

GAY

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Dick Cavett Features Gay Activist And Mattachine Spokesmen



Dick Cavett—first network host for gays

BY RANDOLFE WICKER

Arthur Evans and Marty Robinson of the Gay Activists Alliance and Dick Leitsch of the New York Mattachine Society, and columnists for GAY were guests on the Dick Cavett Show Friday night, November 26th. Phyllis Diller, James Earl Jones and writer Nora Efron were the other guests.

"This subject still upsets some people so much," Cavett commenced, "so we will try to discuss it reasonably but if it's going to give you apoplexy, for heaven's sake don't watch.

GAA participants Arthur Evans and Marty Robinson dressed casually. Robinson wore a dark t-shirt with the Greek lambda symbol representing "constant energy" emblazoned on it. Evans sported a full beard with beads.

Robinson described himself as "a hardhat, a journeyman carpenter" who was open about his homosexuality among his co-workers at the risk of being attacked physically.

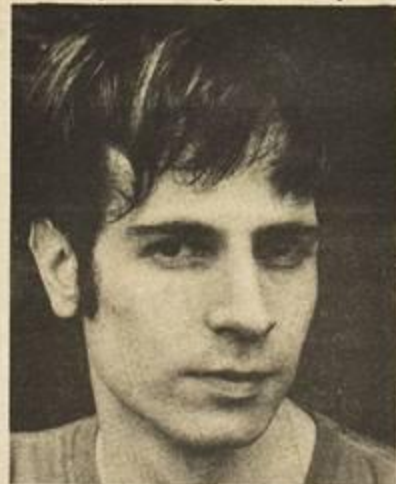
Evans said his appearance could jeopardize his academic career, since he was currently a graduate student in philosophy at Columbia University and hoped to go into teaching.

"What kinds of oppression have you suffered?" Cavett queried.

Evans said he had had stones thrown at him for holding a lover's hand while walking down the street, that recently there had been a wave of police harassment in midtown New York where people were arrested, picked up,

sometimes beaten: That he had himself been arrested for acting as an observer in the area and told not to come back.

"If I were an alien," Robinson added, "I wouldn't dare tell you because I would be deported immediately for being homosexual. If I applied for a job, I might not get that, too... and don't think people can't find out if they want to. For \$12.50 you can go to a private



GAA's Marty Robinson

investigator agency and get the information on anyone."

Evans claimed that an employment agency where he had once worked had a code for homosexuals and another for blacks despite the existence of fair employment laws.

"We face a cruel alternative," he continued. "If we deny our emotions and

appear straight, then we can have a career. But if we live openly and show our affections the way heterosexuals do and lead an open sexual life, then our careers are ended. We feel it is repressive, unfair and unjust that we face that alternative. There is no reason why we

can't be full people, both economically and in terms of our feelings."

"But a lot of homosexuals seem to have fitted into society," Cavett pried, "and maybe don't want to be bugged by you. Like you've made something a

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Spock And Vidal's "New Party" Supports Gay Liberation

Washington, D.C.—The New Party, a Fourth Party for '72, whose honorary chairmen are Dr. Benjamin Spock and Gore Vidal, has announced a "Gay Liberation" plank.

Bob Terpstra, National Coordinator of the New Party, which has national headquarters in Suite 232-A, Dupont Circle Building, 1346 Connecticut Avenue, N.W., Washington, D. C. 20036, has announced that:

It is a necessary step towards guaranteeing full individual freedom for all Americans regardless of race, color, creed, or sexual preferences. Persons who differ from the conventional in their private sexual orientation are entitled to political representation, as are members of minority ethnic groups. And, as a matter of hard, political fact, members of the "Gay



New Party co-founder Gore Vidal

Community," as it has come to be called, make up a large and politically significant segment of our population. It has been estimated that the Gay Community comprises the nation's second largest minority group (next to Negroes) subjected to discrimination and official harassment. continued on page 3

Gay Prison Inmate Dead - Beaten By Guards?

BY RANDOLFE WICKER

New York, N.Y.—The Board of Correction has been investigating charges that a black homosexual Tombs inmate was beaten by guards before he committed suicide. Excerpts of its findings were given extensive coverage by the *New York Times* and filled two-thirds of a page in the *Times*' Friday, Dec. 4th edition.

Raymond Lavon was a 25-year-old black youth who accidentally shot an off-duty cop after refusing to leave a lower Manhattan bar. Lavon had gotten into a fight with the bar's owner who had asked him to leave for being "loud," and then pulled a gun, commenced struggling with the owner during which the gun accidentally went off and hit the off duty patrolman who just happened to be sitting in the bar with his father-in-law. That was early January, 1970. Because he had almost killed a patrolman, and was

unwilling to plead guilty to a felony charge, Lavon's bail was set at \$10,000—a sum he was obviously unable to raise.

He had no record of disciplinary trouble until four months later in May at which time he was still incarcerated and awaiting trial. During the six months that followed, he was sent to Bellevue Hospital and Riker's Island for observation on five different occasions. His weight dropped from 205 to 155. Records reveal he was medicated 141

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A Preview of "The Music Lovers"

BY THANE HAMPTEN

Is there a person on the face of this earth who doesn't know something by the Russian composer Peter Ilyich Tchaikowsky? I doubt it. Even the most tone-deaf music hater cannot have completely escaped *The Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairies* or the song *None But The Lonely Heart*, and I am tempted to say that he is the most popular of all classical composers. (Please do not confuse popularity with superiority.) I, personally, have struggled through an interminable love/hate relationship with his music. When I was young, I used to prance obscenely around the house to several versions of *The Nutcracker Suite*—(including one by Spike Jones and The City Slickers; the motive behind this peculiar production now escapes me.) And like many, I thought Tchaikowsky had stolen *Moon Love* from Freddie Martin. In elementary school, I found that the only thing the composer really wrote was the *1812 Overture*. He had little time for music as he was constantly falling madly in love with beautiful countesses.

By the time I was in my mid-teens, and the romantic sap of life was beginning to bubble in my proud loins, I adored his symphonies, with their endless and heart-rending melodies. I wore out innumerable copies of the *Romeo and Juliet Overture*. Then, when I began studying music in college, I found that Tchaikowsky was highly overrated; a minor composer with a talent for pretty tunes of which he hadn't the foggiest notion how to develop. Gentle contempt was mandatory. I eagerly added my own sneer, as—lo!—this was the age of smashing former idols: parents and gods.

It was several years before I discovered that Igor Stravinsky had come to Tchaikowsky's rescue (and mine), restoring him to a more proper and balanced niche in musical history. He was a supreme melodist (and if you don't believe me, listen to the *pas d' deux* from *Nutcracker* sometime.) He deserves his continuing popularity. I accept and enjoy him for what he is; not for what I pretended him to be. And I would like him even more if Andre Kostelanetz would leave him alone.

Somewhere along the line, I found out that Tchaikowsky was homosexual. It surprised me, but not very. It delighted me more, as I was undergoing a personal prelude to the Gay Pride movement; any creative talent was great because he was gay, not in spite of it. I unearthed a musty copy of his diaries at the local library. (That was the damndest library, by the way. I read quirky volumes there, at fourteen, that would be in locked cabinets at the NYPL. Bless that little old librarian!) In his diaries, I was amused to find that he alluded to his "condition" by the code word "Z." (Do not confuse with the Costa Gavras.) I was much saddened and angered to note that the repression of his desires had caused him constant physical and mental torment.

I also read several biographies. Most of them either ignored this all-important axis of his life, or spoke fleetingly of it, apologizing profusely afterward for violating the memory of the artist and the



RICKY CHAMBERLAIN as Peter, and CHRISTOPHER GABLE as Chlovisky.
"I want to drink your blood! I want to drink anything you got to offer!"

"NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART" The Life of Peter Ilyich Tchaikowsky

sensitivity of the refined reader. Admittedly, there is not a great deal of information left to us directly concerning his homosexuality. His brother, Modeste—(also homosexual; his twin was straight)—took it upon himself after Peter's death to burn as much incriminating evidence as possible. (And save his own "good name" in the process hummm?)

One source which met *The Problem* head-on was *Beloved Friend*, the compassionate story of Tchaikowsky and Nadejda von Meck, his patroness. It was written in 1937 by Catherine Drinker Bowen and Barbara von Meck. (Nadejda's granddaughter, by marriage.) It is upon this material that Melvyn Bragg allegedly derived his screenplay for Ken ("Women in Love") Russell's film *The Music Lovers*, starring Richard Chamberlain (who, we assume, felt at ease in the role...) The original title of the film was, quite simply, *Tchaikowsky*. I couldn't imagine the reason for changing it to the vague *Music Lovers*—until I had seen it, and then I knew why. It has a great deal less to do with Tchaikowsky than it does with the promotion of an actress, Glenda Jackson. It has very little to do with Tchaikowsky as composer or homosexual, or about the time in which he lived. It has a great deal to do with neuroses; much, I suspect, are projections of the director's own. And the neuroses depicted are so stagnant, inbred, and laboriously convoluted as to result in nothing more than a ludicrous vulgarity. It is an opportunistic, distasteful and deceitful film that is an insult to the genuine tragedy of this composer's life. Far better had Russell woven an entirely fictitious fabric of a fictitious artist.

I suppose I should be grateful to Russell for not hacking out the sort of

1940's bio that featured Cornel Wilde as Chopin and Robert Walker as Brahms. (No one believed those story lines even then.) Russell has given us some interesting performances, elaborate decor, and two reels (approximately 20 full minutes) of nothing but the Piano Concerto No. 1, accompanied by some of the most exquisite visuals I have ever seen. (You are urged to leave the theatre at this point. You have already seen Chamberlain and lover fall ecstatically in bed together.) He is also nicely casual in his treatment of Tchaikowsky's homosexuality, *per se* refusing to leer and wag a finger. But he is not content with this commendable approach. No indeed. This is 1970 and we must show things as they really are, baby. No fragile, noble



RICKY as Peter watches smugly as Barbra Streisand does her "Chicken Lick" routine—while CHRIS as Chlovisky tells GLENDA JACKSON as Nina:
"By the way, are you aware your husband wears an iron ring through his foreskin?"
hysterically hilarious (or hilariously hysterical) claustrophobic shots of Glenda Jackson rolling like drunken gelatin on the floor of an impossibly

Katie Hepburn as Clara Schumann for us. Instead, we are treated to endless and careening train car; Panavision close-ups of her unharvested pubic hair; her rather meagre breasts from every angle. We also get a lot of ineffectual anguish from Chamberlain; faces riddled with the hideous sores of cholera infection; a totally inappropriate fantasy sequence (from a Rodgers and Hammerstein reject); hints of incest, plus a multitude of other distortions and outright fabrications. The picture ends with Miss Jackson repeating her Marat/Sade shtick in a lunatic asylum, with various male inmates clawing hungrily for their daily feast at her well-worn vagina.

I left the theatre rather distressed and bewildered, to say the least. A mouthful

of alum. Had the years so impaired my memory of the facts surrounding Tchaikowsky's life? I decided to do a little re-reading and, in doing so, found

that my memory had not erred. It was Russell who was wrong, *dead* wrong. Whatever his obscure purpose, there is simply no room for debate. He is artistically and morally wrong and should be censured for it. His bizarre fatuities of pseudorealism are as strained and far from honesty as were the simplistic infantilisms of the 40's.

There was no excuse for this. Tchaikowsky's life was unusual and intriguing enough to have made a gripping film without the obfuscating over-elaboration of Russell's itchy script. (In one man's opinion, he has intentionally created cinematic chaos to mask the fact that he is not talented enough to tell a story with unadorned linear clarity.) There is a great need to explore the history of a man who was both elevated and almost destroyed by his homosexuality; and especially of the heartless, thoughtless, hypocritical, rigidly prudish yet basically amoral society that forced him to agree to such purposelessly destructive conformity.

