

GAY

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OUT OF
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Jack Baker Wins At University Of Minnesota

BY ERIK LARSON
Midwest Correspondent

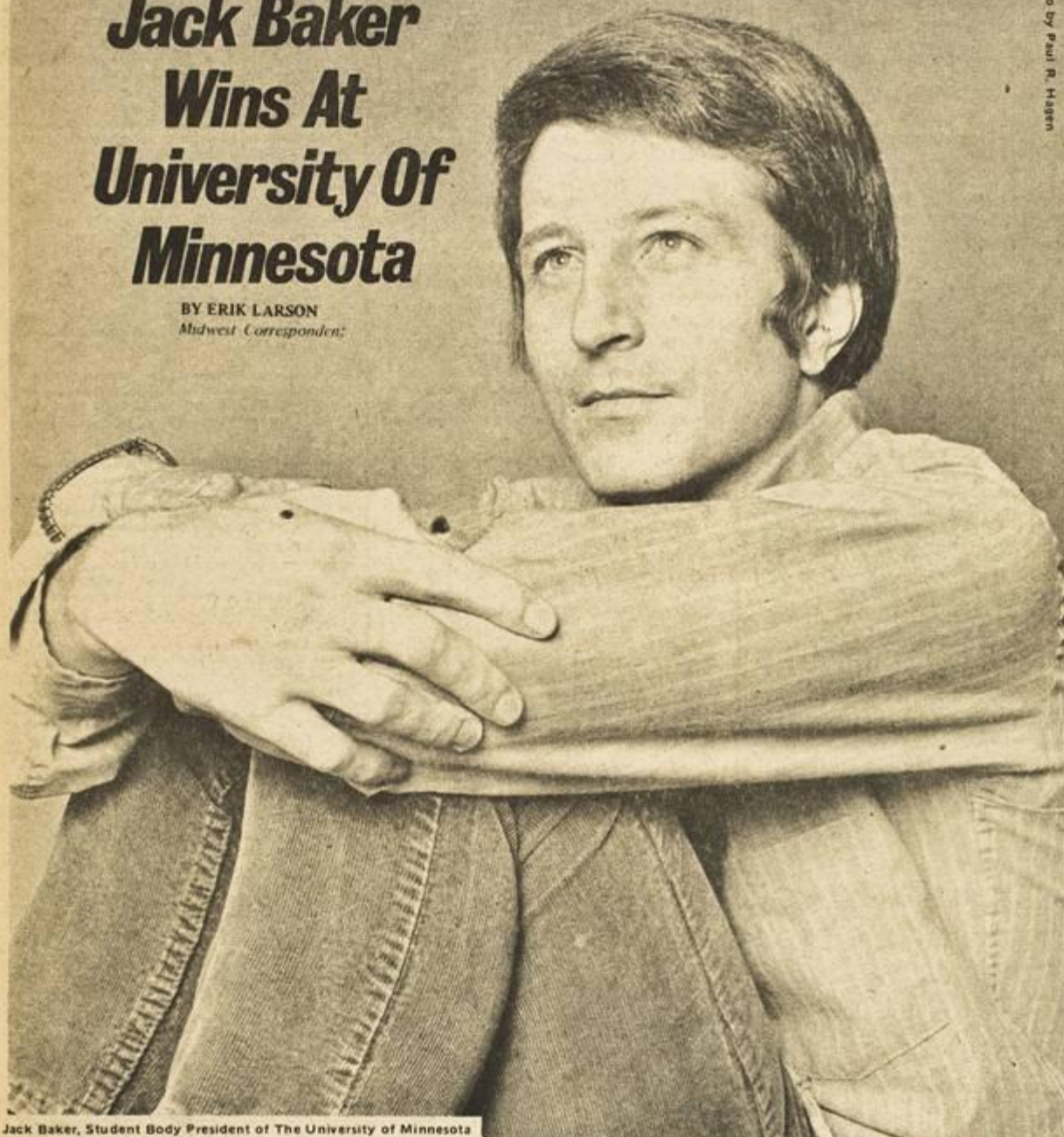


Photo by Paul R. Hahn

Jack Baker, Student Body President of The University of Minnesota

University Students Elect First Gay President

Minneapolis, Minn.—Campaigning on the slogan, "responsible activism," gay liberationist Jack Baker was elected student body president at the University of Minnesota.

But it was the size of his victory that stunned the 29-year-old law student. In the largest voter turnout in the history of the 43,000-student campus, Baker received 46 percent of the vote, with four opponents.

"It's definitely a victory for gay liberation," Baker told GAY from his victory party.

"But even more, it's a victory for the students. They've matured enough to recognize that sexual preference is immaterial in a political campaign."

So much so, in fact, that the gay issue was never discussed by the five candidates. Baker was too openly identified with gay rights for that to be necessary: he's appeared on Twin Cities television to debate it, testified before the State Legislature for it, sued a clerk of court to get a marriage license for him and his lover and is now appealing the suit to the Minnesota Supreme Court.

He is also a former president of FREE: Gay Liberation of Minnesota and by his own estimate has spoken nearly 100 times to campus, high school, clergy, welfare or other groups, audiences or conferences.

And he squelched any possibility of being accused of playing it down by dedicating his first campaign poster to it: a photo of himself in levis and high-heeled shoes—under the slogan, "Put Yourself in Jack Baker's Shoes."

Gay people almost invariably reddened

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S&M Spokesmen Tell It Like It Is

BY RANDY WICKER

New York, N.Y.—"We only know about sado-masochism as expressed by people who frequent leather bars, all of which are currently located on the West side," one of three S&M panelists explained to those attending NYU's class on homosexuality, Monday evening, April 12th. "We don't know about suburbanites and heterosexual S-M scenes."

"Only a tiny number of people who frequent leather bars practice S-M at all. Most of them just want a masculine rather than a nelly sweater crowd environment. A few are fetishistic, fewer still are really S&M."

"How can you tell?" someone asked, directing his question to the panelists. All three wore complete black leather outfits, including hats, boots, jackets with studs, chains and leather gloves snapped under one strap on their shoulder. Two wore black turtleneck jerseys underneath while



Bars frequented by those who lean toward S&M are not difficult to spot

the third sported a tan army shirt and black leather tie.

"You ask," the second sadist replied. "Some people look one way and are the other. Some look like they are and they aren't. You can't always tell by things like keys because that is confusing. On the West coast, the S. wears his keys on

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WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT?

A Directory for Discriminating Dispositions

New York's Night Spots

DRINK, EAT AND BE MERRY!

The Barrel Inn, 568 Ninth Ave., bet. 41 & 42 Sts. (943-8212) GM

The Besed Bag, 981 First Ave., bet. 52 & 53 Sts. Chubby chairs. GM

The Big Spender, 315 W. 48th St. (586-9880) Theatrical types and before-and-after-the-show crowds. GM

Bon Soir, 40 W. 8th St. (473-9859) Che-ca palace, popular with young Latinos.

Bonnie & Clyde's, 82 W. 3rd St. (GR3-9304) Dancing and lots of activities, like buffets and movies. GF & GM

Butterflies, 1716 2nd Ave. at 89th St. (722-9838) East Side neighborhood bar. GM

The Candlelight Lounge, 309 Amsterdam Ave., bet. 74 & 75 Sts. (874-9607) One of New York's longest-running gay bars, a friendly neighborhood place. GM

The Candy Store, 44 West 56th St., bet. 5th & 6th Aves. (581-4664) Piano bar for the suit and tie crowd and out-of-town businessmen. GM

Carnival, 507 West St., at Jane (above the Tool Box). Back room policy. GM

Carry's, 104 W. 10th St. A sociable bar in the Village. No posing, no frantic rush to make out—just nice people having fun. GM

Chipp's, Columbus Avenue between 66 & 67th Sts. A charming bar/restaurant very convenient to Lincoln Center. It's mixed now, but the gay crowd is slowly taking over, especially the landscaped sidewalk cafe. Int.

Come Back, 185 W. 10th St. After-hours club where the bartenders and other nice people go to unwind. GM and some GF

Country Cousin, 1313 Third Ave., bet. 75 & 76 Sts. (879-6614) Good food, good liquor and nice people. GM, mostly.

Danny's, 139 Christopher St. (929-9321). It's even better days, but the people still come here. GM

The Den, 835 Washington at Little W. 12th St. (989-8999). Don't show up without your leather drag. GM

The Leather Department, 491 W. 12th St., at Jane (back room policy). GM

The Eagle's Nest, 11th Ave. & 21st St. Private club for the leather/western crowd. GM

Fedora's, 229 W. 4th St. (CH 2-9691). The best of the gay restaurants. Excellent food, casual atmosphere. Reservations suggested. GM & GF

The Finale, 48 Barrow St. (CH 3-7538) Another famed gay eatery. GM & GF

The Four Seasons, 99 E. 52nd St. The bar is crisy for the grand set, but be careful, the place is integrated.

Francis, 115 MacDougal St., bet. 3rd & Bleeker (at the Cafe Wha). Free admission, light show, dancing. Soda bar. Open 8 p.m. to 4 a.m. GM

Giant's, 53 W. 19th St. (675-9809) A dancing bar for women. GM

The Goldberg, 83 W. 3rd St. (677-9874) The bar with everything, including dancing. GM

T. Goldfarb's, 61 Seventh Ave. at Bleeker. (989-9446) Restaurant, piano bar and quiet bar, all under one roof. Something for everyone. GM

Hades, Jane & West Streets. Private club for the leather set. GM

Harry's Back East, 1422 Third Ave., bet. 80 & 81 Sts. (249-6391) The one place where it's always "in" to be. When the other joints are dying, this one is socked—even on Monday nights. GM

Heat Wave, 131 West 3rd St., (GR 5-9325). Another new place in the Village. GM

The Hippo-Drome, 165 Avenue "A," bet. 10 & 11 Sts. (226-9984) The gay center of the Lower East Side and haven for the young, radical chic set. GM

The Hot Line, 1544 2nd Ave., bet. 80 & 81 Sts. (734-8863) Would you believe a telephone on each table, a "Cabaret," so you can cruise sitting down. Dancing and live entertainment, too. GM, a few GF.

Jimmy Ray's, 729 8th Avenue (582-9507) A neighborhood bar & restaurant in the theatrical neighborhood. Not crisy, and not really gay, but fun. Int.

