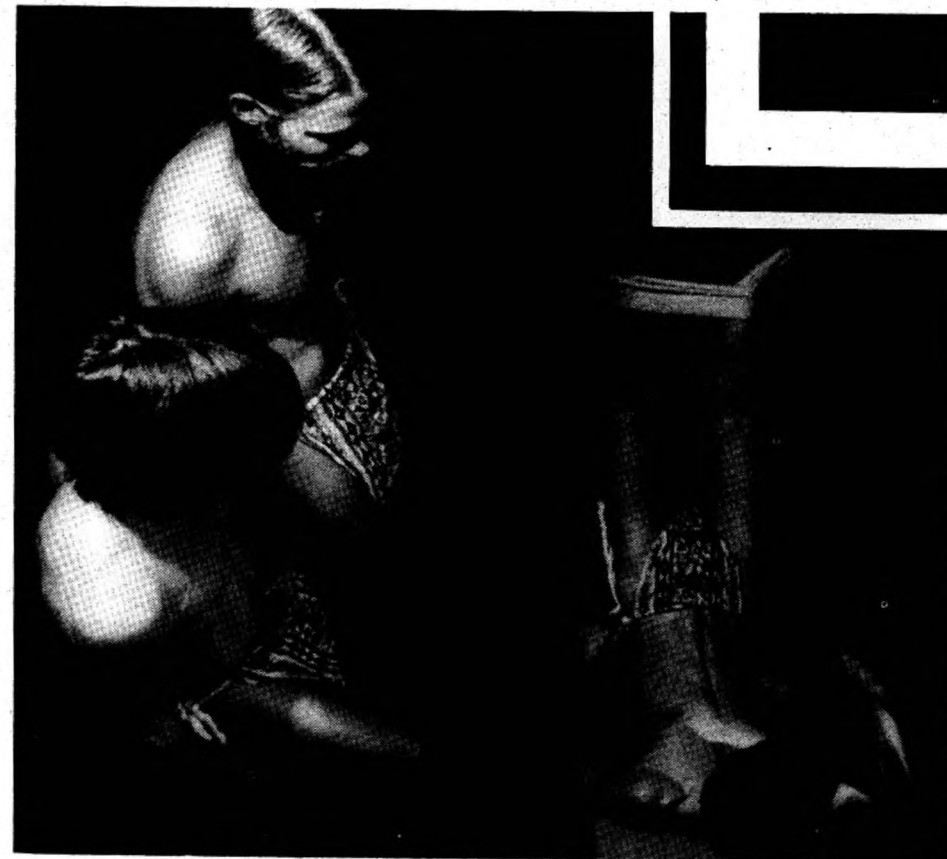
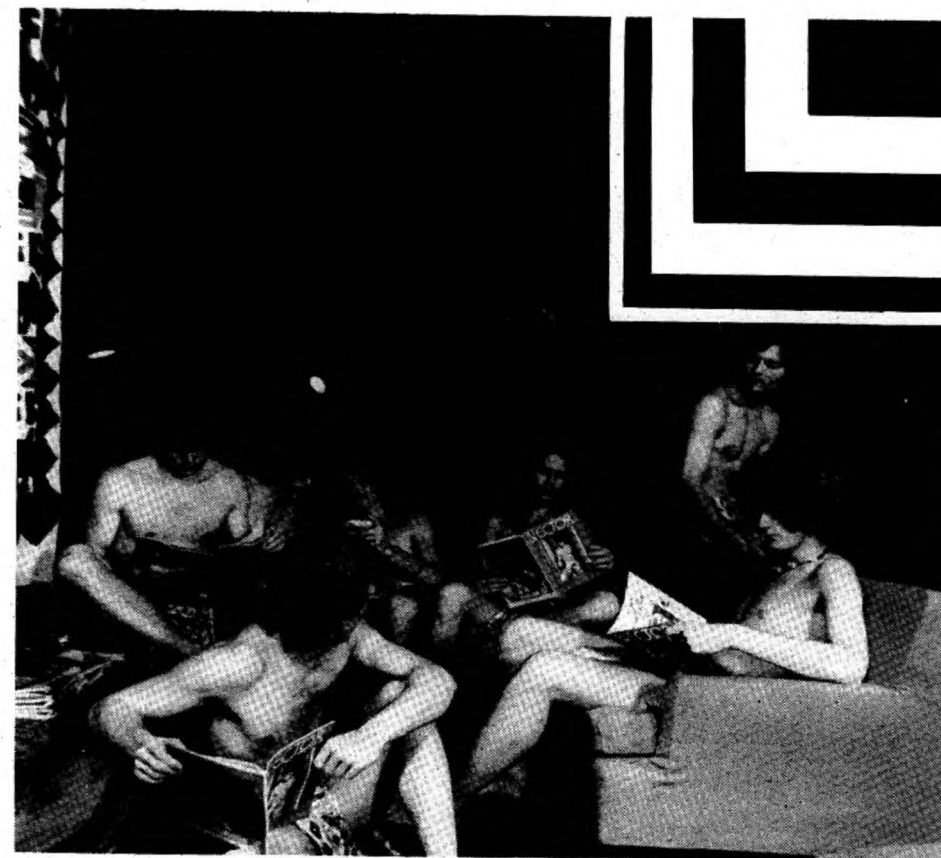
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# MY WHOLE TRIP

An Interview with Ray, owner/manager of The Mayan Health Club  
On-location photography by JAMES ARMSTRONG



**How did you ever happen to build this place, Ray?**

I wanted to make a pile of money.

Well, it's been nice talking to. . .

Okay, I had other reasons, too. You're going to laugh at this, but I built it to serve my brothers.

**You mean like when they rent out a prize bull to the farmers for "service?"**

You might say that, too. But what I mean by service is creating a place for people, gay people, to relax and enjoy themselves—an alternative to the bar scene, a place to meet without spending a lot of money and rotting your liver with more booze.

**You do know there's seven or eight other bath owners who feel the same thing in San Francisco?**

There may be baths in San Francisco, but they're not like the Mayan, and they're not in the East Bay. Besides, none of the other places offer what we have. First of all, you can park your car here without getting tickets, or paying for a lot, or getting your car broken into. You see, this is a warehouse district; at night all the workers go home and the thugs are in the night-life neighborhoods or in San Francisco. Also, I designed this place to uplift the spirit—there's murals everywhere, some of them pretty explicit, all designed to help a gay person forget his negative social conditioning, accept what he is, and enjoy himself with others of the same appetites. You know, this place is carefully planned around the psychology of gayness. You know the Dark Mystery, the complicated maze that leads to the Temple of Brotherly Love, the orgy room?

**Un huh!**

Well, that's designed to make you lose yourself—your old identity that you don't like down inside.

**You'd better clarify that.**

I mean that you leave the straight world behind, you take it off with your clothes and when you put on your Mayan loincloth, you become an ancient Mayan Phallic worshiper on the way through the the dark secret labyrinth to the Temple of Brotherly Love to worship the masculine body; to do what you've always wanted to but were forced to suppress by the straight world and its mores.

**How did you decide to use the Mayan Theme?**

The Mayans were phallic worshipers,

which is a kind of interesting idea in itself. Their civilization spanned thirty-seven centuries before they were conquered by Cortez, and they reached a level of cultural development exceeding even the Egyptians. The Mayans invented the sweat bath—what we call sauna—as a religious purification ritual. I think the Mayan Idea is a natural. I'm surprised someone else didn't think of it first.

**How is the club doing?**

We're doing very well. The Mayan made money from the beginning. I suppose that's partly because we're the only bath in the East Bay, but I like to think that I built something that the people like, that they can feel the good vibes that were built into the place. For the "city dwellers" the trip starts as soon as they get on the bridge and see the fabulous string of lights that's Berkeley and Oakland and hands seem to reach out...

**Wait! Do you really think that people can feel that sort of thing?**

I'm certain of it. Especially here in Berkeley. We've got the most mellow crowd I've ever seen in a baths club. You know, gay people in Berkeley are often very intellectual, very educated, and when you get to meet one of them and get to know him, he's usually very interesting. Well, these kind of people are very sensitive and discerning—they can feel the vibes of a place. There's something special about the young people of Berkeley; they're almost, sort of —enlightened.