Some "authorities" claim that Tchaikowsky was never actively homosexual, a naive assumption at best. (Some years ago, I made query of the aged wife of a famous American composer who had known Tchaikowsky about this aspect. "Nonsense!" was her quick reply. "The man led a full sexual life, even if it didn't include women." Her blunt candor was refreshing and it was I who demurely lowered my lashes.) It seems he had his first experience at the age of fifteen, and there were at least three important affairs in his life. The first was with a dissolute young consumptive, Vladimir Shilovsky. It was rather petty—(Peter took money from Vlad; Vlad spread enchanting rumors)—and it was over in two years. In the movie, this lover is called Chlovisky and is elevated to position as the archnemesis who destroys the beautiful relationship between Peter and von Meck.

The second was with a personal servant, Alexei Sofronov, who is reduced in the film to a pretty little wisp who sits in the background industriously copying musical manuscript pages. (In truth, Tchaikowsky was partial to "pretty" lads.) The third, and by far most important, was his intense affection for his own nephew, Bob Davydoff. Davydoff was a magnificently degenerate s.o.b. who sucked on his uncle, in more ways than one, and died of drug addiction in 1906, after being stolen from Tchaikowsky by Peter's own beloved brother, Modeste! My *dears!* Here is fodder for an absolute gem of a film! But Russell chose to ignore the adult Davydoff completely; we assume he was not about to make a fruity flick for the fag flock (and its limited financial return).

Instead we get Glenda Jackson as Tchaikowsky's wife, Antonina Milnikoff. Yes, he really did marry, at thirty-seven. It was done partly to satisfy his demanding daddy and partly to squelch a parcel of interesting but highly irregular rumors that had been floating about the conservatory where he taught. In the film, "Nina" is a predatory, neurotic, sometime prostitute (courtesy of her scheming mother) who seems to also occasionally inhabit, inhibit and enhance Peter's opera *Eugene Onegin*. She finds out slowly, and with mounting horror, that Peter is unable/unwilling to penetrate her. The relationship goes on endlessly as they hiss and claw at each other in mutual impotency on the parlor

floor. Peter finally withdraws in an ecstasy of apathy. Nina's mom begins again to pimp for her, dragging men in from the street and obediently introducing them to the ruined and insatiable Nina as Peter's musical contemporaries. (Why Nina feels that her lust for revenge would be satisfied by giving Rimski-Korsakov the clap eludes me.) Finally, there is nothing left save nymphomania cum insanity. All because Peter wouldn't play doctor with her. Peter feels eternally damned and haunted with guilt for abandoning her.

In real life Antonina was a pretty, bland, stupid student of Tchaikowsky's who probably realized that at twenty-eight she'd better grab a man and fast. She flattered Peter through a series of cloying letters and he agreed to marry her, after telling her *emphatically* of his nature and that their love could only be that of a brother for sister. Nina understood, but with sly stupidity assumed that the ministrations of a "good woman" would end all that crap. The honeymoon was a disaster. The marriage seems to have begun and ended between July 10th and 20th, 1877. (It was never technically dissolved. Divorce was practically impossible in Imperial Russia.) By July 23rd, he wrote his brother that "physically, she has become absolutely repulsive to me." Soon afterward, he began to refer to her only as *The Reptile*. (!) He fled her, emerging himself in music and travel. Nina seemed reasonably content to take his money and make occasional babies by strange men. She was a good mother and always made sure one child was nicely placed in a foundling home before contracting for another. Years after Tchaikowsky's death, she was put in a mental institution where she died in 1917.



RICKY being carted to the Burbank sanitorium. Unconscious after receiving a rather rude spinal tap at an orgy in a Lutheran girls' school in Kiev. The honorary pallbearers courtesy GLF and GAA.

Tchaikowsky knew or cared little of her life after he fled. Why should he? He had made his token sacrifice to society, had continued his gay life, and could sublimate everything through composition. In addition, he had the friendship and patronage of Nadejda von Meck, in what was probably one of the oddest platonic love affairs in history. They never met, nor did they desire to do so. It would have been improper for the wealthy, idealistic, bourgeois widow von Meck. As for Peter, I am convinced that there were two things he desired from this union: Mother and Money. He could easily glean both from correspondence. And he did. I'm afraid the fact is that he hustled the poor woman unmercifully.

However, she got her money's worth: note for note, ruble for ruble. Her financial aid and general encouragement is directly responsible for many of the compositions we continue to enjoy today.

As to her knowledge of his homosexuality, it is presumed to have seen nil. I find this hard to believe as she was a worldly and intelligent woman. However, in that era, women were not supposed to know of such evil phenomena. In the film, she is told, in no uncertain terms, by Chlovisky; his revenge for being spurned by Peter. Von Meck staggers away, laughing hysterically.

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RICKY and CHRIS at a recent Rae Bourbon Cotton Grand Drag Ball in BSoal. "It has to be socks stuffed in there. No one has equipment that big."

THE WICKER BASKET



BY RANDOLFE WICKER

COPS HELP GAYS, SOMETIMES

* The Kalos Society, Hartford Connecticut's GLF, created quite a local stir last September when they held a Gay-Liberation picnic in Hartford's Goodwin Park. When plans for the picnic were reported in the local papers, one Bert Carilli attempted to organize opposition. Residents of the area circulated petitions and got 400 signers who urged it be forbidden. Ironically, Carilli was both a member of Hartford's Human Rights Commission and the Democratic Town Committee.

Kalos members decided to take a firm stand, saying that Hartford homosexuals fully intended to exercise their rights and to go ahead with their picnic plans. A meeting with Hartford's Police Commissioner and Police Captain secured assurances from the police that they would provide protection from any area people who might try to create an incident to harass those attending.

A hundred people came to the picnic. At one point about 20 teenage boys and girls started toward the picnic area brandishing stones. Police turned them away before they reached the picnicers.

Since then, the Kalos Society reports it has maintained amicable relations and open communication with the Hartford Police Department. Recently, two Kalos members who had been selling copies of the Society's newsletter in the Hartford Train station were threatened at knifepoint by some young toughs who attempted to rob them.

The gay newboys hailed a police car, and they spent a couple of hours cruising around town with them until the culprits were spotted and apprehended.

On the negative side, however, comes a report recently that a transvestite homosexual was beaten by an officer who, believing he was a female, possibly a prostitute, asked for his I.D.

THINGS YOUR MOTHER NEVER TOLD YOU:

* The Rambles in Central Park are reportedly "hot" this cold winter season.

Those who have been harassed or arrested, however, have quietly told gay organizations that they were "guilty" and "didn't want to make it an issue." Seems like bare branches just aren't enough protection for bare boys.

* One of "the boys" seems ready to join "the band." An actor who played in *Boys in the Band* has queried a gay organization about becoming a member. It is not known whether he plans to go to confession and take Holy Communion first.

* New York's Secretary of State has refused to approve the incorporation of Gay Activists Alliance on the ground, among others, that to grant such incorporation would go contrary to the intent of the penal laws of the state.

* Police harassment of the Daughters of Bilitis, which resulted in D.O.B. President Ruth Simpson's being issued a summons, has apparently ceased. The summons has been taken out of criminal court and put in civil court where she could be called to trial on short notice making a large demonstration outside the courthouse on her behalf less likely.

* Lobbying has been started at City Hall by GAA's Fair Employment Committee which hopes to pressure the City Council into passing a fair employment law encompassing homosexuals. "Not many groups lobby at City Hall," one politician chaser reported. "We might be the first group to really have a lobby down there all the time. I think the councilmen seemed to be flattered that we're going to this much trouble over them."

* *Gay Flames*, a "free" newsletter originating out of either a segment of GLF and/or Alternate U., has called for a boycott of Tor's Restaurant and Mama's Chicken Rib on Greenwich Avenue because Tor's allegedly fired a waiter for kissing a friend goodbye and Mama's Chicken Rib follows the same policy. The same article promised further actions against the Finale Restaurant for discouraging any simple overt displays of homosexual affection.

* Revolutionary gays are complaining that the Communist Party has thrown members of GLF and STAR off its picket lines. "We can march beside them," they say, "so long as we do not carry our banners or camp it up too much. So far, we haven't had the numbers to physically resist, but we hope to at the next demonstration."

* *Gay Youth's Gay Journal* claims that Houston GLF has been attacked by the Ku Klux Klan, that they "were shot at, bombed and physically attacked." The Pacifica radio station in Houston was also bombed recently and several gay clubs have mysteriously burned down.

* Queens Liberation Front, an organization of drag queens and transvestites, with the assistance of the Mattachine Society, persuaded NYC's Bureau of Consumer Affairs to delete a phrase in a dance permit they secured for their Halloween Drag Ball at the Riverside Plaza Hotel which said "males dressed as females or impersonating a woman are not to be allowed to attend under penalty of law." QLF argued that although the law was not enforced, its existence

allowed the police department to receive graft to allow such dances to be held.

* The Vineyard, a Catholic secular institute working "in, for and on behalf of the homophile community," has acquired headquarters at 4804 Tremont in East Dallas. (Mailing address: Box 50063, Dallas 75250; phone (214) 826-1536.) It performs gay marriages but does not permit gay divorces. Some of its clergy practice celibacy.

* Residents of Bear Mountain, Calif., a resort area adjoining Alpine County, are

planning to switch their voting residences to Alpine County if a gay takeover there seems imminent. Alpine residents have set up a committee to explore merging their county with an adjacent county if such a situation develops and have asked the State Police for assistance in maintaining law and order.

* Troy Perry's Metropolitan Community Church has purchased a church at the corner of 22nd and Hoover in Los Angeles for \$55,000.00. Its auditorium seats 600. MCC's current membership is 420 but Sunday services have been drawing 500 or more. \$20,000 in additional renovations are planned on the building. Meanwhile, a new MCC mission and Church have taken root in Miami, Florida.

The Other End Of The Boob Tube A Personal Account Of The Cavett Show

BY RICHARD WANDEL

"Homosexuality is a subject that still upsets some people. We will try to discuss this rationally but if it's going to give you apoplexy, for heaven's sake, don't watch!"

I heard Dick Cavett's voice but had the greater sensation of people sitting behind me already in the midst of apoplexy, and not too sure if they wanted to listen to three gays discussing liberation. Listening to Marty Robinson and Arthur Evans of the Gay Activists Alliance and Dick

openly, their affection is idealized in movies and theatre. Homosexuals want the same thing, to be open in this society, to live a life without fear of reprisals from anybody for being homosexual."

Inside me a voice shouts "right on" but it's lost in a mess of tangled nerve ends. Moen seems uneasy; Pop just looks angry, he didn't want to watch the program anyway. Arthur Evans is rapping about being human beings, trying to point out how we are oppressed; people have to know about it. It's becoming obvious to



Arthur Evans of GAA also appeared on the Cavett Show

Leitch of the Mattachine Society for a half hour on national T.V. ought to be a very good trip, but some of the fun disappears if you're sitting in your parents' house.

Thanksgiving had passed the day before, nothing left now but unasked questions, staring eyes and lots of nerves. My brother notices the grip I have on the tape recorder; I smile, I've got to hold on to something; mother taught me never to bite my nails.

CAVETT: "What are you really after...?"

ROBINSON: "...Heterosexuals live in this society without any scorn, they live

me, all those eyes seem glued to the back of my head.

ROBINSON: "Homosexuals are afraid: even people in the movement will face the government oft times before they'll face their mother because of the emotional bond and because that emotional bond is jeopardized by saying 'Hey Mom, I'm gay, do you still love me?' and you may find yourself disowned or in the midst of quite a family squabble."

I shift my position on the floor; try to get a more comfortable position. The family squabble's getting to me. I've let

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Dr. George Weinberg (Ph.D.) is an outstanding psychotherapist, and author of a new and excellent book, *THE ACTION APPROACH: How You Personality Developed and How You Can Change It*, published by Signet pocketbooks. It is now available at your local bookstore. The editors of GAY are pleased to recommend it.

