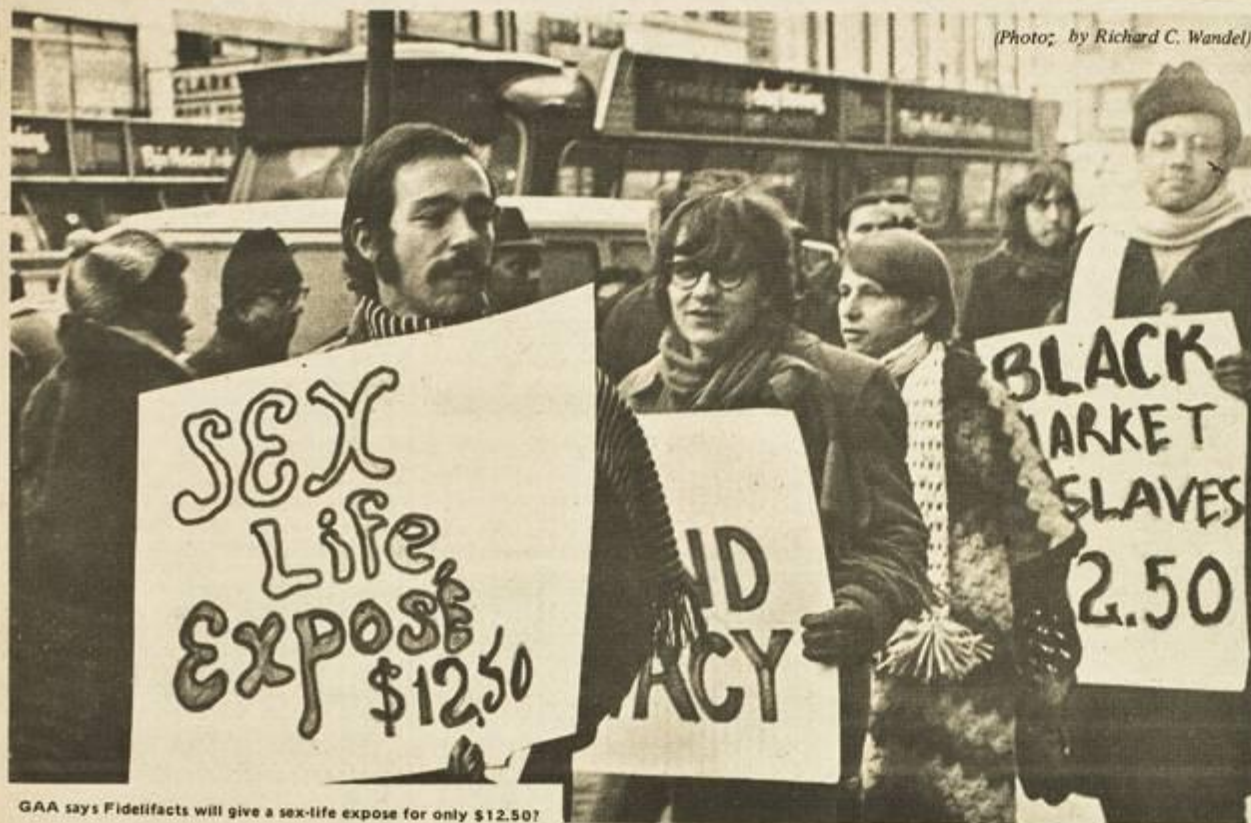


GAY

40¢
OUT OF
NYC 75¢

Vol.2 Issue44



(Photo: by Richard C. Wandel)

GAA says Fidelifacts will give a sex-life expose for only \$12.50!

Fidelifacts: Sex-Snooping Agency Draws Gay Fire

BY PETER FISHER

New York—"The problem of homosexuality seems to be increasing... Frankly, (homosexuality) is a difficult thing to establish. I like to go on the rule of thumb, that if one looks like a duck, walks like a duck, associates only with ducks, and quacks like a duck, he is probably a duck."

This is the rule of thumb used by Vincent Gillen, President of Fidelifacts, a private investigatory agency which collects information on individual citizens, notably on their sex lives, and sells it to prospective employers and other interested parties for the sum of \$12.50. As an additional service, the company circulates a statement to its customers warning them of the undesirability of hiring homosexuals. The private sexual conduct of individuals is 'investigated' by soliciting hearsay and personal opinions from neighbors and acquaintances, and Fidelifacts is currently under investigation by the Manhattan District Attorney's Office for illegally purchasing records of arrest from the police, even when there has been no conviction. This 'information' is then sold as fact.

On January 18 at 3:00 p.m., Gay Activists Alliance, joined by members of Daughters of Bilitis and New York Mattachine, arrived at the Fidelifacts office on 42nd St. to pay Mr. Gillen a visit. Armed with rubber squeegee ducks,

picket signs, and \$12.50 to commission an investigation of the President of the company, the group of approximately sixty-five gays formed a spirited picket line in front of the building. They were accompanied by an unidentified individual, suspected of being Marty



The Gay Activists Alliance zaps Fidelifacts

Robinson, costumed as a large white duck. Chanting 'Fidelifacts has got to go—Fair employment now!' the gays marched, carrying signs which read 'End Job Discrimination Against Gays,' 'Support the Clingan-Burden Bill,' and 'Gillen Eats Duck!'

Shortly after 3:00, several members of the group took the elevator up to the sixth floor, where they found the door to the Fidelifacts office locked. When they knoced, the door was opened a crack by an employee inside. Five minutes later there were twenty gays and representatives from the press and TV in the drab office, engaged in heated discussions with the employees.

Gray filing cabinets containing dossiers on private citizens stood against the walls of the office; stacks of tabloid newspapers and clippings were piled on the desks. Mr. Gillen was not present at the time, and a Mr. Raymond Crotty, dressed in a sagging brown suit, identified himself as the man in charge.

"We've come here to have an investigation made of Vincent Gillen," said the GAA President Jim Owles. "We have the \$12.50."

"We don't handle *your* business," Crotty replied, failing to meet the eyes of the gays standing before his desk.

"What do you mean *our* business?" asked another GAA member. "Why won't you handle *our* business?" Crotty continued to avert his eyes and refused to answer.

Meanwhile, Mr. Charles Wigle, another employee of Fidelifacts, was seated at his desk, hunched over some of the company's files. When several of the

continued on page 3

Policeman Charged In Greenwich Village Murder Mystery Witness Talks

New York, N.Y. Colin Kelly, an off-duty, out-of-uniform Transit Authority policeman, who shot and killed John T. Allison, 46, in September, 1968, has been charged with Allison's slaying. Kelly was arrested on December 30 and has been held without bail in criminal court.

According to Kelly, he was driving down West Street on his way home when he saw two men apparently trying to burglarize a parked truck near Christopher and West Streets in Greenwich Village. One allegedly tried to run away. The other, John Allison, allegedly started toward Kelly with a screwdriver. Kelly said that he shot to stop him, hit him four times in the belly, and killed him on the spot.

continued on page 6

Israel May Legalize Homosexual Acts

Jerusalem—Justice Minister Yaacov Shimshon Shapiro told the Knesset last week that he favors a bill to rescind the law against homosexual acts between consenting male adults.

The bill was introduced by Uri Avnery of the Haolem Hazeh faction. Shapiro noted that the existing law is never enforced but as long as it is on the books, it instills a "nagging fear of prosecution" on the part of male homosexuals who are often afraid to call the police when they are victims of certain offenses.

The Justice Minister pointed out further that female homosexual acts are not forbidden by law.

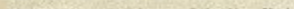
INSIDE

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WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT?

A Directory for Discriminating Dispositions

GAY CALENDAR



REGISTER until February 5 for New York University's new course (\$40.00 for the semester) entitled: **HOMOSEXUALITY: A CONTEMPORARY VIEW**. (See the article, "Professor of Homosexuality" in this issue.) The course runs between February 1 and April 19, 1971, and is conducted by Miss Roudyn Repton. For further information call (212) 598-2373. Any adult may take this course.

Tuesday, Feb. 2 & Feb. 9: Mattachine Society Inc. of N.Y. Legal Aid Clinic at Society offices (243 West End Ave.) Telephone 799-0916. 6 p.m. Free advice and information on legal matters. Women and men welcome.

Wednesday, Feb. 3 & Feb. 10: West Side Discussion Group regular meetings. Church of the Holy Apostles (9th Ave. & 28th St.) Call 989-7572 for information. Women and men welcome. Donation \$1.50. Topics of Discussion: February 3—"The VD Problem," February 10—"Getting Along with the Opposite Sex?"

Thursday, Feb. 4 & Feb. 11: Gay Activists Alliance regular meeting at the Church of the Holy Apostles (9th Ave. & 28th St.) Donation 50 cents. Women and men welcome. Daughters of Bilitis regular meetings at 8 p.m., 240 West 38th St. Women only.

Saturday, Feb. 6 & Feb. 13: 10 p.m. "The New Sexuality" on WBAI-FM (99.5) Radio. Topics: Feb. 6: Group Sex, an in-depth discussion. Feb. 13: Sadism and Masochism.

Sunday, Feb. 7 & Feb. 14: The American Church regular worship services at 2 p.m. Church of the Holy Apostles (9th Ave. & 28th St.) Social hour follows. Gay Liberation Front regular meetings at the Gay Community Center, 8 p.m., 130 West 3rd Street.

BEST BETS

(Symbols include GM for genital males, GF for genital females, Int. for integrated straight and gay. It is suggested that you telephone certain bars on Friday and Saturday nights to determine minimum or cover, since policies fluctuate.)

Let's turn MANHATTAN into an Isle of Joy:

- A Woman's Place, 29th Cornelia St., Village. Fri. & Sat. Coffeehouse from 6:00 p.m. till midnight. Women's books, crafts. GF.
- Barn, 26 Ninth Ave., back room policy. GM.
- Barrel Inn, 568 9th Ave. (btwn 41st & 42nd). The old "Kelly's" of 45th St. reopened on 9th Ave. Need we say more? GM.
- Beaded Bag, 1st Ave. btwn 52nd & 53rd Sts. Chubby Chasers GM.
- Brother Moo's, 1643 1st Ave. (btwn 85th & 86th). Old fashioned, quaint surroundings. A pool table. Friendly. GM.
- Candy Store, 44 W. 56th; jackets and tie exc. Sun. GM.
- *Carnival, 507 West St. at Jane, above Tool Box; back room GM.
- Can's, 104 W. 10th St. GM.
- *Christopher's End, 180 Christopher; you never

- know what to expect at the door these days—or in the back room GM.
- Cinderella, 82 W. 3rd; dancing GF, GM.
- Country Cousin 1313 Third Ave.; restaurant Danny's 139 Christopher; a little leathery GM.
- Danny's of Palisades, 771 Palisade Ave., Cliffside Park, N.J. Open till 3 a.m., 4 a.m. Saturdays. GM.
- Den, Little W. 12th & Washington; a lot leathery GM.
- Fabulous, 177 East 84th St. Large discotheque, games, movies. Open 9 p.m. till 9 a.m. GM.
- Fedora, 219 W. 4th; restaurant; Int.
- Finale, 48 Barrow; restaurant; uptight about the idea of advertising in gay press, but very gay, though. Int.
- Five Oaks 49 Grove; restaurant GF, GM.
- Four Seasons 99 E. 52nd; restaurant; bar cruise at cocktail hr. especially now that the season begins; Int.
- GLF Coffee House, 210 W. 82nd; taping from 4:00 p.m. to 1:00 a.m. Sundays GF, GM.
- Gianni's, 53 W. 19th; restaurant GF.
- Ginger Man, 51 W. 64th; restaurant to the Lincoln Center trade; Int.
- Gold Bug, 85 W. 3rd; dancing in black light GM.
- Goldfarb, T. 7th Ave. at Bleecker; restaurant GM.
- Good Table, 45 Lexington Ave.; restaurant, Int.
- Harry's Back East, 1422 3rd Ave.; out-of-towner's spa GM.
- *Hades Jane St. at West, downstairs; private after hours with back room GM.
- Haven, 1 Sheridan Sq.; private, after hours, fruit juice and dancing club where the young gather; advertised at Unix.
- Hippodrome, Ave. A btwn 10th & 11th Sts.; GM.
- Keller's, 384 West St. near Barrow; rather leathery GM.
- Kookie's, 149 W. 14th GF.
- Mary Dugan's, 240 W. 72nd St. Plastic flowers set the tone of a new atmosphere. GM.
- Pep's Place, 153 W. 48th Street. Before the theatre or after the theatre, Pep's is the newest in-spot. Open till 4 a.m. Sunday brunch. GM.
- Piccadilly Pub, 324 Amsterdam Ave. (btwn W. 75th & 76th). Open from 4 p.m. till 4 a.m. A new bar with your host, Manich. Cocktail hour: 4 p.m. to 7 p.m. GM.
- Roundtable, 151 E. 50th; mad dancing to wild rock and the best cruising south of Harry's, probably the most representative cross section of gays in town GF, GM.
- Royal Roost, Cornelia nr. Bleecker; restaurant GM.
- Scotland Yard, 146 West 4th St. Dancing, pool, BYOB. Private membership. 8 p.m. till 7 a.m. Int.
- Stage Forty-Five, 305 E. 45th; dancing, where Black is Beautiful GM.
- Stud, Greenwich St. at Perry. Fifty cent beers, crowds, roomy GM.
- Tenth of Always, 82 W. 3rd; private and after hours GM.
- The Eagle 11th Ave. & 21st St. The latest word in Leather-Western bars GM.
- Tool Box, 507 West St. at Jane GM.
- Tor, 21 Greenwich Ave.; sidewalk cafe; Int.
- Triangle, 34 9th Ave. GM.
- Troubadour btwn 58th & 59th on 1st Ave. GM.
- Uncle Charlie's, 1049 Lexington GM.
- Victor's Quarters, 984 2nd Ave. GM.
- Willie's West Side, 224 W. 82nd (off Bdwj.). Dancing. Free buffet supper at cocktail hour late Sunday afternoon GM.
- Wine Cellar, 531 Hudson; restaurant; Int.
- Year Two Thousand, 316 West 43rd St. New futuristic theatre/disco scene. GM.
- Yukon, 140 E. 53rd; restaurant resumes serving sometime in Sept.; jacket required, no tie GM.
- *Zodiac Downtown, upstairs above Den; one up on the back room bar; it provides oogy facilities with windows wide open onto warehouse rooftops! GM.
- Zodiac Uptown, 1487 1st Ave.; dancing GF, GM.
- *Zoo, 421 W. 13th; the original bar-with-back room and canse celebre of the spring new weeks to be in the autumn of its existence GM.