**How about your future here?**

I think the Mayan is going to become the hot spot of the East Bay; especially now that a depression is coming on. Where else can you get 12 hours of real entertainment for only two bucks? A guy can pick up a 6-pack and take it to his room and we ask no questions. If he went to a bar he'd probably spend the same amount of money in an hour, and if he was on unemployment, or on the shorts, he'd be out on the street again. Also, when you meet someone in a bar, you have to go somewhere for some privacy. Here, the whole place is as private as you want (or do not want) it to be.

**Your enthusiasm is refreshing, Ray, and I certainly hope Mayan Health...**

You better believe it! I love my people. I want them all to be happy. Anything I can do to make this happen, I'll do and do it immediately. This is my whole trip.



**THEY'RE ALL GONE** from page 30 two days. Mrs. Tourist decides to go to a drug store and get a home kit, which she hadn't ever used before. That night Mr. and Mrs. Tourist (she with a head scarf covering her abused hair) go on a night club tour, but they missed the stop at Finocchios.

**Time; One Month Later**

**MAYOR BACKS PROSTITUTION!**

The Mayor today announced support for the bill in the state legislature for repeal of the state laws dealing with prostitution. This would allow local option in cities or counties to permit or outlaw prostitution.

He said he hopes this would reverse the trend of crime in the streets, especially rape, and would lure back some of the dwindling tourist trade. Legalizing prostitution would allow for some of the police officers assigned to that duty to be transferred elsewhere, where they are more urgently needed. This should also lighten the court's case load, it is believed.

Last week Mr. & Mrs. Bibbs, of Washington, D.C., vacationing in San Francisco, went to a bar on Castro Street near Market, where Mr. Bibbs was robbed and Mrs. Bibbs was repeatedly raped by many of the patrons in the bar. Police have arrested three men in connection with this crime, and are looking for four more individuals. They went to this bar after reading a complimentary description of the entertainment spot in an old issue of *Vector Magazine*, which is no longer published in the Bay Area. The Mayor hopes this sort of thing could be prevented in the future by passage of the bill.

The bill was introduced by Rep. Smith of San Francisco, and is supported by all of the Bay Area legislators. The Governor is not opposed to it, and has announced he would sign it if passed.

**RESTAURANT AND HOTEL BUSINESS DOWN**

In the past six weeks seven hotels and twenty restaurants have closed their doors. Of the seven hotels, six were apartment complexes. Room occupancy in the hotels that serve transients is down 23% from the same month last year. Two conventions that were scheduled here have moved to Houston, Texas.



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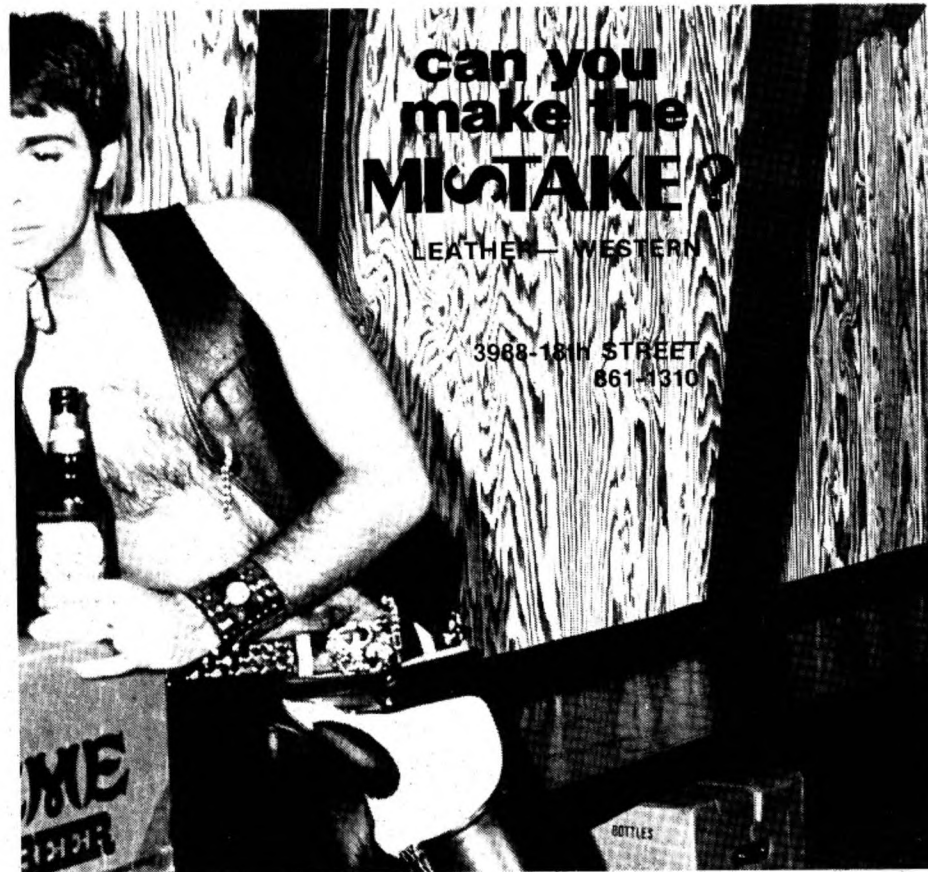
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The people under them call the police. They are still fighting, nude, when the manager lets the police in. They are both arrested for oral copulation.

**Time: 10pm; Place: 20th St. & Castro**

Five homophobic youths are standing on the corner wondering where everyone has gone. One muscular man wearing tight pants comes down 20th Street and turns down Castro. One of the youths calls across the street, "Hey, queer, where 'ya goin'?"

He returns, crosses the street, and says, "Whadya mean, queer?"

"Dressed like that, you must be."

He shows his badge. Vice cop.

Another youth says, "Where are they? We haven't seen one all day. It's almost as if everyone has moved away."

The cop answers, "I don't know. Every gay bar is either closed or empty. Did you hear anything yesterday or last week?"

"Not a thing. It sure is strange. Did you see anything in their papers?"

"I don't read them. Yea. I'll try to get one. See you guys later." The cop leaves.

"Let's go over to the mission. We may be able to catch a nigger alone." So they started walking down 20th Street.

**Time: 7am; Place: San Francisco General Hospital Emergency Room**

The shift is changing. Twenty-five percent of the employees do not show up. Not too many patients are there, but they don't know that 20% of the population has left the City. They call the administration and find out that over 50% of the nurses did not show up for duty. They call the nurses' registry and other hospitals and find out they're all short handed; that no one has any orderlies to spare. Even the military hospitals are down over 20%. No one can free any workers but with the patient load down no big emergency arrises except for the lack of doctors for maturity.

**Time: 11am; Place: Hotel Cecil**

Mrs. Tourist calls the desk. She is surprised the manager of the hotel answers. She needs her hair done, but is told most of the beauty shops are closed, and the ones open are short handed and very busy. They can't take anyone without an appointment and are filled up for the next

**EVERARD from page 29**

ordinarily evil novel called *Cruising*. Al Carmines has written a song about it. W. H. Auden (a frequent visitor), a poem. Stephen Spender, likewise. No operas yet, but the world hasn't come to an end. There will be.

There it sits at 28 West 28th Street. The strangest flower in the Flower District. A glitter on the Big Apple.

Two big globes of light illuminate the entrance. They are always on. The Everard is always open—24 hours a day for, depending on who you're talking to, 50, 60, or 73 years now. A flight of marble stairs leads up to a long but narrow lobby.

Up those stairs have come (according to an extremely unreliable source):

Errol Flynn

Tyrone Power

Leslie Howard

The Prince of Wales (Whenever he was in the country, my source, an embittered masseur who has worked for the Everard for 60 years, tells me. "He was a gentleman. Everybody was a gentleman then. None of this grab-assing that goes on now. He wouldn't like it now.)

Rudolph Nureyev. (All the time. He floats, I am told, like an incredible Dracula through the halls. Never talks. People who have passed him gasp. "Was that—," they say. "Yes. It was.")