BY DR. GEORGE WEINBERG

This is the second article in a series by Dr. Weinberg describing torture-therapy as practiced in so-called civilized nations by "medical" men who are seeking an end to the homosexual orientation.

In continuing my survey of methods used by therapists to convert people from homosexuality and from other erotic attachments, I want to discuss a widely used one, which I call the *method of emetic persuasion*. An emetic is a medicine or other substance that causes vomiting.

The technique consists of giving the patient his fetish objects or showing him pictures of nude males while rendering him acutely ill. Sometimes he is asked to furnish the experimenter with pictures that arouse him sexually, ones he has cut from a magazine, or photos of his lover. The scheme is to cause him dizziness and nausea which he will then associate to the photos or fetish objects.

Most commonly, apomorphine is injected intramuscularly. In one study, the patient was given this as the principal agent, and was also given regular doses of emetine hydrochloride, of mustard and salt in tumblers of warm water, and apparently whatever else could be found to make him as nauseous and dizzy as possible.

Such concoctions given regularly produced severe headaches and nausea for six days and six nights. And it is left to our imagination how long the poor victim suffered after that.

What harm did society have in store for this man comparable to what he received? Even if the findings in such studies had been that the method eradicated the behavior, one might question whether the method was justified. But the experimenter had much reason to believe that the method would not work. To believe in the efficacy of such a treatment, one would need to have seen success in studies with long follow-up periods. In actuality, when such research is done, the experimenter is hardly ever willing to wait more than some months, seldom as long as two or three years, before publishing his findings. And even within periods that short, it has been noted that patients revert.

Nothing daunts these researchers, however. After each failure reported in the psychological literature, they merely vary details of their techniques, sometimes deciding on a different dose of a drug next time than previously; or shifting to a whole new variation of torture more fashionable, as for instance, in recent years when many have forsaken drugs in favor of electric current as their method of injuring the patient and taking revenge on him for distressing them.

With no sign of cure in sight, there has been an increase in the number and variety of treatment techniques applied, and in the range of people seen fit as subjects. A typical application of emetic therapy was done by a very dangerous man in England known in the technical journals as D.F. Clark, who is Principal Clinical Psychologist of the Leicester Area Psychology Service.

Dr. Clark tried the technique of inducing nausea in a fetishist—a twenty-nine year old man, heterosexual with a girdle fetish. He was admitted to the hospital for seven to ten days of intensive treatment and told to bring with him pictures he found stimulating, together with the garments that aroused him. Upon arrival, he made a tape recording in which "he soliloquized on the special delights of his fetishism."

He was then given subcutaneous apomorphine in carefully quantified doses (for the sake of accurate reportage in the *British Journal of Psychology*) and a stopwatch was used for accuracy wherever possible.

test!" (Patient) "sick." (Psychologist) "And now you're wearing..." (Patient) "a girdle and stockings." (Psychologist) "And you just feel..." (Patient) "...sick and ill." etc. (Psychologist) "You're sick when you listen to what you enjoyed about girdles and stockings." (Plays patient's recording again) "Now it makes you vomit," etc. The recording volume was increased to flood the patient's auditory input and to be heard over his retching and vomiting noises.

Sixteen treatments were given, and later nausea was inflicted but the patient could not vomit—an even more distressing state than the earlier one when he was able to vomit.

Dr. Clark wrote in the *British Journal*: "At one session by a particularly happy chance one of his favorite pictures fell into the vomit in the basin so that the



As the nausea increased, the tape recording was played back to the patient at maximum volume. The patient lurched across the room clutching his stomach and vomiting and listening to the record he had made. He was asked to handle his fetish objects "and gaze at the plethora of pictures of cosseted women around him." Blood pressure readings were taken at exactly six minute intervals, so as to keep the work scientific.

The psychologist, presumably Clark himself, stood by as the fellow suffered, and as the patient's own voice would come back on the recording describing the erotic part of his fetish, the psychologist would ask him questions.

For example, just as the patient's voice had finished a description of his erotic pleasures, the psychologist would cut in with "...but now, when you do that you feel..." (Patient says) "sick." (Psychologist) "How do you

patient had to see it every time he puked. Throughout the 15 to 20 minutes during which the patient vomited and was obviously ill, a continuous commentary on the fetishism and current nausea was kept up by the psychologist while the psychiatric registrar took blood pressure readings."

After three weeks, the patient declared himself cured, though he admitted "thinking wistfully of his erstwhile pleasures." Clark called the patient "symptom free" after three months. The comment is interesting, since the whole rationale for the particular treatment lay in the belief held by members of the behavioral school that the concept of "symptom" in such cases was in error. If the fetish was a "symptom," meaning a manifestation of some broader underlying problem, then the method was supposed

to fail, and the whole behavioral school of psychology that had argued the efficacy of such methods disbelieved this.

When describing his cure in the *British Journal of Psychiatry*, Dr. Clark spent several pages accounting for his success in terms of the theory of conditioning. In these pages he fancied himself an expert on fetishists and on conditioning therapy, and wrote with authority that would inevitably spur others on to torture fetishists and other patients, heterosexual and homosexual.

The same year a note appeared, also in the *British Journal of Psychiatry*, by Dr. Clark and referring to his history-making cure.

"Now it has been found that the patient has relapsed and that the success of treatment was only of a temporary nature, although at first follow-up the patient declared himself 'completely cured.'"

Note that instead of removing his article from the *British Journal of Psychiatry*, where it doubtless waited for many months before publication, Dr. Clark simply wrote another one, that way having written two articles instead of none and becoming better known to the readers of the journal.

One never expects to see a comment in any of these technical journals to the effect that perhaps since we are failing to accomplish even our own ends, which are dubious, we therapists ought to slow down. Our ethical license to torture people, to punish them for their deviancy, may be expiring since we cannot give them even a fifty-fifty promise that we will help them. And one never does see such a comment.

Seldom do these experimenters consider that even so specific an attachment as a fetish may have a broader base of motivations than is assumed. They are utterly committed to the position that all so-called sex deviancy is an isolated phenomenon, with no implications for the rest of one's life. For instance, when trying to teach someone to despise his lover sexually by getting the person to vomit at the sight of his lover's picture, it never occurs to them that they are sniping at a human relationship, as rich and full as their own love relationships, and in some cases richer. If it did, they would understand what they were tampering with, and would see their position realistically, as usually that of shooting a popgun at a battleship. They would understand that one walk in the countryside, one glorious Thanksgiving Day, one eager preparation to go away for a picnic together with a lover, would undo their work. They would see that one sad sniff of mortality shared with a lover, one rush to a veterinarian with a dog they both loved who died, if the patient had any judgment left, could undo the effects of the vomit therapy practiced by these masters, who in turn could offer much but could deliver nothing except loneliness and shame to the people they assaulted.

In his second article, Dr. Clark was as pompous in accounting for his failure as he had been in accounting for the success of the same experiment. In that article he offered a program "combined with booster treatments, spaced widely and reinforced... so that the necessary

(continued on page 15)

GAY COMIX

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED

Tim Marlowe

New York magazine noted in *The Radicalization of Comic Books* that the gay liberationists have yet to produce gay comics. What? Haven't New York heard of *Batman and Robin*? Or *Daughters of Bilitis Meet the Dragon Lady*? What about *Terry and His Privates*? GAY is pleased to present GAY COMIX!

STARDREK



SUPERGAY
ATTACKS THE VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE U.S.A.

SWISH

LAST MONTH, THE REPUBLICAN, SUPERGAY and SUPERMAN MET IN A FRENCHMAN'S BAR. THIS MONTH SUPERGAY NOW BRINGS THE COMMON SENSE AGAINST THE VICES OF ENGLAND. YOUR NAMES ARE LISTED. YOU WILL WANT TO

Chicken Hawk
meets
THE GOBLER

Doctor BEN GAYSEE
FOR LONG A STAR OF TV NOW HAS
THIS OPERATION

SEX ORGAN M.D.

next week DRAGNET

SUPERSTUD
INVESTIGATES THE MYSTERIOUS BACK ROOM OF AN ODD BAR IN EXOTIC GREENWICH VILLAGE

SEE HIM IN THE EASY RIDERS "BLEW IT"

BATMAN and ROBIN

SEE YOU NEXT WEEK DON'T YOU?

ZANE GAY
CONED BY BOYS

LEATH MAN
HAND TOOLS HIMSELF!

AQUABOY
ORGANIZES water sports

ZOWIE!

THEY WOULD SAY THAT'S ALL AQUA-D SUPERSTUD

STRAIGHT TO THE HEART OF THE SILENT MINORITY...

CAPTAIN AMERIKA
AND AFRO-DISIAK THE BLACK POWER-PUFF

DICK TRACER

HE BE HEARD TO TOWNSOME SOME PARTS OF THE VICTIM

ELL GALLSTONE AGH THE JOINS "PINUPS FOR CHUBBY CHASERS"

BLOB
and gets **SCORED!**

about seven years ago, I saw a letter written by someone in the then infant homophile movement stating his views on communication with heterosexuals. He pointed out that permitting the heterosexual to pity us enabled the homosexual to get a foot in the closed door of the straight mind. By arousing pity, we could eliminate their fear of us and induce them to listen to and perhaps even help us. Nothing would be gained by tactics which offended or frightened the heterosexual, because he would only barricade himself the more securely in his narrow-mindedness.

At that time, seven years ago, such a humble profile made a certain sense, and perhaps still does for some people. But at the opposite spectrum are the new radical homosexuals. Gay consciousness is becoming proud and often defiant. Some gay liberationists don't even intend to communicate with or educate straight society. They want to be themselves and stop nonhomosexuals from interfering in their lives. Confrontations, disruptions, venting steam, obscenities, doing their thing—it's done in the name of freedom. Responsibility? Democracy? Respect for others? Not necessarily. In the irrational societal situation in which the homosexual finds himself, perhaps an irrational response becomes the only rational method of protest to shake people out of their lethargy. Perhaps. Why should the homosexual be more responsible for his actions than his oppressors?

A priest told me that we who are fighting the homophile cause have to be better—more respectful, patient, and just—than the establishment we are trying to change, in order not to descend to the level of those who persecute us. I agree with that view—though I wouldn't impose it on others, and I can comprehend the genesis of rebellious and/or revolutionary behavior. Trust has been violated.

At the last Gay Liberation Front meeting in Washington, an intense debate centered around the tactics of the proposed zap of Catholic University's week-long "Seminar on Homosexuality" (Nov. 9-13), conducted by a conservative local psychiatrist, Dr. John Cavanagh. The zap, consisting of the disruption of one meeting, was billed solely as a consciousness-raising event for homosexuals. It was not for the benefit of the clergy and counselors attending the seminar. Some GLF'ers proposed taking over the remaining two and a half days of the conference and of supplying their own speakers. Others argued that the effect on the members of the audience would be negative and non-constructive. The zap would be counterproductive if it succeeded only in offending the participants, they argued, and that if the conference were to be terminated right then and there, the knowledge homosexuals could transmit would be lost.

But the feeling of these angry homosexuals ran too strong to be influenced by appeals to consideration for others. A young man who had only been listening, leaned over to me and said, "They feel their wounds too deeply." Their frustration was a tide that couldn't be stemmed. What they wanted was to stop the flow of misinformation

about homosexuality. The leaflet they were planning to circulate commenced with "As leaders of the Gay Liberation Front, we deny your right to conduct this seminar."

As an advocate of respectful and courteous communication with people, including opponents, I nevertheless didn't want to miss the zap and attended the target lecture. That afternoon, of November 11, Dr. Cavanagh—elderly, sad-faced, monotone-voiced—was laboriously reading his paper on "Latent Homosexuality as a Cause of Marital Discord."