- As Winter winds blow, to N.Y. steambaths go:
- Beacon Baths, 227 E. 45th; go in the main entrance and take the elevator to the 11th floor; still a best buy. GM (see ad).
- The Club North, 49 Broadway, Newark, N.J. (telephone 201-484-4848). Clean. Modern. Cozy down. GM (see ad).
- Continental Baths, 230 W. 74th; first tubs in N.Y. to have any class, they are now so with it that they present "lounge acts" on weekends! GM (see ad).
- Everead, 28 W. 28th; for those who like dingy chicken coops. A fine steamroom the GM.
- St. Mark's Baths, St. Mark's Pl. Cleanups and paint have made a difference. On the upswing. Longhaired East Villagers GM.
- Sauna Baths and Health Club, 300 W. 58th; between 4:30 and 5:30 in the afternoon, this is where you'll find the businessmen coming in to knock off a piece before going home to Scarsdale GM.

THE BATH SCENE

By JOHN P. LEROY

The Continental will open a new bathroom at 111 West 56th Street, Manhattan, on February 1, and it will be every bit as friendly, modern and clean as its 74th Street counterpart. Located below street level of the Great Northern Hotel where Leonard Bernstein and Dimitri Mitropoulos often got together, the Continental Sauna will be ideal for concertgoers, shoppers, or just about anyone else who happens to be spending some time in perhaps the most fashionable neighborhood in town.

A blue and white-marque just off Sixth Avenue will make the place easy to find, and once you're there, be prepared for up to 15 hours of pure delight for only \$5. That's all it will cost for the use of some of the most convenient up-to-date facilities to be found anywhere. A full gymnasium will be available for shaping up (or trimming down) completely equipped with a full set of weights, reducer belts, and rowing machines. For the more sedate, a reading room, color television set, full time masseur, and sun lamp will be on hand to assure thorough relaxation and to help build a healthy tan.

The Continental Sauna, though not so large as its spivon sister, will be able to hold 150 people at any one time. As time goes on, it will grow larger, for additional space has been acquired for future use. At present, 30 "community rooms" with inside locks, each designed to hold more than one person, will be there waiting for anyone's use whenever vacant. Once your clothes have been tucked away in a gym locker, not only the community rooms, but a dormitory with a capacity of 40 or 50 people will provide additional opportunities for making new acquaintances. And when it's time to get cleaned up and refreshed, a whirlpool bath, a full-size steam room, and a wood-lined sauna bath will be just the thing. Marble decor will enhance the showers, but the ultimate in over-all comfort will be a bidet—the first of its kind in any New York bathhouse.

An array of vending machines and frequent buffets will be on hand to satisfy ravenous appetites. Hot meals can be ordered from the outside and delivered at just about any time of the day. The decor is to include ruby carpeting, modern lighting fixtures, walls with mirror panels as well as a "Flarboch Florestine" wallpaper design depicting some sort of Roman crowd scene. A full-scale aquarium with a collection of tropical fish will be something special to see.

Managers Nick and Carmen Russo had originally hoped to open by January 15, but since unavoidable delays always seem to occur, postponements are inevitable. All indications are that it will indeed be worth waiting for. With a price of only \$5 for 15 hours, and being open all the time, some people I know may never want to leave at all.

At the 74th Street Continental, things have not been neglected. A price increase to \$12.50 for private room on weekends together with lockers being a dollar more than usual may seem prohibitive, but if Saturday, January 9 is any

indication, higher prices were no deterrent, for the place was so full that by 1 a.m. there was not a spare locker to be had. And for good reason. Bette Midler, a fabulous singer, comedienne, and entertainer, made her final appearance at Continental's weekly cabaret floor show, ably assisted by Joey Mitchell on drums and Brian Wells on piano. Only a worn-out corpse could fail to respond to Miss Midler's overwhelming exuberance, radiance, and over-all vitality. Whether she is telling the overflow audience how she enjoys reading the subway graffiti, especially when it is about her ("Miss Midler is a drag queen from Chicago," "I am not from Chicago," she insisted), doing a Sandra Dee imitation, or singing the rock ballad "Superstar" from *Groopies* Bette comes across not only as a lady of extraordinary talent, but one of deep understanding of life in general and gay life in particular. Not even a standing ovation or a bouquet of roses does her justice. She promised to return again soon, but any absence however short, is too long.

On the other side of town at 227 East 45th Street, things have been happening, too. At the Beacon Baths, attendance has been so overwhelming that people have been standing in the 11th floor hallway on these past week-ends waiting to get in. Manager Tito Murphy feels that "If a customer complains, I'm more unhappy than the customer." His partners, Shain Young and Hector Baxter feel likewise and have done something about the complaint of not enough space. By the time you read this, a new floor will have opened, consisting of 65 fully private rooms renting at a \$8.75 good for a 15 hour time limit. Should you arrive between 8 a.m. and 4 p.m., the price will be only \$8.00. If this seems a bit steep, the downstairs facilities are available for only \$6.25 (\$5.50 between 8 a.m. and 4 p.m.) in which you can take any room that's vacant. And in that downstairs area, the only water bed in a New York tub will be waiting for aquatic antics of all sorts. Consisting of heavy-duty rubber mattress filled with water instead of padding, it will accommodate a dozen friends. If this gets you snick, you can go up to the observation room and relax to the sight of Manhattan's fabulous skyline or you can try the entertainment lounge lit by candle-light and furnished with three tiers of throw pillows. From time to time, a singer pianist will be on hand to serenade. According to publicity director, Walter Kent, the author of a new comedy "A Night at the Baths" and who is searching for a sympathetic producer, a special appreciation party will be held on January 23 starting at 9 p.m. with champagne flowing. The Beacon, which used to close a 3 a.m. weekdays will now be open all time.

And so, by the time 1971 is half over, New York will be the tub capital of the world. The Continental is planning still another location on 11th Street in the village. Continental's publicity director won't say anything about it except that it will be something radically different from anything New York has ever experienced. And at 24 First Avenue, The Club is struggling feverishly to open on time with its own brand of opulence. (See Gay No. 41, page 2) I wondered if three might be more baths than customers to fill them. "Don't worry," said Beacon's Walter Kent. "If necessary, we'll provide limousine service from the airports."

MIDTOWN'S Fuck Book BESTSELLER LIST

Courtesy of Bob at the Midtown Bookstore, 138 W. 42nd St. (947-7525).

1. THE HOMOSEXUAL, by Sherman Matthews, Pendulum Books, \$7.50
2. COMPULSIVE HOMOSEXUALITY IN THE MARRIED MAN, by Alexander Thorpe, Ph.D., SL Library, \$10.00
3. THE PHALLUS MANUAL, by Robert Martin, Best Yet Series, \$5.95
4. THE FAMILY JEWELS AFFAIR, by Erik Kane, Pleasure Reader, \$1.95
5. SWAMP ANGEL, by Carl Corley, Pleasure Reader, \$1.95

EDITORIAL

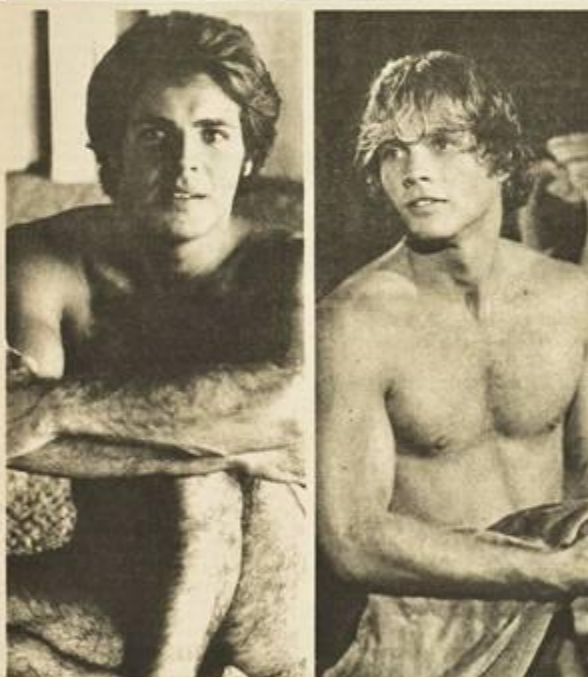
Volume 2, No. 44 February 15, 1971

THE ALPINE COUNTY PROJECT

Gay Nationalism in the High Sierras (See GAY, December 7, 1970) has been looking for supporters on both the East and West coasts. GAY has withheld its support from the Alpine County project because the proposed takeover of a California county and the spectre of an all-homosexual environment struck us as a dreary prospect indeed! While we admired the Alpine Project as a publicity gimmick, it seemed exclusive and separatist in spirit, and GAY, as we said in Issue Number One is opposed to the Cult of Sexual Exclusivity, whether homosexual or heterosexual in nature. But we are now pleased to offer our support to the Alpine Project. It has changed directions, and, if it should be successful, it might very well point the way to a whole new concept in social relations.

The Alpine Liberation Front has

adopted a resolution presented by Jefferson Poland of the Sexual Freedom League. Mr. Poland convinced the gay organization that Alpine County should be opened on an equal basis for straights and gays. Proposals for the county include public conveniences such as "sexual encounter rooms," open to the general public. Such facilities might very well be protected by the first amendment. Alpine residents will be able to do whatever they wish—sexually—as long as they do not hurt anyone. Alpine might become what its concept originator, Don Jackson, calls "a vanguard for society." Whenever and wherever such social experiments take place, GAY will give them full editorial support. We congratulate the Alpine Liberation Front, and the Sexual Freedom League for their farsighted decision to cooperate. The Alpine experiment now claims the interest and support of sexual liberationists everywhere.



DINAH EAST, a new film, starring Joe Taylor and Reid Smith is on its way to Manhattan. Ultra Violet, an Andy Warhol superstar, plays a costume designer in the film. Directed by Gene Nash, DINAH EAST makes its bid for popularity on account of the many attractive people who parade about in it wearing only their birthday suits.

Fidelifacts: Sex-Snooping Agency Draws Gay Fire

continued from page 1

protesters began to question him about the nature of these files, Wigle shouted, "You don't know me, right? You don't fuck with me, right? Don't fuck with me, 'cause I'm going for ass in here. You're messing with private files here."

"You're messing with private lives!" cried a seventeen year old GAA member—Wigle struck him and pushed him to the floor, while a local TV station's camera recorded the scene, shown on the air that evening.

Mr. Crotty summoned the police, who

reached them at the elevator that Gillen had finally appeared, was speaking to the press, and was willing to speak to them. It turned out that he was merely willing to repeat his well-known opinion: "If one looks like a duck, walks like a duck..."

"We're human beings, not ducks," shouted the angry protestors. "We're human beings!"

When asked what he thought about legislation to prohibit employment discrimination against homosexuals, Gillen responded that he was unaware of



The "Queen" at the Fidelifacts zap was suspected of being Marty Robinson

warned the angry gays that they were subject to arrest for trespassing on private property. The protestors replied that they had come to hire the company's services, had been refused, and wished to speak to Mr. Gillen. A secretary announced that he was occupied in the men's room at present. Under the continued threat of arrest, the homosexuals decided to leave the office and rejoin the picket line outside.