Paul McCartney.

David Bowie.

Dag Hammerskjold.

Movie stars, poets, dancers, writers, musicians, kings. They've all been here. I believe it. If you've been there, you believe it, too.

The place reeks of history, smells of hundreds of thousands of hard-ons. If all the moans ever moaned there were moaned again at once, they'd be heard in Albania.

"The place looks a lot different now," the manager says. "It burned down, you know, in—in—" He looks around, sees a fat man with a moon face. "When did the place burn down, Ray?" he asks. "69," the man says. "Oh, year," the manager grunts, "Jesus, how could I forget that? We rebuilt it. Just the inside. The outside wasn't hurt. It's solid as a fucking palace."

The inside is all glazed plasterboard now, prim, little rooms with barely enough space for a slab bed and an ash-tray built into the wall. It used to be truly funky, decadent, decayed.

A REGULAR: I liked it better then.

It was like out of a horror movie. You know, dirty. And shadowy. Evil. It was evil, then. Now it's too clean for me. I don't know. I just don't like it much. I mean as much. Of course, I was younger then. Maybe that has something to do with it.

ME: If you don't like it, why do you come here? There are plenty of baths in New York, aren't there?

A REGULAR: Oh, they're not like this. No place in the world is like this. I've been everywhere. Everywhere in the United States. In Europe. I even went to a bath in Japan. Nothing's as good as this place. Nothing.

The manager doesn't want to talk to me. "I got no time to talk," he says. "This is a business. We don't want no publicity. We don't need no publicity."

He is right. A long line of people is waiting to get in. In the crummy little restaurant off the lobby, there are more people waiting.

An enormous black dude rushes down the stairs into the lobby. He is wearing the skimpy little robe the Everard issues its customers. It is hanging open, showing seven stomachs, tiny cock, thighs big enough to feed a starving Brazilian family. "Whenever I feel I'm getting a bit heavy," he screams, "I dance." He laughs and rushes downstairs to the steamroom. No one in the lobby says anything at all except the manager and he says, "Fuck him." He turns to me. "Don't say that the Police Athletic League owns this place. The Police Athletic League don't own this place."

"Who does?" I ask.

"None of your fucking business."

It is true that policemen are seen at the Everard, standing around the lobby, sitting in the manager's office. Some people I interviewed said that they had seen policemen being paid off. And it is equally true that even in pre-Lindsay days, in the bad old times when Wagner was Mayor, the Everard was never raided and no one was ever carted off from it, screaming and caterwauling to be delivered to Centre Street. It is likely, however, that the Everard, while it does pay protection money to the cops, is a family-owned business. And by family I do not mean Mafia. There is a rather pleasant looking bald man whom I've seen there often who has been identified, by my friend the masseur, as the owner. And one of

the desk clerks, a fairly spiffy type, is meant to be his son-in-law.

Three Puerto Ricans come into the lobby. They are all tiny, all wearing identical pants-suits. "Oh, chit," one of them says, "look at this line."

"Lines don't bother me, Mary," says another one who answers, "We bribe the man." They disappear around the side of the desk, leaving behind them a thick cloud of Vetiver.

Nobody in the lobby says anything.

The manager bawls loudly, "Next room," and one of the people in the restaurant comes out, goes over to the desk and registers.

"One flight up," the manager says.

The customer, young, bearded, good-looking, starts up the stairs.

"How long you been waiting for a room?" I ask.

"About two hours," he says.

"Wow," I say, "that's a long time to wait. Why didn't you go somewhere else?"

"This is the best place," he says. "The other places you waste your time. You have to put on a show. I mean, the Continental, man. Have you ever been to the Continental?"

"Sure," I say.

"That place is a drag. People go there to dance. Can you believe that? Shit. That's what's so great about this place. It's the only honest place in New York. There's no shit. You come here to get it on. That's all. You don't have to play games, you don't have to pretend."

"I don't think I understand," I say.

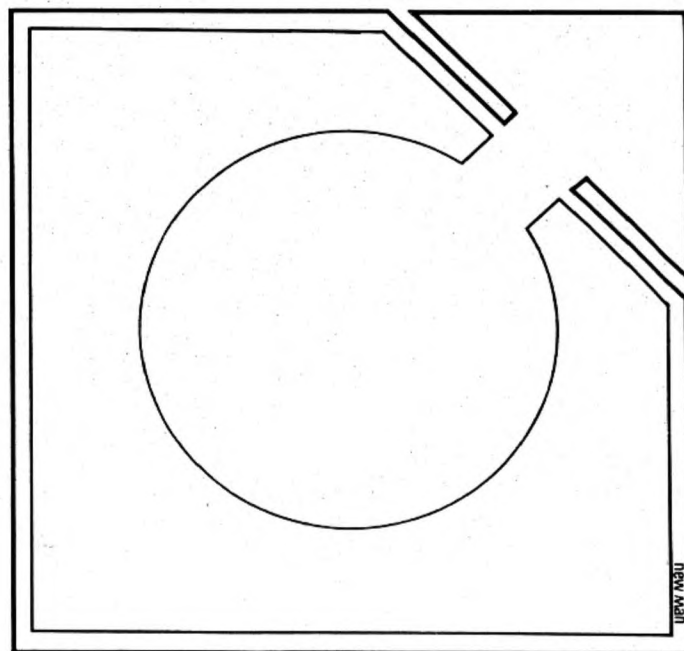
"Well," he says, "New York is a force, you know. The City is so heavy, it shapes you. It makes you so competitive that in baths and bars, you're proving to yourself that you can be the best. You can get the best. And you know what that leads to. You end up with nobody."

"And this place isn't like that?"

"No," he says. "I don't know why, but I feel released here. Everybody does. You don't have to be a star here. Or you can be a star if you want to be. It doesn't matter. People aren't going around making judgements. So you don't have to make them either. This is a free place. You're free here."

We're at the second floor now waiting for the attendant to take him to his room.

The second floor is very dark. It's a maze of doors and a few big ones. People lie in



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their rooms or stand in the doorways. The halls are crowded too. To the right is a large dormitory area with about 50 beds. The three Puerto Ricans pass through.

"I told him I wanted a pink towel, but he gave me a blue towel," one says.

"Well, Mary," another one answers, "if you don't like the towel, don't wear it."

He throws the towel on the floor and moves into the darkness, naked.

Strange people.

Strange place.

A diligent search for facts (although as in so much of New York's history, myth overlies reality in shimmering layers) seems to uncover this: The Everard Baths was built by Nat (possibly Jake) Everard, a Beer Baron, in 1901 and opened mostly as a service to young and not so young men who drank too much of Mr. Everard's product. Mr. Everard, whose ideas were no more grandiose than other Edwardians and whose workmen were lucky to be getting twenty-five cents an hour, did it up brown. He built a three story domed structure, faintly Moorish in tone. The bath area was opulent. A long cool-lime tiled swimming pool with bronze gargoyle fountains on either end spouting water into the pool. Two massage rooms with marble pedestal tables. A huge steam room in granite and tile with wide comfortable benches lining the walls. Upstairs, a reception area tastefully dotted with plants. And above that two floors of partitionless rooms where people could lie after their steam and massage and snore away Mr. Everard's beer.

This glorious place seems to have been instantly popular. It was quite the place to go after, say, an evening at Delmonico's—and Diamond Jim Brady, supposedly, was one of its best clients, coming so often that he kept several suits and changes of linen stored on hand.

It stayed popular long after Mr. Everard himself fizzed into oblivion along with his beer.

Around the First World War, it began to be known as something more than just a place to recover from an excessive night out. It began to be a place where one could *have* an excessive night out. Discreetly, naturally. The action began with eyes, then, and there must have been the exquisite thrill of wondering whether one had *really* made a connec-

tion. And while all this was happening the place was going downhill; too, in ambience. The bronze gargoyles got tarnished. The marble got dingy. The steam-room raunchy. Partitions were erected on the two upper floors—and they got dingy, too. Things drowned away the years after the Prince of Wales and before World War Two.

And it became more famous. Somebody in Havelock Ellis talks about it.