"...This means the homosexual tendency is repressed and—therefore out of his consciousness. But nevertheless it is dynamic and capable of affecting conscious conduct and attitudes. Clinically, the affected individual may experience periodic, transient, free-flowing anxiety. To the diagnostician, however, the condition may manifest itself in a variety of symptoms, which may reveal themselves

Chanting slogans of gay pride and power (and a few obscenities), the protesters walked around the hall several times. One young man taunted Dr. Cavanagh and threw the pages of his speech in his face. That and a few other examples of crass behavior made me unhappy.

The audience (about thirty people—many had stayed away to avoid being bored by Dr. C.) observed silently. The zap lasted about ten minutes. Then the group left, chanting, and serenading us from outside our window for a few more minutes.

"Now that we've had our fun, I'd like to resume this statement," Dr. C. said impassively. But Dr. Frank Kameny (the token homosexual speaker at the seminar) interrupted, warning him that it was far from a game. "This will continue happening," he prophesied, "until you start talking with us instead of about us!"

Afterwards in the discussion period,



BY LILLI VINCENZ "Would I Bullshit A Nice Girl Like You?"

in different degrees of severity and with varying degrees of anxiety. "Bullshit!" yelled one GLF'er seated in the rear. "This whole thing is bullshit! Bullshit on this whole seminar." Then a chorus of about twenty-five voices (at least two of them female) repeatedly roared "Bullshit!" which resounded through the hall with its high ceiling and through the building.

The zappers proceeded to hand out their leaflets, which stated grievances and concluded with "Only we as homosexuals can determine from our own experiences what our identity will be—and that will happen in the new society which we will help to build."

Colorfully dressed, the GLF'ers mounted the stage and linked arms. When Dr. Cavanagh attempted to resume reading his paper, it was torn from his hands. One member then read the GLF statement to the audience, while a stony-faced Cavanagh suffered the disruption without expressing any kind of reaction whatsoever.

although a general distaste for GLF's tactics seemed to prevail, one priest defended them:

"The only way they can protest... is to get up and march around and get attention. What Dr. Kameny is saying, I think, is true then... We have to go along with what he says."

In my opinion, the zap was educational for the audience, because it confronted them with the impolite and contemptuous, even threatening, homosexual, who cares not about the impression he makes and who openly vents his extreme resentment. His version of the "I'm gonna getcha, whitey!" posture makes straight people sit up with a bit of trepidation. These guys aren't kidding around—no timid little faggots they! GLF's dramatization of the frustration of a fed-up minority had an impact. It was rude—but it was real.

I couldn't have participated in the zap myself for reasons already mentioned. Disruption, disrespect, coarseness turn me off. My approach to the problem is

different, perhaps because I'm over thirty and because I still have faith in people's ability and willingness to change their attitudes if they are only confronted with the evidence. I like to win their confidence by talking in a language they can understand. My aim is to establish a meaningful dialogue.

Of course I would be an ass if I thought that this method always worked. The die-hard bigots will never yield, except by force. The big question, then, is whether or not enlightenment or ingrained, perverse stupidity holds the reins of this country. I hope we can avoid the revolution by reforming the system from within before it's too late—before the forces of repression, on the one hand, or the forces of revolution, on the other, control our lives even more.

The zap, which occurred on Wednesday, was only the beginning of participation in the seminar by homosexuals in numbers. At the last GLF meeting, Frank Kameny had proposed planning a program consisting of homosexual speakers for Friday, the last day of the conference. Unable to fill a whole week's schedule, Dr. C. apparently intended to close the seminar on Thursday.

What happened was this: GLF instructed Frank to announce the homosexual program for Friday on the morning prior to the zap, instead of on the next day. This he did. After the zap, on Wednesday night (as also on Monday eve), several participants in the seminar were introduced to the local gay bars by Frank and other homosexuals. Conversation was lively and relaxed. This extracurricular activity permitting personal contact with gays was appreciated by the nuns, priests and counselors attending.

Thursday morning, Dr. C. discussed his research on lesbians (to which Marcelle and I had submitted ourselves also—see issue no. 11). He presented the audience with two lesbians who were willing to answer questions. They were women mainly acquainted with the gay life of bars. One priest in the audience asked whether lesbians with other experience were willing to answer questions. Barbara Gittings and I volunteered.

The session lasted over two hours, because the audience was very interested in the four of us, who were quite different individuals. One panelist, in full drag, was an excellent spokeswoman for her way of life. She told it like it is, how the homosexual is discriminated against, and how his main problem is the public's lack of acceptance. She came across as a complete and courageous human being.

Thursday afternoon, seminar participants, many of whom were disappointed in Dr. C.'s speeches and programming, helped set up the schedule for Friday. The speakers were a gay ex-priest, a nun who was a counselor, an Episcopal priest, Frank Kameny of Washington Mattachine, and Dave Aiken of Gay Lib. About thirty to forty people attended these sessions.

The importance of Friday's program lay in the fact that the psychiatrists and theologians with their dictates of traditional morality and medicine, had been sent packing. The speakers, though not all of them gay, were free to deal with matters relevant to homosexuals and homosexuality. Thus the conference ended on a promising note.

BY STEFEN VERK

A column of counsel to our troubled brothers and sisters who seek meaningful positive guidance and not the further imposition of heterosexual or homosexual myths, hang-ups, or unearned guilts. Only letters of the widest general interest can be published, but all letters will be answered if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope and 50 cents for handling.)

Q. I finally got up enough nerve to write this letter and ask your advice and help. There are probably a thousand guys with my problem. I live in a small town, where everybody knows everybody. I am in my twenties and not bad looking. However, being gay and living in a small town, it's not easy to meet other gays. Ours is a "Company Town," and I could lose my job just for being gay. Also, when a guy looks at you here you don't know if he's cruising or what. I live about forty miles from Philadelphia, but I can't get into the city. I just moved into an apartment, but it's no fun being alone all the time. And I don't have enough experience to go out on the streets. Often I thought of answering an ad in GAY, but how can I get to New York City if I can't get to Philadelphia? What can I do? My need for discretion is great, but so is my need for love, companionship and sex. Maybe you think this is a stupid letter, but I sure wish you could help me. I've got a lot of love to give, and I'd like to give it to a man. Just tell me how I can find one. If it will help your answer any, this is my description. I'm 22, 5'7", 135 pounds, blonde hair. The few guys I've had tell me I'm pretty as opposed to handsome. Well, ANY help you can give will be appreciated.

P.W.J., Penna.

A. Don't just think about Philadelphia, MOVE THERE! Or any other city where you can have enough freedom to simply be yourself. Unless you are actually being

held prisoner, I cannot imagine why you can't occasionally travel a mere forty miles. Something about that sounds very peculiar, but it is more important for you to realize that NO job in the world is worth sacrificing your happiness, self-respect, and freedom for, especially when one is as young as you. It would be better to wash dishes in Manhattan where you can live the way you please, than to be a budding executive in some dreadful little town where you must live in fear and shame at the possibility someone might discover you are different from them in your sexual tastes. The only sensible advice I want to give you is to get the hell out of that town. You have nothing to lose but your slavery.

Q. I am white, male, 48, married 22 years, have three children. College



graduate, professional man with good income and prominent in my community. My wife has always been disinterested in sex, and this has been the start of many subsequent problems in our marriage. After six years of faithful married life, I had my first homosexual experience. As the realization grew that I was never going to achieve sexual satisfaction within my marriage, I found it increasingly in homosexual encounters. She never suspected anything. Although no more than one third of my sexual outlet was with her, she always considered me a sexual madman. At the same time, I was distressed to be so unfaithful, and I frequently complained that our life together was so barren and unimaginative. She was always tired, evasive, and centered all her attention on our children. Four years ago, she became so upset with

my complaints that she moved out of our bedroom. We began consulting a psychiatrist, who, after a year, persuaded her it was her duty to move back in. Last spring on a trip to Japan, I met an extremely handsome young Japanese man. It was not a pick-up; he was well introduced, has a good job, comes from a fine family. To my astonishment, he was as attracted to me as I was to him. I have never known such tenderness and loving affection. When I came back home, there was a charming letter from him which, quite by accident, my wife discovered. It was sufficiently revealing, and she immediately moved out of our bedroom again, at the same time expressing her contempt for my being "queer." At this point, I just gave up on the marriage. I told the psychiatrist that I was through

and never wanted her back in my bedroom. He knows about the letter. So this is the way we live. The children are aware of our poor relationship, but not about my male friend. The reasons are too complex to explain, but divorce is not practical at this time. My correspondence with my friend has continued, and our love has grown. I want him to come here and be with me. He would like to come, but he has a good job. There isn't much chance for him to find work in his field in this town, even though his English is very good. I have suggested he take a leave of absence and attend college here. This way he would not be burning his bridges behind him; it would give us a chance to know each other better, and perhaps work out something here. I would provide him an apartment, car, and take care of his

expenses. I feel our relationship could be handled discreetly. I would continue to live at home to all appearances. The problems I foresee are these. (1) My wife could make things very ugly but may not, because she fears divorce as much as she loathes me. (2) My son and I are very close friends, and he knows my marriage problems and sympathizes. He is very sophisticated. Am I dreaming if I dare hope he will accept this lover, in case it becomes apparent? (3) Do you have any statistics on these father-son romances? Can it possibly be successful for any length of time? He is 27, I am 48. (4) He spent several months in California a few years ago. Would it be very difficult for him to adjust to living in this country? (5) Would he and I find great cultural gaps in our culture that would make communication difficult later on? (6) He is 5'2", 106 pounds. I am 6'4", 205 pounds. You can readily see there are quite a few sexual activities impossible for us. I am well-hung, almost 9". Would this hurt our relationship? How much of a chance would you say we have? I certainly don't want to disrupt his life for a shortsighted fling, and he doesn't want to upset my established community position. For me, knowing and loving him has been an intense emotional experience. I'm not flighty. I know that the feeling I have is completely new to me, and I take it very seriously. He also seems to have a very deep affection for me. If there are any obvious flaws in this situation that make it hopeless, perhaps you can tell me.

A. Unfortunately, there are nothing BUT flaws in your situation. You cannot possibly hide a young Oriental friend in town where you are so well known. Was that letter really discovered by accident, or did you subconsciously wish it to be found by your wife? How long do you think an affair living in the shadows like a replay of BACK STREET can survive all the attendant guilt and fear and shame affecting the entire cast? It is really hopeless, as you suspect.



"Just what makes you so sure I'm gay?"
From Hollywood Hustler, a Hercules Productions Inc. Release

Interrogation Of A HUSTLER

BY WILLIAM J. LAMBERT, III

(I drove the car around the block twice. On the second circle my passenger reaffirmed the status of the cute young blond propped against the large cement flower pot positioned near the sidewalk's edge. He'd had the blond the week before. I circled once more, depositing my friend on the opposite side of the block, coming around again to park about three feet from the blue-jeaned youth. He looked my way, and I motioned him over to the car. He didn't get in, peering at me through the opened window.)

GAY: Get in.
PETER: Not tonight. I'm out for a little pocket money, and you don't look like the type who's reached the point of paying for it.
GAY: Compliment accepted and registered, but get in anyway. (He shrugged, opening the door, sliding into the seat next to me.)
GAY: How much?
PETER: You're serious?
GAY: You did say you were out for a little pocket money, didn't you? So, just how much is a little pocket money?
PETER: You'd pay?
GAY: You think flattery raises your going price?
PETER: It's just that you really don't seem like the type who usually does this scene.
GAY: So, I'm giving it a try just for this evening. How much?
PETER: It all depends on what you want to do.

(Since I already had been informed of the boy's limited repertoire by the friend who had had him—which had persuaded me to arrange for the interview in the first place—I knew what to answer to that question.)