"The police are here to arrest us for allegedly breaking the law, even though the police right now are out in their job action breaking the law," said Jim Owles. "The people here at Fidelifacts are saying that we're invading their private property and their privacy, while they're investigating us and invading our privacy. If that doesn't show where things are at nowadays, I don't know what does. The hypocrisy of this is so obvious to everyone that I think we've made our point."

The gays left the office, but word

any such legislation. "The Clingan-Burden bill, mister," said Marty Robinson of GAA. "It's going to make the kind of filth you're selling illegal. We're going to put you out of business—and sooner than you think!"

The group of protestors then left the office for good and rejoined the picketers on the sidewalk below. GAA member Morty Manford called to Gillen in parting: "If you walk like a pig and talk like a pig and wallow in the mud—you're a pig."

Outside, Jim Owles said that he considered the action a great success. "The important thing is to draw the public's attention to the existence of Fidelifacts and other companies like it. We'll need broad support for the passage of the Clingan-Burden Fair Employment Bill, and it is actions like this that will make the public aware of the problems of discrimination that gay people have to deal with."



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BY ELENORE LESTER

Homosexuals are in. The media, theatre and film, legislators and churches, the ultra-Left are all suddenly focusing on a subject that was taboo until a few years ago. And now the university is getting with it.

"Yup, I'm professor of homosexuality at New York University," says Rosalyn Regelson. "When I tell people about the course, they ask whether I'm going to teach how to do it. Well, it's not a how-to course—or maybe it is in a way—it's how to look at the subject from a new point of view."

Miss Regelson—"call me Roz"—whose course *Homosexuality: A Contemporary View*, starts tonight (Feb. 1) at NYU's School of Continuing Education and will run for ten Mondays from 8 to 10 p.m. (late registration permitted), has been studying and analyzing sex and social change for 15 years and is currently working on a book, "Sex and Revolution" for Coward McCann. She is also preparing a textbook on the "counter-culture," in which she also teaches a course at NYU on Thursday evenings. She writes on the new arts and the changing social scene for the *New York Times* and other publications.

When I dug her out from beneath piles of magazines, books, underground newspapers and notebooks in the bright study of her spacious (rent-controlled) east side apartment last week, she apologized, "I know it looks as though I need Josephine the plumber to come out of the TV set and save me with a can of Comet, but you might call this chaos a vital mess." She pointed to cardboard cartons, shopping bags and plastic laundry bins filled with clippings and notebooks piled all over the room.

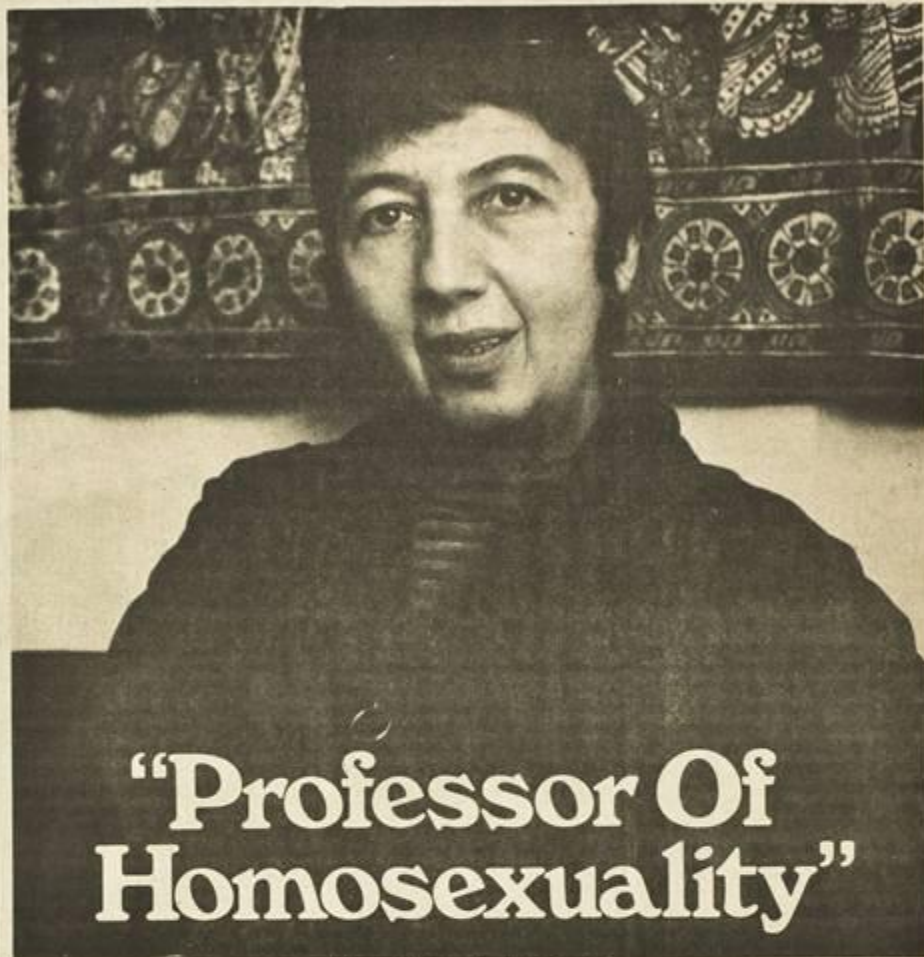
"Every item here reflects the fascinating shift in attitudes toward sex roles that has been taking place in recent years."

Roz is small, delicate, dynamic, and talks at breakneck speed with frequent eruptions of laughter, all the time looking like a cross between a mischievous little girl with teasing gold-flecked eyes and a heavy intellectual with high forehead and large expressive nose.

How did she ever get to be a scholar of homosexuality, I asked.

"Well, actually I've been engaged in an anthropological study of the family and sex roles since the age of three." She laughed—something between a wicked giggle and a mean guffaw. "It struck me back then that men, women and children—not only my mother, father and me—were straitjacketed in roles that didn't express their innermost feelings and they kept hurting one another and themselves. Most people who perceive things this way assume that something is wrong with them, but I was a very self-righteous brat—a born critic—and decided something was wrong with the way things were set up. I constantly daydreamed about constructing alternate systems."

She went on, "When I grew up and did graduate work in English lit, I became immersed in D. H. Lawrence, who brings up the most fundamental questions about human nature, sex and society. I think, by the way, that the current feminist interpretations of his work are very



"Professor Of Homosexuality"

PHOTOS BY KAY TOBIN

Professor of Homosexuality: Rosalyn Regelson

superficial. This led me to advanced work in sociology and anthropology, but I dropped out of the academic world because back in those dark ages—from which we haven't yet fully emerged—the social sciences were dominated by popular psychoanalytic concepts like 'maturity,' 'adjustment,' 'deviation,' 'appropriate sex role behavior.' It was impossible to stay in the system if you wanted to view objectively what was actually happening to people in advanced industrial society."

And what was happening?
"What was happening was that the family was losing its centrality as a social institution, probably for the first time in history. People will continue having families, but only by choice and for their own pleasure. They can no longer have the righteous feeling they are doing it to fulfill the requirements of divine and human law—in the past they got strength and satisfaction from feeling they were pillars of the universe and of society. The strong taboos against adultery, fornication, masturbation, divorce, contraception, abortion, illegitimacy have been defused, one by one, because their original function was to protect the institution of the family, and the family is no longer needed. Just think of Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* and the horror of the sin surrounding the idea of adultery. Now it's right-on for a large percentage of the population. The Ladies

Home Journal even sees it as a cure of the doldrums of monogamous marriage."

The Ladies Home...!!
"Sure, let me show you this. 'Help!' The pile of papers she was digging into came avalanching down on the floor beside us.

"Never mind," I told her as we ducked out of the way.

"Well," she went on, after we had crawled around picking up the papers. "The only important sexual taboos left are homosexuality and incest. Since the family is falling apart, incest is not likely

to be a pressing issue. Now the time has come when homosexuality, the most difficult to demythologize, is ready to be accepted.

"Do you really believe homosexuality will ever be accepted as a perfectly legitimate way of life along with heterosexuality?"

"Sure, in the way that in a country where Protestants are the majority, Catholics and Jews are given recognition as minorities with full civil and human rights. Many Protestants may still look at Catholics as superstitious and Jews wierd,



A Sigmund Freud dart board looks on as Roz makes a point: "It was not Freud but the American psychiatric establishment that made a vendetta against homosexuals."

but under the Bill of Rights the minority is protected by the rule of law, and doesn't have to depend on the love of the majority for its existence. Nobody can force Catholics and Jews to convert to the dominant religion. Up to now heterosexuals have tried to convert homosexuals for the gays' salvation. That day is drawing to an end... except for a few fanatics like Dr. Socarides, who still seems obsessed with a passion to save homosexuals."

Roz went to a pile of materials on her desk and pulled an NYU catalog out of the amorphous mass. "You see from this outline of the course that we are going to discuss what is happening now with the people who are making it happen."

The course includes homosexuality and religion, the law, federal policy, and psychiatry; anthropological, biological and sociological views; the homophile movement; Lesbians; Gay separatism; homosexuals and the arts and politics.

"The syllabus mentions homosexual marriages. That freaks me out," I said. "Heterosexuals are moving out of the marriage scene, but homosexuals are taking it on."

"Homosexual churches in a number of cities are performing religious marriage ceremonies, and the marriage laws in many States are being challenged. President Nixon's human relations adviser Rita Hauser told the American Bar Association that it is probably unconstitutional to deny homosexuals legal marriages, and added gay marriages would be helpful in holding down the population crisis." "I guess marriage means something different for gays than for straights," I said. Roz agreed. "Heterosexual marriage is basically, for most people, a response to social pressure to pair off, even if the people have exercised some choice. But gay marriages are an assertion that the choice they have made outside of society is equally hallowed," Roz laughed. "Homosexuals are the only romantics left, because their attachments take place outside the social system. Will social recognition ruin romance? We'll see."

"Your section on homosexuals and the law seems to have an optimistic note," I observed. Roz nodded. "Sodomy and solicitation laws are being challenged all over the country. In New York City, a high official in the police department recommended the State remove all anti-homosexual laws from its books, and politicians in the Liberal and Democratic parties are competing for the honor of introducing amendments to the Fair Employment Practices Act for homosexuals. A black California Congressman named Willie Brown is also very much involved with homosexuals' rights. Things are moving in the right direction."

"What about homosexuals and the arts," I asked, noting one of the subjects in the course outline. "Do they dominate theater, film, etc.?"

"It's sick just to ask such a question, and go looking for members of my minority as dominating any particular field. Time magazine's inflamed imagination several years ago invented a 'Homintern' which dominated the art, music, literary, theater, film and fashion scenes. It's like the Protocols of the Elders of Zion circulated in the past century to show Jews dominated the



Roz Regelson is interviewed for GAY by New York Times writer Elenore Lester (left).

world through an international conspiracy, in order to use them as political scapegoats. When you start picking out people who belong to any minority that's vulnerable to irrational hatred, that's all you see, so you believe they dominate. In fact, there is such a multiplicity of scenes in each of the popular and serious arts, it's impossible for any one cabal to take over. There was a nutty thing going a couple of years ago about homosexuals having a stranglehold on the theater, which accounted for the bad state of Broadway. A psychiatrist named Donald Kaplan wrote a viciously anti-homosexual essay stating that even when the actors and playwrights are straight, they're gay, like Arthur Miller, because they all hate women. But this kind of homintern thinking is significant because it reveals that heterosexuals have an uncanny fear of homosexuals."

"Uncanny?"
"Yes, they feel the homosexual has some connection with the devil. We live in a secular society, but that doesn't stop people from projecting that lives outside the basic mythology of the society."

"But that's all over now, isn't it?"

"Not entirely. It takes a long time to meliorate attitudes that strike so deep, and ultimately they never change toward a group that has been the Outsider that society defines itself against. This is probably the first time in history that homosexuals have achieved identity as a minority group seeking legal rights and social recognition. Homosexuals have a vital investment in a pluralistic society that guarantees minorities and dissenters the right to exist and not be forcibly converted or assimilated into the majority culture—for their own good, of course."

I wondered whether the course would attract mainly straights or gays.

"I'm curious myself," said Roz. "This is a first, so there's no way of telling, but

we expect a big enrollment and I hope there will be a good mixture. I want a lot of interchange between the class, guests and myself."

"Who are some of your guests?"

"I plan to have representatives of all the gay organizations, of course, and the gay press. Among others, Rev. Troy Perry who is a great performer and Dr. Franklin Kameny, the astro-physicist, who has for years been battling the Pentagon on homosexual security clearances and federal civil service jobs; Kameny, Barbara Gittings, Dick Leitsch and Randolph Wicker for a long view of gay activism, and Jim Owles, Arthur Evans, Bob Kohler and others for the short view. Merle Miller, the novelist who came out as gay in the Sunday Times (in a peculiar manner) will discuss with others the political significance of coming out. I hope to have Dr. Thomas Szasz, who has a chapter on the homosexual as psychiatrist scapegoat in his new book, *The Manufacture of Madness*; a psychiatrist who says he 'cures' homosexuals with hypnosis, who'll present the 'sickness' point of view. I've also invited Dr. Socarides—do you think he'll come?"