A strange pornographic novel called, *Whores, Queens and Others* has scenes set in it.

The explosion came in the Forties.

World War II—and all those silver boys who were going off to die for democracy came to suck once or twice for life first. "Jesus," says an elderly counterman at the Everard's restaurant, "it was beautiful. The place was jammed with guys who were hungry. I mean really hungry. I mean in those days if you were in your twenties you really, honest to God *really*, didn't know how long you had to live. And so they came here and it was fantastic. Evil was beautiful and really golden. It was the best time in my life and this was the best place I'd ever been and it was the same for most of the guys who were hers."

That's when Auden came and Spender and Ned Rorem and Tennessee Williams.

And the movie stars.

And the International soldiers on their way through to other places.

And Walter Crysler used to bring parties of fifty people—and in the morning they'd all go to The Plaza for champagne and eggs.

Wow.

Listen, a place like that, the walls ooze memories.

Still.

Prim and plastic as it looks now, it's still the best place of its kind in New York. And maybe the world.

"I feel free," shouts a terribly old man.

"You *are* free," a tall skinny dude with tie-dyed hair answers. Sometimes, at five in the morning, when there are only a few people awake, drifting sated but still receptive, down at the end of the corridor, past the three Puerto Ricans and the quailude freak and the old men, down at the end of the corridor I can see Garcia Lorca.

It's that kind of place.

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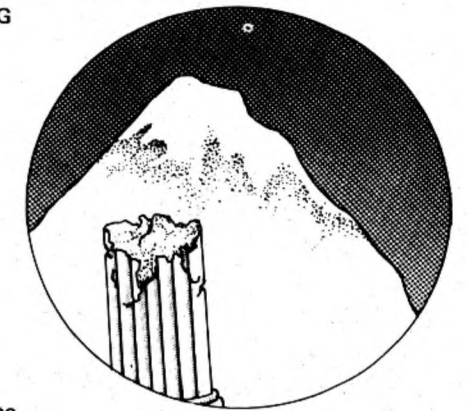
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**WOONG** from page 22

Crotch Crud or Crock of Chits, you name it!" I too felt I was going a bit overboard. Especially would I have retrieved "Crotch Crud," if I could have.

"I believe sex is an expression of love," Hank stuck to his principles, you had to give him that.

"I'm going to kill myself," I told him, almost believing it.

"I need other people."

"We musn't just use each other, like Kleenex."

"Hank, honey, sex is like checkers. It's no fun unless two are playing."

"Well, I don't have sex," he said rather complacently. "You can get it out of your mind and it doesn't bother you so much."

"But I think a lot!"

"Jesus didn't have sex."

"Who told you that? No, don't tell me—your mother and your little brother!" I would have spat in disgust, but my mouth was so dry from my horniness I couldn't summon up the saliva.

"Well, he didn't!"

I looked up at one of the stained-glass windows with an insipid-looking Christ tickling his open heart, which was

entwined with a nonprickly crown of thorns.

Well, Jesus was God. He didn't need sex. Although the Holy Ghost got horny for the Virgin Mary at least once."

"Now stop that!" Hank hit my thigh with his prayerbook, hard.

"Oh, yes, more! More! I love it!"

"No more! We're supposed to be spiritual." He concentrated on the prayerbook and moved his lips.

"Are you praying—or just reading?" He either missed the insult or ignored it. "Don't your buns get sore sitting so long?"

"The service hasn't even begun!" he said, looking up at a family of three—Papa Hippopotamus, Mama Hippopotamus, and Baby Hippopotamus, with a lollipop in his bulbous baby cheeks no less,—which was lumbering into the pew ahead of us.

"Do you hate me?" I asked, growing abject. I made my eyes take on a sorrowful cat, my head hung.

"No, I don't hate you."

"Do you think I'm a terrible sinner?"

"Well, you have some faults."

"I'd like to be saved, Hank. Really I would." The organist began a syrupy

rendition of "Rock of Ages." I couldn't have asked for better background music. I tried hard to make a tear roll down my cheek, but nothing came.

"You have to take Jesus into your heart," Hank whispered, his warm, saved breath on my ear.

"I'll take you into my heart!" I said, unable to maintain the religious pose. I clutched his hip.

Deftly he slid away. Moma Hippopotamus, with a paper fan in her paw, turned around and smiled at us, because the minister was getting up into the pulpit.

"At least show it to me!" I screeched under my breath.

"What do you mean?" Hank asked. He had started to grow a moustache; the coppery little wires charged me with electricity.

"Your dick, what else. Get it out."

"C.C.!" He was truly scandalized now.

"Come on! Take it out, or I'll slash my wrists right here in the pew."

"You're getting filthy!"

"You're being mean!" I retaliated.

"Hi, guys and gals, good to see you here with the Lord on this hot Sunday

in Nakhon Phanom, Thailand!" the minister opened his sermon. Oh Jesus, I groaned. He was one of those! "Why don't we all stand up together and begin with a hymn."

"I'd like to begin with a him!" I said to Hank's side. I was reduced to that old joke.

"A hymn should make us all feel like a little part of each other. So let us rise up and praise the Lord. Page twenty-seven."

The fifteen or so of us stood up, the kneelers making hollow noises in the all-but-empty chapel. We began to sing, something about amazing grace, I believe, though I can't be sure, since the anemic organist hit a lot of wrong notes or pipes or whatever. Hank's voice ascended like smoke from a fresh-killed sacrifice to the throne of the Lord.

"Do you feel like a little part of me now?" I said when the hymn was over, and we sat back down. "Huh? Pretty please?"

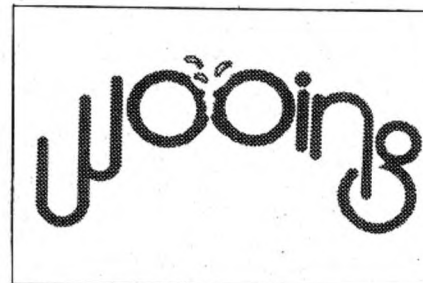
"I think we're very close," he conceded, not liking to talk when the minister was getting ready to give us the good news.

"Do you mean that, Hank?"

"As friends."

"I'm going to kill myself," I got down and placed my head under the kneeler.

Hank tried to drag me up, but I wouldn't budge. I could see three pairs of Hippopotamus legs dangling over the edge of the pew in front, a couple of yards distant.



"Sit up!" he demanded.

"No, the next time you kneel, you'll crush my skull. Then you'll be contented. You're killing me anyway. You might as well do it while you're praying."

"C.C., stop that!"

"Dearly Beloved Brethren, I want to talk to you on this hot Sunday in the middle of this American Air Base, which is in the middle of Thailand, because maybe for many of us it is the middle of

our lives." The minister was launched.

"What did they do in Gomorrha?" I asked Hank, slumped.

"Shhh."

"WE know what they did in Sodom. But what did they do in Gomorrha, especially on hot Sundays?"

"Whatever they did, they wouldn't have been destroyed if they hadn't done it." He moved all the way to the end of the pew, right behind the Hippopotamus family.

"I'm going to kill myself. And you'll be held responsible. It's the same as murder." I was slumped in the pew, weak with lust. "And if you stay I should have some clothes made, I'm going to take you along with me."

"Have you received the word of the Lord Jesus, your personal savior—I mean really received it?" the minister asked us. He had a part in the middle of his grey hair and pimples of sweat on his forehead.

"I'm going to kill myself," I grunted. A tear did roll down my cheek.

*(Part 4—THE ARGUMENT FROM FORCE—will be continued next month followed by the concluding chapter—THE ARGUMENT FROM LOVE)*

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**PHALLISM** from page 35  
with better. We have dumb social situations where the 5'2" guy drives his big car at idiotic speeds to show he's as aggressive as the next guy. We have teenagers risking their lives to show they're not afraid. We have young high school kids turning on to heavy dope because they're afraid their peers will think them weak or sissies if they don't try it. We have employers treating their people like shit, because they have to get richer quicker than their brother, or because to do otherwise might be thought weakness.