GAY: All I want is a little kissing.
PETER: Man, you're putting me on.
GAY: Really. That's all I want.
PETER: Sorry, but I don't kiss.
GAY: Okay, then blow me.
PETER: That's not my bag, either.
GAY: How about if I fuck you then?
PETER: I don't do that, either.
GAY: So, maybe you ought to tell me just what you do, and we'll work from there.
PETER: Seriously, are you putting me on?
GAY: Do you ask this of all potential customers? (He shrugged.)
PETER: You can blow me for fifteen, or I'll fuck you for twenty. If you want me to cum, it's an extra five.
GAY: Isn't that a bit one-sided?
PETER: (Moving to open the door): I somehow didn't think you'd be interested from the first minute I saw you.
GAY: How about giving me the going rate on a little talk?
PETER: (Turning back from the door): Talk?
GAY: I'm writing a book about hustling. I figure you're part of it.
PETER: You're really a writer?
GAY: I'm not going to fuck or suck you, but I think I might pay for a little of your time.

PETER: If you just want to talk, the talk is free.
(Assuming he'd be a little more cooperative if he got some cash, I persuaded him that he might as well take some money since he wasn't going to be available on the corner for sex while talking to me. I then persuaded him to come to my apartment where I said it would be more comfortable than in the car. He eyed me like I was the spider and he were the fly, but finally complied. I drove him to my place, settling him in a chair with a large bourbon and water.)
PETER: It's a few bucks. I live at home with my parents and date this girl. I get this allowance, but sometimes it's really not enough. Rather than go through the lecture about what I do with my money, I go down there.
GAY: Neither your parents nor your girl know?
PETER: Christ no. My parents would shit and my girlfriend would flip. She's got this thing against faggots.
GAY: You consider yourself "straight" then?
PETER: I told you, I only do it for a little extra cash. It gives me a little more to play around with. I'm not a fruit. I got this girl.
GAY: Do you have sex with her?
(He didn't answer.)
GAY: Listen. I write. I'm conducting an interview. It's not like I know you, or your parents, or your girl. I'm not your best friend asking if you screw Sally, your next door neighbor. You're just a source of information. Try thinking of it that way.

PETER: Yeah, I screw her.
GAY: Then you get no pleasure out of your homosexual contacts?
PETER: No.
GAY: None? Your ejaculations are void of pleasure?
PETER: I'm not a fruit.
GAY: Would you define fruit for me?
PETER: Boys who like boys.
GAY: Would you define the opposite of fruit?
PETER: A boy who likes girls.
GAY: How about bisexual? What's that?
PETER: A boy who likes them both.
GAY: Since you have sex with men and with women, shouldn't you be bisexual by your own definition?
PETER: I do not like men. I don't kiss them, don't blow them, don't let them fuck me.
GAY: But you do kiss your girl?
PETER: Of course I do.

GAY: You're not the first person I've talked to who has had a hang-up regarding kissing your male partner. Can you tell me just why?
PETER: Sure. Kissing a homo would be like sucking cock by proxy.
GAY: Then you never let your girl suck you off?
PETER: You're getting kind of personal, aren't you?
GAY: Am I? But why should you mind? I don't even know your real name. I'll probably never see you again and vice versa. What's the harm in the question, after all? Someone whose business is sex shouldn't be too prudish to speak about it candidly.

PETER: I'm not as stupid as you think. If I say I let her blow me, then you're going to say that I still kiss her, thus sucking my own cock by proxy.
GAY: Well? (He didn't answer immediately.)
PETER: Listen. A queer doesn't do it for the money. A queer does it because he likes to do it. He'd rather have sex with a guy than lay a girl. A fruit likes to suck cock, likes to get fucked, likes to kiss and all that shit.

GAY: You don't think there are any homosexuals who don't like to get fucked? I can't believe that you're doing what you're doing and can come up with a comment like that. Or mean it, at least.
PETER: Sure they like it.
GAY: So, what if I introduced you to one who didn't?
PETER: There's always the exception to the rule.

GAY: You don't consider yourself an exception?
PETER: (Standing and sloshing his drink on the rug): I am not a goddamned fairy!
GAY: Turning on my butchest voice: Cool it, man.
PETER: How much longer is this interview of yours going to last?
GAY: Not too much longer. Now sit down and don't get so uptight. I would have expected a good deal more sophistication from someone in your line of work.
PETER: (Sitting): There's always guys like you. You think just because a guy pulls down his pants and lets some faggot go down on him then he's a faggot, too. Well, that's just a bunch of hot shit.
GAY: How about your statement that a queer doesn't do it for money? Does

continued on page 10

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GUESS WHO'S NEIGHBORING
CARNEGIE HALL?
SEE PAGE 19

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Community Center Collective Opens Large Village Loft

BY RANDOLFE WICKER

New York, N.Y.—Twelve men and two women who call themselves the "Community Center Collective" have secured a 4,000 sq. foot loft at 130 West 3rd St. At present it consists of the entire second floor of the building which is located just off Sixth Ave. (between 6th Ave. & MacDougal St.). The group also has an option on the floor above and hopes to double their space if their undertaking is financially successful.

The group describes themselves as "a collective open for new membership by a consensus of the group" and urges "members of various oppressed sectors of the Gay Community" to join.

"The collective will take responsibility for coordinating the functioning of the center," their leaflet continues. "Intermediate groups will work with the collective to concentrate on specific services, such as classes, dances, lighting, food, day care, cleaning, etc."

"The community will be the Center—the Center exists for the community. There will be weekly Community meetings where the community will define what the Center is to become."

"The collective is of necessity a decision making body, subject to the final control of the community through these Community meetings. To insure communication, the collective feels a responsibility to issue weekly reports of what is being done in the center."

The Center held its first "open house" on the weekend of December 4th, 5th & 6th. The loft was well lit and spacious. A few people were busy painting and erecting plasterboard walls to separate various areas of the floor-through area.

"Gay Community Center" was emblazoned on one wall with an arrow pointing toward the front door and "Lesbian Center" was painted on the doorway at the rear.

The Lesbian Center had been walled off from the rest of the area, connected only through one doorway because, according to collective member Joe Dunnea, "the women wanted to be away from all men."

Mr. Dunnea pointed out the areas to be used for lounge, dancing area, storage room, library, and meeting room. He explained that the lease had been signed by four people on the collective, whose names he did not feel at liberty to divulge without permission at that time.

Mr. Dunnea stated that the center had been opened with funds loaned to the group by some of its members but was unable to elaborate further.

He said the collective had separated itself from GLF in order "to relate to the whole community" and said that they were trying to keep their group apolitical.

He said that precautions had been taken to make sure the premises had legal wiring and legal fire exits, that there had been no reactions to date from the neighbors, and that legal capacity for dances had not yet been determined.

Mr. Dunnea said the collective had no formal structure for solving conflicts or disputes but instead operated on the basis of "consensus."

The group hopes to operate a 24-hour-a-day Community Center with at least one member of the collective present at all times. At this time there are no plans to employ anyone and everything will be done by volunteers.

At dances beer will be available for a 25 cent donation but no hard liquor will be allowed. The group plans to rent its facilities for dances for \$75 per evening, which fee will cover use of a sound system and lighting.

However, according to Mr. Dunnea, the collective will not rent out the center to groups that charge money for entrance. He was not sure regarding the group's policy toward groups sponsoring dances

with a voluntary suggested donation. Policies involving renting the premises for meetings also have not been determined.

During its opening weeks, the center had scheduled dances by STAR 12/11; a women only dance by D.O.B. 12/12; Gay Youth and Third World Gay People dance 12/19/70 and a celebration following a candlelight parade Christmas Eve.

Mr. Dunnea said donations to the center were tax deductible and should be sent to: "Gay Community Center, a division of Centers for Change, P.O. Box 40, Village Sta., NYC 10014."

He said that a member of the collective was on the board of directors of "Centers for Change," a group he knew little about but said all checks were cashed and given to the collective immediately.

A pay phone has been installed in the Center and a listing should be available through Manhattan's information operator by the time this article appears.

Mr. Dunnea said those wishing information on current social activities were encouraged to call the Gay Community Center for further information.

Gay Prison Inmate Dead - Beaten By Guards?

continued from page 1
separate times on 105 different days usually with multiple medications.

Shortly before his death, he got into a fight with a guard who he believed had given him the wrong drug, allegedly reaching through the bars and hitting the guard over his head with his shoe.

His father had finally gotten a hearing and Lavon's bail had been reduced to \$3,500 which his father and lover had managed to obtain. But Lavon's emotional outburst and attack on the guard through the bars with his shoe had gotten him sentenced to 20 days in solitary confinement with 10 days of restricted diet. At this point the bondsman called the Tombs to verify the bail and was told that the officer had sworn a new warrant in Criminal Court against Lavon for assault the previous afternoon.

During his incarceration, no psychiatrist saw Lavon even once.

"His greatest friend, frequent correspondent and most loyal partisan was an acknowledged homosexual with

whom he lived in N.Y. prior to his arrest" the *New York Times* noted, "and who apparently knew Lavon for more than five years (Friend)."

The evening of the day his chances of freedom were eliminated by the assault charge, Lavon was found hanging dead in his cell from a rope made of mattress stripping.

An autopsy found injuries—not themselves fatal—including a fractured skull received before Lavon's death.

The Board of Corrections titled their report "A Shuttle to Oblivion." "It (Lavon's death) must have come as a relief," the report concluded, "for who among us could have survived the caged confinement, navigated the labyrinth of justice, endured the endless psychological and physical punishment, and then accepted the medieval dungeon and the final despair of learning that freedom's possibility had expired again with a new warrant by a correction officer in the court where the whole journey could begin again."

●●

Bar Fights

continued from page 3

staying, to report the incident. Four carloads of gay men drove to the bar to confront the management. The first two arrived and entered the bar. They were told to leave, and in the ensuing argument, fights broke out between the gays and some of the bar's straight clientele.

By the time police arrived, two people had been injured and were taken away in an ambulance, tables were overturned, chairs thrown, the bar smashed and the front windows of the bar broken. The gays fled in their cars, but the license number of one was taken at the scene, and the entire load was arrested and charged when the car was stopped on its way back to the University.

Gay witnesses at the scene insisted the fighting was started by the bar clientele—described as "rednecks." Nevertheless, the twelve gays arrested will go on trial December 23. All were released pending the trial.

The Other End Of The Boob Tube

continued from page 6

go of my grip on the tape recorder; by now I'm just playing with the burnt out cigarette butts in the ash tray. Everybody's quiet, Mom's trying to figure out the "do you still love me" part. I get up and get a beer, it'll give me something to hold onto.

Dick Leitsch has joined Cavett's guests. LEITSCH: "The churches tell you that you're sinful, (grandmother nods her approval), and the psychiatrists tell you that you're all sick (Mother nods approval), and your parents and everybody else tell you that you're going to be unhappy the rest of your life. (Sister nods her approval)... People act as they're expected to act... People wonder why all homosexuals are sissy, or so many homosexuals are sissy; it's because when... you're coming out... you wonder what a homosexual is and all you know that a homosexual is, is

what you've been told... and so you think that you have to go out and hold your cigarette much like that and drink martinis..."

At this point Mom's beginning to get nervous; she's probably afraid of what the neighbors would say if I decided to "swish" down the street some day. EVANS: "Many people feel vaguely threatened by us... there's a little bit of homosexuality in people that they find hard to admit, and when they see us it may call that to mind and make them feel scared."

My father finally breaks the silence in the room with a little nervous cough. LEITSCH: "Most of us oppress ourselves, homosexuals and heterosexuals alike... We oppress ourselves by believing what society tells us... They tell us homosexuality is bad and we should laugh at them; we should just crack up laughing and say you're B!tts."

Cavett is over, the room remains silent as I walk over to the phone to call Marty Robinson. Mother at last has a comment to make: "My God, he's going to call up a queer!" It's her first comment since we talked about psychiatrists and unnatural acts when I first told her I was gay. Someone suggests pizza, anything to prevent talking. So we eat and discuss the weather.

Saturday arrives. I have to get out of the house so I walk to the library and look up the sodomy laws. Later I join my brother and his wife at a local bar. He tells me how having a gay brother doesn't bother him at all; his wife tells me how upset he really is. Still later comes a rap session with my sister. She has compassion for me since she knows how unhappy I'll always be. At 5 AM, as she dries her eyes, I make plans for leaving.

