And then there was a sound; it was like an express train going by, or an earthquake, and I thought, what in god's name is happening? I thought it must be an earthquake because the entire building started to shake. And now my memories are kind of hazy as to what happened next, because I was just in a state of shock. I couldn't imagine what this deafening sound was. It was a rumbling sound, almost like thunder.

Anyway, suddenly there was banging on the door, because I had a room on the first floor of the barracks, and this friend and I were sitting there, you know, having a conversation, in fact. Anway, the door, I don't think was broken in, but it was, you know, there's banging, and you know, “open up, this is the police,” and so I guess I opened the door.

I don't even remember that. Anyway, within seconds, the police were in the room and my first reaction was, well, who are these people? Because they weren't in uniform. You know, they look like thugs from the local tavern, and they had baseball hats, T-shirts, you know. And anyway, the commotion was absolutely unbelievable. There's a second floor at the barracks as well as the main floor. And anyway, you know, “you're under arrest, you’re charged with being a found-in in a common bawdy house.” I mean, the language of the charge was so archaic. I mean, I'd never heard that term in my life before. And of course, it dates back at least to the 19th century, if not earlier.

Anyway, in short order, we were under arrest and, of course, as the door opened and the cop came in, I was the one holding the joint. So, of course, this added to the whole thing from the police point of view, because frankly, I think they were hoping to find everybody shooting heroin. And you know, I think basically they found the joint and that was it. But anyway, I had the joint in my hand when they practically broke the door in and I didn't even think about it, you know, like, I could have dropped it but didn't know, I was in such shock. I didn't even know I had this joint in my hand. So I was also charged with possession of marijuana. Now in 1981, possession of a small amount of marijuana it was no big deal. So, you know, that was eventually disposed of in the courts and I was given a discharge. I told the, you know, the arresting cop, I said, well, look, it's not even my joint and he said, well, whose is it then? So at that point, I’m not going to tell him my neighbor had it because that means we'll both be charged. I mean, they were out to get obviously all the charges they possibly could.

And anyway, so after that, we were all told to strip and we were marched into the shower room. And when I say ‘we all,’ I'm referring to the people on the first floor of the barracks, I really know very little about what went on upstairs, except somebody was charged with trying to resist arrest, I do know that. But basically, the upstairs and the downstairs were two separate operations. But the number of cops was amazing. I mean, it seemed like there were two cops for every customer at the baths. I'm sure it didn't work out that way. I'd say maybe that night there might have been close to 20 people in the entire bath. It's not a large amount.

Anyway, we're told to strip, and I guess I left my stuff in my room. You know, by this point, I was really going into shock. It just seemed like a dream, you know? The whole thing I couldn't be certain. Part of you is standing outside your body, almost, and sort of observing. And you sort of become completely disconnected with what's actually going on. Anyway, we ended up in the shower room.

And now whether this was because they found me holding a joint when they broke into my room, I don't know, but they said, now, you—you go stand over there. Bend over, spread your cheeks. I thought, what on earth is this for? I mean, of course they're looking for drugs, right, that's the ostensible reason for it. I think it was just part of the humiliation process. But anyway, I did as I was told, and one of the cops said that, when I hesitated, he said, oh come on, come on, he said, don't tell us you haven't done that before. And I didn't say anything. I said very little. But I did try to remember, to observe what was going on. And I thought, well, that's not quite right, and especially not in front of an audience like this. Anyway, once that was done—it was kind of like getting a prostate exam except the medical personnel was pretty strange.

Anyway, we ended up against the wall of the shower room, which is actually quite large. Hands, you know, overhead facing the wall, and we stood there for a very long time. And I can't remember what the cops were doing at that point, you know, except that, you know, like I say, we're rounding up everybody in the place and checking the premises to make sure no one was hiding. I really don't know. But it's kind of interesting. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see a couple of cops checking out some cubicles just off the shower room that had glory holes in them, and the one cop looked at the glory hole and he said, well, gee, he said to his buddy, we had bigger ones than that at the police college. So, his fellow officer was not amused at that remark. He probably thought, why are you joking like that in front of this crowd? You know, but it was pretty funny.

But I think one of the most chilling things was the [pause] one of the cops, and again, I couldn't see, because you know, I was facing the wall. We couldn't look away from the wall. One of the cops said, looking at all the showers and the pipes going into the shower room, he said gee, it's too bad we can't hook this up to gas. You know, and that was a very chilling moment, I'll tell you.

Also, I don't define myself as a found-in, because it was never proved that I was a found-in in a bawdy house. I was a customer in a bath that was operating legally, as far as I'm concerned, and I also had my own room. And you know, I felt, you know, there's nothing wrong with us, referring to my fellow customers. But what the hell was wrong with you people?