Gays figure prominently in the scheme of things. We don't want to be thought of as unmanly, so we hide our homosexuality. Or, worse, we treat our more effeminate (more gentle) gay brothers as if they were a blight on our scene. From another standpoint, we adopt the leather and chains image of "real men;" we get into anabolic steroids, and blossom with muscles, often risking impotence to achieve them. Hairy chests, boots, beards, anything in denim, motorcycles, fast sexy cars, posh pads, money thrown around like water, heavy tricking—my gawd, how butch!

How little we have learned from the idle and shabby goals of so much of

straight society. How little we have recognized of the cheap magic-show existences they live, and so many of us pursue with such vigor.

Gays are not merely men and women. We are gay men, and gay women. We are the ones who have crossed over the boundaries straight society has set for itself. Merely by being gay, we are revolutionaries. We are people, and whether we or straight people choose to recognize it, we are the people most likely, by reason of our already having crossed conventional barriers, to be able to see the ways in which society can improve itself as a humanistic society. I don't say we are better than straights; what I say is that we, as gay males, know what it means in terms of suffering, not to be able to express freely our affection for other males. Our gay sisters know what straight male chauvinism has done to their lives both as women and as lesbians. On the other hand, they are refusing to play the little-lady-of-the-house role to which all women are relegated, and on the other, they are by their lesbianism a rejection of cockdom, around which so much of straight society revol-

ves even today after womens' lib.

Inside each body is a human spirit. Love is the close touch of two human spirits, of whatever gender, neither more nor less. To speak of a man in terms of the size of his penis is at best sad, and at worst, obscene. He, after all, had nothing to do with how big it is, all the linga pendula and vacuum pumps notwithstanding. It's big or little as a birth-right, like hair color and skin tone. I cannot measure a man's spirit, or his value as a human being using inches of cock as a ruler. I can enjoy being with him, sharing his bread and wine, listening to his agonies, or telling him mine. I can hold his hand across a table, or just share a quiet moment of looking into each others' eyes. I can be as happy with him walking in the park, as waking up beside him in the morning. None of it has anything to do with what swings between his legs. If we are comfortable and happy in each others' company, sex will be good. If we choose to make a political distinction between a gay man and a faggot, it must lie somewhere within the way we think about each other, as human beings.

**THEY'RE ALL GONE** from page 46

If the bill to legalize prostitution passes, one Tenderloin hotel owner has said he would change to that. Others have said that if the trends are not reversed soon San Francisco will look like a ghost town with over half of the buildings running empty.

Now for the bad news. Robbery and violent crime in hotels in the City is up 27%. Hotel owners say damage to the buildings is increasing at an alarming rate. The costs of upkeep and of cleaning is going up at such a rate that soon they will have to raise the rates so high they will price themselves right out of the market.

Many of the big downtown hotels have desk clerks who are house wives, but all hotels are having a hard time getting and keeping qualified personnel for the evening hours. Some of the smaller hotels only have desk clerks from 10am to 6pm, and the doors are locked the other hours. The reason for this is twofold: 1) Lack of persons for the desk; and, 2) Safety for guests.

They also have an armed guard on duty, but it is becoming increasingly difficult to find suitable guards. Many clerks and guards are alcoholics.

**PLEASE COME BACK**  
(Editorial)



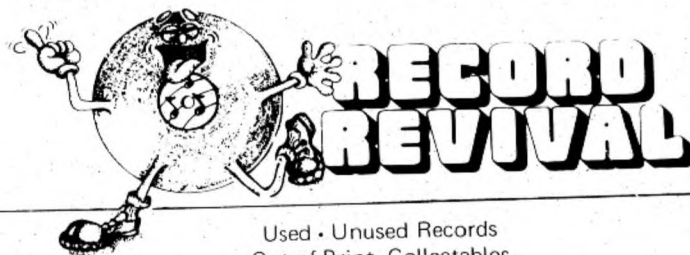
Ever since the homosexuals left San Francisco conditions in the City have been going downhill. There is a growing realization that they had a positive effect on many of our citizens. The crime statistics appearing elsewhere this issue are higher for San Francisco than the rest of the State and the country. Is it just because things are bad all over, or did the moving of the gays make it worse?

This paper is in favor of a three point program to get the gays to come back.

1. State repeal of the laws against oral copulation and sodomy.
2. City affirmative action program for sexual orientation.
3. A publicity campaign in the gay press elsewhere in the country to invite them back to their first love—San Francisco, California.

Solicitation has been off of the books since prostitution became legal. That should not be changed. The city affirmative action program should apply to all businesses doing business with the City and county, and all departments in the City and county governments, including the police and fire departments. This newspaper also will institute an affirmative action program to hire appropriate homosexuals in key positions. This paper has sent this editorial to all major papers in the country with a request they print it.

The author of this editorial is gay. ◊



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## Sex Bill from page 25

to be elected delegate to the Democratic National Convention.

During the Fall of 1974, awareness of the need for a legislative advocate in Sacramento was becoming acute in our community. The problem, as always, was the lack of funds to pay any salary or even expenses. Realistic fact dictated that a talented and able person would have to be found who could successfully represent us without financial compensation, achieve results, and then hope that community acceptance would be moved by positive achievements enough to provide financial support for basic rent and food needs. In December, Raya volunteered to go to Sacramento to work on our behalf.

*Photos by RICK JARRET taken at the Alice B. Toklas Memorial Democratic Club Hot Seat Dinner 3/7/75*

Upon arrival, George Raya renewed contact with friends at the Capitol. He established a good working relationship with the Friends Committee on Legislation, the Quaker's lobbying office, who have been long-time supporters of gay rights legislation. They willingly shared their many years of experience in lobbying in favor of progressive legislation.

George realized that the first priority and the key to the advancement of gay civil rights was the passage of Willie Brown's Consensual Sex Bill. As Jim Foster once said, "We first have to outlaw lynching." Willie invited George to share his office (for those of you familiar with the recent leadership struggle in the Assembly which Willie did not win, you can appreciate how very small that office indeed is) and together they planned the strategy needed to secure enough votes to pass AB 489.

They prepared a list of known supporters and opponents. Working from that list, George visited the offices of uncommitted Assemblypersons, giving them a copy of the bill to read, explaining the bill to them, soliciting their support and updating the tally sheet with their response. While George lobbied 37 Assembly offices, Willie worked the floor of the Assembly, gaining additional commitments. Upon attaining 44 committed votes, plus the promise of a vote if needed from 6 others, Willie scheduled the bill for a floor vote, and it passed!

At an Alice B. Toklas Memorial Democratic Club dinner the night following passage of the historic bill, Willie Brown stressed that this is only the beginning. "My bill," he said, "under the able management of Senator George Moscone (D-SF), now goes to the Senate. It will be necessary to wage an even more intensive lobbying effort in that body than you did in the Assembly."

### ORAL OR ANAL SEX

He went on to say that after his bill is signed into law, there is other legislation that needs to be supported. George



*Senator Moscone listens to a voter*

Moscone's SB 513 which removes solicitation and prostitution from the penal code should be passed. "More gay people are arrested for solicitation, or must fear that possibility, than for oral or anal sex," Brown said. In the Assembly, John Foran's AB 633 that prohibits employment discrimination against gay people and adds your community to the protection afforded by the Fair Employment Practices Commission should be passed. In addition, civil rights for gay citizens should be protected in the area of tax rates, credit, housing, custody of children and in every



*Doug DeYoung, S.I.R. President, Supervisor John Molinari, and M.C.C.'s Rev. Sandmire*

other area of human interaction.

After complimenting George Raya on his hard and effective lobbying effort on AB 489, Willie called upon the gay community to support their legislative advocate in two ways. The first and most obvious is financial support. "George, like the rest of us, must pay for rent, food and rising utility bills." Donations for this purpose can be made to a special fund at the Society For Individual Rights set up for and as "Legislative Advocate Fund." The second costs less, but is important also. We need to have letters, phone calls and personal visits to legislators from ALL PARTS OF CALIFORNIA in support of each of the bills under consideration. A few key people in each city and town are needed to be part of a telephone tree, who are willing when an important vote is imminent to receive a phone call from our lobbyist and then get on the phone and let as many people know what is about to happen as quickly as possible. Those willing to perform that important function can send their name, phone number and city to Frank Fitch, who is coordinating that effort. Copies of any letters sent to legislators would be



*Bob Wiggins, S.I.R. Secretary, Duke Smith, Mark's campaign aide, & Senator Milton Marks*

appreciated, so George can more effectively relate to each Senator and Assemblyperson.