Sunday arrives and I return to New York. A friend calls so we spend the night together. Lying in bed I reflect on how strange it is that I don't feel sinful, or sick, or unhappy.

BY DICK LEITSCH

Two of those ubiquitous woman's libbers appeared on a television talk show the other night to denounce Hugh Hefner for his treatment of women as "sex objects." Before long, I found myself shouting "Right on!" to the ladies, because if there's anything I don't like, it's a sex object.

Who needs those stunningly beautiful people who always cause all eyes to turn to them, and all conversation to pause, as they enter a room? Now, those ladies on the talk show, they were real people. They didn't wear makeup, their hair was ratty-looking, their clothes dowdy. If they had any curves on their bodies, they had carefully concealed them, lest someone be turned on sexually.

You know these chicks didn't have to put up with being called "beautiful," or "stacked" or anything like that. Not for them the cheap sexual descriptions, or the smirking lewdness with which the Sex Object is viewed. You knew the families and friends of these chicks, and the people who made blind dates for them, described them as "intelligent," or "sincere," or pointed out that the ladies had nice personalities.

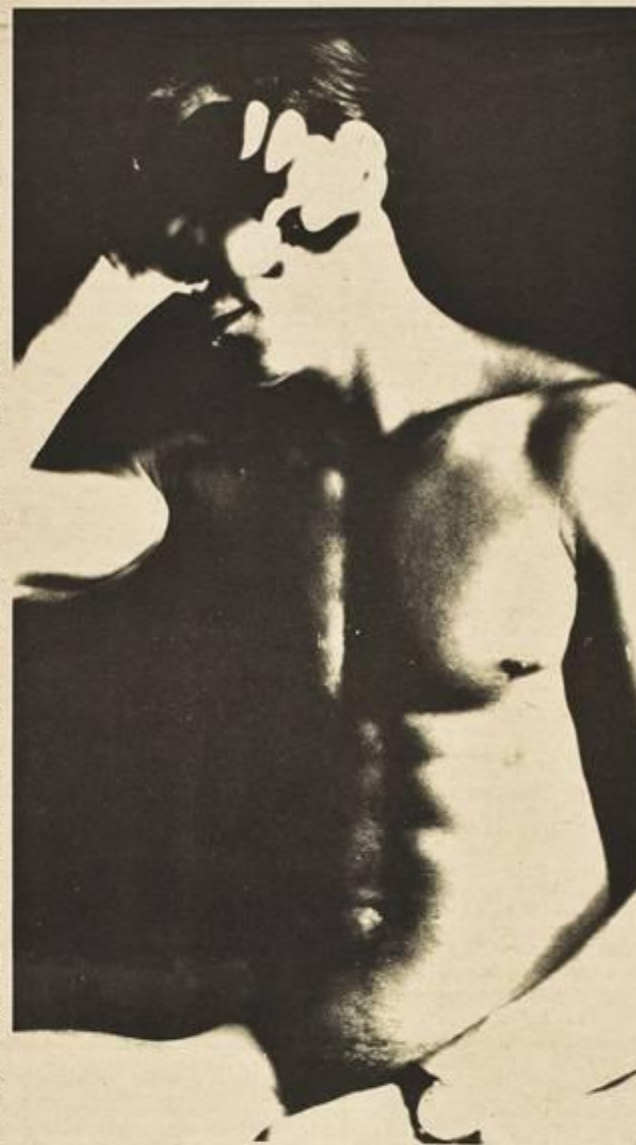
How horrible it must be to be a Sex Object. Imagine how tragic it must be to be seen as physically devastating, absolutely gorgeous, and totally desirable! How unpleasant it must be to always get invitations to be an international cinema star, to Truman Capote's balls, or to be a rich man's plaything! Do you suppose a Sex Object ever gets an invitation to play chess, discuss the revolution, or argue the deeper meanings of Rod McKuen's poetry?

Just before the La Boheme closed, a handsome stud of a movie star dropped in. There he stood, leaning on the cigarette machine, showing an enormous basket and surveying the room with his deep brown eyes. Suddenly, every man in the room decided he had to go to the cigarette machine or the juke box next to it. The poor movie star stood there, watching the parade pass by, and living with the awful knowledge that he could have any trick in the room merely by fluttering his long eyelashes.

Surely, he must have wondered, "Do all of these guys want me for my mind, or do they merely want to get into my pants?" I could sense that he knew he'd never get a chance to discuss Proust with whomever he left with. He was going to have to spend the night being kissed, groped, and having sex.

That night, I was being myself—a Real Person, as I can be since, thank God, I'm not the Sex Object type. I'd carefully combed and sprayed my hair, chosen an outfit that highlighted my best features and hid my not-so-good ones, and promised myself that next week I'd either go on a diet or start working out at a gym. I'd read three good books that week to arm myself with conversation, and dipped into Dorothy Parker's collected works to pick up some witty, clever, lines.

At the bar, I stood around and eventually decided on a handsome, well-built young man who was showing a large basket. Of course, I didn't choose him because he was a Sex Object, but because I detected a fine mind and



PLEASE DON'T
CALL ME
A SEX OBJECT!

marvelous personality behind those vacant eyes.

Moving near him, I plopped a cigarette into my mouth and cleverly quipped, "Would you light my fire?" After I said that three times, he finally looked blankly at me and said, "Uh—yeah." As he flicked a match, I began my witty remarks about Speer's *Inside the Third Reich*.

About that time, the Sex Object had entered the bar. My number began staring at him, and soon left me standing there

alone while he moved over to the cigarette machine to lean next to the film star.

A few words were exchanged, and the two left together. As they went out the door, the Sex Object turned and gave me a pitying glance, which I understood. I knew he was commenting on how rapid the boy with the vacant eyes was, how stupid that such a nice boy would throw himself at a well-hung Sex Object when he could have sat all night listening to my brilliant repartee.

The pitiful Sex Objects have to put up with this all of the time. Imagine not being able to walk into Harry's or the Stud, without having every man in the place throw himself at your feet! Certainly we all have a moral obligation to join the women's lib effort to liberate Sex Objects. Do you imagine anyone enjoys being a Sex Object?

Do you think those ladies who fold out of the center of PLAYBOY, or those men whose pictures decorate this paper and other gay publications, enjoy all of this attention to their bodies, all of the interest in their huge breasts or enormous cocks? Do you suppose they'd pose for these pictures if they didn't need the ten dollars they get paid? Would John Francis Hunter have appeared naked in these pages if some of our readers who are hung up on Sex Objects hadn't insisted?

Nobody wants to be a Sex Object. They'd rather be like you and me, and be known as "sincere," rather than "stunning." We plain people can be sure that we're loved for something besides our looks; that we're free from all of that groping, and all of those invitations to jump into bed.

We shouldn't adopt a superior attitude to the poor Sex Objects. They belong to an oppressed minority group, and we should help liberate them. One way this might be achieved is for the fashion designers to popularize the "Allen Ginsberg Look"—long hair and a full beard to hide the whole face. With such a style being the "in" thing, those afflicted with very handsome faces would not be noticeable, and would no longer suffer from the tragedy of being a Sex Object.

To go with the "Allen Ginsberg Look," the designers can bring back those trousers Dick Powell wore in the Busby Berkeley films. Those who are well-hung would find that trousers made with as much material as was used in making Vivien Leigh's skirts for "Gone With the Wind" would keep their baskets from showing and causing them to become Sex Objects. Add a sloppy Rudy Vallee sweater to the costume and the most beautiful body in the world would look like a shapeless lump. No longer would Sex Objects have to suffer from too much attention.

We owe it to our gay brothers who are viewed as Sex Objects to help liberate them by going along with these fashions. This, after all, is what revolution is all about. We have to take the advantages away from the advantaged, the money away from the rich, the privileges away from the privileged, and of course, the attractiveness away from the attractive.

The only alternative is to give advantages to the disadvantaged, to give money to the poor, etc. It is true that we could all become Sex Objects by taking care of our bodies, being careful in our grooming, and being creative in selecting our clothes. But that's such a bother. Better we should liberate the Sex Objects. After all, you and I knew that the Sex Object would rather be with us on the stag line at the Stud, clutching a beer bottle and thinking of the clever and witty things he'd say to that number across the room—if the number would only look his way.

So, Right On, women's lib! Up the Revolution and Down With Sex Objects. As Karl Marx once said, "Beautiful people of the world unite! Throw off your chains, you have nothing to lose but your tricks and Truman Capote's balls!"

THE LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

"PARIS II"



Battcock writing his column

People keep asking me how I manage to turn out so much writing. David Bourdon says it takes him three weeks to write a caption for a picture in LIFE. Perreault claims that I am efficient and fast, while he barely manages to bang out an occasional piece. I reminded him that his book on Warhol was already finished, and my book on Warhol, which I began five years ago, hasn't gotten past the introduction. Ruitenbeek burns out seven or eight books a year, and actually writes at least one book a year. But he doesn't do any articles. They're all trying to say that I'm a hack and... ah, but I

promised the reader I'd finish the Paris story from last issue...

Lunch that lovely, balmy Saturday was Benedict Pesle's treat-at Chez Allard, a famous "two-star" Bistro on the left bank. We arrived at one thirty and they didn't want to seat us; we sat ourselves and started off the repas with some huîtres (oysters) that were not at all like the oysters we have in New York—better, sort of tangy, bitter, richer, tastier and light green. In France you squeeze a drop of lemon juice on the oyster and if he contracts, you know he's fresh (it's also a good way to recognize an airline employee in drag).

The huîtres swam down our throats in a torrent of Sancerre. After, the widest "Canard Sauvage" ever; they had to put it in a straight jacket and even then it kicked and screamed. We drowned it in a Nouveau Beaujolais and went on to dessert, a "mocha" which is a heavy mocha cream, sliced like a cake. Except for my friend William Charles who goes to high school in New Jersey, it was the best thing I ever tasted.

Dinner that evening was at the famous "artists" brasserie La Coupole on the Montparnasse. We arrived at 11, got a table in the "elegant" section. I waved at Giles Rayne who stared back and Joe ordered the Oeuf en Gelee and I, the Langoustine—little lobsters, more or less, with long, skinny claws. With fresh mayonnaise, they tasted of autumnal Mediterranean breezes and went very nice with a 1969 Chablis. The Oeufs surpassed those at Laperouse; a twig of tarragon entombed in the gelee with a bit of jambon de Paris and the practically raw egg.

Next, Joe had the Steak Tartare, which when made with French beef, comes out tarter, tastier, and "meatier" (whatever that means) than any served in the good ole U.S.A. Still game for game, I settled on the Perdreau Roti (roast partridge to you) which was still bloody, yet white, and as tender as an adolescent's ass; a piece of glass, rather.

All this was accompanied with an Alox-Corton 1961, Joe's idiotic conversation, and the thoroughly 1930's ART DECO ambience of the Coupole which in size, excitement and show is, without a doubt, the world's greatest restaurant. That they manage to provide excellent food is amazing. For dessert, we managed an Omelette Norvegienne (Baked Alaska except much better) that went nicely with a 1961 Avize ("Pommery" brut) Champagne. I don't remember much about the rest of the evening and it's just as well. The concierge at my hotel was drunk as a lord, the taxi driver rude and the Saturday night crowds on the St. Germain certainly didn't lack style.

My interminable narrative continues and ends with a report of the final lunch, Sunday, at Lucas Corton. The place still sports a genuine Art Nouveau decor and atmosphere, has two stars in the guide, is a famous landmark; of course, our taxi driver couldn't find it. Anyway, they stuck us in what amounted to a corner, but it was comfortable and the table was nice and big. The dishes were Art Nouveau. I started off with a freshly chilled Moet (since it was still morning) and the "Cocotte a La Creme"—eggs in individual crocks, baked with cream. Excellent but, when you get down to it,

only slightly better than Lillie's "Oeufs en Cocotte" in Tangiers.