Juniel, 159 W. 10th St., at Waverly Pl. (929-9672). Very much a neighborhood bar, but also a haven for young out-of-towners who have heard of its national reputation. GM

Ketter's, 388 West Street (CH 3-1907). The mother and father of leather bars. GM

Kookin's, 142 West 14th St. (242-9226). New York's best-known women's bar. GF

The Lighthouse, 7160 Broadway, corner of 76th St. (SU 7-9791) An old-timer on the bar scene trying to make a come-back under new management. GM

Lulu, 104 W. 13th St. (929-9568) GM

The Luv Cage, West 4th Street, off Sixth Avenue. An upstairs after hours private club for women. (Facing) GF.

The Machine, Hotel Empire, 63rd & Broadway. This discotheque for the young, mainly Latin, set on the balcony of the hotel just across from Lincoln Center. GM.

New Jimmy's, 1576 Third Avenue, between 88 & 89th Sts. (860-8309) The newest, and one of the best, of the gay restaurants. Reservations suggested. GM and GF

Nine Plus Social Club, 149 W. 21st St. (924-9837). Another one of those private clubs exclusively for the leather crowd. GM

The Oak Room Bar, Hotel Plaza, 59th and Fifth. Formerly headquarters for the elegant closet set; woman's lib "liberated" it and ruined cruising. Int.

O.K. Corral, 835 Washington St. Leather crowd. GM

Old Vic, 309 E. 60th St. (832-9049). Very crisy dance palace with an intimate atmosphere. GM.

The Painted Pony, 1485 Third Ave., at 84th St. (744-9580). Live entertainment and a friendly crowd. What more could you want? GM

Paula's, 64 Greenwich Ave. (691-3360) The Street again has a gay bar! Intimate and friendly. Paula's is just starting to catch on. GF and GM

The Peadar Pub, 324 Amsterdam Ave., bet. 75 & 76 Sts. (874-8321) One of the newer (and busier) Upper West Side bars. GM

Pep's Place, 153 W. 48th St. (265-9792) It's gay in the evenings, and a hard-hat hangout in the afternoons. The hard hats may love you, but the day bartender won't. GM

The Planetarium, 181 2nd Ave. near 12th St. An out-of-sight discotheque with all the trimmings. GM

The People's Coffee Grounds, 210 W. 82nd St. GLF takes over this intellectual center for radicals for rapping, sipping coffee and making out. Sundays from 4 p.m. to 1 a.m. GM, GF

The Roundtable, 151 E. 50th St. (758-0310) Dancing to live rock bands, mainly a young crowd, but everybody assembles here. GM & GF

The Royal Road, 28 Cornelia St. (CH 2-9557) Small, but excellent restaurant with an intimate bar. Mostly neighborhood and very "in" people. Int.

The Sanctuary, 407 W. 43rd St. (247-4210) Church converted into a mad discotheque. Once the most popular place in town, but lost its liquor license. The high price for fruit juices is killing business. GM

The School, Amsterdam Ave. bet. 65 & 66 Sts. A noisy, busy headquarters for Latin types and lovers of Spanish music. Open weekends only. GM

from, shall we say, "muscular tenseness," skip out of their offices into the Sauna. The Continental Sauna Club, (111 West 56th St.) and the Beacon (227 E. 45th St.) also pick up some of this business.

As the spring sun grows warmer, it's time to start thinking about the fabulous sun-deck for nude sunbathing at the original Continental (230 W. 74th St.). If you can tear your eyes away from the scenery at hand, the Continental's deck offers breath-taking views of Manhattan's skyline, the Jersey Palisades, and the nine-to-fivers staving away in the distant office buildings.

A number of gyms and health clubs (such as the Jack LaLanne chain) are good places for judicious cruising, but they are usually managed by very uptight people, so take your tricks home from there. The same goes for the YMCA, of which the West Side "Y" on 63rd Street is the most popular with the gay set.

The Museum of Modern Art (just off Fifth on 53rd St.) is a well-known paradise for day cruising. The walls are filled with the best in modern painting, the garden with the best in modern sculpture, and the galleries with the best tricks. Be sure to check out the restaurant.

The Metropolitan Museum is another good bet, as are all the galleries and museums in Manhattan. The nicest thing about gallery cruising is that you not only meet nice people, but you also improve your mind. Do pick up a copy of CUE one of these beautiful spring mornings and "do" the Madison Avenue galleries. You may end up lunching in a smart East Side townhouse.

Libraries are good places for meeting people. The New York Public, at Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street, is internationally famous for more than its book collections. (And don't overlook your neighborhood branch library!) If all those books depress you, try the front steps of the Fifth Avenue library. Many people carry their lunches there in a bag, or just read the Daily News until Mr. Right comes along.

Bryant Park, behind the library, also has a reputation, but cruising there is usually a waste of time. There are far too many hustlers, too much rough trade, and too many nine-to-fivers waiting their lunch hours. (You might exchange telephone numbers with some of the latter if you're available after five).

Scottland Yard, 146 W. 4th St. Private, after-hours club with dancing and pool tables. Bring your own bottle. Open 8 p.m. to 7 a.m. Int.

Stage 45, 305 E. 45th St. (532-0290) A dancing "F" where Back is beautiful. GM

Teak's Quarters, (497) 10th Avenue, at 79th. (734-9864). The newest "in" spot on the East Side. GM

This n' That, 221 Columbus Ave., (at 70th St.) (874-9535). A neighborhood bar that's becoming gay as the Gay Renaissance on the West Side continues. GM

The Tool Box, 507 West St. at Jane. (989-9496) Another bar with everything: dancing, movies, buffets, the works. GM

The Top, 21 Greenwich Ave. A sidewalk cafe. Int.

The Triangle, 34 Ninth Ave. GM

The Troubadour, 1078 1st Ave., bet. 58 & 59 Sts. (755-1955) Popular East Side spot, now serving dinners. GM

Twelfth Night, 281 12th St., corner of W. 4th. Intimate, very friendly bar presided over by Billy. They give grand champagne brunches on Sundays. Int.

Uncle Charlie's, 1049 Lexington Ave. at 75th St. (861-6132) Friendly, crowded, and very crisy bar. GM

Victory's Quarters, 584 2nd Avenue. GM

The Washington Square, 675 Broadway. Private, after-hours club with dancing and drag queens welcome. GM—but you can't tell by looking.

Willie's West Side, 224 W. 82nd St., east of Broadway. (874-9833) A crowded, friendly dancing bar with the radical chic, revolutionaries and West Side liberals at meet. GM

Wine Cellar, 531 Hudson. Restaurant. Int.

A woman's Place, 29th Cornelia St. Open Fri. & Sat. from 6 p.m. to midnight. This coffee house is also a center for women's books, crafts, etc. GF

The Yukon, 140 E. 53rd St. bet. Lex. & 3rd. (421-8122) Where the older set gathers. Suit & tie required. GM

The Year 2000, 318 W. 49th St. off 8th Ave. (489-7282) A wild, marvelous discotheque populated by the younger set. GM

The Zodiac Uptown, 1487 1st Ave. at 77th St. Dancing and live entertainment on the chic East Side. GM

The Zoo, at the Zeddie, 835 Washington, above the Den. Back room policy. GM

When in midtown, don't overlook the movie theatres. The best bet is the Park-Miller (43rd St., between Times Square and Sixth Ave.). The male skin flicks turn the audience on, making them ripe for picking. The management knows on "picking" (no matter how you spell it) on the premises, and don't mind cruising, and you can easily find someone to go home with.

An advantage to cruising the Park-Miller is that the \$5.00 admission price keeps out the "dirt," enabling you to be reasonably certain of not running into that collection of hustlers, rough trade and other deathbats who lurk around the 42nd Street theatres. (Those places, the Lyric, Harris, etc., are too well known to need detailing here, other than a reminder to be careful.)

The finest cruising anywhere is found on Fifth Avenue on a string of summer's day. Street cruising is very good, and there are plenty of delightful store windows to stare at while waiting for him to decide to examine the same window display. The clothing and book shops, particularly, are full of New Yorkers and out-of-towners with one eye on the merchandise and the other one looking around for you. Don't overlook Rockefeller Center, where the skaters provide plenty of material for opening conversations with the strangers.

North in Central Park, the Zoo is a good bet. More tricks have been picked up in the Monkey House there than in the Stud at its winter hours. The Zoo's cafeteria is usually mobbed at noontime, but settles down for good cruising about 2 p.m.

The spring sun is bringing the crowds back to Central Park's Rambles (the hilly area above 77th Street), and the "radical chic" set is reappearing at the Bethesda Fountain (72nd Street).

The West Side also offers Riverside Park (at its best between 72nd Street and 84th Street), and Broadway—particularly the east side of the street, between 72nd and 86th.

Lincoln Center is the West Side's four-star cruising ground. Sit on the edge of the fountain, stroll around the Plaza, or grab a table at the edge of the outdoor cafe. You'll have a fine selection to choose from: tourists, concert-goers, strollers, West Siders, students

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DAYTIME CRUISING

Most people seem to think of cruising as a nighttime or weekend activity involving strolls down certain avenues, drinking in overcrowded bars with a blaring juke box shrieking above the crowd noise, or queuing into a bathroom full of wall-to-wall bodies. The day-cruiser enjoys a whole different, more relaxed, kind of cruising.

Day-cruisers are people who are so rich (or so beautiful) that they don't have to work, freelance workers, artists, students, theatre people, collectors of unemployment checks, and night workers whose work-day begins after sunset.

Day-cruisers share a comradeship based on a feeling of superiority at not being "nine-to-fivers." They are freer than night people, less competitive, less given to the frantic—almost hysterical—gynness of the night people, and probably have much more fun.

There's a certain delightfully decadent feeling about sitting in a gay bar on a sunny Monday afternoon while everyone else is off at work. The bars are more fun than Joe. The juke box is turned down to a level that will not cause permanent damage, the bartender has time to chat and gossip, and the other patrons are friendly and ready for conversation.

It's not all that uncommon to enter a gay bar at midday and find the bartender and ten or twelve customers involved in a game of "ghosts" or "movie star" or some other parlor game. They're probably be laughing and camping, having a marvelous time—something considered almost sacrilegious by the ultra-serious night cruisers.

Some of the more popular early-hour gay bars are the Tool Box (which seems to open at dawn) in the Village, Harry's Back East and the Hot Line on the East Side, and the Lighthouse on the West Side. Later, at around four p.m., the cocktail hour begins at the Big Spender, the Troubadour, Uncle Charlie's and many of the other spots.