She added, "For gay chic, I've invited Jill Johnston and Gregory Battcock; for glamor Jackie Curtis, along with other Warhol superstars, who has some original observations to make on the gay scene. Angelo D'Arcangelo, author of *The Homosexual Handbook* will talk about gay ghettos, and a gay bar owner will describe his scene. David Gaard, author of the play *And Pappy Dog Tails* and Bill Duffy of Cafe La Mamma among others will discuss current gay theatre, and Taylor Mead will expound on underground films and show some relevant footage. We'll have two married gay couples. There will be a panel of Lesbians and a panel on the political

significance of coming out publicly as a homosexual. Also, a panel of transvestites and transsexuals, who are very different from homosexuals (most of them are heterosexual, which people don't realize), but throw a fascinating light on some fundamental questions about straight and gay sexuality."



Roz's mischievous smile

"With freedom under the law and a reasonable degree of social acceptance, do you think there will be a great increase in the number of homosexuals?" I asked.

"The numbers question is hopeless—who will ever know absolutely how many homosexuals have existed in any particular period of history, or exist now? But my guess is that the number of people whose identity in their own psyches has been a homosexual one has remained fairly constant, and will continue to do so. A new openness may bring out more people, but I think homosexuals will always be a minority." She grinned. "I don't know what people are afraid of. I think heterosexuality will hold its own in an open market."

BY STEFEN VERK

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 guilt. 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.

NOTE: I have just returned from a vacation in the West Indies and acknowledge that I am somewhat behind in answering all my correspondence. I must also admit that I did not feel the least bit guilty in preferring to sit under a palm tree rather than work at this desk the past few weeks. I will catch up with all my mail as quickly as possible, however, and I hope you will not begrudge my having revived those weary bones in the warm sands of the Caribbean. I, too, am human.

Q. I have a problem which I doubt very much you have come across before. What I am about to say, please believe me, is not in the least bit conceit but being totally honest. First of all, I am 40 but look and pass for 32 professionally. I am a very virile looking handsome person. Some say I resemble Clark Gable. I am an ex-baseball player with a 44" chest and about six feet tall. I am constantly mistaken for a detective. On the job, the girls drive me crazy with proposals of marriage. I want you to know I am totally gay, with absolutely no hang-ups whatsoever, and enjoy gay life. Whatever there is to do sexually with a man, I have done and been done to. I had a marvelous lover for fourteen years, God bless his heart. He is deceased now. It has been extremely hard finding another lover, because I don't like gay bars, etc. First, because I can't see standing around being bumped and pushed by people who basically don't know what the hell they are in there for in the first place. Secondly, as I stated above, when I do go there, the owner and everybody panic, because they think I am the fuzz, which

is most annoying. This is terribly depressing because I am a very mild person who believes in minding his own business and doing my thing. I have tried everything, even to swish, but I am as much out of character as John Wayne in drag. I am a steady purchaser of GAY, and I read your column regularly. I am writing in hopes you will offer some suggestions as to what I can do to remedy this situation. I am a college graduate, earn an excellent salary, practically travelled throughout the world, but I sure hate being alone and also living alone. Any advice you can give will be well appreciated.

M.A., NYC



A. If you sustained a relationship with a lover for fourteen years, you certainly have a great deal to offer another person, not merely your previous experience but the character necessary to make such a relationship possible. Your virile appearance is probably far less frightening than you imagine it to be, for it would certainly be an asset in many people's eyes and therefore increase your attractiveness. It is more likely that your inability to make the contacts you would have liked made you conclude that your appearance was to blame and also made you conclude that the other patrons in those bars were either simpletons or misguided retarded children. What would your opinion of them have been had they all wanted you and sought you out? Bars

are not necessarily the only or the best places to meet people who share your interests, bed and otherwise. You have been out of circulation so long that you probably feel and act like a stranger in such places. I would like to suggest that you have a far greater chance of meeting the type of people you would consider desirable... and who also would like you... at the West Side Discussion Club or similar organizations. I must also remind you that no matter where you happen to go to meet people, it is to your advantage to say hello and not just sit back and wait for everyone else to recognize your hidden virtues. Friendliness doesn't cost a cent and

find some *modus operandi* which is reasonably comfortable and satisfying to both of you. It is quite true that your lover is generously endowed (to say the least), but there must be SOMETHING you can do together. If you can't sit on it, then stick to 69. Don't tell me you have such a tiny, bee-stung lips that you have to live on bird-seed because you can't open your mouth. Practice makes for flexibility, anyway, as they keep saying at the Goodyear laboratories.

Q. I just got out from two years in prison where I found out I was gay. Now I got to meet some other people and get into the gay life where I can find friends and maybe someone to love. I am a little afraid because I never knew any gay people before I got busted and I have never been to any gay bars or clubs. The thing that worries me most is that I don't know how I am supposed to act in these places. I'm kind of nice looking and young and very horny but I don't want to make a fool of myself when I start going to these places. How do most gay people act?

F.I., NYC

A. Gay people act just like everybody else. Except for certain stereotypes you act like cartoons rather than people. Just be you. That should be good enough for most people, especially if your description of yourself is accurate.

Q. From your writing it would seem that you are rather well-travelled. What would you consider the best places for a gay tourist to have a really fabulous vacation? Sexually, of course.

R.S., New Haven

A. Acapulco, Amsterdam, Tangiers, or San Juan. Unless you are actually a basket case with terminal acne, you cannot possibly help making out in any of these cities. My vote goes to San Juan, but the others are equally fertile fields for ANYONE.

doesn't oblige either you or them to carry it any further than your choose. It is a very important first step in getting re-involved, as you must if you wish to stop being alone. The GAA also sponsors dances rather regularly, which are attended by people of all ages. You might also try some of these. They are most friendly.

Q. What do you do with a lover who is built so large that sex is almost impossible with him, because it is so clumsy or painful? He has almost 11 inches, and there is almost nothing I can do with it. We love each other and want sex, of course, but it is a bad problem.

E.G., Chicago

A. You keep experimenting until you

BY DICK LEITSCH

here is much to be said for modern journalism," dear Oscar Wilde once said, "By giving us the opinions of the uneducated, it keeps us in touch with the ignorance of the community."

Last September Harper's presented us with a very silly article on homosexuality by a man who knew very little about it.

The New York Times Magazine



On January 17, the New York Times Magazine gave us an even sillier one with the brazen title, "What It Means To Be a Homosexual." The author was one Merle Miller, a self-described 50-year old (plus or minus a few years) closet queen. After a half century of hiding from, and fighting against homosexuality, Mr. Miller now dares presume to tell us about gay life, as it is!

This queer homosexual pre-dates the boys in Mart Crowley's band though he might pass as an older, more closety, Michael. Actually, he belongs to that earlier generation of Gidean poseurs who cast themselves in the role of the tragic heroine. (It was surprising to find Miller using the words "gay" and "homosexual;" he seems the sort who would speak of us as "Urnings.") We've all seen these poseurs, with one fist to the forehead, the pained facial expression, and their bodies in a stance Bernhard might have employed when playing Phaedra. They whine about how they are abused and close with a whimper, "and all because—(choke back the tears)—because... we... loved!"

Miller overdoes even that corny routine. Not content with the modern, streamlined version of this act—the one employed, for example, by the two GAA representatives on the recent Cavett Show—this one stoops to bathos: "I was a combination of Oliver Twist and Little Nell."

Little Nell?! Remember Wilde's line about her? "One must have a heart of stone to read of the death of Little Nell without laughing." With Queen Victoria dead to these many years, and the sentimental novel so out of style (except when by or about Black people), can anyone take Merle Miller seriously?

Not only does the author pose, he is also a shameless injustice collector. Not surprisingly, he was once a patient, he informs us (as if we couldn't guess), of the late, and in many circles, unlamented, Dr. Edmund Bergler.

Bergler called homosexuals "exquisite injustice collectors" and "psychic masochists." We go out of our way, Bergler said, to put ourselves in positions where we can be defeated, rejected, and humiliated. When we get these reactions, he said, we turn pseudoaggressive and pretend indignation, though we actually enjoy the self-pity

and wallow in the remembrances of defeat, rejection and humiliation.

I don't know if Bergler got this idea after talking to Miller, or if Miller was taught to collect injustices by Bergler; in either case, no one has ever given offense to Miller without his remembering it. The adjusted person also suffers defeats, rejections and humiliations, but he learns from them and puts them aside. Neurotics like Miller treasure them, picking them over like festering wounds, keeping the pus flowing and making sure no scar tissue ever forms. This might be pitiful, but it's hardly tragic.

I'm not quite sure what a "sexist" is, but I believe the word refers to people who hold a particular conception of the "proper" role for a man and woman in society. Such roles are rigid, confining, and utterly unrealistic. If that's a sexist, Miller is the ultimate sexist.

His mother wanted a daughter; she got a son. He was a sissy, playing both the piano and the violin, but not (oh, dear!) baseball. He wore glasses, had a

I suppose some bleeding hearts will wallow in guilt over being part of a system which "forces" men like Miller to play these games, but I can't weep for him. Every man has an obligation to tell the System to go screw itself when that System infringes on his happiness or his rights. Any man who lets another stand on his feet and doesn't tell him to move can't expect much sympathy for his broken toes.

Miller writes of the "courage" it takes to leave the closet and stand up with other gay people. There's not all that much courage involved, and there hasn't been since 1965, and probably much earlier than that. Even if being openly gay were a brave thing to be, we would each of us still have an obligation to ourselves and to our brothers and sisters to take this step. We can hardly expect medals of honor and public praise for fulfilling this, the most basic of our obligations.

If anyone deserves medals for homosexual valor, it is those really brave

organizations were formed, and the movement caught on and succeeded. Then came the Stonewall affair. That was not, as Miller would like to believe, the beginning of its movement. Rather, it was a sign of the success of the movement.

"I'm not sure there has been a revolution," writes Miller, meaning, I suppose, "Oh, dear, did they have the revolution without me?" Yes, Merle, there was a revolution, a very quiet one, which lasted from 1950 to 1964 before it was recognized.

In 1950, Senator McCarthy panicked the American people by connecting homosexuality and communism and creating a national wave of paranoia over homosexuality. By 1964, when Goldwater tried to use Walter Jenkins' homosexuality to discredit Lyndon Johnson, things had changed a great deal. "So marked was the change," says the historian Eric Goldman, "that G.O.P. efforts to exploit the Jenkins disclosure may actually have cost them votes."

Had the gay organizations been raided or harassed out of business, or had the Stonewall rioters been rounded up and jailed, nobody would ever have heard from Miller and those like him. When the public accepted the homosexual organizations, and sided with the gay rioters over the cops after the Stonewall fracas, Miller and the others who are so concerned about what others think of them, suddenly realized they'd not lose status by emerging from their closets. Having missed everything that happened until June of 1969, they suddenly consider themselves "experts." As Jimmy Breslin might say, "Amazin'!"

Mr. Miller argues, with the Harper's author, "however, wide the public tolerance for (homosexuality), it is no more acceptable privately than it ever was." Wrong again, Mr. Miller. Homosexuality became privately acceptable long ago. It is probably true that most parents don't like to see their own children grow up gay. That no more means that they despise homosexuality than their reluctance to see their children involved in an interracial marriage means they are racists, or that, because they prefer for their daughters not to have an abortion, they disapprove of abortions.

Homosexuality is still put down publicly, to some extent, as the Harris, Poll cited by Miller indicates. There is evidence to believe, however, that straight people respond to a flat question about homosexuality in the way they think they are supposed to respond. Their private opinions may be, and probably are, much different.

The real Little Nell, after suffering through a many-paged death scene that would embarrass the writers of "As The World Turns," expired with the words, "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always."

Fortunate Mr. Miller! Having broken with his sexist background, put aside his half-century of hang-ups and game playing, and profited from a movement he did nothing to advance, will be able to enjoy the fresh air and sunlight outside his closet before departing from this vale of tears. One hopes his Times article is the last we'll see of those old "We Walk In Shadows" views of homosexuality, and that the editors at the Times will put aside any future temptations to keep us in touch with the ignorance of the community.

Policeman Charged In Greenwich Village Murder

Mystery Witness Talks

continued from page 1

Following the shooting, the March 1969 newsletter of the Mattachine Society of New York reported that members and friends of the Society called to ask that MSNY demand that the policeman be punished. Some paid tribute to the honesty and decency of the dead man, and the unlikelihood that he would attack anyone with a screwdriver or anything else. Others claimed that the policeman involved in the case was one of those with personal hang-ups which impelled him to go gunning for homosexuals and declared that his whole story was fraudulent.