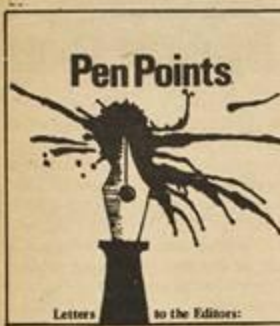
That was followed with a "Becasse Flambee a Notre Maniere" which, clearly, was from another century. (And which cost \$18.00.) The partially cooked bird was brought out and sat watching the waiter puer fresh foie gras with tons of butter—first with a fork, then through a sieve. All this was heated over an alcohol lamp; the bird was cooked some more; it was all set afire (the only dubious gesture in the lot); the sauce simmered... later the little bird's head was cut in half, and each of us handed (by the beak-handle) half of the charred head. It was washed down with a '62 Beause.

The reader will recall that I was simply attempting to make my weekend in Paris a work of art—my ticket was paid for by Andy Warhol. I know Andy is proud of me.

We got to the airport where, in the confusion, I lost my colleague but bumped into our good Doctor Henry who was in a rage. Air France bounced him (probably because he had forgotten to confirm his flight) and since he was in First Class... well, they said why don't you go tourist class doctor? And Henry, imagining having to sit with Gregory Battcock on one side of the Atlantic to the other, turned his nose up and took Pan American instead where, he claims, the service is better.

Probably the Champagne is better too. Air France has taken to serving cheap, second-rate Champagnes to tourist class passengers. Since I choose my airlines according to their wine lists, I suppose I'll have to swallow my integrity and fly a domestic carrier. I also didn't like the 747 so took a 707 back. Anyway, hanging around Orly is a delight—nice shops, good restaurants, nice lounges, lots of space, efficient clearance and delightful bars...

Anyway, I'm toying with the idea of a freighter trip to Scandinavia...



WANTON ADS CONTROVERSY (CONT.)

Dear GAY—

In response to GAY's editors' request for readers' thoughts on Wanton Ads, I address myself to the letter of W.G.D. (GAY, 12/7/70) attacking Wanton Ads.

While the letter claims "the average homosexual has no interest in 'hard porno,'" the truth is, no such thing as an "average" homosexual exists, and of course the letter writer is in a position to declare honestly his own interests alone. If his interests do not include "porno," he is certainly under no obligation to read Wanton Ads; but just as certainly, he has no right to suggest others should not.

He "beseeches" GAY "not to bring

homosexuality down to the level of 42nd St. flicks." Yet the majority of the population considers these films and their "level" no threat. Many obviously even enjoy them, since the theatres thrive and prosper. Homosexuality can no more be "brought down" by allowing individuals freedom of expression than can heterosexuality. And if the "beauty and pleasures" of the human body are "sacred," as W.G.D. states, then just as sacred is the individual's right to display this beauty or advertise and pursue his version of pleasure. Love, we have come to realize, is not the narrow, limited thing we once believed it to be. In this age when an enlightened public realizes as never before the healthiness inherent in full self-expression, let us not ask that GAY go backward. Rather, let's ask why some are frightened by progress.

Yours truly, David White

ED. NOTE: We're anxious to hear as many viewpoints on "Wanton Ads" as possible.

FUCKING FAMINE

Dear GAY—

Two points about Lige Clarke's "Fucking Famine" (Issue 40). He is totally wrong about one thing. The establishment does not try to eliminate

publications like SCREW for any of the profound reasons you outline. You are being too kind to the Silent Majority. It is nothing but reflex action that causes the typical reactions. Pavlovian. What on earth would possess you to think they are even capable of reasoning or self-examination? This is where the true terror of it all is, for me. The senators that condemned the Obscenity Report were just as mindless. I doubt if they were even thinking of protecting their own political skins. The bell rang, and they simply acted on cue.

Secondly, the argument to be used against your plea for sexual freedom, is, naturally: "You're trying to make animals out of us! We are a higher form!" The offensive answer to this is, naturally, that we have a great deal to learn from animals, and certainly much in the way of nobility to emulate. However, where this concept of "acting like animals," when sex crops up, came from, I'll never know. Animals do a great deal less screwing than humans, and are not particularly inventive or exploratory. Also, they do not play power games. (Another thing, along with nobility to emulate.)

Sincerely, D.S.

CRUISING CAN BE BEAUTIFUL!

Dear GAY— The question dealt with a guy on a

train cruising someone else and wondering what to do and/or should have done.

The answer was great. You know cruising in itself is very beautiful at times, and at other times, it seems like a lonely visual frustration & building obsession. You can look and look and look and never seem to be able to see enough.

But I've learned in the three years of honest cruising I've been through that it really doesn't matter if the person you are watching is gay, or straight, man, or woman. What is far more fascinating is the life inside the face and movement within the body.

Talk! God gave you a good voice just as well as those eyes of yours. Haven't you the courage to say hello? And sometimes it takes everything inside of me to over-come my hang-ups and just out of pure love for life say hello to someone I find beautiful.

So from me to all of you, Hello, Buddy

In ref. to "Well of Possibility" by Stephen Vex in GAY no. 27.

PLEASE SEND ALL CORRESPONDENCE, INQUIRIES, SUGGESTIONS, COMPLAINTS, and PROPOSITIONS to: LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, GAY, P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Sta., NYC, N.Y. 10011.

HORNBSCOPE

BY ORION

(for period Jan. 4—Jan. 18)

ARIES the Ram (March 21-April 20). Realistic planning is an impetus to romance, as you learn shared dreams can come true. Love and travel go together, but rash behavior on the part of early April birthdates could lead to separation, though Full Moon on the 11th a good day for reconciling differences. Benefits from elders. Love achieves fresh dynamics.

TAURUS the Bull (April 21-May 21). Possible surprise admirer. Sex is less serious but more rewarding. You have a secret that makes you seem more open. News from a distance encouraging but requires a careful answer. Some will meet a stranger with a large billfold, others will return to a place where love first bloomed. Accent on play money.

GEMINI the Twins (May 22-June 20). The 9th requires honesty, the 13th domestic awareness, but the 6th ushers in a period when those looking for a mate can find one. Increased reserves on the 16th bring a happy smile. If you face up to a past error, you will find yourself more cherished than you thought possible, otherwise expect your motives to be questioned. Accent on soul communication: make ESP work for you.

CANCER the Crab (June 21-July 23). An old friend makes a reappearance after the 17th. After the 9th you can voice those small worries: the 13th to 16th, a time for



commitments. Your red corpuscles are activated which means passion, but watch out for passionate jealousy. Help partner realize some of his hopes.

LEO the Lion (July 24—Aug. 23). The 5th brings romance which in turn is complicated on the 9th when you find yourself courting two at once. New responsibilities at work, though possible criticism on the 13th which you'll rectify by the 16th... won't you? The attention you receive from others can lead to enhanced creativity... also to a swollen head. The choice is yours.

VIRGO the Maiden (Aug. 24-Sept. 23). If you say the wrong thing on the 13th, the 16th is a good day to show in action what you didn't mean in words. The 4th a time for a trip or perhaps you'd rather wait till the 6th to ask someone younger to join you. Love has an air of mystery and a touch of the indiscreet on the 9th. After the 13th you are especially convincing, but don't let imagines detract from warmth.

LIBRA the Scales (Sept. 24-Oct. 23). This period you find the right words, though you still could say something foolish, as you may be emoting to the wrong person. Possible meeting on a walk, a bus ride or at the supermarket which could lead to dinner for two. Watch out for wishful thinking on the 9th and a private matter on the 13th which requires action.

SCORPIO the Scorpion (Oct. 24-Nov. 23). Increased earnings could lead to increased spending on the 9th for a loved one, but those who are not free will find love a complication. After the 13th, you are liable to be full of new ideas and could come on too strong at a time when the accent is on the verbal cues... in other words don't get carried away by the sound of your own voice. Be secretive about self-centredness.

SAGITTARIUS the Archer (Nov. 23-Dec. 21). Matters kept secret re romance can be unveiled after the 6th, but don't let a glamorous surrounding lead to self-deception. Others will compliment, but some would like to take away from your glory. Don't let obvious self-satisfaction on the 6th and 13th give the envious and the jealous a just cause to put you down. Real or imagined shortcomings can be eliminated.

CAPRICORN the Goat (Dec. 22-Jan. 20). Secret wishes will come true... maybe the 4th, but soon. Reorganize personal aims as friends recognize your social life. A problem that is vexing you will seem to solve itself and others will let you in on a lot of secrets. Keep listening, enjoy admiration, but let the limelight come to you. Romance revived?

AQUARIUS the Water Bearer (Jan. 21-Feb. 19). The accent on the 6th is on stability rather than risk. A friendship takes on romantic overtones or a love from the past sets off a rocket in your pocket. On the 9th new acquaintances inspire, but some aren't worthwhile. The accent should be on introspection rather than involved thinking.

PISCES the Fish (Feb. 20-March 20). Enchantment on the 9th, but beware of romance that comes too easily, also crocodile tears that belong to a crocodile. If something is bothering you the 13th, wait to the 16th to straighten it out. After the 14th you're in the public eye, however, sometimes you react to success in the same way as you treat failure... with too much self-indulgence!

KICK ME AGAIN

continued from page 7
overlearning, which obviously did not occur in this instance, could be facilitated."

His failure had not budged him toward considering his ethical obligations. Should he actually meet a few fetishists or homosexuals, and try to understand how they lived, what they had in common if anything? Should he read the written works of such people before going further? Did he have the right to keep on punishing people? And under what conditions would he construe the evidence as suggesting that he should stop for a while, stop tormenting people and stop motivating other professionals to torment them.

Instead, he drew the usual conclusion, which was merely that he ought to alter his punishment procedures next time. He would add complexity to his methods, and chalk up the experiment as a valuable experience.

His anger toward the patient who had failed him showed through a bit in his second paper. He was to propose further treatment to the man but "as is so often the case with such patients, the motivation to cure derives more from others... and he may be unwilling to submit again to a relatively unpleasant regime in favor of a relatively, to him, pleasant fetishism." Not satisfied that the patient had been forced to suffer for no gain, he was already blaming the patient for the failure of the treatment because the patient would doubtless refuse to submit to further torture.

Two years later Dr. Clark wrote again. Having by then become known as an expert on the treatment of those suffering from "sexual disorders," he posed about the question of when one informs other practitioners of technical advances, and when one waits. One difficulty with waiting, which is "the more patient and some say more prudent

course," is that very often

"One may have to wait for several months or years before accumulating a sufficient experimental population to warrant general conclusions. Meanwhile opportunities held by other practitioners to exercise the techniques being experimented with, are going abeying and in many instances may deprive patients of the benefits of these techniques."

So saying, Dr. Clark recommended a brand new method of punishment, which he described as an extension and modification of one already tried. Later a U.S. psychologist who was reviewing the literature describing the harassment of homosexuals by psychologists, spoke out against "the unsuitability of the therapist expressing strong opinions concerning the patient's practices," which Clark had done, "particularly in the absence of evidence" that such condemnation was essential.

As if a few comments more or less from the therapist would be needed to convince the poor victim that his performance was considered undesirable! It is noteworthy that Dr. Clark had told us also that the patient had been asked to notify the writer as soon as he felt any tendency to revert to his fetishism, "so that a booster treatment could be given." Please tell us when you get sick again, Dr. Clark was saying in effect, so that we can punish you. According to Dr. Clark, "the patient had failed to do so, and in fact his wife reported the lapse." The patient's wife had turned him in, doubtless in anger at him.

In the case of homosexuality, unlike that of fetishism, the return to the activity supposedly made disgusting by the therapist is usually not an offense to someone close to the patient. The so-called relapse is apt to be the rejoining of a lover rather than the betrayal of one. Often such "relapses" are full of rejoicing, and there are no such spies. Thus, one would expect that fetishists would receive beseechments to return for punishment more often than homosexuals would.

NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART

continued from page 5
the bitter hurt glittering madly in her eyes. In reality, the reasons for the break are less clear (and less suited to Russell's cheaply melodramatic purposes). She either tired of the game, or decided to spend more time and interest in her own real son, Vladimir, a professional wastrel.

mention, for proper perspective, of his acceptance and/or rejection by public or peers.

Admittedly, there was no reason for Russell to make a pedantically detailed study of the composer, devoid of drama and resonance. But there is even less



Tchaikowsky died at 53 from drinking contaminated water: cholera and a quick but agonizing death. His mother died in precisely the same way and some have read suicide into the act. In the film, the drinking of the water is deliberate and intentionally ritualistic. There is little basis for this assumption as 19th century Russia was often rife with the disease, and citizens were in continual peril.

There are other errors in Russell's film, too numerous to mention here. Everyone suffers damaging distortions except possibly von Meck. Tchaikowsky's great body of music, his struggles from obscurity to the glory of international acclaim are totally ignored. There is no

reason for the grotesque disaster that did result. In addition to Russell's astoundingly wretched excesses as an intemperate director, he has tried to seduce the audience into believing that the Nina-Tchaikowsky relationship was central to the composer's life. By all accounts and records, this is just not true. I do not really begrudge Peter Ilyich his pitiful little frantic foray into Normalcy. However, his society should have been intelligent enough to discourage such misguided caprices; and our society should be sophisticated enough to shun a minor film director who so gratuitously and dishonestly manipulates the history of a man far, far greater than he.

Cavett Features Gay Activist/Mattachine Spokesmen

continued from page 1

central part of your personality that should be considered as a side issue."

Homosexuals who fit into society do so at a great personal price, Robinson countered. There is great alienation from both society and the family. Even in the movement, some people are willing to face the government before they'll face their own mothers and say "Mom, I'm gay."

Cavett then introduced Mattachine's Dick Leitsch as the spokesman for a more "conservative" organization, which had been around for twenty years.

"What do you mean, twenty years?" Leitsch commended jocularly. "I'm only 19 years old."

"I meant the organization," cooed Cavett.

Leitsch said that he objected to the word "oppressive," that he didn't find homosexual living that oppressive. "The reason there are so many nelly homosexuals today is because of all those Bob Hope jokes which defined the role of "homosexual" as being very swishy to those people when they were adolescents and discovered that they were homosexuals and society defined that role for them. Now judges tell homosexuals they're criminals, ministers tell them they're sinners, psychiatrists tell them they're sick and I'm afraid that these people are going to make them feel oppressed by telling them over and over that they are oppressed."

Cavett raised the question of jokes dealing with homosexuality.

"I think that any human behavior is inherently funny," Leitsch observed. "I would never trust a man who couldn't laugh at himself. That's why I don't trust Richard Nixon. He's the kind of guy who never laughs at himself when he looks in the mirror."

"We try to take our lesson from other minorities," Evans interjected. "The Irish and the blacks have found that if they group together into political power groups, they get results. We feel we have to come out politically, as a political power block, one feared by the government. Until we are feared by the government, we'll never have our rights. Until we have power, we'll never be free."

"People say that there are as many kinds of homosexuals as there are kinds of cancer," Cavett ventured.

"That's an awful way of saying it," Robinson shot back.

"Let's say there are as many kinds of homosexuals as there are kinds of heterosexuals," Leitsch counseled.

"It seems to me," Cavett continued, "that if you were an actor like James Earl Jones, you'd have more in common with him as an actor than with a busboy who happened to be a homosexual. Isn't it what you've made of your life that's important?"

"If James Earl Jones were a homosexual, which he is not," Arthur Evans commented.

"How do you know?" James Earl Jones interjected good naturedly. "And besides, I don't think it's important. I think homosexuality is just another way of achieving love and affection that you didn't get or you don't have."



GAY columnist Dick Leitsch appeared on behalf of the Mattachine Society

"Even if I am in a different social or economic group, or another color than another homosexual," Robinson disagreed, "my experiences are the same."

The discussion turned to political tactics. Robinson pointed out that as a result of GAA's political activities, Goldberg, Walinsky, Patterson, Goodell, Ottinger, Abzug, Koch and Shirley Chisholm had all written public letters supporting their legislative demands.

"There was an election in the upper east side of Manhattan where for the first time in 53 years a democrat won office," Evans added. "He won office because he strongly supported the gay movement while his opponent refused to speak and gay people knew that."

Leitsch said he had never seen homosexuals so politicized as during the last Lindsay mayoral campaign. He disagreed with Evans and Robinson's critical remarks made about Lindsay earlier in the program, pointing out that Lindsay had stopped entrapment, that raids on legal licensed gay bars had stopped, and that a directive had been issued saying the city would not discriminate against homosexuals in certain types of employment.

"But he's never spoken out,"

"He hasn't spoken out," Leitsch conceded, "but he's done things. Now if you're going to get someone, the person to get is Rockefeller because he hasn't done a damn thing and hasn't spoken out, either."

"I've been tempted all evening now to say 'Strange bedfellows make politics,'" Cavett interrupted leading into a commercial.

Cavett next raised the question of parental attitudes toward having gay children, mentioning the Sept. Harper's article which had provoked an occupation at the Harper's offices.

"A point really offensive to me," Arthur Evans volunteered, "was the statement that homosexuality was a curse that should be wiped off the face of the earth. If someone had said that about the Jews or blacks, Harper's Magazine would have been burned to the ground. The fact that they said it about homosexuals was left unnoticed by the liberal press, by any politicians, by any spokesmen in society."

"I can say to Mr. Epstein," Marty Robinson added, "that my own personal experience as a homosexual is that of a happy human being. That my homosexuality is one of the assets of my life. I like my life style. I love my lover. I'm happy being what I am. I don't see it in any way as a problem and I don't see why he should be trying to define how I should grow up. Rather, when his children grow up, he should wish them happiness and fulfillment in life. And since I have those things, I don't see why he should have that attitude."

"I think that article was very valuable," Dick Leitsch concluded, "in that it gave us a portrait of a bigot. I think it was done—the whole style of the thing was stream of consciousness and you could see him doing free associations and bringing out all his prejudices... It's a hideous pitiful article because the guy is hung up sexually anyway. I sort of feel sorry for him more than I felt angry at him."

countered Evans, "He's never said anything."

HUSTLER

continued from page 11

that mean that you consider all hustlers to be straight?

PETER: Christ no. Two thirds if not more of the hustlers on the streets are queer from the word go.

GAY: But you said that a queer doesn't do it for money.

PETER: Are you sure that that's what I said?

(I backtracked the tape and let him listen. He thought for a full minute while I waited for a comment.)

PETER: It's this way. You can always spot a queer hustler from a straight one. On a slack night when nobody is willing to put out any bread, the queer hustler will go home with someone who doesn't pay, just for the sex. If I don't get cash, I don't go home with anybody. If a queer can't get somebody to pay for it, then he'll do it free: just to satisfy his own body cravings. Don't you see?

(I really didn't see anything.)

GAY: It's not so much the act, then, that makes a person queer as much as the degree of enjoyment they derive from it?

(I waited for him to step into that one. And so he did.)

PETER: Yeah.

GAY: Then let me rephrase a question I asked earlier, but which you really didn't answer. When you ejaculate into a man's mouth, is there no pleasure at all? (He stood up again, and I somehow realized that this particular interview had about reached its conclusion.)

GAY: You're not really a frustrated homosexual attempting to assert your masculinity by only assuming a masculine role in the homosexual act?

PETER: I don't want to hear any head-shrinking garbage, either! And as far as I'm concerned, this talking is over. You're one of those goddamned bastards who won't understand anything. I could stand here until doomsday trying to explain and get nowhere. It's so goddamned simple, and you want to make it all Freudian.

(I offered to take him back to his corner. He said he'd walk to the nearest store and call a cab. He left rightly confident about at least one thing: I don't think I really understood his reasoning at all.)

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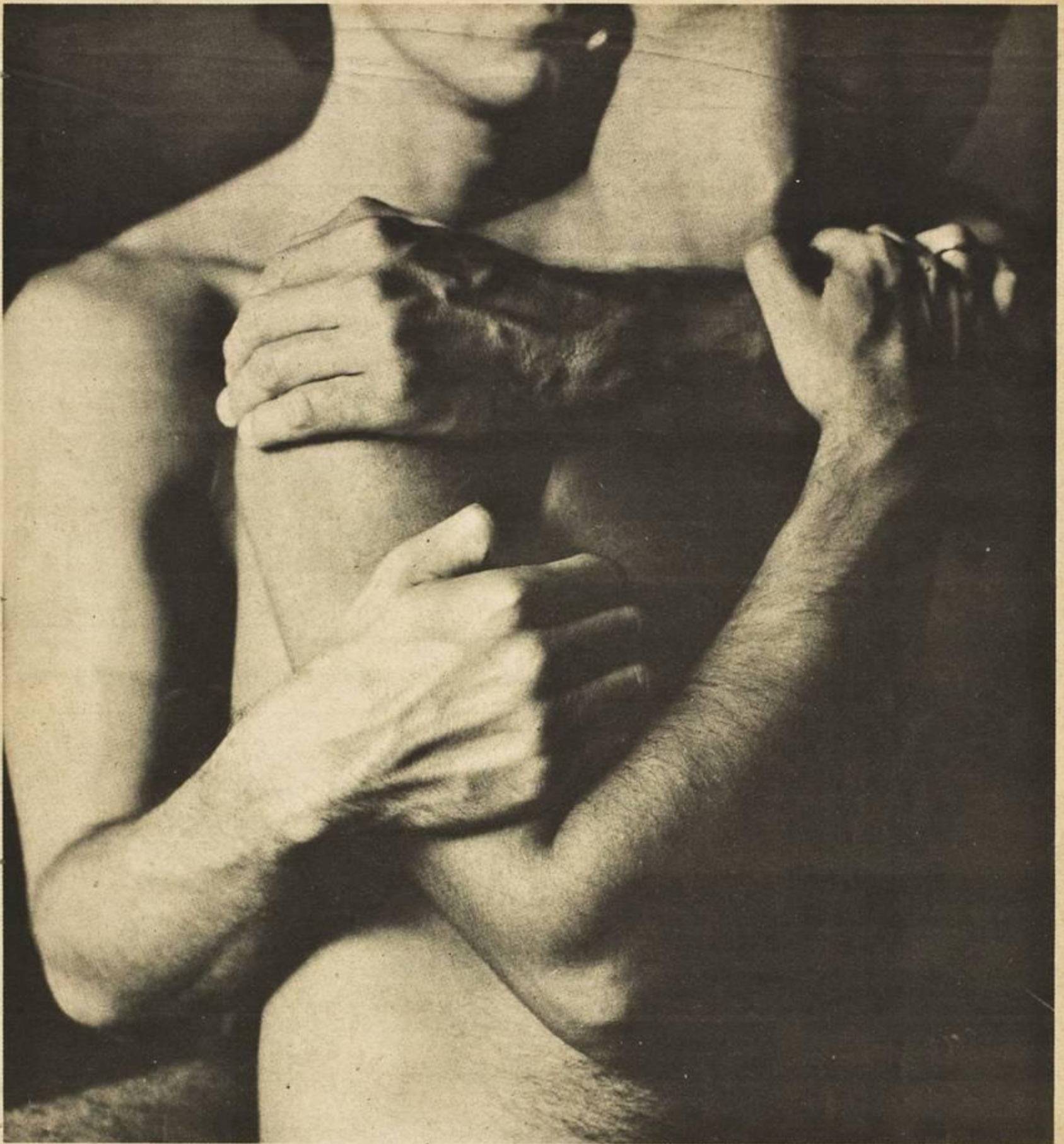
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