The baths are open 24 hours a day, and they have plenty of business in the late morning and early afternoon. A great bet is the Sauna (300 W. 58th St.). The midtown junior executives drop in there at lunch time, and around three-thirty or four, businessmen suffering

EDITORIAL

ORGANIZATIONAL DISPUTES

In our editorial in Issue No. 11 of GAY, we stated that we believe that there is room for many approaches to our goals and that no one gay liberation group has a monopoly on truth. We don't intend to ignore legitimate differences as they may arise between groups, nor do we intend, we said, to overemphasize them. News is news and we will work hard to give fair, objective and proper reportage. But we deplore "in-fighting" and organizational rivalry as a waste of precious time. Let homosexual spokesmen pursue their real enemies: social institutions and public officials who discriminate against and heap slander on sexual heretics.

The split between spokesmen which took place in Austin, Texas (see News) is not the first of its kind in the gay liberation movement, nor will it be the last. Ideological differences have plagued gay organizations since the founding of the first Mattachine Society, One, Inc. and the Daughters of Bilitis, Inc., some of which have been on the scene for as long as twenty one years.

It is a function of this publication to urge its readers to act in their own best interests. GAY believes that the interests of the gay liberation groups and the homosexual communities they hope to improve and protect can best be served by avoiding rigid, dogmatic, ideological confrontations among themselves. Instead of fighting internally, let us hope they will turn their

energies to more productive uses.

We would suggest that the following formula may ease inter-group tensions: Group meetings on national levels should not be allowed to flounder in ideological debates. If there is disagreement among some delegates, let them not waste the energies of others attempting to clarify conceptual points which are not easily grasped by those who are in direct disagreement with them. And, if such disagreements are so fundamental as to make groups incapable of cooperation and inter-personal affection, let those who must call their own separate meetings and allow their disagreements to flower as viewpoints with an equal right to compete for allegiance rather than as occasions for name-calling and bitter disputations.

Some gay leaders become convinced that they must struggle against those ideologists who disagree with them within the Movement, forgetting, unfortunately, that a violent and hostile world surrounds us whose skeptical eyes are turned on homosexuals with new and growing interest.

No one can deny that the degree of cooperation thus far evidenced by the nation's gay groups has been heartening indeed. Christopher Street (NYC) and Christopher Street West (Los Angeles), as well as the recent march on Albany, proved groups have been able to forget their differences for important functions. Let this spirit of oneness prevail. The homosexual revolution, if it is anything, is a revolution of love. Let us all, by our actions, demonstrate this fact.

Venereal Disease Now Epidemic

Chicago, Ill.— Venereal disease is spreading "like prairie fire," at what social-health officials call epidemic rates, according to an article in the April issue of Today's Health.

In 1970 new cases of gonorrhea exceeded an estimated two million for the first time, and growing by 15 percent a year.

Syphilis, previously on a steady decline, increased by 8 percent to an estimated 400,000 new cases. Estimates are necessary because only 11 to 14 percent of private physicians report the VD cases they treat, despite the legal requirement.

Further, a 1969 survey of 102 cities showed that 17 percent of all VD cases

are contracted by sexual contact with someone of the same sex.

The U.S. Public Health Service is seeking \$23 million from Congress for VD research in 1972, up from \$7 million appropriated for 1971. For the first time it hopes to launch a major effort to find a vaccine.

Symptoms of gonorrhea were described as inflammation of the genital and urinary tracts, often including a discharge of pus from the tip of the cock and painful urination. Blindness, arthritis or sterility may result.

Syphilis produces an open, ulcerating but painless sore on the cock, balls or elsewhere. Paralysis, insanity or death may result if untreated.



WALTER KENT OF THE BEACON BATHS, 227 E. 45th Street, 11th Floor, says "Businessmen who cater to Gays should let the Gays know how much they appreciate their patronage. You are my people." Mr. Kent has been a frequent contributor to the cause of gay liberation, thus setting an admirable example for other businessmen who cater to homosexuals throughout New York City and the nation.

S&M Spokesmen

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the right side. On the East coast, the S wears his keys on the left."

"Even the use of symbols like 'S' or 'M' are valueless," another interjected.

"To some people, 'S' means sadist, to others 'S' means slave. To some people 'M' means masochist, to others 'M' means master. The difference is that the sadomasochists are into pain while the slave masters are into bossing around. But there is some overlap. It is possible for a sadist to be a master."

"There are six or more bike clubs around town," one volunteered, "but the great majority are not interested in S&M activity. There may be some S&M overtones and fringe benefits but social motorcycle clubs are not really S&M. Some clubs require members to have cycles but others have a mainly social club atmosphere. A few members may

have cycles but everyone goes off for a cycle run to someplace like Boston and they all just have sex without S&M all weekend."

"How else do you meet?"

"Well, outside of bars there are the newspaper columns. Justice Weekly which is published in Canada is an international paper catering to S&M. Recently, however, we've also been able to place ads in the Advocate and other underground newspapers as well."

"It's very hard to meet people who are really into S&M," one S&Mer added, "I think there are less than twenty people in NYC who are truly S&M. At least I've only been able to meet about twenty."

"What about the damage done to people in S&M relationships?"

"The damage done by the tongue, by saying things in ordinary relationships

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THE WICKER BASKET



BY RANDOLFE WICKER

Since my last two columns were lengthy items regarding the Aesthetic Realists and the David Susskind Show, this week you're going to get a hodgepodge of little tidbits held back during the past month.

* In an interview in *Rolling Stone*, Beatle John Lennon revealed that Brian Epstein, the Beatle's discoverer, manager and promotional genius, was homosexual.

* Jim Boyle, 26, a Texas law school graduate, was hired by the University of Texas student association to defend students' interests. All went well while Boyle concentrated on helping students who had been gouged by off-campus merchants and landlords. However, when he defended the Gay Liberation Front which had been denied campus recognition, the regent's chairman claimed Boyle was a state employee because the University collects the student funds used to pay him, then stopped Boyle's paycheck. Boyle is appealing.

* A feature on Dr. Lawrence Hatterer, author of *Changing Homosexuality in the Male*, claims he has the world's largest library of tape-recorded homosexual case histories. He says a sex researcher currently writing a book has located less than 100 successful homosexual marriages of middle-aged men in all NYC. Hatterer and his wife, psychiatrist Myra Schatzberg, have offices and live in a \$100,000 renovated brownstone on East 79th St. The Hatterers seem to be living the good life on homosexual guilt money.

* Various destitute drag queens in NYC are reportedly applying for welfare. Some groups are encouraging other homosexuals also to apply for welfare arguing that either society should decree homosexuals as "employable" and outlaw job discrimination directed at them or else support them as "unemployables."

* *Harper's Magazine* editor-in-chief Willie Morris resigned recently. The *Wall Street Journal* noted that GAA had occupied *Harper's* offices this past fall to protest "what they called a 'slanderous article' in the September issue." Those who sat in at *Harper's* were particularly delighted to hear Midge Decter also resigned. She had been openly hostile toward gays and was in one activist's words "a very bigoted woman." Prior to

her resignation, she was also considered one of Kate Millet's major rivals as a women's liberation spokesman.

* A poll by the *London Daily Sketch* found NY's John Lindsay was considered one of the World's Ten Sexiest Men.

* A feature on Mick Jagger in the international edition of *Time Magazine* commented on "his weirdly disquieting unisex costumes" and described his act as "part freaked-out take-off on Bette Davis." Kenneth Anger was quoted as saying "Mick definitely has a kind of bisexual charm." Abbie Hoffman called Jagger "Woodstock Nation's Myra Breckinridge." A stage manager remarked: "Before I saw Mick, I had this old lady. Every now and then when I look at Mick from the side, he looks like her. I don't know if it puts me in the latent homosexual category, but it makes me feel very warm toward him."

* Those protesters who picketed Household Finance Company some weeks ago report they received one phone call from a straight guy who said "Right on. Demonstrate every day because those HFC people are real bitches."

* One enthusiast was arrested recently while pasting up an anti-*New York Times* leaflet which attacked the biased coverage of gay news appearing in that publication. Stuart Byron did a splendid, cogent, detailed indictment of the *NYT* in the April 1st edition of the *Village Voice*.

* Parents of children attending Public School 15 in the Red Hook section of Brooklyn kept their children home for one day and picketed the school demanding a principal be fired for not disciplining a teacher who had allegedly molested several boys. The *NYT* gives detailed coverage to the story.

* Gay Activists Alliance has initiated a video workshop in cooperation with the Unity Center for Practical Christianity. The center made equipment available and GAA's Gay Culture Committee made an hour long documentary on the Albany march which may be edited down and shown on Channel 13 or 31.

* The Vatican has removed the onus of infamy and now gives Catholic burial rights to "sodomites."

* Lobbyists making the rounds in Albany were told by a politician named Rosenthal, "I can't vote for employment & housing rights for your people because you're sick. I know, I read it on the front page of the *New York Times*."

* *Life Magazine* researchers are out about town and country gathering material for a feature on homosexuality, *Life's* last feature several years ago was responsible, accurate and fair.

* A wealthy heterosexual apartment house owner left \$1,000 to S.I.R. because his tenants belonged to that organization.

* When asked about "gay marriages," Rev. Billy Graham replied: "No comment." He answered all other questions during the news conference.

* *Muhammad Speaks*, black muslim newspaper, has charged Dr. David Reuben with "a racial slur and a mud slinging attack on black people" for saying that venereal diseases are often carried from blacks to whites. In another article, they describe "police entrapment" in a Tampa ghetto in which white policemen flash

large sums of money, feign drunkenness, then stumble into darkened alleyways to "entrap" black hoodlums into attempting to rob them. "Prowling and preying on any Black they choose," *Muhammad Speaks* continues, "these under-cover cops might be a homosexual today and another kind of pervert tomorrow."

* Dirk Vanden, one of America's more talented gay sex novelists, complains that the wife of Frenchy's Gay Line publisher writes some of that firm's gay jack-off books. So if you're not getting it up over Frenchy's Gay Line series anymore, it's probably because they're not authentically gay.

* A forty-year-old Italian man who served as a lieutenant in the Italian Army performed a sex change operation on himself twelve years ago after reading about Christine Jorgensen's conversion. He read books on the techniques of such procedures for two years beforehand. However, the job must have been a sloppy one since the lower court refused to recognize his operation and it has taken twelve years for him to have his appeal heard by a higher court which ruled he was a female after all. He is now

employed in his home town as a private secretary.