Mattachine's Executive Director, Dick Leitsch, complained at the time (March 1969) that he had been unable to persuade anybody to get involved in the case. Those who had demanded that MSNY take action begged the Society not to give their names to the District

Attorney's offices. Angrily, Dick Leitsch charged those persons with aiding the policeman. "If anyone has any information to show that Officer Kelly acted wrongly," said Leitsch, "he is as guilty as the policeman if he conceals that information or refuses to pass what he knows on to the District Attorney."

A grand jury inquiry into the incident ended in a vote of no indictment and a ruling that Allison's death was justifiable homicide on February 26, 1969.

A second man who fled from the trucks at the same time that John Allison was killed is believed to be the mystery witness whose testimony may have been responsible for the re-opening of the case. The new evidence was turned over to Robert H. Rapp, chief of the TA police, who contacted the District Attorney's office.

Kelly was arrested at TA headquarters in Brooklyn, where he was assigned. He is now awaiting trial in the Tombs, where he is incarcerated with men he himself had arrested. Kelly's attorney, Robert J. Lazarus said that "the defendant, as a police officer, is being kept in solitary confinement by correction authorities for his own protection."



New Guinea Grows "Em Big: One of the newest "in" travel spots is the Sepik River area in New Guinea where handsome natives, wearing little more than penis gourds decorated with sea shells greet travellers with flashing smiles. The New Guinea Guidebook says: "The Sepik men are very proud of their manhood and are not bothered by modern conventions. In most carvings the symbol of manhood is not only obvious, but exaggerated."

BY PETER OGREN

The Young Male Figure in Paintings, Sculptures, and Drawings from Ancient Egypt to the Present, by Brandt Aymar. With 275 black-and-white illustrations. New York, Crown Publishers, Inc. \$7.95.

Books of art that tend to focus on one particular aspect of art history or appreciation have certain built-in disadvantages that books which treat the work of a single artist do not share. For example, a book that illustrated only the work of Michelangelo would have a certain completeness of approach, but a book dealing with the whole Italian Renaissance would of necessity have to limit the number and choice of paintings or sculptures that could be included—the field is much too vast to include everything. And in *The Young Male Figure*, by Brandt Aymar, we fall into the latter category.

The author has chosen a subject that has fascinated both the artist and layman for literally thousands of years. And therefore, with the wealth of material to choose from, the task of the author is at once very easy and extremely difficult. Granted, we have a lot to look at, but what are we going to omit? And there lies both the strength and weakness of *The Young Male Figure*.

The book is divided into six sections: Antiquity—Egypt, Greece and Rome, The Renaissance, the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, the Nineteenth Century, and the Twentieth Century, with a supplementary chapter on exotic, non-Western art—Indian, Chinese, Japanese, African and pre-Columbian Mexican art. There is a brief and easily understood introduction to each chapter, and each illustration has a short paragraph on the artist and the importance of the painting or sculpture in relationship to the artist and the era in which he lived.

The illustrations themselves are for the most part extremely well-chosen. My first regret is that there are no color plates—everything is black-and-white. However, the variety of the selection is really remarkable. From ancient Egypt there are a few statues, including one of King Tutankhamen, the famous teen-age king who reigned only briefly and died young about the middle of the 14th Century B.C. We then move rather quickly to the more interestingly developed work of the Archaic Greek period, whose sculpture manifested a kind of transition between the passivity and stiffness of the Egyptians and the anatomical detail of the Classical Greek period. One of the most interesting Archaic Greek illustrations is a bronze Apollo that is now in the Louvre in Paris. The Classical Greek period is amply represented by such statues as the famous "Hermes with the Infant Dionysos," by the great Praxiteles and the "Westmacott Athlete" in the British Museum.

We then jump more than a thousand years to the Renaissance, where we are treated to a marvelous array of paintings and sculpture. The Renaissance, especially in Italy, was the scene of a momentous development in the technique of anatomical representation.



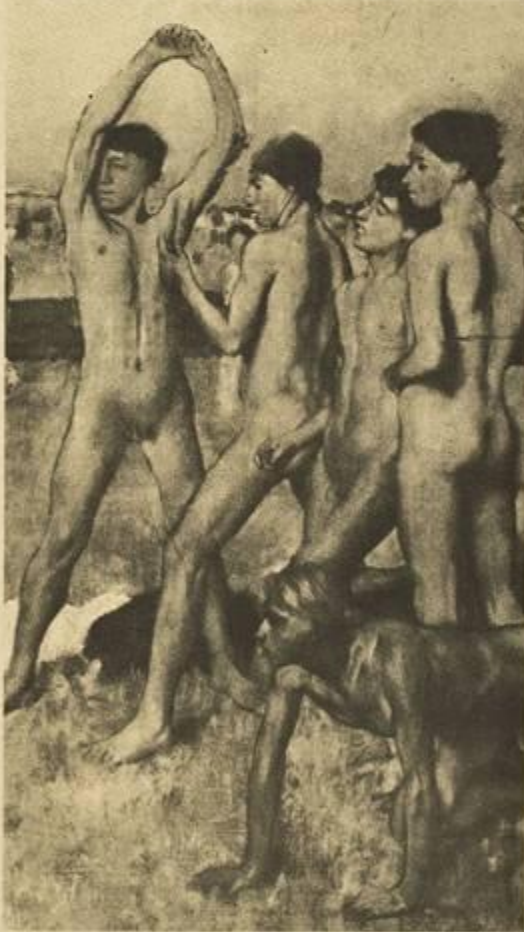
Ely: Male Nude 1894 English



Indian Buddha Fifth Century



James: Black Boy, 1935 American

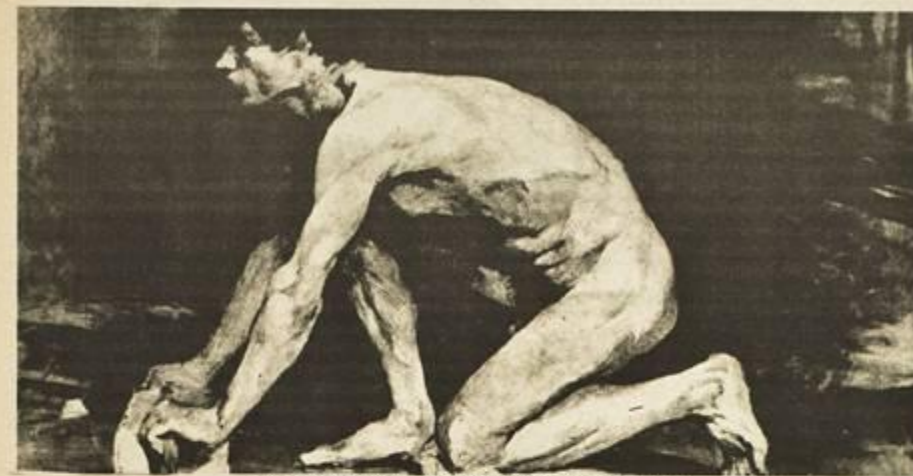


Depas: Spartan Boys, 1860 French



Loei: Ethiopian, 1912 American

The Young Male Figure



THE POLISHER, by Toulouse-Lautrec, one of his rare athletic paintings.



Cadmus: Two Boys on a Beach, 1904 American



Classical Greek: Head of a Young Man



Marcks: Friends, 1934 German



Flandrin: 1885 French

Backed by the fabulous wealth of the Italian merchant princes, artists were free to create in a way that the artist of today might well envy. And what a collection we have here! "The Creation of Adam" and "David" by Michelangelo; the "David" of Donatello (a much more feminine shepherd boy than Michelangelo's); Andrea del Sarto's "Portrait of a Sculptor," which has one of the most smouldering glances in all painting; Hieronymus Bosch, Botticelli, El Greco, Raphael, and my own favorite, Caravaggio, whose "Eros Triumphant" and "St. John the Baptist" just ooze sensuality.

There are some wonderful illustrations from the Spanish painter Murillo (17th Century), who became famous virtually overnight through his paintings of street boys and ragamuffins. The French Romantic painter Gericault is represented by three portraits as well as his most popular work, "The Raft of the 'Medusa.'" Toulouse-Lautrec, who is probably best known for his posters of the gaudy Parisian cafe society, is represented by a wonderful nude painting of a polisher. (The author assumes that he's a shoeshine boy, but he seems to be too old for that; he looks more like a floor polisher.)

Further along, we have prints from the work of Thomas Eakins, whose paintings of athletes possess a unique strength and sensuality (I refer especially to "Wrestlers"). There are drawings and paintings by Pablo Picasso, statues by Rodin, Gaston Lachaise, Henry Moore, and Carl Milles. Moving toward the archly homoerotic, there is one drawing from the work of Paul Cadmus, whose work I admire, but who appears to have given the signal for an awful lot of inferior artists to come out with an awful lot of tacky gay art. My own favorite statue from the 20th Century is shown here: "Spirit of Youth" by the Italian-American Attilio Piccirilli—the model for that one was a real knockout!

As I said before, the author had quite a time in picking out the material *not* to be represented. For my part, it's a pity that there isn't more Etruscan art here. One of the most spectacular pieces I've ever seen was a small Etruscan statue in the British Museum, of a youth getting ready for his bath, towel, soap and all. Simplicity itself, yet sensuality beyond compare. The Belvedere Apollo, which is in a courtyard in the Vatican Museum in Rome, was for centuries held to be the model of masculine beauty in art, yet is passed by here. And for all the St. Sebastian scenes (a very popular subject, especially during the Renaissance), there's none that can compare with one I saw in the Alte Pinakothek in Munich (the painter's name eludes me). No arrows piercing flesh in that one, but a Sebastian who appears to be *handing the viewer* the weapons of his destruction. And the eyes, children, the eyes! Death is Sex in that one. It's a shame that I couldn't get a print of it at the museum there.

But all this quibbling about what's not there is just marbles. The book is eminently worth your investigation. Whether you're an art buff or not, you'll certainly like both the summaries in the text and the illustrations. It's really quite fascinating.

BY GEORGE WEINBERG, Ph.D.

This article is the fourth in a series by Dr. Weinberg describing bizarre therapy methods used by "doctors" and "specialists" in so-called civilized nations. The peculiar "doctors" in question hope to rid "patients" of homosexual inclinations.

In 1963 a paper appeared, in which three doctors described a procedure that has been used by others after them.

"The door was closed and all lights switched off. Inside the room a microphone was attached to the wall immediately in front of the patient and connected to an amplifier in the adjoining room which was occupied by the psychologist. Also in front of the patient, at head height, was a picture of an attractive, scantily dressed female which was visible only when illuminated by the operation of a switch by the psychologist. The patient was supplied with tissues and instructed to masturbate in the darkness, using whatever fantasy he desired. He should, however, keep his eyes open, look ahead of him, and report "now" when he felt that orgasm was being reached."

Imagine yourself shouting "Now" as you sit in your chair. What thoughts are running through the minds of the three therapists watching? And why did they want this special experience of seeing you reach climax and shout "now" at the same time?

"This report served as the experimenter's cue to illuminate the female picture which remained illuminated until the patient reported "finished" immediately following ejaculation."

But perhaps by this time you do not feel like shouting "finished." One would certainly have uttered "now," if only to be left alone, but the word "finished" seems to bear the sentiment of disparaging masturbation.

The man, trying to shed his homosexuality, had next to describe the picture

"as a means of ensuring that he had been observing it for the limited period of exposure."

The girl must be in your mind while you are reaching your climax. Or rather the picture of the girl.

The patient in this case had two other causes for joy:

"He was instructed that no shock whatsoever would be given during these trials. Different pictures were used for each trial."

You see, the floor of his treatment room was covered by an electric grid, which was used to shock him at other times.

The doctors went on:

"It was hoped that these female pictures, being illuminated immediately preceding ejaculation would, on a classical conditioning paradigm become the conditioned stimulus for the ejaculating response and therefore might be used by the patient as part, at least, of his masturbation fantasy during subsequent trials."

Here it becomes evident why scientific work cannot be conducted well by people who loathe their subject matter. Anyone who had known homosexual men or women, and had enjoyed them as friends, would find it impossible to believe that daydreams or fantasies of homosexuals had their essence contained in a picture, and so could be replaced by a picture. One's years spent with a lover cannot be nullified by the flashing on of even a few pictures at the time of one's orgasm. This disparagement of the homosexual is part of the larger thought that sexual acts not on the beaten track must be sexual and

THE MASTURBATION METHOD



nothing more.

It is a refusal to see, because of fear, that human value, with all its nourishing roots may be expressed in sexuality, and that love may exist in any relationship between two people.

The patient treated to his masturbation opportunities by the three doctors, did not prove a conquering hero.

"Eight months after discharge, the patient wrote to say that he had been prevented from putting into practice his new found heterosexuality for two months after leaving hospital because he could not get rid of the person to whom he had sublet his flat."

The notes go on to say that he had attempted intercourse with one woman, who was "a virgin, nervous and unsatisfactory." The next sentence I find very important.

"[He] had decided to wait until he would meet the right girl and fall in love."

Poor Miss Right! Often in such cases, the courtship is whirlwind; neither party has time to wait. The girl has wanted marriage, and the man has too, hoping it would help him. I have met a hundred women whose lives were seriously altered for the worse by marrying homosexual men, often on the advice of therapists who felt the experience would be good for their patients.