As S.I.R. President, Doug DeYoung, said at the start of his term, "We've only just begun!" Each of you reading this article can be an exciting and valuable part of this Gay Civil Rights Movement. Another President at another time said, "It's your choice." ♦

little gentleness in his eyes. Demon, I decided, staring into them.

"I want to make love to you. . ." he said, quietly. He cocked his head slightly and I caught a hard glitter in his eyes.

"You want sex, not love." I said. Fear flooded over me. "You do not love me, Didier." Silence studded the pain that no answer brought. His face came down on mine and our lips touched and snared. Demons! Angels! Didier!

My voice quelled up inside me and broke out as he laid me over sideways and pushed his mouth over mine again and rolled down in the blankets.

"I love you," I said softly in a fevered pitch. We threw back the covers and Didier mastered my passivity. He penetrated so violently that I cried out in a cut off staccato of pain. I clenched my eyes in determination as each thrust flew harder and pain gave way to waves of oblivious fantasy. He kissed my neck furiously. I would give everything, I decided. Ferociously I equalled his violence and was swept outwards through the thrashing sheets and mounting passion. I began to cry silently. The dark of the room flashed with mental lightning, I clenched my eyes shut until I saw orange bursting vivid streaks. He exploded, throbbing, within me and fluttered down lying still, beside me in the dim-morning darkness. We lay joined and silent in a meadow of white sweat and tear-damp sheets.

Pigeons fluttered and skittered outside as blue hues lit the room and Didier pulled himself up from me and kned off the bed. "Happy Birthday. . ." I said slowly, quietly, and I lay listening as he dressed. Empty pain gnawed at my stomach. His belt buckle clinked. He stood next to the door, staring down at me. He pulled the door open and said in a gentle voice: "Come down for breakfast if you like," and shut it behind him.

I clenched my teeth and eyes hard together as I listened to his footsteps recede down the stairs. I wanted to shout out at him to come back, to say my name, to tell me: "I love you" I said it to myself. I curled up in a squalor of sheets, cursing myself. And somehow a curious calm of anxiety swept through me at the sound of my voice. There was no hate left me, nor any love. I desired only a return to a former



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position, a regression towards the love we once had for each other.

I got up off the bed and splashed cold water in my face and shook it off. Again I was swept through with a feeling I could not name. I was calm again, detached, as though nothing that happened now could make any difference. Perhaps contradiction had reached a point of no return, I thought. Perhaps I was truly dead, there seemed to be no emotion in me at all. I shaved and watched myself in the mirror. A pallor masked my face, grey circlets hung beneath tired eyes. I recognized the empty pain in my stomach as hunger and searched futilely through the scant food in the cupboard over the sink. My bread was stale. I tried to snatch a piece of it off in my teeth but it was too tough and I took it over to the window and crumbled it roughly out onto the outside ledge. Then I went downstairs.

For a moment I stood in the hall outside Didier's apartment, without the courage to go in. I suspended myself in the frame of the door that stood ajar, listening, and from the studio to the left of the kitchen I heard the rustling of paper and entered. My stocking feet were silent.

Didier sat on a small stool, paging through a book of drawings on the easel, his back towards me. I stood quietly in the entrance way and watched him. It occurred to me then that no matter what he had done I still did love him. I wanted to regain him.

When he had found a blank page he brushed it down smooth with his hand, gently easing out the wrinkles and bulges. He bent sideways to fill a syringe with ink and I watched the black blood ooze up into the tube. Didier poised frozen with the syringe above the paper and then plunged onto it, sweeping strokes and broken arcs in rapid succession. I saw the rounded buttocks appear, and the overripe curve of a breast. An arm and hand grew from under the breast to rest delicately on the ass: an abstractedly wonderful, sensual vision.

Didier sat back from it, admiring it, and took the tablet rising up and set it on the far mantle over the bricked-up fireplace.

"I like it," he said, musically, unaware of me behind him. He cocked his head a little to one side, his hand on his hip. "Yes, I really like it." I slipped silently

out of the room and entered the kitchen. He had never liked it when I watched him work.

"John? Are you here?" When I did not answer, I heard his soft footsteps in the hall. He thrust his head into the kitchen. "Why don't you answer me?" he asked. I looked at him somberly and his eyes made contact and retreated hastily. I smiled to myself.

"May I make some coffee?" I asked, staring at the gas range and the remnants of breakfast. "Not yet, you have to see this first, it's really wonderful. . ."

"What is?" I interrupted. He smiled

coily and came up to touch my arm and lead me away.

"My birthday present from Claude, he brought it this morning." Didier led me down the hall towards the bedroom and the knot in my stomach tightened painfully as he opened the door.

"Now I can have music, really good music." A stereo unit has been hastily unpacked onto a black trunk and a profusion of wires led off in all directions.

"Why do you want to show this to me?" I asked. "What's the matter with



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## Precipice

you, don't you know by now what I think of Claude?" My stomach was in open revolt. Didier seemed now to enjoy my angered reaction. He had shown me this for the pure enjoyment of contempt. An almost vicious smile lifted his amused expression. I sank like a stone.

"Claude is a pig, but he needs me very much," he said coldly. "He thinks he loves me, and besides, he gives me what I need."

"...and you don't feel badly about it at all," I said curtly, shaking off his hand. I went into the kitchen. I had asked that question before, it would not be blessed by reply. I filled a pan with water for coffee and took it to the range. Gas, I thought abstractedly. Better than rat poison. I turned on the burner and let it go for a moment, the smell was barely noticeable, struck a match, and set the pan over the flame. I watched it for a moment and realized what I had angrily said to Didier was too harsh. He would ask me to leave him if I didn't stop myself from saying what I thought.

"Why don't you put some music on?" I asked. Didier stood in the doorway, one hip in hand, and walked from hip-to-hand-to-hip towards me slowly buffooning effemininity and threw his hands around my waist. He looked up at me with an innocent and at the same time despising face, hugged me, and dropped one hand down to play with my zipper.

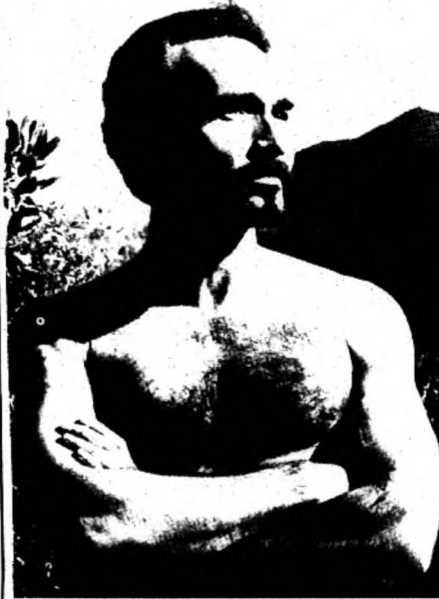
"How about Berlioz?" I asked, moving away. "Symphony Fantastique?" "All right." Didier said, sitting down at the table with a smile.

As I walked down the entrance-way and entered Didier's—our—room, I pressed my hand against my forehead. Memories flooded through the walls I had erected and I felt flushed as I passed the stereo and sat down on the edge of the bed. I looked at the stereo. I resented its very presence. My mind wandered as I searched through the stack of records to find Berlioz. I conjured up a confrontation: "Claude or me?" I yelled at Didier, and the answer filtered dimly back from reality. Claude! I barely perceived the answer. I had not spoken a word. The stereo rested above the trunk, monstrous, insidious. I was

caught up in a bizarre and frightening state of mind, one that brought back a terrifying memory and a singular image of a great, jagged block of driftwood tumbling and cracking down from the brink of a precipice towards us. Half asleep in the warm sun we had barely looked up to see it in time to save us. But now the image had changed! There was no longer the blonde-haired punk at the top of the cliff with his finger thrown out at us yelling "Faggot!," it was Didier at the top of the cliff, Didier, in fine and gentle clothes, smiling, only smiling!