* Since Merle Miller's "What It Means To Be A Homosexual" piece appeared in the *New York Times Sunday* magazine, he has received more than 1600 sympathetic letters. He received a phone call from one boy who was about to commit suicide. Miller managed to talk him out of it by pointing out "how far from unique he was." Miller's mother also cut him out of her will. When Miller reminded his mom, "But you always told me to tell the truth," she snapped back: "I know, but I don't like that kind of truth." Miller said he wrote the *Times* piece partly in response to *Harper's Magazine* essay by Chicago Critic Jason Epstein.

MANY PERSONALITIES OF MR. X?
And finally, I'd like to share the following which appeared in the *New York Times*:

SCOOTERS IN THE PARK

To the Editor:
Bicyclists in the city's parks ignore regulations with impunity. Dog owners seem not to have heard of leashes. Let's hope the Parks Department does something about the noxious influx of mini-motor scooters before they too get out of hand.

Adolescents have all but taken over footpaths in Riverside Park with their motorized nuisances. Only firm and prompt action will protect pedestrians from this new annoyance.

Gregory Battcock
New York, Feb. 22, 1971

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FREUD AND HOMOSEXUALITY

Can a psychiatrist who is committed to the defense of conventional patterns of heterosexuality really understand homosexuality? Or, for that matter, can he understand the creative process itself?

Dr. Paul Rosenfels, certified as a psychiatrist by the American Board of Psychiatry, says no. He has written a book about the psychology of homosexuality which penetrates to the heart of its human origins and reveals its fundamental relationship to the civilized search for truth and morality.

In evaluating the role of homosexuality, Dr. Rosenfels followed a different path from Sigmund Freud. Freud's best friend was a bisexual, Wilhelm Fliess. During the most creative decade of his life the two men were inseparable. Much of their correspondence is still suppressed. Freud wrote "No one can replace the intimacy with such a friend that a particular—perhaps feminine—side of me demands." Yet a jealous wife, haunting questions, and the demands of family life were too much for the friendship. Freud ended the relationship with words of scorn for homosexuality, feeling he was now much more normal. Yet his optimism proved naive, for his world continued to disappoint him, leaving him to die the depressed and mystified misanthrope we know today.

Find out for yourself what homosexuality means in mankind's effort to make a better world. Read *Homosexuality: The Psychology of the Creative Process* by Paul Rosenfels, M.D. (Libra Publishers, N.Y.) \$5.95. From your bookstore, or order postpaid from:

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BY AARON BATES

With the influx of new, clean, elegant bathhouses, GAY's illustrious (and it seemed to me sadistic) editors assigned me to an arduous undertaking—reviewing that relic of past glory, The Everard Baths. An advocate of the more luxurious establishments, I was petrified at the thought of entering this reportedly moldy domain. Sloshing over the mildewed floors, would I contract athlete's foot under my armpits? Would my youth subject me to torturous gang rapes by the slime-loving farts who frequented the place in alarming numbers, at least those who were still capable of getting it up?

Trembling, insecure, feeling almost virginal again, I paid my \$6.50 (or GAY's \$6.50) for a room. A bored, bleary-eyed Puerto Rican appeared as if from nowhere and showed me to my chamber. He stuffed a mid-length hospital gown into my hands and left me to my dubious amusements. Alone at last, I surveyed my surroundings. The walls of my tiny room were a dingy, claustrophobic grey. They looked as if they had not been painted since 1933, the year that the present owners took over the building from the Police Athletic League. The bedsheets were clean, but not like the sparkling white ones we see in television commercials. The only other piece of furniture was a sad-looking stool—I preferred sitting on the comfy cot. I quickly undressed, wrapped the robe around my body—twice—and went exploring. Like ghosts appearing at a



Once a religious sanctuary, the Everard retains its MEA CULPA flavor.

seance, several octogenarians hobbled over to me, their long bony arms extended, their enormous paunches making them appear top-heavy. "Unhand me, you fools!" I cried out, dashing for

Eversoft At The Everard



"Relinquish hope all ye who enter here." Dante

the nearest doorway and safety. Carefully, I descended the slippery stairs to the basement massage parlor, swimming pool, sauna, and steamroom area. A jovial looking man—Santa Claus without hair—was giving a customer a methodical rubdown. Both seemed to be enjoying themselves. The sauna room was empty so I meandered past the swimming pool into the steamroom.

"God," I cried, "it's the London blitz all over again!"

"What's that?" asked a three-hundred-year old man as he grabbed my wrist, his nails protruding into my flesh. He seemed rather desperate.

"Nothing, gramps," I replied. "I've never been here before."

"I heard about those new baths—like the Continental on 74th Street. Is it as clean as here?" he asked, stroking my arm.

"Spotless," I replied, breaking away.

"Come sit next to me," he implored.

"I'll take a raincheck," I told him, fully aware that he had two more months to live at the most. He immediately collapsed in a corner, and for all I know, his bones may still be there, crumbling to dust—like Quasimodo without his Esmeralda.

However, I now had my first opportunity of surveying my surroundings. The floors were intricately designed mosaics that hinted at a grander, more elegant period of Everard's history (or the Police Athletic League's history). Even under the grime of years, one could see that they were quite beautiful. The walls on the other hand had all the charm

of a Transylvanian crypt. I began to wonder if my deceased friend in the corner was Bram Stoker himself, that deliciously deranged author of *Dracula*. I drifted back into the swimming pool area. Once again—fabulous mosaic tiles were on view. Water was being pumped into the pool through two elaborately formed brass heads (I think they were dolphins). These exquisite architectural touches far surpassed anything in the newer baths, which made the Everard's present condition all the more deplorable. I couldn't help but wonder why the owners did not rehabilitate the place. They had so much raw material to work with that the premises could easily, with loving care, be turned into an elegant bath palace.

The flow of customers was modest, to say the least; many of them no doubt abandoning the Everard for the cleanliness and modern conveniences of the Continental or Beacon or new Club baths. Though most of the remaining clientele seemed middle-aged and older, I began to notice several younger numbers filtering in. I noticed one young man who was quite handsome and seemed to gravitate toward the older-but-goody set. There were certainly enough father figures for the asking, and he was making out like a male Lolita.

In hopes of turning business into pleasure, but still rather dubious, I climbed to the cruisy third floor room area. The action was not terribly appealing. I began to fear that I would remain ever soft at the Everards. Looking up, I observed a number of exquisite

domes. Although the room was dark, they seemed to be stain-glassed, but I could be wrong. Prior to the Athletic League, the place had been a synagogue and the relics on the ceiling seemed to be all that remained of the House of Prayer. The years from God worship to Phallic worship had taken their toll. The spiritual nature of man had given the place what now seemed a wild, misplaced kind of beauty. The carnal nature had added the decadence.

I returned to my own room on the second floor, planning to leave this wreck of a once glorious building. But then I saw him, looking like a young John Derek (remember John Derek?). Our eyes met. It was love-for-a-night-at-first-sight and we returned to my room together.

"What's a nice boy like you doing in a place like this?" I asked, bewildered, amazed at my good fortune.

"I prefer it to all of the other baths," he replied. "I'm attracted by the decadence, by that feeling of another era."

"But there doesn't seem to be much of a swinging crowd here?"



Check out the check-in.

"There are enough," he told me. "There are also a lot of S and M numbers—steady customers, you know, with all that snapping off of leather? But that's not my scene."

I had been able to deduce as much. Later, before we both left, I ran into him again at the first floor snack bar, cheerfully camped up with posters of Clara Bow and Mae West.

"Maybe I'll see you again," he said smiling. "I doubt it," I replied. "I'm here doing research for an article." He laughed quite a lot. Apparently he'd heard that line somewhere before. I smiled back knowingly as he departed.

Looking around my room one last time, I decided that I had nothing to complain about. Those drab walls and slimy floors had been good to me. ■

The Cruising Photographer

QUESTION:

"Do you think lovers should be faithful to each other and not sleep with anyone else?"

Paul Martin, Brooklyn, N.Y.:

"I think that this is something that should be worked out beforehand between the two people. I would favor an arrangement quite a bit looser than the restrictive one that is supposed to obtain in a straight marriage. True faithfulness extends far beyond merely sleeping together; it encompasses an entire human relationship which should guarantee that the two or more people will do their best to maintain a deep relationship and refrain from anything that will hurt the other person or persons."

Photos by Richard C. Wandel



Marc Rubin, New York, N.Y.:

"I am faithful by personal preference but I don't feel that people should be doctrinaire about it. We should all express our sensuality in the way that both pleases us and our lovers. In a relationship people should work out the details between themselves."

Jim Rakvica, Albany, N.Y.:

"Yes and No. This depends on the couple. I think as a relationship develops and love grows from physical love to a more real love, the couple will come to realize that sex is not only for the



expression of love to another, but also for the enjoyment of one's body. Just because both members decide that extracurricular sex is the right thing for them does not mean that they do not love each other. Besides, sex is fun and a strange piece or two once in a while is good for the morale."

JOIE DE VIVRE

It is not what others do or do not do that is my concern. It is what I do or do not do, that is my concern.
—Gautama Buddha



Photo by Colt Studio

BY THE STAFF OF GAY

F if you have a question about PERSONAL matters, write to the staff of GAY, c/o GAY, P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Station, New York, New York 10011. Only letters of the widest possible interest can be published. All letters will be answered if accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope.

"I am twenty-three years old and came from the Mid-West to N.Y. two years ago. After six months I met my present lover. We love one another and also have the highest respect for one another. I have developed a type of complex within the last year. I am not circumcised and my lover is. Circumcision was not too common back home, but in New York it is more popular. My lover said many times that he does not care because he loves me for what I am. I am now interested in seeking advice in order to have the operation performed. I would like information on where to go with no questions asked. I would also appreciate any information for or against the operation and whether or not it should be done for acceptance."

B.W., New York

Listen to your lover. Doctors and others have debated for years the wisdom of circumcision. Neither side has been able to come up with a clear victory. As for health reasons, the circumcised penis is no cleaner than the cared-for uncircumcised penis. Sexually it makes little or no difference. The only hassle is in your own head, but if it will make you feel more comfortable, it's a simple operation and easy to have done. Just ask a friend for the name of his doctor. All of us could learn, if we made the effort, to accept our bodies as they are, so long as we care for them properly. The care of one's own body and one's appreciation of oneself are in many ways synonymous.