The adult who feels strongly attracted to members of his own sex, has enjoyed sex contact with them, and feels no attraction to members of the opposite sex after ample opportunity, should be very suspicious of the decision to wait till the right person of the opposite sex comes along. The right person may be a member of the same sex.

The post-treatment report said that within the eight months,

"Occasional homosexual patterns of behavior had occurred but he was not unduly worried about these which he regarded as a safety valve."

A safety valve in the man's life. The opportunity for a love relationship, or for even an intense contact with another human being, remained. The throbbing of that possibility was all he had, his safety

valve. The homosexuality continued, but the therapists had a new way of viewing it, and somehow it seemed more acceptable. The patient was also an exhibitionist when he undertook treatment. According to the report, this did not stop either.

The man was thirty-five and homosexual. He had read an account in a Sunday newspaper of the work done by James, already mentioned and promptly sought psychiatric help for his condition. He demanded aversion therapy, but this was denied him at first.

In the hospital he was assigned to the psychology department for treatment. For the sake of this treatment, which he expected would entail severe punishment, he had given up his job and sublet his apartment for three months.

On admission his main complaint was one of frustrated homosexuality, i.e., he was finding it difficult to obtain partners. He saw no point in marriage as it would be unfair to his wife. He regarded a married state as an ideal one for him but could not begin to contemplate it before his homosexuality had been cured. He also had exhibitionistic tendencies and had attended nudist camps. On occasions he had exhibited himself to young boys and this had been gradually getting worse.

The report tells us that he had never had sexual intercourse with a woman. It says that

"His first homosexual experience had been at school when he was masturbated by another boy but had not reached emission. At the age of 25 years he had experienced his first mutual masturbation with a male partner and had from then on indulged in frequent self masturbation always with homosexual fantasies. Sexual behavior with male partners had taken place whenever the opportunity had arisen."

And look who he chose as a partner.

"His latest partner had co-operated with him for the sake of the friendship, but strongly advised him to seek treatment."

What about the other fellow? In his mind he was merely accommodating his friend, and so not engaging in a homosexual act. The man took his friend's advice and decided to make a serious effort to convert himself.

After being in the hospital awhile he

was referred to the Psychology Department, where he requested the harsh aversion treatment given by James to his patient. It is not clear whether he was afraid of his tendency to expose himself, which might have cost him many years in jail, and reconciled to any treatment that would help, or simply felt his deserved harsh treatment for his acts.

He was denied the brutality at first. The fact that he was contrite may have been relevant to this. The person who is repentant about being homosexual tends to arouse less anger than others, a fact often observed by homosexuals and that provides a pitfall, since the pretense at being contrite has obvious social rewards but is harmful to the spirit.

Treatment by the masturbation method was begun. But soon he complained

"that he had received no aversion for his condition and felt that the longer it was delayed the more he would think we were not progressing."

The authors reluctantly gave in and began a procedure that

"consisted of a combination of negative and positive conditioning trials, conducted separately, but both administered every day excluding Sundays."

What about Sundays? Could he masturbate at home. The piece doesn't say. But probably he was told not to, since it was important to make sure that the pictures of females accompanied the height of his sexual excitement and this matter could not be left up to him. At other times, partly in response to his request,

"Electricity was provided by a G.P.O. hand generated generator delivering 120 V. a.c. when resistances of 10,000 and upwards were placed on the grid. As before, two sharp turns of the generator handle were sufficient to give a painful electric shock."

The patient spent a weekend out of the hospital. He returned on Monday morning and reported that he had masturbated three times over the weekend always to a homosexual fantasy.

One need not assume that the man was

continued on page 16

A few months ago we noticed a peculiar ad in the Village Voice inviting the public to hear a speech on "God and the Homosexual." The speech was to be a "personal testimony."

The speaker was a non-descript man in his mid-thirties who had heard the word of Jehovah and renounced all earthly sins. The biggest sin, it seemed, was his being a homosexual. Now, he said, thanks to the grace of the Lord, he was reformed. He had married and was now traveling from spot to spot dragging his poor wife into one meeting after another while he told about his wicked past "with the boys."

His audience was stacked with some pretty sharp gay thinkers, and the evening was not an easy one for the poor fellow. Even his fellow Christians began to abandon him in droves, and only a few die-hard religious fanatics stuck to his Biblical literalism and tried desperately to defend him against a rising chorus of ridicule and laughter. We felt rather sorry for the guy, actually, although he was asking for whatever it was he got by putting himself in such a weird position. Truthfully, he was a bore, because he had defined all the limits of the discussion at the beginning of his talk, basing everything on Biblical literalism. One cannot have a discussion with a man who clings to a closed interpretation of a so-called holy book.

The speaker revealed a great deal about himself, unfortunately, in only a few minutes. His life as a homosexual had been tawdry indeed. "I used to go home with guys and steal their money," he confessed. "I used to hustle (work as a male prostitute), and when I took a male lover I discovered to my dismay that he'd been unfaithful to me." So now the poor jerk was engaged in a dreary round of Bible-thumping jamborees, muttering Biblical curses against homosexuals in a wrathful tone, and giving whole audiences a dreadful picture of the homosexual community. Why was he engaged in this thankless task? He thought that he'd been called by God. He was a convert to Teen Challenge, he told us. The founder of Teen Challenge, David Wilkerson, a self-appointed messiah to homosexuals, had touched his miserable life with the message of God.

Teen Challenge started in a small office on Staten Island (which is no surprise) and is now a nationwide movement. David Wilkerson, a loud and ignorant Bible thumper of the worst sort, is its fanatical "Executive Director." Capitalizing on several social issues about which there is a great deal of controversy, Wilkerson earned himself a certain amount of notoriety. He still enjoys large crowds in the intellectual Sahara below the Mason-Dixon Line. We once saw ads for his evangelical meetings in the Orlando Sentinel, a cracker-barrel paper run by prudish rednecked barbarians, if ever we saw one. In other parts of Florida, such as Miami, Wilkerson had even bamboozled the Sheriff's office into distributing his silly little hate pamphlet, "Help for Homosexuals."

Wilkerson's anti-homosexuality causes genuine embarrassment to truly seasoned enemies of the homosexual. It is easy for them to see his lack of sophistication. He is like a bull in a china shop, and his writings show him to be thrashing about waving ignorant, unconnected statements. These would be amusing were it not for

the fact that lots of people actually believe what this evangelist says. Oh well. That's the world for you.

The causes of homosexuality he dreams up are hilarious examples of his freaky approach: Homosexuality is caused, he says, by rejection of God, rejection of His revealed truth, and "worship of the flesh." The latter cause, he assures us, makes homosexuals "feed their minds on filthy literature, dirty pictures and lewd novels." Wilkerson says that homosexuals are given over to demons of lust.

Hold on, Mr. Wilkerson! What about all of the gay clergymen you are always worrying about? They evidently don't reject God or his revealed word, do they? You seem to be quite annoyed by clergymen you suspect are homosexuals. Wilkerson has invented a foolproof way of telling which ministers are, and which are not, homosexually inclined. It's a paranoid's dream. Straight ministers, he says, will never stay in the same hotel room with each other when they travel on missions. They will always insist on separate rooms. They'll be glad to spend the extra bills no matter how expensive. But woe betide the evangelists who dare to take a room together. Wilkerson points the finger of scorn at these lustful

degenerates and says they should be exposed and expelled from the ministry. Have you ever found any and exposed them, Wilkerson?

Wilkerson's 25 flawless ways for spotting a homosexual are good indicators of his mental level. Space prohibits mentioning all 25 characteristics, but it isn't necessary, anyway. Wilkerson says that almost all homosexuals exhibit all of these 25 traits. Here are just a few:

1. Broad, swaying hips
2. Delicate physique
3. Fluttering eyelids
4. Hustling around, striking unusual poses
5. A tripping gait
6. Swaggering shoulders
7. Getting excited over bright colors

Remember now that homosexuals are supposed to show, according to Mr. Wilkerson, not just one, but nearly all of his listed traits. Stop and think for a moment. Can you imagine what it would be like to see such a creature coming down the street with broad swaying hips, fluttering eyelids, a delicate physique, tripping gait, swaggering shoulders, striking unusual poses? Wow! What a gas! His hips would be swaying while his shoulders swaggered, and he'd trip along fluttering his eyelids! Better than a circus!

"You Just Keep Me Hangin' On" BY LIGE & JACK



"My body, my flesh, is worthless, wormeaten, and full of decay and death."

But it doesn't really surprise us that Mr. David Wilkerson is a sexual barbarian. The holy book he reads, the Bible, is anti-sexual from start to finish. Its first curse is a sexual one, leveled at poor Eve for the "crime" of curiosity (can you hear us Eve? We'd have tasted the apple too!). Dig:

I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception. In sorrow thou shalt bring forth children. And thy desire shall be to thy husband. And he shall rule over thee.

Adam and Eve were ashamed of their nakedness, and they hid themselves. Modern theologians (who are always trying to pour old wine into new bottles) try to avoid the element of sex, stressing instead that our "original parents" merely disobeyed. No matter what the theologians say, however, the common religious freak has always understood Eve's punishment as a sexual one. What the Adam and Eve story means to the man of the street is this: Woman represents a temptation, and for accepting her suggestions, man has become a "sinner," a person deserving of punishment and needing repentance. Not too many people know that clergymen by the thousands fought the introduction of drugs which eased the pain of childbearing for women. "It was part of Eve's curse," they claimed, "to bear children in pain." Mustn't mess up Jehovah's cruel curses!

If you think the Old Testament is bad, and that it treats sex in a harsh, gloomy fashion, try this sample from the jerked-off Epistles of St. Paul (a madman if there ever was one) in the New Testament:

I say therefore to the unmarried and widows, it is good for them if they abide even as I. But if they cannot contain (that is, if they get too horny), let them marry: for it is better to marry than to burn.

We mustn't blame David Wilkerson and his cohorts too much for attitudes they've picked up from their holy book. They are merely believers, not seekers. They are dogmatists, not free thinkers. The "cure" for homosexuality recommended by Wilkerson is a chilling example of ignorant zeal on the rampage.

You must learn to look into a mirror and honestly say, My body, my flesh, is worthless, wormeaten, and full of decay and death. Cultivate a shame for your nakedness. You must learn to hate, despite, crucify and mortify your flesh.

Don't be surprised by such attitudes. They are the natural product of a creedal mind. Not very long ago we got pissed off after months and months of bell-ringing at all hours of the morning by the thoughtless church next door. We telephoned and suggested in a kindly way that it wasn't altogether "Christian" to ring bells so long early in the morning, disturbing the sleep of people who work hard during the week. "Do you believe in God?" asked the clergyman. "We're talking about consideration for others and about bells, not God," we replied. But he continued bull-headedly: "Do you believe in God? Because if you don't, you have no right to be in this world." That was where the matter stood as far as he was concerned. His attitude, shared by many thousands of clergymen, helped us to decide where we stand.

THE LAST ESTATE



A gay bar in Old San Juan.

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

I have a picture of Mishima pasted on the wall—Mark says the reason I cut it out was that we look alike. On the other side of the little room with the big window looking over the sea, is a picture of a hunting scene. We are at the Normandie in San Juan, and Mark hates the place and insists we get a nice little air-conditioned cubicle in the Condado. The Normandie was built in 1939 and, to me, is one of the most remarkable hotels in the world.

Mr. Santiago, the manager, has promised to take us on a tour of the building tomorrow morning at 10 a.m. The first five floors are in use—the remaining two or three are shut up, and that's where Mr. Santiago has promised to take us.

The building and decor is a late (confused) art deco style. Our room is actually three rooms—a big, totally empty foyer with windows high up that open onto the open-air corridor (in old Spanish hotel style), and a bedroom that is big, very high and rather empty too, a small "front" room with a big window, and a large bathroom, also with a window and a real bidet.

The little front room is my study. Fresh young breezes constantly blow through the place, making ripples on the

bed sheets all night long. The furniture is ugly, but probably no uglier than the stuff in the Hilton. The place, as Mark quite rightly pointed out, is very much like a morgue. There are no display cases in the lobby and the light bulbs are all very dim, which means that practically no light comes through the deco fixtures. The floors are marble, except where, in a rush of modernization, they covered them up with "rubber" tiles. There are no guests that one can see. The only sounds come from the Hilton nearby and the waves.

Telephone service is through a switchboard so you don't have to dial everything yourself. There is a big, forbidding looking pool in the center air-well that's filled with green, dirty looking water. I have never seen anybody use it. This evening I ordered some ice from the bar. A half hour later I called again, and they were still looking for an ice bucket. I suggested they use the wastepaper basket, so they sent someone up for it.