I caught the record tight in my hand and hung onto it, the name Berlioz crashing through my memory. My insides were screwed around and hurt dully, my eyes felt inflamed and I realized that nothing had happened, that I was dreaming and gradually I felt myself falling back. I took the trembling record, slid it abruptly out of its sleeve and mounted it on the spindle of the stereo. Or was it Claude? Or was it Claude at the top of the cliff?

I started as the door bell rang. Didier went to the door and I heard Claude's voice speaking dry, patronizing and slightly sickening French. Throbbing



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pains wracked up one side of my head as I sat down. I felt strangely chill. Like a death pall a clammy sweat washed over me and I realized that I was leaning weakly over the table and the steam from my coffee was rolling up my face. I knew it was only jealousy, pure, simple jealousy. I renounced myself on the spot for my egotism. That was, Didier had said, why I was "no longer able to create beauty."

This black thinking brought me calm instantaneously. You! You selfish bastard, I said, but I was not very convincing. I could hear Claude and Didier laughing in the bedroom, unnerving me. I listened to them in a tense suspension with my scattered knowledge of French and tried to hear what they were talking about. Claude was going to take Didier to the country house and then to Lunch.

The music stopped and I heard footsteps and a knock on the door. I turned in my chair, swallowing, but Didier only stuck in his head for a moment.

"We are going out to the country house," he said. He smiled as I tried to muster a pleasing face for him. "Are you going to stay here?" It hadn't occurred to me, but immediately I said yes. "Is Jean not going to come?" I heard Claude ask in English. "Non," Didier answered. He closed the door to the kitchen and looked at me a moment in the glass of the window. His face seemed far away in the distance and it vanished in the sound of the closing door and receding footsteps.

He was gone.

I was suspended in the sudden silence of the kitchen. I could hear the subtle burning of pilot lights on the range, footsteps overhead, a dog barking in some far distance outside.

I heard the thud of the outside door in the court and I got up and peered out through the part in the curtains, down to the door.

Didier and Claude emerged below. Didier laughed and tossed his scarf behind him, Claude patted him lightly on the shoulder. They disappeared into the outer court. I closed my eyes lightly together, moving slowly away from the window.

I stood beside the range. Small streaks of red ham lined the frying pan that sat lopsided across the rails of the range. I played with the knob that turned on the gas, twisting it on, then, off. . .


I could think of nothing. Nothing but Didier could crowd its way to consciousness: I wanted to turn it off but darkness surrounded me and I sat down at the end of the table, looking at the empty chair Didier had sat in. I could not smell it yet, I drummed my fingers on the calico tablecloth and looked at the French newspapers glued to the walls. At the top, near the ceiling, Didier had begun to rip them down and the grey paint came half-peeled from the naked wall. We had put them up together. My fingers drummed a furious rhythm. I clenched my eyes shut. I could smell it now, a thickness in the air.

But it was taking a long time. It was taking an intolerably long time and I rocked gently in my seat, drumming my fingers, breathing shallowly the putrid air.

I took a salt shaker off the book in the center of the table and opened it. I read without concentration, my attention wandered into dreams through memories and changed the meanings of the words I read. I knew that I was dead. I read, I nodded, I read on.

Thick fog settled down around me, clammy fingers drew me down into it. The book fell out of my hand. I reached down to pick it up and dizziness cast me against the corner of the table. I determined to reach it. Between two trembling fingers I balanced its corner and lifted it slowly like the cranes in carnivals for prizes. The corner of the table pained my chest where I lay on it I opened it again and made out so slowly, so slowly:

It is the Friend/neither violent nor weak:  
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C-Coffee, soft drinks, snacks, lunches  
D - Dancing  
E - Entertainment  
G - Girls  
H - Hotel, Motel, Resort  
Hip - Heads frequent  
M - Mixed, partially straight  
P - Private Club  
R - Restaurant  
RT - Raunchy types, rough trade, Hustlers  
S - Shows, usually touristy  
L-W - Leather & Western  
YC - Young, collegiate types

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Selma's Sauna 5859 Melrose 462-9707  
Snoop's See Saw, 7713 Beverly (rear)  
937-9595  
Spartan Spa 5613 Hollywood 462-9403  
Spotlight RT 1601 Cahuenga 467-2425  
Stud L-W 4216 Melrose 660-0889  
Third St Baths 8709 3rd St 273-9113  
Studio One (Disco) R, D 652 La Peer Dr.  
659-0471  
Study 1723 Western 464-9551  
Turkish Bath 5524 S. Monica 462-9476  
Vine Lodge H 1818 Vine 467-8994  
Western News 5507 Hollyw'd 464-9494  
Woody's Adult Books 5659 Hollywood  
YMAC Baths 7661 Melrose 651-3322

### METROPOLITAN AREA

Airport, 3626 Sunset, 666-9394  
Aquarius Club Baths, P, 4504 Eagle Rock Blvd.  
256-9776  
Back Door, R, 3508 W 8th, 384-1352  
Banner Theatre, 458 S Main, 688-8829  
B.J.'s, C, A, H, 2692 La Cienega, 836-9051  
Blu Nunn, R, 4002 Sta. Monica, 663-7221  
Brass Spur, C, A, H, L-W, 674 S Vermont  
386-9169  
Bunk House, L-W, 4519 Sta. Monica, 6609166  
Butch Gardens, D, 3037 Sunset, 666-9105  
Center Field, B, 4213 Crenshaw, 294-5510  
Circle, 324 W 5th St.  
Club, G, D, E, S, R, 8947 National  
Cypress Baths, 3241 N Figueroa, 226-9125  
Detour, L-W, 1087 Manzanita, 664-1189  
Eatin High, 4514 Fountain, 660-9877  
Fallen Angel, 2709 W 6th, 386-9979  
Four Poster, 2939 Sunset  
Gay Community Services Center,  
1614 Wilshire, 482-3062  
Glen's Baths, 4550 Brooklyn, 264-9400  
Golden Horseshoe, B, 4852 Adams  
Harold's, RT, 555 S Main, 688-9522  
Horizon, B, RT, 3416 Wash, 734-6233  
Hyperion Baths, 2114 Hyper'n, 664-1010  
Joly's, R, 117 S Western, 386-9630  
Little Cave, L-W, 3111 Sunset, 666-9421  
M.C.C., 1050 S Hill, 748-0121  
Midtowne Spa, 615 S Kohler, 680-1838  
Outcast, L-W, C, A, H, 4219 Sta. Monica (rear)  
666-9099

Parise's, R, 707 N Heliotrope, 663-2811  
Plush Pony, G, 5261 Alhambra, 226-9302  
Redwood Room, S, 3372 8th, 384-6125  
River Club, YC, D, 3152 Riverside, 666-9025  
Roman Holiday Baths, 12814 Venice,  
391-0200  
Shingle Shack, 1941 Hyperion, 666-9051  
Silver Platter, 2700 7th, 386-0349  
Silver Saddle Spa, P, 4344 Fountain, 6669999  
Sunset East Showbar, 4007 W Sunset  
660-9782

Tiki, 1617 W 6th  
Toy Tiger, 2538 Hyperion, 660-9817  
Tyke's, 4306 N Figueroa, 225-7846  
Waldorf, B, RT, 527 S Main, 623-5795  
Westside, D, R, 6112 Venice, 935-3540  
Woody's, R, 2810 Hyperion, 666-9995  
Woodshed, L-W, 612 N Hoover, 660-9847  
York Baths, 5013 York, 256-9542

### SAN FERNANDO VALLEY

Act I, E, R, 4923 Lankershim, 762-9901  
American Cont. Baths, P, 5729 Cahuenga,  
761-7202