"I tried to ask this question of a doctor, but just couldn't get it out. I'm 22 and have been doing my thing since I was 19. For almost 3 years now, I have had the problem of climaxing too fast. I was going to ask my best friends how they can last as long as they do. I never asked anyone because I'm too embarrassed to. How does one hold back an orgasm? I

come in less than three minutes, and that's no fun for my trick or me. Is my problem mental or physical? Is there a pill I can take?"

C.H.D., Chicago

Approximately one-third of the males in the United States suffer premature ejaculation. You mention a performance period of three minutes. If you're referring to three minutes after insertion, that really isn't too short a time. If you mean three minutes of foreplay, that's something else. There are various creams on the market that partially desensitize the penis, but they seldom work. If you squeeze just below the head of the penis between the thumb and forefinger, this will prevent you from coming. The real "secret" is in learning to relax.

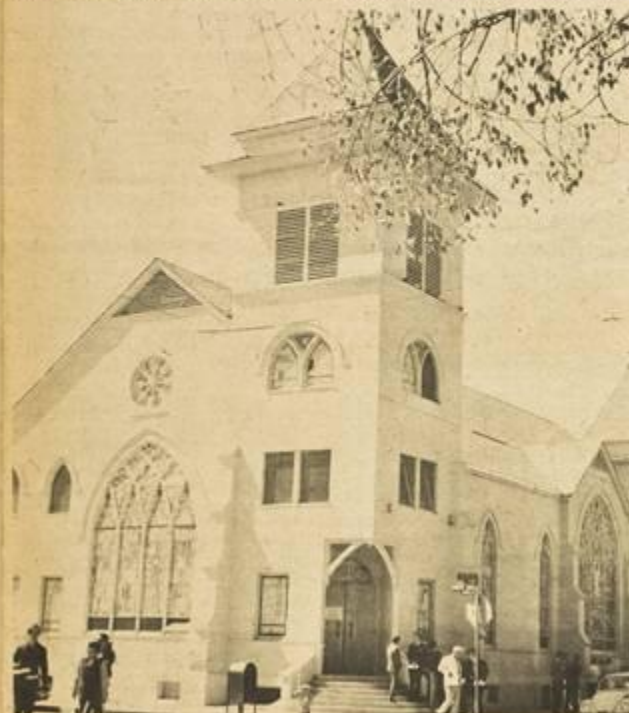
Your fears make you tense. If you stop worrying about the level of your performance, it will rise. Your attitude is primary. Technique will establish itself automatically if you can dance to sensuality's rhythm in unconscious, unforced abandon. Don't grasp too tightly or too quickly. Don't clutch. Forget your self and enjoy the moment.

"I am seventeen years old and in the army. Many of us brothers find it hard to find enjoyment in the service. Sure there are gay guys in the service, but can we tell each other apart? I am young-looking for my age and have an easy time making friends. I love being able to tell someone who I really am, and I really need some loving."

C.M., Virginia

One good way to meet others is to look up the local gay organizations. We don't know of any in your town but you might try taking a trip to Washington on one of your weekend passes. You can contact the Washington Mattachine Society, Box 1032, Washington, D.C. 20013, telephone (202) 362-2211; Washington GLF at 1620 S. St., N.W., telephone (202) 265-2181; or the Homophile Social League, (202) 779-5725. They can give you hints about bars, baths, dances and other social activities. In any case, be sure to jump in with both feet and enjoy. And remember, if you're looking for love, don't look too hard. Explore the world with an open mind and learn in your own way how to identify the love you're seeking.

2000 YEARS LATE: A Welcome Change?



Metropolitan Community Church, 2201 South Union, Los Angeles, California 90007, houses the offices of "Gay & Proud." Reverend Troy Perry who has successfully created the first large scale Christian institution to accept Christian homosexuals (as such) since the days of Saint Paul.



The MCC Choir and an enraptured and tearful audience listens to Troy Perry's first sermon in the new church building. "A dream of 3 years duration has come true," said church members who remember the 1968 founding of MCC.



Troy Perry discusses seating arrangements for the new church building. Behind him rises a stained glass window showing a figure of the resurrected Jesus Christ.



Troy Perry's first MCC service took place on October 6, 1968, and was attended by twelve persons. On March 7, 1971, the opening date for the church building, he gave a sermon to a standing-room only crowd of over 1,000 persons, proving that all homosexuals are not the devine hedonists hoped for, but that many are still quite conventional about religious matters.

A. D. C.

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Austin Gay Lib Conference Splits On Priorities

Austin, Texas—A national conference on gay liberation was held in this city (March 25-28th) sponsored by Austin Gay Liberation. Four hundred delegates arrived for a weekend session from throughout the United States.

The second day of the Conference was devoted to getting settled and meeting new groups and individuals. The first meeting of the Conference took place in a church hall. Various organizations distributed their literature, describing their own functions, and the attitudes of their memberships on a wide variety of subjects, including anarchism, May Day anti-war demonstrations, draft resistance, gay rights, abortion, North and South Vietnam, and Nixon and the war.

"In my naiveite I expected the conference to buckle down to the issues facing homosexuals nationally in our struggle for liberation," said Morty Manfred to GAY after returning from the Conference.

This was not to be the case, however. The Conference was racked by dissent from a group of protestors whose position was "None of us are free till all of us are free," and who urged that gay people should ally themselves with the black struggle, with the women's movement, with the anti-war issues, and with the struggle of all "third-world" people.

Manford, representing Gay People at Columbia University, (NYC) and Arthur Evans from New York's Gay Activists Alliance took the position that although many homosexuals are indeed against the war, are opposed to racism, and favor women's rights, that "gay is gay—nothing more, nothing less."

The protestors balked at this and also objected to the presence of "straights" in the church hall, and moved that they be asked to leave. Two heterosexually inclined reporters announced that they would leave the meeting, although the motion requesting that they leave was defeated. Those who argued for its defeat insisted that the distinction between gay and straight is moot; and even if this were not the case, they said, homosexuals must not become gay chauvinists since the fight for gay liberation is directed against all forms of sexual chauvinism.

Following the Conference, GAY's offices received communications from both factions, with protestor Ralph Hall, one-time writer for *Gay Power*, demanding "at least one page" to set, in his view, "the record straight."

"While we are pleased to report the essential happenings at the Conference," replied GAY's editors, "we are not anxious to turn the pages of GAY into a sounding board for inter-organizational factionalism and disputes. Instead we would appreciate the receipt of well-written articles by literate spokesmen on each side of the dispute, to be published simultaneously, with emphasis on issues, and without reference to personalities, or organizational bitterness. All organizations, whether gay or straight, are often involved in power struggles and ideological battles. GAY is primarily interested in the many accomplishments of homophile organizations, not in their internal feuds."

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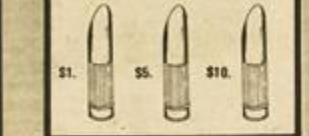
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A Vagabond In Vegas

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

For a gay, Las Vegas is a gamble. Ouch. But you can win if you go for more than a straight. Double ouch...

They told me Las Vegas would turn any Gay Insider to a Sad Outsider. Just no gay life to speak of there at all. And this from gay friends in the show biz who'd worked the Babylon of the Great American Desert. In all my years in the profession, I had avoided Las Vegas as a gourmet might eschew candied ants. It was something I knew was part of the theatrical scene, but which I probably could live without.

Then on a television program I won this round-trip, all-expenses-paid week for two at the Tropicana, see, and having sold one of the trips to my buddy Speed from New England and Majorca during the lean days while writing my recent book, I had no choice but to go. Informing my sisters and brothers in the Gay Lib Movement that I was packing a clean tie and some filthy bills to go vacation in the bosom of the Playboy world made me feel inconsistent as Huey Newton released from jail to loll in a penthouse apartment. But I reconciled winging off to wallow in the cesspool of Mammon worship thusly: It was free. Like welfare. A drain on the straight economy. Let the oppressor subsidize me. Besides, I might find one more instance of Gay is Better.

Las Dregs

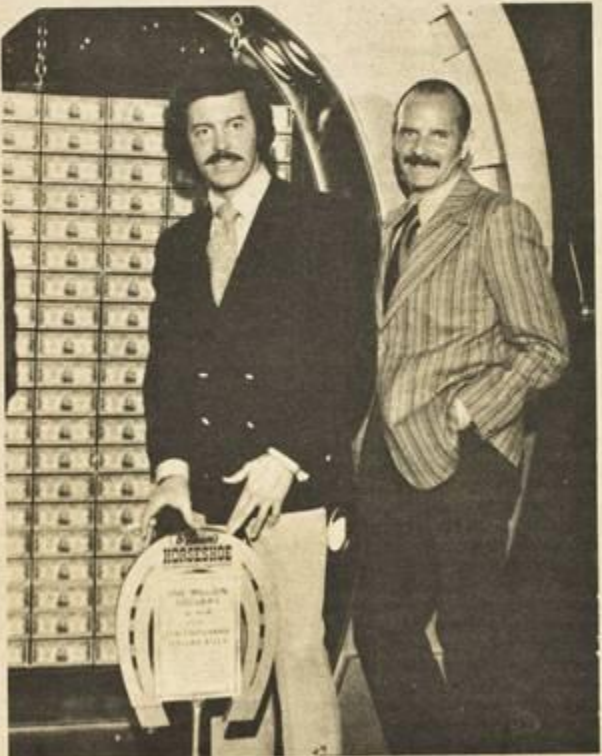
Find it in Las Vegas? Where the next-to-worst of our culture roils and bubbles—the worst, of course, having been siphoned off to Saigon? In the oasis of sexism and materialism epitomized by the girly shows and gaming tables? Where free booze deadens the head and hand at Keno and Black Jack and where, if the deer and the antelope play, it's probably roulette and not with each other?

I'd always stubbornly assumed that, what with all those chorus boys playing the Strip, there would be the usual after-hours cruising in the lounges, etc. Not to mention there is the generally high incidence of Lesbianism among showgirls, who probably resent their sex-object status as much as, or more so than, women in any other profession, and who travel with their male gay colleagues for mutual protection from marauding straights.

Photographer Roy Leigh, who did my nude spread in GAY last summer, cautioned: "The performers soon find each other, but they get weary of the Vegas pace very quickly, settle down and don't go out much." So as a parting gesture Roy contacted a friend of his in Vegas who had gone there three years ago with a show and stayed on.

Why Stay?
If Vegas is short on gay life, why did he stay? Climate, probably, and also there was this croupier lover...