From the outside, the place reminds of an ancient, decrepid ocean-liner that is in mothballs. It is a sight for sore eyes. The elevators are out-of-order, the beds creak and the service is minimal. And right smack in front of the place is an atrocious MacDonald hamburger drive-in. By the back door of the Normandie one is only a few steps from a perfectly adequate public beach and boardwalk, and only a few more steps from slightly wilder beaches that attract a delightfully undesirable crowd, besides "middle aged" (read simply aged) bleached, sunburnt fat American queens, who come to patronize the undesirable.

Last night we had dinner at a roadside place in Bayamon called El Pilon because they serve everything in wooden "mortar" cups. We had the Antojitos in the mortar—small pieces of fried pork.

Alongside it came a scoop of mashed plantenes, called "Mofongo." They also brought some plantene broth. Everything was served at the same time and, as usual, Puerto Rican cuisine is excellent but it takes a few days getting used to. I made the mistake of ordering a bottle of red wine. They brought a perfectly dreadful wine from Spain and had the nerve to charge \$6.00 for the undrinkable stuff. Good imported and Puerto Rican beers were available, and that's what you should order. Anyway, the restaurant wasn't very expensive. In case you decide to go there, you should try it rather late because otherwise the place is full of families with screaming brats and that's something I can't stand. The men's room was rather small, and both Mark and Tony kept following people into it. A wild goose chase.

On the way back to San Juan, we picked up some boy who was waiting for a bus. Tony also showed us the main square in Rio Piedras where the country boys hang around and the cruise movie on Ponce de Leon Street. We got back to the Normandie early, and stopped into the Hilton for a nightcap, where they charged \$2.00 for a Cognac at the bar. At the entrance to the casino the bouncer said "You can't go in because you need proper pants, a jacket and tie." "Oh, I just came to look at the people" I said. "I would never dream of going in. They all look so nice—so elegant." He burst into laughter. I had put him on, and he realized it. Very satisfying. The place was filled with what they used to call "nouveau riche"—in fur stoles yet.

I don't suppose the reader will want to know what books I brought along—well, after two days I got to page 8 in Roszak's THE MAKING OF A COUNTER CULTURE because Gregoire Muller at ARTS Magazine said I should read it. I have Regis Debray's REVOLUTION IN

THE REVOLUTION which was a gift from Martial Rayse, Nabokov's QUARTET, Laing's THE POLITICS OF EXPERIENCE, THE ARTS ON CAMPUS, Doerner's THE WAY BEYOND ART and ON THE FUTURE OF ART.

Tonite I had dinner with Tony and his Puerto Rican friend who runs a hardware store in Santurce and doesn't speak a word of English. That was fortunate because, as far as I know, he must be charming. We went to LECHONIERA FUENTES, on the road to Bayamon.

A pig was roasting in the window; the tables were covered with red and green plastic and set with paper cups and paper napkins. We had, all at once, moresilla (rice, pigs' blood and pork packed in pig intestines), lechon asado y guineitos (roast pork cut from a whole pig and served with cooked green bananas) and arroz con habichuelas (rice with beans). It was delicious. For beverage, there was bottled Lowenbrau out of paper cups. (When we arrived at the restaurant, my Puerto Rican friends had second thoughts about taking me there. "Get back in the car. Let's find something nicer," they said. I insisted we stay where we were. I was afraid that their idea of something nicer would turn out to be the Sheraton, or worse.)

Indigenous Puerto Rican cuisine is good. Strangely, some Puerto Ricans I know think that their cuisine is like Spanish cuisine, and of course, the two are very different—from the way the food is served, to the foods themselves. For example, Spaniards just don't eat rice and beans every day. Puerto Ricans do. And Spanish sea food is biologically and gastronomically totally different from Puerto Rican mariscos. There are no plantenes in Spain. Nor do the Spanish rely upon iceberg lettuce and ketchup they way they do in P.R.

Quite simply, Spanish food is much, much better than Puerto Rican food. But Puerto Rican food is worth a little effort and gets better as you get used to it.

(Next week: More about the Hotel Normandie, Puerto Rico and a picture of my friend Tony.)

BY TIMMIE THORNTON

I'll be down to get you in a taxi, honey. Better be ready 'bout half past eight. Oh honey, don't be late. I want to be there when the band starts playing.
The Darktown Strutter's Ball

But eight-thirty came and went, and I wasn't ready. I decided to change my lashes, and despite several lacquerings of hair spray, the nape of my new wig just wouldn't stay where I wanted it. I managed to fuss and primp until ten-thirty, then threw on my genuine rabbit-trimmed coat, and dashed out the door, forgetting to put on my earrings. As I flounced through the lobby, Mrs. D', my elderly neighbor, gave me a smile and an OK sign. She was under the impression that I was just camping it up for a holiday party, but I was deadly serious.

The streets were glistening, and it was breath-smoking cold as I got into a cab and started on my way to the Variety Social Club's Fifth Annual Pre-Thanksgiving Costume and Masquerade Ball. This is one of two yearly events presented by Frankie Quinn, veteran female impersonator, and Saul Segal, long-time drag show MC and publisher of *Femme Mimics* magazine. When I purchased my ticket at Segal's small apartment in midtown Manhattan, he spoke expansively of the Hotel Diplomat's ballroom appointments, the many minor celebrities who have attended the ball, and the specialness of the occasion in general. I mentioned that I was thinking of freelancing an article on the ball for GAY, and Segal started.

"GAY? Is that one of these smutty things? We don't want to be connected with..."

"It's a very high-class publication," I interrupted. "Dick Leitsch, President of the Mattachine, is one of the columnists."

"Oh, I know Dick! Of course, the Mattachine... they don't go for drag." "Yes, I know."

As I started to go, ducking my head to avoid a pair of army underwear, Segal urged me to "... be sure to say hello to me. People look different in drag." Then I was back in the November in New York shop in Times Square. Times Square is not nice. A hustler tried to solicit my patronage there once; I replied that my mother told me not to speak to strangers.

Walking back to the subway, I contemplated the social stratification and power structure of the gay world. At the top is the Mattachine, which represents most of the money and education, and doesn't "go for drag." Somewhere closely aligned is GAY, which serves as a forum for the bigot Stefan Verk, who disapproves of "any form of self-degradation, such as transvestism." Just below the epicenter of the pyramid comes the poor swish, the butt of innumerable jokes by gay and straight alike. A homosexual spokesman can always garner some "cheap applause" by making fun of faggots, as Dick Leitsch recently did on the Cavett show. At the very bottom dance the mad, intoxicated denizens of the Darktown Strutter's Ball.

Holly Woodlawn has been much on my mind lately; I've been saving all the newspaper articles about her. She's "three-dimensional," "human," a

uniquely talented actress. Here, certainly, is a drag who has transcended her niggerdom. Or has she? Holly on "female impersonation": "Well... maybe some nights I didn't look so pretty, but I still managed to turn a few heads. And I made people laugh." Keep 'em laughing, Holly.

My cab pulled up in front of the hotel, and I noticed a large gathering of Spanish youths outside. "Oh boy," I thought, "here it comes," and prepared myself to be verbally spat on. But they were just opening car doors for tips. You might think me paranoid, but I had just been assaulted three days before by five Spanish delinquents who didn't like my looks.

I checked my coat, and took the elevator up to the Grand Ballroom. Opulence! Magnificence! A huge pleasure dome, balconied and balustraded, surmounted by an ornamented ceiling three stories above. (I was dwarfed. I was exposed. I was scared.) Tables crowded both sides of the room, with a space extending out from the stage and runway for dancing. And among the tables moved the queens. Queens floating in

extravagant gowns in pastel shades, bouncing in maribou-trimmed mini-dresses, glittering as Las Vegas showgirls, sultry as la Hell's Angels. I felt a bit declassé in my simple reptile-print tunic and pants outfit; I needed a drink.

I got one, and then saw my friend Tami. She was already half in the bag, having a great time handing out her electrologist's business card to any queens with a trace of shadow, and haughtily refusing the advances of "agents."

The agents, or drag chasers, were here too. In just a few moments I was approached by one. He was thirty-ish, pale, and slightly balding.

"By your looks, I'd say you're an artist," he guessed.

"I'm a writer. Do you come to these things often?"

"Twice a year, I try to find somebody I like, but I usually don't. I don't like the way these queens paint themselves up... You look natural."

"Thank you."

"Do you like wearing drag?"

"That's why I'm here."

"You'd be surprised. I was just talking

to a queen that said she hates it. Do you wear it at home?"

This was becoming onerous, and the remainder of his remarks are not printable in a family publication. I excused myself, and, envying the couples dancing to the rock band, I positioned myself to indicate that I wished to do likewise. As the stage band came back for another set, I saw Segal, and dutifully said hello. "Yes, I remember you. You look good," he leered, and chucked me under the chin in an irritating manner. This is how distasteful people check to see if you have any beard. I had none.

I began to speak to Tami again, but someone touched me on the arm. He was my height, wore dark glasses and a sportcoat which emphasized his broad shoulders. It was a slow dance; there was at once no inhibition in our clasping. Then the band began to play some rock, and I immediately picked up the afterbeat. My partner hesitated for a moment, then joined in. My clothes swirled as I spun about like a Temptation.

As he bought us drinks, my new-found

continued on page 16

The Darktown Strutter's Ball

Timmie Thornton: Gotham's Brightest Belle



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To GAY

Strutter's Ball

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escort and I exchanged personal information. His name was Steve; he was from Boston; and he was in show business. Steve seated me at his table as the floor show was beginning. Frankie Quinn, as MC, opened with a song. "Frank's been doing that song for years," Steve commented. "I guess he's going to keep at it until he gets it right." (It's not necessarily insulting to call an impersonator "he." As part of their theatrics, they usually maintain a fiction of being male.)

Now Frankie was shouting, "We have in our audience tonight that world-famous impersonator, Paddy Roberts! Come on up and take a bow, Paddy!" (Quinn and Roberts, I'm sure, would dearly like to see each other garrotted with a "G" string, but the hostilities are put aside for the sake of the show.)

Then a red-haired impersonator did a strip reminiscent of 40's burlesque, or perhaps Rita Hayworth in *Sadie*

Thompson. The spots were on him so strongly, it was difficult to tell that the derrière was a cleverly designed contraption of flesh-colored rubber. When the bra finally came off, Steve exclaimed, "My God, it's a man!"

Steve went to get more drinks, and then his friend Kiki, a drag-show entrepreneur, stopped to say hello. "Are you going to be in the Parade?" Kiki asked me. "No, I don't think so," I replied. "They don't have a category for the Sweet and Innocent."

Leslie London did his Diana Ross impersonation. I think Leslie has consummate grace and stage presence, and I always enjoy him tremendously. Steve's favorite impersonator, Robin Rogers of the Jewel Box Revue, sang with his two voices, contralto and baritone. With his beautiful feminine register, Robin could very likely succeed as a straight night club performer. I mentioned that the impersonators, camping with the omnipresent camera, seemed to be enjoying themselves quite as much as the other queens. Steve said he didn't think that even the top performers made too much money; he knew one drag who had started her impersonation career for twenty-five dollars a week, a place to

live, and all the drinks she could hustle.

Steve went to get more drinks, and it was now time for the Parade, the exhibition of beauty and glamour which is one of the high points of the year for so many queens. First there were the professionals, then the comedy and originality categories. One by one, they flashed across the stage and down the runway. Someone was *Laugh-In's* Dirty Old Man. There was an attractive queen in a gorgeous brown satin ante-bellum costume, and—unbelievably—a mustachioed young man who was apparently representing himself to be the Tree of Forbidden Fruit, with silver branches swaying over his head, and a green serpent coiled around his arm. "It's a drag king," I observed. Steve laughed. The Tree came back to his table next to us, and one of his leivats gouted me in the eye. I glared at him briefly, then turned to watch the costumes grow more and more elaborate in the main contest.

Steve recalled that he had been asked to judge the contest at a Halloween ball in Boston the previous month. He had been under the impression that these affairs are all in fun, but soon changed his mind. When the favored contestant of a

large group of Latin queens failed to win, a full-scale riot broke out. Fruit salad went flying, and Steve was hit over the head with a coquette's fan.

The tendency here seemed to be toward huge fan-shaped arrangements strapped to the backs of the bedizened queens, but there came an afro-coiffed Latin in an unadorned white gown which slipped off to reveal a sequined halter—and a dancing belly. She had verve, and wasn't just a clothes rack. She was our choice, but the winner carried a fan fully twenty feet high which seemed ready to topple at any moment.

At the close of the show, Frankie Quinn announced that we were going to see a *real sex change*. I stood up to applaud this person's courage, but when she threw open her dress to reveal DD boobs, I sat down again in embarrassment.

The hall was over. Downstairs, as I waited for Steve to get my coat, I saw our candidate on her way out. I told her we thought she should have won, and asked how long it took her to make her costume. "A week," she replied.

Steve helped me on with my coat, and as we reeled down the street, he asked, "Am I holding you up, or are you holding me up?"