Attic, 11717 1/2 Victory, 980-9702  
Baton Rouge, E, S, R, D, 11920 Ventura, 985-5444  
Big Horn, G, D, 4882 Lankershim, 980-9910  
Bla Bla Cafe, R, C, S, G, 11059 Ventura, 769-8912  
Black Knight, 10932 Burbank, 769-9850  
Branch, 13542 Ventura  
Brien's, R, 11916 Ventura, 980-4811  
Canyon Room, D, R, 13625 Moorpark,  
986-0285  
Capri, C, A, H, 6131 Vineland, 769-8864  
Corral Club Baths, P, Hip, YC, 3747 Cahuenga,  
769-2667  
Curtain Call, L-W, 5643 Cahuenga, 980-9915  
Fox, G, D, 11150 Burbank  
Frat House, D, 12319 Ventura, 764-9400  
French Bull, R, 5661 Sepulveda, 781-9494  
Gallery Inn, R, 11938 Ventura, 769-5400  
Glass Onion, D, 19723 Ventura, 347-9838  
Glen's Baths, 4653 Lankershim, 980-2567  
Hanged Man 10522 Burbank 769-9390  
Hayloft L-W, C, A, H 11818 Ventura 769-8636  
Hialeah House, G, D, 8540 Lankshm 767-9334  
Insiders Books 7208 Lankershm 765-1161  
Keith's, R, 11801 Ventura, 762-1818  
Linda's Log Cabin, 11522 Ventura  
Love Inn, G, D, 10700 Vanowen, 769-9215  
Magnolia Inn, L-W, 12136 Magnolia, 761-1779  
M. C. C., 11717 Victory, 762-1133  
Office, D, 13817 Ventura, 981-6942  
Oil Can Harry's, Hip, YC, D, 11502 Ventura, 769-9481  
Outer Limits, A, H, D, YC, 12458 Magnolia, 9809743  
Oxwood Inn, R, G, 13713 Oxnard, 787-9927  
Queen Mary, M, S, D, 12449 Ventura, 769-9481  
Queen Of Clubs, 8273 S. Fernando, 875-0294  
Roman Holiday Baths M 14435 Victory  
780-1320

Saloon, G, 10848 Ventura, 769-9858  
Serpent 8 Baths, P, 4109 Burbank, 843-2311  
Show Biz, M, S, G, 6413 Lankershim, 762-1211  
Smidgle, 11138 Ventura, 980-9563  
Store, 10937 Burbank, 980-9798  
Swingers Bookstore, 4539 Van Nuys, 7839609  
Thunderbird, D, 19312 Vanowen, 881-9206  
Tigris, G, D, 6630 Lankershim, 765-9339  
T. North, E, 11608 Ventura, 980-9704  
Truck Stop, L-W, 13257 Ventura, (rear), 7839061  
Tuckers Turf, D, 11043 Magnolia, 769-9857  
Valley Palms Motel, M, H, 11514 Ventura  
Valli Haus, R, 11012 Ventura, 762-1972

### LONG BEACH

Beach Foamer, 1064 Broadway,  
Caribbean, 2129 Long Beach, 591-9025  
Diamond Horseshoe, YC, Disco, D,  
2523 Anaheim, Wilmington, 432-4126  
Great Expectations, R, 5101 Ocean  
Green Owl, 1219 4th, 437-9517  
Haven, RT, 256 Long Beach, 437-1706  
Hoop's Coop, G, 2718 Anaheim  
Joe's Place 2682 L Beach Bl 424-5529  
Lavy's 1064 E Broadway 437-9251  
Lil' Lucy's 1200 E Broadway 437-9437  
MCC Church 1105 Raymond Ave.  
Mike's Corral L-W 2020 E Artesia 423-9968  
Mine Shaft 1720 E Broadway 432-9022  
New Lagoon Saloon L-W AH 1415 Santa  
Fe Ave 437-9351  
Sam's Place 1744 E Broadway 432-9586  
Traffic Jam 4663 Long Beach Blvd  
423-9852  
Victor Hugo's RD 730 E Broadway  
437-0331  
Wellington Club Baths PYC 1202 E,  
Anaheim (Wilmington) 830-1490

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Eleven-Eleven Tavern 1111 E. Pike 322-9714  
Pike St. Tavern, 824 Pike 223-9927  
Johnny's Handle bar 2018 2nd Avenue  
Atlas Athletic Club 1318 2nd Ave 624-4749  
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Silver Slipper 210 S. Jackson 623-9413  
107 Club 107 Occidental S, 622-9769  
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Other Inn 242 SW Alder 227-9019  
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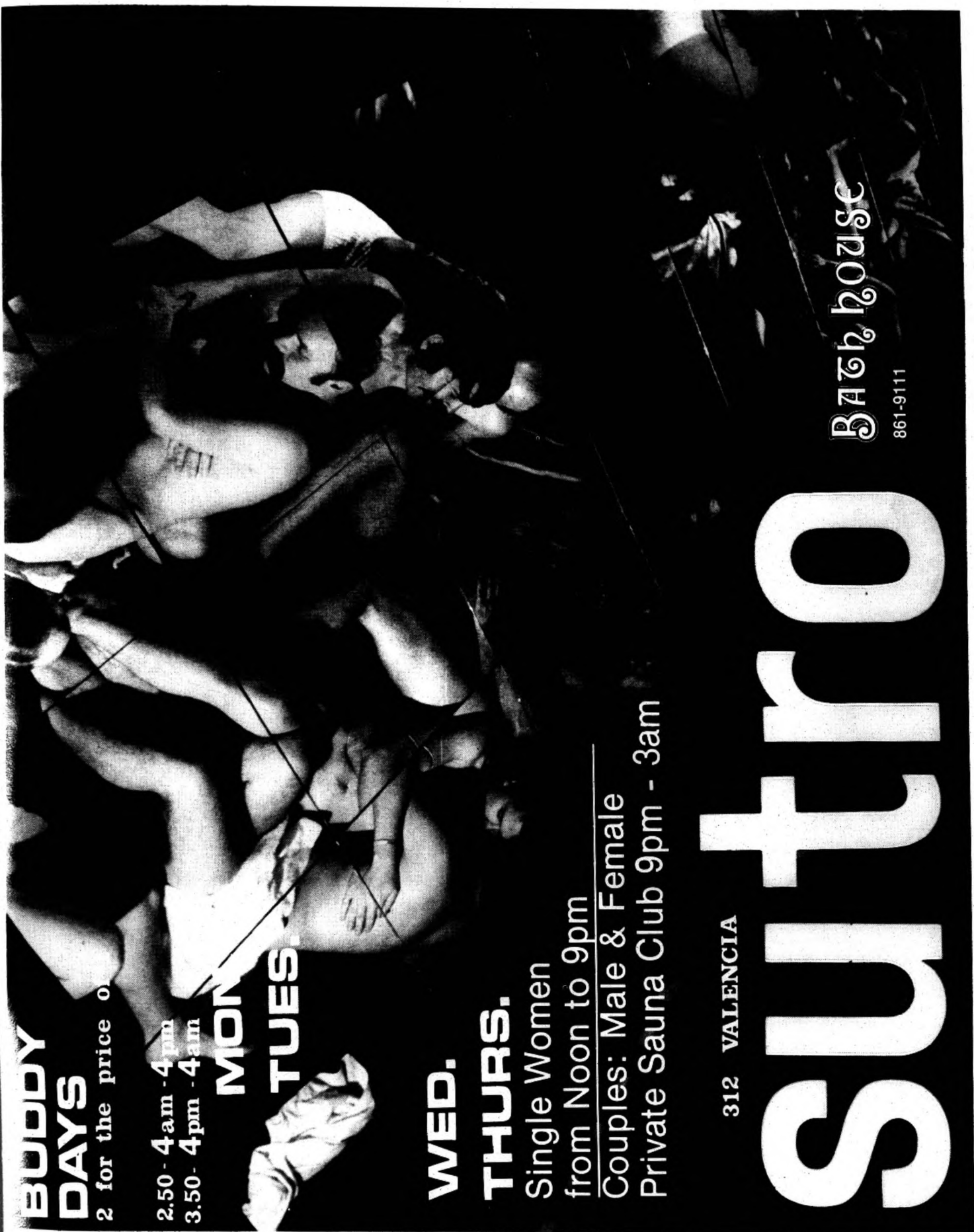
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