Our contact proved to be invaluable, as he showed us the other side of the coin—which, considering Vegas, amounts to a pun. There is, for instance, this marvelous Boulder/Hoover Dam not far



John Francis Hunter (dark coat) and International Cruising Buddy, Speed, pause at vulgar \$10,000-bill Vegas shrine.

out into the treeless mountains with a very cruisy team room right inside the monument beyond huge 1930s bronze doors. And there is a vital gay life.

True, most of it is conducted in the closet, with marriage being the rule. Couples who are stashing away the bread as waiters or dealers have to present a super-straight image on duty and in their home neighborhoods.

Nevada Upright

"There's still a life penalty for sodomy in Nevada," a croupier reminded us. "They're working to legalize prostitution in this county as they have in Carson City and elsewhere, and that will probably happen, but homosexuality is not about to enjoy open indulgence any time soon."

Yet we were to find that the gay bars had something wonderful that the plush, over-decorated straight ones did not.

"Money has a paralytic effect on sexuality," Speed had noted at the straight places we had visited. "These people seem totally indifferent to each other's flesh, because their lust is for riches and their hardons for the power they dream of upon exporting it home."

What Speed observed about the straights in the casinos and elsewhere being mesmerized by money is true. Even the occasional signaling gay we ran into was concentrating on money over and above his libido. Speed met one moderately attractive man with the convention of Re-possessors who preferred gambling to fucking. Well, to be a Re-possessor in the first place is to be a

And Then The Pelvis

The next night we caught Elvis Presley at the ugly international. Presley still has it—amalgam magnetism born of insouciance born of great wealth, so that he doesn't have to think about bread and thus paralyze his sexuality. The women were going through the motions of digging him—that is, reaching out to touch, standing at ringside to be busied, mothers and daughters alike, but they were all so sedate. We were, too, but totally in spite of Presley's excitement: it was the horrendous plaster mannequins on the walls and the lobby we had been forced to enter through to get there that had sedated us.

The Red Barn, which is roadhouse funky, was again a relief to us that night. And we decided to push on to Le Cafe not far away, on foot. We had gone not more than a block when an Eldorado made a U-turn and thundered up to a sudden halt alongside us. An Iris Adrian blonde driver said, "Wanna lift?" Riding shotgun next to her was a reedy blond boy dancer type I knew would appeal to Speed, so we got in.

A Guardian Angel

She knew where we were going. Her name was Belinda, and she is the local "arranger." A dash of fruit fly, a jigger of spoiled rich playgirl, a soupcon of gay sexpot herself, she knows everybody and loves to put people together. She was Open Sesame for us the rest of our stay. All we had to do was pop into Le Cafe—which is a tawdry microcosm of Strip places in decor that doesn't take itself seriously, catering to gay and straight women and gay men—and we could find a party. Young and bleached, tall in the saddle, lean and tan, or radiant students from the new university campus—all grooving together and accepting of strangers in that wide-open, non-materialistic, out-West way that still allows you ain't no straight naster 'til you attempts to steal a cow.

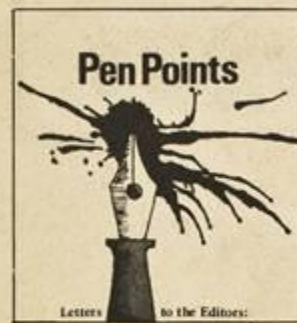
Maxine's I didn't hit until my last morning, and it was empty save for a local trick and me making out in the pool room, but it, too, has a roadhouse ambience. Sexy. Since you really have to have a car to get to Maxine's, I would recommend you start with the Red Barn and Le Cafe to make contact with the good gay life in Las Vegas.

And the gay bar life is good. As for the rest of the milieu, there are no Gay Lib groups, nor a very keen awareness that there is oppression of gays on all sides, but there is the survival of sexuality that you don't find in the dens of the hard dollar. Speed is right. People who have come to do magic tricks with their dollars aren't simultaneously able to be interested in the marvel of turning muscle into bone. I'm gratified to have found, once more, that, where there are gays concentrated with the intent of making out, that there is more vitality and more joy than where there are straights bent on some other course. Wherever you find it—including Las Vegas—Gay is Better if you are determined not to be a Sad Outsider when the chips are down.

There Are Gay Bars

We soon persuaded our host that we wanted "to be taken away from all this" and put among our people. So... the bars he introduced us to included the Red Barn, 1317 E. Tropicana Road, Le Cafe, Tropicana and Paradise, and Maxine's 'way out in the country at Nellis and Charleston. We hit the Barn the same night we saw the lavish Follies Bergere at our hotel. The crowd at the Follies had further illustrated Speed's point by sitting there dumbly approving of the most gorgeous showgirls in the most gorgeous costumes west of Follies, but not getting, well, aroused. You didn't see anybody groping himself or his date beneath the table, just sort of staring with Orphan Annie eyes at the fleshly splendor. Naturally, Speed and I had each focused upon a male dancer for whom we would gladly have served life sentences and got so horny we headed right for the Red Barn.

What fun it was! Two impossible drags, a bouffant redhead and a slatternly brunette, did thirty minutes to records, entirely out of sync. We were peeing, they were so bad, and their proximity to the slickest acts in the show biz made it all so amusingly paradoxical. However, what really charmed us most was the enthusiasm of the open-faced, smiling cowboy types digging the act. These local—at least western—gay studs were having double the good time of any of the straights back in the plastic lounges.



Pen Points

Letters to the Editors:

WICKER WRITES TO SUSSKIND

Dear David, Jean & Sam: At the risk of sounding like "sour grapes," I feel it is appropriate for me to give you my honest evaluation of the program on homosexuality.

people, you have a congenial relaxed atmosphere where panel participants are allowed to express themselves in detail, to develop ideas and to interact with one another creating an interesting dialogue in the process.

The whole "adversary approach" to the subject of homosexuality is unfair and biased. As Stuart Byron pointed out recently in the Village Voice: "It's as if you couldn't do a story on black life or civil rights in the Times without interviewing those few anti-Black zoologists on the genetic differences between Negroes and Caucasians."

I know many people, homosexual and heterosexual, who simply turned your program off because the Aesthetic Realists were so damn boring. I ask you, would you have done a program on Aesthetic Realism if they hadn't been platforming on the homosexual issue? Of course not.

Finally, I personally was offended by the lack of etiquette and diplomacy demonstrated in your handling of panel participants. You reserved front row seats for the three wives and fiancées of the Aesthetic Realists while George Caldwell's lover of 9 years sat in the middle of the audience, Marc Rubin's lover had to fight for a front row seat and my own lover of 7 years was stuck in the back row.

By limiting the discussion to the old "family relationships" theme, you really didn't venture that far from the tired psychiatric drivel so abundant on the subject. By not allowing questions from the dock, you limited the stimulus which would have moved the discussion onto more fertile ground.

I assume you now consider you've covered "the subject" for this season or these five years or whatever formula you follow in topic choice. You haven't even allowed the homosexual viewpoint to be developed beyond the most subjective limited level and then in a tense situation in which you had two groups who weren't really relating to one another.

I just came from an NYU class in which lesbians were discussing the women's lib movement. Now if you want a really good panel, have the lesbians on alone, talking about lesbianism and women in general. For instance, do you know that the girls are jumped all over as "pseudo male chauvinists" because they hold cigarettes a certain way, cross their legs a certain way, and do other minor things in a way the uptight feminists consider "masculine"?

hip opposite a bunch of fuzzy headed socialist kooks, I was hardly comfortable or relaxed during your program and my contribution to the program suffered accordingly.

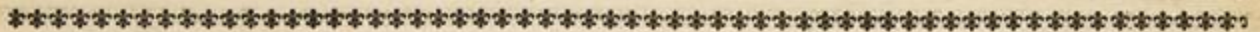
Finally, I really had reservations about being on your program in the first place because it was based on the premise of one-faceted personalities. In other words, we were "homosexuals" and that was the narrow confine we were allowed to function and speak in.

If you want to have really good shows, I would suggest you do the innovative. When you have a show on women's lib, or of male chauvinists, or of unmarried couples, even of various economic groups, include a homosexual panelist NOT AS A HOMOSEXUAL, but as a person engaged in another social role who happens also to be homosexual. It would add variety, dimension and interest to many of your shows.

I understand you thought the program was great. If that is truly the case, you'll soon find yourself joining Alan Burke on the sidelines. And like Willie Morris and Midge Decter of Harper's Magazine, your presence will not be missed by libertarian, thinking, inquiring people. What a pity.