"A little of both, I think." ■

(photos by Richard C. Wandel)

First New York Hearings On Discrimination Held

BY PETER FISHER

NEW YORK, N.Y. —New York Assemblymen Stephen Solarz and Antonio G. Olivieri held the first hearings in the history of N.Y. State on discrimination against homosexuals on January 7th at the State Office Bldg. at 270 Broadway. The text of a joint statement by the two Assemblymen was read by Mr. Olivieri:

"Unspoken prejudices and archaic laws currently restrict the rights and lives of homosexuals... Prejudices held by individuals, by businesses, and by government adversely affect almost every aspect of their lives. But worse, federal and state laws continue to punish homosexuals for their private conduct and to restrict them in their private lives... It is our position that as a general rule the state should not interfere in personal and private matters which affect only the individuals involved... More positively, the state should attempt to protect individuals who face daily hostility and discrimination. Thus, laws which discriminate against homosexuals should be repealed, and laws to protect their rights should be passed."

City Councilman Carter Burden testified about the widespread job discrimination in N.Y. City, and discussed the bill he had introduced in the City Council to extend the protection of the Human Rights laws to homosexuals. Eldon Clingan, Minority Leader of the City Council and co-sponsor of the bill, discussed the problems of discrimination faced by homosexuals and remarked that the sodomy and solicitation laws served as nothing more than a justification for blackmail or entrapment by the police department. These laws "do not exist to serve any kind of serious protection for the public," he said.

Donald Goff, General Secretary of the Correctional Association of N.Y., urged the repeal of the state sodomy law for



GAA Police Power Committee Chairman, Eldon Clark, testified before Assemblymen (left and right) Solarz and Olivieri at State Assembly Hearings on Homosexuality.

"competent, consenting adults." He stated that solicitation should be considered a crime only when it constitutes harassment or public nuisance, and that it should not be dealt with as a sexual issue. Arrests for solicitation, he said, are justified only when there is a complaint by the person solicited; there should be no police entrapment.

City Commissioner of Investigations Robert Ruskin, speaking as a private citizen rather than a representative of the city administration, which did not participate in the hearings, said that the laws affecting homosexuals were enforced on a "selective and sporadic basis." "The enforcement of such laws by overworked police officers," he said, "removes them from the investigation of serious crimes, such as muggings and robberies, which... present a much more substantial danger to society." The continued existence of laws against homosexuality "tends" to breed disrespect for law enforcement and to invite corruption.

Jim Owles, President of Gay Activists Alliance, explained that GAA's prime interest at present was the passage of fair employment legislation, because of the clear pattern of discrimination in New York City, not only in hiring and firing practices, but in promotion policies as well.

Owles cited 'psychological tests' and job interview forms which asked about prospective employees' sexual orientation, some of which stated blankly that company policy prohibited the hiring of homosexuals. Among the



Assemblymen Solarz and Olivieri

representatives from several N.Y. City homosexual organizations and groups from elsewhere in the state were present and testified at the hearings.

Ruth Simpson, President of Daughters of Bilitis, cited repeated instances of police harassment of DOB and noted that several leaders of the women's liberation movement consider lesbianism the key to the feminist issue. Miss Simpson stated that in connection with the harassment of DOB she had called the Mayor's office "and was told by a representative of the Mayor that there really wasn't too much they could do, because the Mayor has actually lost control of the Police Dept. at the precinct level."

companies for which evidence of job discrimination had been collected, Household Finance, CBS, and IBM were mentioned. Several instances of discrimination by the Board of Education were revealed.

"The same society which condemns homosexuals for being themselves," Owles said, "oppresses them economically by threatening their livelihoods. The right to get and hold a job for which one is qualified is an important part of gay liberation."

Assemblyman Solarz repeatedly asked witnesses whether they would favor, as he did, retention of the solicitation law, Dick Leitsch, Executive Director of New York Mattachine, responded humorously that there were times when he would like to be protected from unwanted homosexual solicitation. "But I realize that just because I don't want some people who solicit me, or people solicit me in a manner that I don't like doesn't give me the right to want to put them in jail. There are a lot of things in this country, and the world that I find offensive, but I wouldn't want all the people who commit these things put in jail." Leitsch said that Mattachine also favored repeal of the sodomy law, but that their main concern at present was a law providing for the expungement of the arrest records of homosexuals and heterosexuals where there had been no criminal conviction.

Bob Kohler, a member of New York's Gay Liberation Front, remarked on the absence of transvestites and third world gays, as well as the under-representation of women at the hearings. He demanded a second day of hearings at which these groups might speak. He was unimpressed by the hearings and felt that the Assemblymen could give far more tangible help in the form of drug and medical programs for gays. "You can come out on the streets—if you really care," he said.

Ellen Povill, another GLF member, continued on page 17

MASTURBATION METHOD

continued from page 10

a masochist, in spite of his plea for punishment in preference to the mere encouragement to masturbate. Reasonably, he believed what he read. And though James had claimed cure after less than a year, he doubtless concluded that the report cures were permanent, or they would not have been written up. And that cure for him would entail something more than creating mixed feelings around an urge that had brought him nothing but mixed feelings in the past. Reasonably, he assumed that what was written by experts would reflect close investigation of homosexuality as a phenomenon, and by implication that they had some way of knowing the cures they reported were permanent. In addition, he perhaps assumed a true replacement for his homosexuality, which was never discussed. This is the sad part—that despite his behavior, he may not have been a masochist at all, but a reasonable person in torment over his own homosexuality and ready to try anything.

When he saw nothing was working, he

"became extremely emotional, accusing the psychologists of a complete lack of understanding of him as a person. He claimed that we had been critical of him right from the start and that we were more interested in our experimental results than in him."

Not bad. But at the end of a week he asked if he could continue treatment, apologizing for the outburst. The terrible shift from belief to disbelief, and back. The grappling with an existential truth in the form of an insight regarding one's homosexuality, the truth that one is here and must find his way, picking one's route through brambles, choosing certain procedures and roads to try in preference to others, but remaining responsible for every choice and decision on how long to continue in chosen directions. On the other side is the view that there is a rule book and that certain experts possess it and that these experts know best what will make us happy.

Poor man, enacting a struggle that many never acknowledge. Back and forth he went.

The authors do not specify about the homosexual patterns that were present after the treatment. Even the exhibitionism remained, but they did not take it seriously.

"This occurred only in hot weather of which there was not much in an English summer."

Suppose the man now goes through life unhappy, saddening lovers by disparaging himself for being homosexual, guilty around his parents, and wary of contacts in the heterosexual world as well as in the homosexual one. Whose fault is it? One can imagine a great historian of the future describing persons like this one as having been crushed by the ignorant lawmakers and doctors of his day. But even now, there are hundreds of thousands of men and women not distressed by their homosexuality, and not viewing themselves as sinners; and thus the case could be made that the man was less a victim of societal forces than of his own conventionality. A victim of his overwhelming need to be told he was good by those he considered the authorities. In the end, one must decide

whether a society is good that would restrict sexual behavior behind closed doors. The individual must decide to what extent he will honor restrictions, and whether honoring them is a help or a hindrance to him in giving his best to other people.

The three doctors concluded

"If anything has been achieved with this patient it is simply that he has been taught to use females in a way completely new to him and more in line with the requirements of the existing social structure... There would appear to be every possibility that he will become well adjusted heterosexually when he meets someone he is sufficiently fond of to marry."

Typical of these journal articles by men with the mania that they are scientists was one by a Doctor Evans in Toronto, called "Masturbatory Fantasy and Sexual Deviation." On the basis of no evidence, Evans wrote that "the initial factors leading to an individual's inclination toward a specific deviation can often be established." According to him, "the initial deviant act is important only in as far as it supplies the fantasy, which is used during masturbation. Thus, each time the subject masturbates with the deviant activity as fantasy, the habit strength of the actual deviant behavior is increased." Like some of his predecessors, Evans used the terms "normal fantasy" and "deviant masturbatory fantasy," suggesting that he might even like to regulate the fantasies of people as they masturbated, and not just their overt acts. However, there is as yet little to fear from Evans, who ignorance of statistics is glaring in his work.

(Next issue: The "Moral Persuasion" Method)

Dr. George Weinberg (Ph.D.) is an outstanding psychoanalyst, and author of a new and excellent book, *THE ACTION APPROACH: How Your 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. ■

School Fires Gay Spokesman

Hartford, Conn.—On Tuesday evening, Dec. 22, Mr. Kenneth Bland, a member of the Executive Board of the Kalos Society, an organization working on behalf of gays in Hartford, and editor of its newspaper "The Griffin," was interviewed on Television Channel 24 in a program focusing on the history and development, the aims and purposes, and the activities of his organization, as well as the tragic social and economic problems facing its homosexual members.

Two days later, he received a letter from the administration of the American School for the Deaf in West Hartford where Mr. Bland was employed as a Houseparent. The letter informed Mr. Bland that a complaint had been received from the parents of one of the children in his care, who had seen the program, and that he was herewith suspended without pay from his job pending an investigation.

Mr. Bland, in cooperation with other members of the Kalos Society, contacted the local chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union. He expressed his determination to defend his right to employment without regard to his sexual orientation, and requested their assistance. The Connecticut Civil Liberties Union accepted the case.

First New York Hearings On Discrimination Held

continued from page 16

gave a moving personal testimony about how it feels to be hated and discriminated against. "Things have to change," she cried. Ruth Simpson claimed the right to speak again because of the under-representation of women.

"Let's examine our national conscience," she said. "Where are we headed as a nation? Of course we have to change the archaic, sick sex laws. This is only the first step for human dignity, for women, for lesbians, for our gay brothers, and ultimately for heterosexual men."

The two women received a hearty round of applause.

Congressman Edward Koch sent a statement to be read into the record, and Bella Abzug sent a representative to read her statement. "I believe that a bill of rights for homosexuals guaranteeing them equal treatment and basic human dignity is long overdue in New York," said Congressman Abzug. "I would urge your making this the priority legislative goal for 1971."

The growth of the gay liberation movement in N.Y. State was demonstrated by impressive delegations from Tri-Cities (Albany, Schenectady, Troy) GLF and Rochester GLF, as well as the many prominent figures in the fields of law and education who testified. ■

City Councilmen Push Gay Protection Bill

New York, N.Y. City Council Minority Leader Eldon Clingan and Councilman Carter Burden announced at a press conference in City Hall on January 6th that they had introduced legislation to extend the protection of the NYC Human Rights Law to homosexuals. By adding the words "sexual orientation" to the protected categories in the existing law, the new bill will ban discrimination against gays.

Mr. Clingan remarked "that in the seventh decade of the twentieth century, the time has come for us to put an end to needless suffering by individuals simply because of their sexual orientation."

The bill will now be considered in committee. It is expected to be reported out of committee for action in the City Council by the end of February. Mr. Burden was optimistic: "I think it faces a very good chance because I think the majority of the City Council is oriented to civil liberties, to the fundamental civil rights, and to extending these protections. [The bill] has the support of the Human Rights Commission and Mrs. Norton. I think it has a very good chance of being passed."

The two City Councilmen have worked closely with Gay Activists Alliance in

researching the background material for the bill and in collecting specific cases of job discrimination in the city. Jim Owles, President of GAA, stressed that passage of the Fair Employment Bill is essential. "As long as gays have to fear for their livelihoods, there can be no widespread liberation," he said.

In spite of their optimism about the passage of the bill, Burden and Clingan are laying the groundwork for a campaign to win support for it.

According to Mr. Clingan, "the great chance that the legislation will pass really depends on citizen support... We hope to have an outpouring of moral, intellectual and religious sentiment in the city in support of the legislation."

Working with GAA, Burden and Clingan are in the process of forming a citizens' committee to be known as New Yorkers For Homosexual Rights. The committee will consist of prominent New Yorkers in a wide variety of professions. The Rev. Howard Moody, Mr. John LaSoc of the Episcopal Diocese, and Father Herbert Rogers of Fordham University were present at the press conference and have agreed to be charter members of the new committee. ■

During the next few days, messages of support and offers of help of all kinds—financial, legal, and political—poured in from persons who had seen the program and learned of its consequences for Mr. Bland from follow-up radio and TV broadcasts and newspaper articles giving extensive coverage to the entire affair. Some of the support came from persons in unexpectedly high places in local and state communities and institutions.

A second letter from the school was then received by Mr. Bland advising that the administration would consent to accepting him back, but that he would be assigned to work in the maintenance department and not returned to his original job as Houseparent in charge of a

group of children. The letter also advised that if he did not report to work in this substitute capacity by the beginning of the next week, the school would interpret it as a formal resignation from employment on the part of Mr. Bland.

Mr. Bland promptly rejected this insulting offer without comment and subsequently announced his intentions to take the matter to court with the expectation of establishing a firm precedent that homosexuals have a full and equal right to employment in any and all jobs based on ability and dedication without regard to sexual orientation or other private concerns.

The ERCHO and NACHO associations of homophile organizations with which the Kalos Society is associated are being kept advised of developments in the case.

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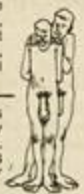
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(Photo by Diana Davies)

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