Cordially, Randy Wicker

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



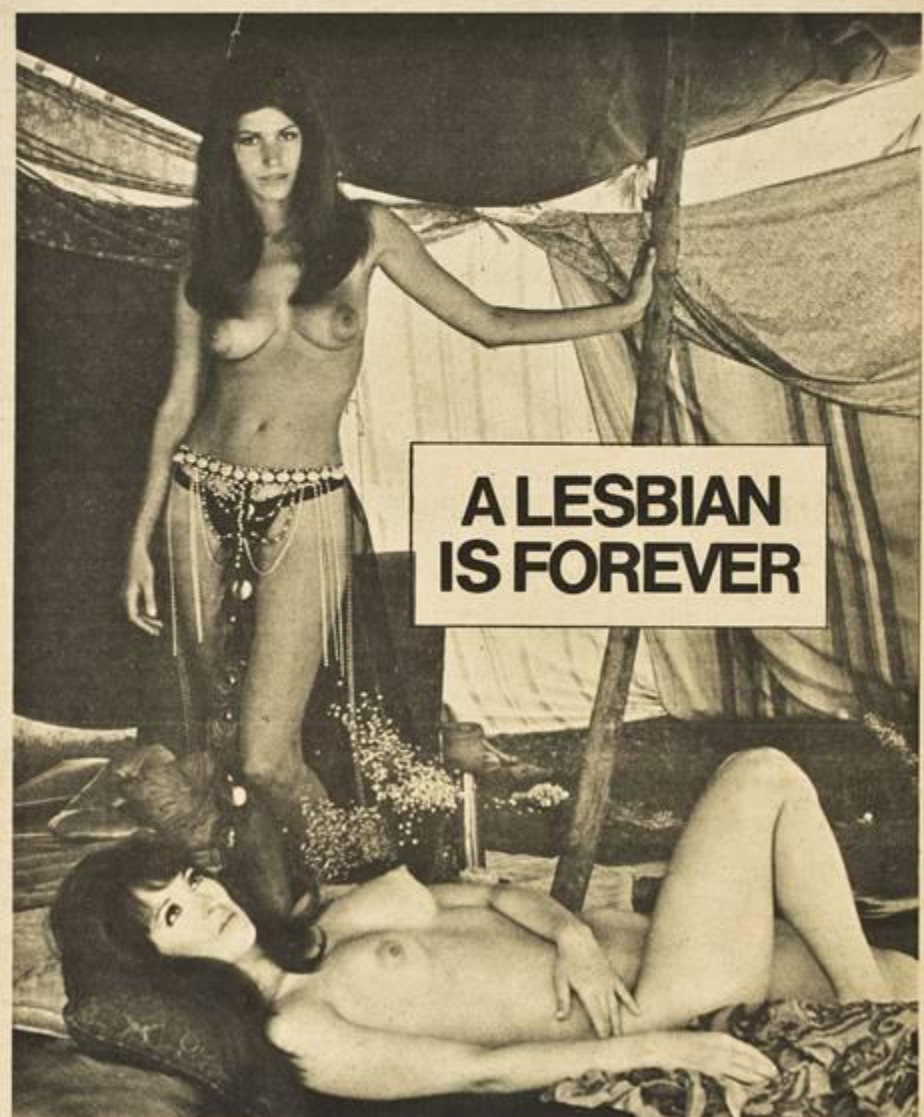
Loosely About Women BY SOREL DAVID

By now we're all pretty much aware of the fact that there's a new lesbian on the scene, around about town. The new lesbian is first and foremost a woman, not a girl and certainly not, heaven forbid, a gay gal, but a woman who takes umbrage at the slightest hint of dichotomy between the two terms lesbian and woman.

Not so—as a word, polygamy seems generally to be unknown among the native population. Non-monoamy and non-monoamyous relationships are where it's at. Occasionally there are some vague references to a—what's that other thing—that poly-something or other, but mostly it's non-monoamy, rather a negative way of putting it all, I think, that they're all getting into. I think it's marvelous how all these inseparable beautiful young couples are always in perfect and harmonious agreement on the subject. Monoamy? Separately and collectively they're not into it. It reminds me of how all those body beautiful types who always seem to rise quickly to the policy-making ranks of any organization they join, immediately make it part of the credo of the group that looks aren't important anyway.

Anyway, the anti-monoamy thing all has to do with the nuclear family—it's inherent evils—destructive ego attachments, dependencies, the sexist role playing nature of one-to-one relationships and what not. Of course it's nice to have a steady, but really, one has to be more serious about fighting all this badness, you know, screw around for the new order so to speak. One thing about new lesbians, they're always very serious about this sort of thing. Don't you love people who are into formulas? All we have to do now is smash sexism and destroy the nuclear family and everything will be alright, evil will be defeated finally. It's so amazingly simple I'm surprised nobody thought of it before.

Think about all those old radicals of the '30's who thought the whole problem was economic in nature. What happened to them—they spent all that time mucking around with money, got rich and moved to Great Neck leaving it up to



A LESBIAN IS FOREVER

"When we moved in together we had to throw away a lot of old things"

the new lesbian to bring about the New Millennium. As for myself, I'm still busy exploring the subtler beauties of the master-slave relationship, but I'm sure that the new lesbians are basically on the right track. Look, even the power structure has moved to fight them on their ground. Inflation, the recession and the apartment crises are all part of a gigantic plot to preserve the nuclear family. You simply can't afford to live alone anymore. And so, after months of enjoying an exclusive, but definitely non-monoamyous, of course, relationship, I've finally given up my independence to move in with my—yes—my lover. I've always had trouble with that word, it never quite rolls off my tongue when I apply it to myself. I mean people in the movies and in books have lovers but not just plain folks like me. But anyway, the two of us are crowded into three tiny rooms which meant we had to throw out about two tons of old junk.

Sifting through mountains of old pictures and mementos, mostly hers, I never got anything worth saving, was an

amazing blast from the past—a glimpse of old lesbian life. Now I know who was really into that—those old lesbians, the women in the bars, who really believed in monoamy were the ones who did all the screwing around, explored new kinds of relationships, if you want to glorify it with some new lesbian terminology. They— isn't it great how some people are allowed to generalize—nobody would tolerate this kind of—they and we—stereotyping from a heterosexual writing about gays—they believed in monoamy, fidelity, love me true and forever, the whole bit and then they ran around cheating on each other, they probably still do for all I know. Then they write letters, broken hearted love letters and poems of beauty rivalled only by the expressive sentiments found on Hallmark greeting cards. Immortal words such as

I longed to be cherished And yearned for the bliss This dream of desire To be quenched by your kiss or how about

I beckoned you close and cried out your name but you looked upon me with infamous shame

Now tell me, what has the revolution to compare with this? Or perhaps you might prefer

The time has drawn near That I must stand alone You've ravaged my heart Still, my soul is my own

Or what about this, free verse yet

Beholden to the sun It's penetrating rays . . . So on to see a love So on to see a life . . . and here anxious in the state of my being

Come on now, that's good stuff, well it's sincere anyway. One thing is certain, however, new lesbians have this to learn from the old, you have to get married before you can commit adultery.

THE LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY BATTCKOCK

I've been getting a lot of suspicious phone calls lately . . . apparently people are reading "between the lines" and . . . enough dribble. Surely the reader is sitting on pins and needles, waiting for the true story about my appearance on the David Susskind show. Well, as usual,



Battcock slaves over salad after exhausting Susskind appearance

it's a story barely fit to print, hardly worth the effort and certainly undeserving of the readers' time and attention. Before, during and after the show, people kept coming up to Susskind saying things like "David, how come there are no women on this show?" and "Great show, David!" and I thought, gee, Susskind has a lot of friends here and several people said things to me too, like "Gregory, you're the cutest one on the

show" and "Gregory, doesn't David know you're a famous art critic?" and I thought Gee, I guess they're dear friends that I don't remember and later it dawned on me that people were saying "David" and "Gregory" even though they didn't know us.

Ah, but everybody already knows the story: how Battcock didn't get a word in edgewise, it was a disaster and that . . . dear reader, allow me to tell it my own way.

All the participants were gathered in this lounge, see, along with a big tray of ham, roast beef, turkey, egg salad and tuna salad sandwiches. They threw on some make-up and suddenly the door flew open and there was DAVID SUSSKIND, who hadn't laid eyes on any of us before. He gave out a gusty HI!, got introduced to everybody, fucked up the pronunciations with a lot of laughs and explained that he was going in to . . . warm up the audience."

Finally we were brought in, assigned places and the show seemed to begin, except it kept beginning because Susskind kept fucking up the names—to the merriment of one and all. Finally our show got on the road.

The rest is television history. The "gays" opposite the "Aesthetic Realists." A lot of shouting, interrupting, lights too bright and an " . . . everybody is entitled to his own opinion" atmosphere, which is something I don't understand and find oppressive. It means, in case you want to know, that somebody (everybody) has copped out. Nobody is entitled to anything, least of all an opinion. (Oh yes, there are some things everybody is entitled to, like a decent house, enough money, good food, an education, enough

books, entertainment, transportation, telephone service, electricity, a roof, as much leisure as they want—all these things we are all entitled to, but now, an OPINION—that's something else.) How many people even HAVE an opinion?

The Aesthetic Realists—each gay as a goose—claimed they HAD been gay but a religion called "Aesthetic Realism" straightened them out. Very embarrassing. Randolfe Wicker recited some propoganda about the glory of free enterprise and our Aesthetic Realists pointed out their wives in the audience as "proof" they were straight—like the well, neither does Champagne and Caviar, Romance Conti and Camembert or Chateau D'Yquem and Fois Gras. So there.)

Our "gays" took pleasure in assuring the audience they had lovers of long standing and were neither child molesters nor promiscuous. I'd always thought that one of the reasons one bothered to be gay in the first place was that you could be promiscuous and a child molester, without anyone so much as raising an eyebrow. After all, both were perfectly acceptable conventions—otherwise, why be gay? Certainly not to ape straight behavior and accept the strangulations and repressions contained therein? The word GAY, I always thought, means "promiscuous"—both are, I would hope, synonymous. Alas, there are traitors in our midst who would shun promiscuity to the legions of the straight! SHAME! The promiscuous person is one who subscribes to an HETEROGENEOUS mixture—in thought, in sensuality and outlook. He is casual, irregular and without firm and irreversible convictions. Viva promiscuity.

During the intermission, Susskind asked: "Gregory, if you were straight, would you be a bachelor?" For fuck sake, I AM a bachelor. While my colleagues were busy greeting friends in the audience, I slunk to the lounge for one of those sandwiches but found a hopeless mess of white bread and smelly tuna fish—the "stage crew," while we were babbling, had devoured everything. Alone, I sat there and thought, Jesus Christ Gregory—this is a disaster. I shouldn't go back. Ha! With 160 million Americans sitting there, glued to their tubes—I don't care how bad it is . . . "Oh, your hobby is one night stands?" Susskind queried. "No, my hobby is collecting wines."

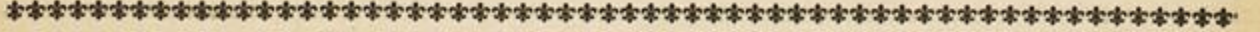
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Dare I go on? Why the fuck not. (Because Jill Johnston said I shouldn't drink and write because they don't mix. Well, neither does Champagne and Caviar, Romance Conti and Camembert or Chateau D'Yquem and Fois Gras. So there.)

Susskind, incidentally, is perfectly serious. His program is cleverly disguised under the cloak of kindness, commitment, liberalism and an assortment of questionable values. Citizens, once again you have been deceived. Things actually may be as they appear to be! You have been enlightened and taught to question, to believe only what can be proved, to suspect the simple and obvious. So what is one to do if things ARE AS THEY APPEAR? Let us encourage an art of hate, falsity and deception! Therein lies an answer.

Enough drivel. Experienced readers will smirk and rush on to experience columnist—Dick Leitch and his musings on art, or the sexy classifieds in the back . . . And Battcock will start thinking of the next column . . . a survey of the world's greatest restaurants perhaps, or a report on that reception at the Italian Embassy . . . plenty of words, but precious few ideas . . . Cheers, Gregory.





An S&M fantasy comes to life

S&M Spokesmen Tell It Like It Is

continued from page 3

which have S&M undertones is more damaging than the physical acting out done by consenting S&M males," one sadist responded. "The average sadist is not going to let himself go beyond reasonable bounds because he has a reputation to uphold and sadists are very self-disciplined. You see there is a lot of referring done between S's for M's."

"Cases where someone is taken home and put in the hospital are rare," he continued. "You don't jump right in on first go-round. You have to gain confidence. If you take someone home and tie him up and he becomes frightened, this is a turn off. S&M should be a way of erotically turning on."

"I've lived with my lover for nearly five years," the other sadist on the panel volunteered. "He's an M. At first we had a mild S&M relationship but it has slowly built up over the years into a really gigantic relationship."

"No good S&M is likely to evolve in a one-night liason," the first sadist ventured. "The chance of going out and having a relationship work out perfectly for both partners is very small."

"I disagree," the second sadist countered. "The fact is many M's don't develop to a level to satisfy one S but might develop to enough of a level to interest a milder S and they could make out."

All three panelists agreed that there were different ways of inflicting pain and each S had his preference. Preferences included ways requiring experience and mental build-up on the part of the M,

which a beginner wouldn't be up to.

"Some S's like flagellation. Some S's like bloodletting. Some S's like electrical devices," one concluded.

"Getting back to one-night stands," one of the sadists elaborated, "I have had a lot of one-night stands. I like beginners. An experienced M has very jaded tastes. He is likely to take over from an S and tell the S what he wants the S to do and that is a reversal of roles."

"How does an S&M temperament affect other aspects of your life?" one student queried.

"My secretary has a nice life," the masochist on the panel responded. "If I didn't get my S&M outlet sexually, she'd have a miserable life."

"But, how can you call cruelty love-making?" someone probed.

"It isn't cruelty," one S replied, "because it's pleasure for the M. This S&M is just a magnification of normal sexual relationships, especially heterosexual ones. I've had sex with women and at the moment of climax, I've had nails digging into my back, biting on my neck, etc."

"What about slave-master relationships?" another student ventured.

"Slave-master people lack confidence," the M on the panel responded. "Either they lack confidence or the physical endurance to submit to a more severe relationship."

"People approach you and say they want to be a slave," one of the S's interjected snidely. "That means they want you to put a dog collar on them and pull them around the livingroom floor. It

leaves me cold, but I'm socially gregarious and sometimes I do it just to accommodate them."

"What is S&M living like?" someone quizzed. "Doesn't an S get addicted to power, get used to giving orders and dominating others all the time?"

"We don't live S&M lives," one panelist volunteered. "I live a normal life with my lover. S&M only enters into our sexual relations. S&M's have just developed their sexual feelings to a much greater pitch than other people. Many M's are very aggressive in the business and social worlds. Many S's are very nice people. Some S's are even shy socially."

"What about gadgets?" someone asked.

"There are a lot of sex gadgets. The best ones are homemade and can't be gotten anywhere. You need a wild imagination to make good S&M paraphernalia and most manufacturers don't have it. I've seen spiked gloves, spiked shorts, spiked belts. By the way, the chain you see circling the arm on leather jackets is used. If I see someone who has removed it or broken it in half and put a rhinestone in it or something, I know he's a phony."

"What about orgies?"

"What about orgies?"

"There are not many S&M orgies," one S volunteered. "Not the kind with one M being 'it' for the night anyway. No, there isn't very much far out orgy stuff in the real S&M circles."

"How did you get started in S&M?" a listener asked.

"A lot of S&M's are older because for years they are frustrated and afraid to explore their S&M desires," the M, a man in his late forties, explained. "I lived in a conventional gay relationship for ten years with one lover but he died unexpectedly. After the shock passed, I felt free to go into my underground thoughts more deeply."

"I dabbled with many people for some time," he elaborated. "I started out on a mild level with the person I live with now and we went on from there. An S&M relationship requires more trust and more confidence and deeper personal understanding than ordinary relationships. However, like in all relationships, there is a great deal of compromising. For instance, around the house my lover is a perfectionist and I am a slob. Now after all these years, his standards have fallen and mine have risen."

"Is there any specific advice you'd give to beginners?" a young man cried.

"Yes," one of the S's replied. "When an M indicates he's had enough, the S usually stops unless he's looking for the gas chamber. But that requires control. Just never go home with a drunk S. It's crazy. He has no control."

Welfare Chief Says: 'No Help For Drags'

BY RANDY WICKER

Los Angeles, California—Joseph L. Winkler, Chief of Division II, California Department of Social Services, has decreed: "Any applicants who present themselves at the Unattached Men's Center (which Winkler heads) attired or otherwise arrayed as females but claiming to be men shall be refused aid unless they return attired as men." He has further urged all other California district offices to institute similar regulations.

Winkler first became aware that males dressed as women were receiving aid at the Unattached Men's Center early this year when he observed "two apparent females present with a large group of men in a group interview." Moments later, yet another "apparent female" passed nearby and Chief Winkler was informed by subordinates that "about twenty other such persons had been aided at UMC."

"These persons have a fertile field at the Center for prospective partners in homosexual activities," Winkler declared in a memorandum to John May, California's Welfare Director. "We have had enough of that kind of trouble at UMC."

"They are objects of curiosity and the brunt of ridicule and abuse not infrequently on the part of other clientele," he continued. "If they are indeed males, it is unthinkable that they should use the ladies restroom. On the other hand, the consequences of their use of the men's restroom is equally abhorrent."

"If the present practice continues," Winkler pondered, "what would prevent genuine females from representing themselves as male transvestites and becoming eligible for aid at our Unattached Men's Center?"

"Who will be responsible if the word gets out that the Unattached Men's Center will aid all persons in female attire claiming to be men, and at some later date it should be discovered that half of them really were women?" he fretted. "How do we verify sex without physical examination?"

"General Relief regulations stipulate that employable applicants shall be available for employment," Winkler elaborated. "Obviously males attired as females have voluntarily severely limited their employment potential. For example, I have learned belatedly that LAC-USC rejects any such assignees to the Beautification Project. What is to prevent other men from donning female garb to avoid assignment to work projects? Anyone can claim to be a transvestite."

Deputy Frank Coombs of the New York Department of Social Services, when told of the California directive, said that there were no specific regulations regarding cross-dressing at local welfare centers. Nor were there any specific regulations regarding homosexuals and welfare as such.

"The sole criterion for social assistance in New York City," Deputy Coombs told GAY "is need alone."

BY DICK LEITSCH



o one (other than another living poet, of course) would deny that W.H. Auden is the greatest living poet. Critic Alan Pryce-Jones listed the "perfections" of modern poetry: Wordsworth, Tennyson, a gap when there was none, T.S. Eliot. He added, "if a modern perfect were to be named, it would certainly have to be W.H. Auden."

Mr. Auden's latest published poem, a 34-stanza narrative, isn't likely to ever find its way into a high-school poetry anthology, not even at Walt Whitman, Erasmus, or any of the others named after famous homosexuals. In many ways, that's a pity.

Titled "A Day For A Lay," the new Auden work tells of a homosexual encounter in language far removed from the cutesy-poo archaisms oft associated with Calliope and Etepepe:

*The gorgeous organ stood stiffly and straightly out
With a slight flare upwards. At each beat
of his heart it threw
An odd little nod my way. From the slot
of the spout
Exuded a drop of transparent viscous
goo.*

*Well-hung, slung from the fork of the
muscular legs,
The firm vase of his sperm like a bulging
pear,
Cradling its handsome glands, two
herculean eggs,
Swung as he came towards me, shameless,
bare.*

*aligned mouths. We entwined. All act
was clutch,
If fact, contact, the attack and interlock
of tongues, the charms of arms. I shook
at the touch
of his fresh flesh, I rocked at the shock
of his cock.*

"A Day For A Lay" was not written or published, but for the amusement of the poet's close personal friends. Two of these of course are Christopher Isherwood and Stephen Spender who, with Auden, form one of the most important circles in modern letters.

Auden publicly admits having written the poem, but claims to be somewhat incensed that the magazine *Avant Garde* obtained a copy and published it. "I didn't even get paid for it," the 63-year-old poet complains.

Born in England, Auden immigrated here in 1939 with his lover, Chester Kallman (see GAY no. 8, March 15, 1970) and Christopher Isherwood. Kallman and Auden live in the East Village most of the year, but enjoy "separate vacations" each winter, Kallman in Greece and Auden in Lower Bavaria.

In New York, they have no telephone, and enjoy good food, good drink, and good company—and that most precious commodity in Gotham, privacy. Auden maintains his sanity by not reading newspapers (good advice for us all), and relaxes with chess and crossword puzzles.

"Mr. Auden has been described both as a 'conservative' and as a 'rebel.' Both are accurate, if a conservative is someone concerned with the permanent things and a rebel is one who refuses to flit from fad

to fad with the mob. He shared with Isherwood and Spender, Pryce-Jones says, "a political revulsion—never accurately Marxist—away from the facile deceptions of right-wing politics during the 1930s." As he presently describes himself as a conservative, one suspects Mr. Auden feels an equal revulsion for the facile deceptions of the left-wing politics of the 1970s.

us past the base of Golgotha. Looking up, we see an all too familiar sight—three crosses surrounded by a jeering crowd. Frowning with grim distaste, I say, "It's disgusting the way the mob enjoys such things. Why can't the authorities execute criminals humanely and in private by giving them hemlock to drink, as they did with Socrates?" Then, averting my eyes from the disagreeable spectacle, resume



W.H. Auden in a photograph taken nearly twenty-five years ago.

W.H. AUDEN'S DAY FOR A LAY

Casting a passing glance at the ephemeral, W.H. (for Wynstan Hugh) Auden concentrates on the enduring:

"In my most optimistic mood," he wrote, "I see myself as a Hellenized Jew from Alexandria visiting an intellectual friend. We are walking along, engaged in philosophical argument. Our path takes

our fascinating discussion about the nature of the True, the Good, and the Beautiful."

Perhaps it is the ability to look past the absurdities and asinities of today and concentrate on the permanent things which separate the genius from the rest of us. Where you and I might see mankind as

a large group of people with differences—political, social, sexual—Mr. Auden sees us all as bound together with a common humanity. (Who was it—not Mr. Auden, I don't think—who said that, no matter what our superficial differences, all men are bound together by one thing: a mutual fear of death and oblivion. No matter what else separates us, that fact unites us. I'll bet Mr. Auden knows that very well.)

Naturally, Mr. Auden is not a closet queen, nor has he rushed to the other extreme and become a militant homosexual apologist. Homosexuality to him seems to be just another fact of life, one which "played a major part in (his) life-style" and "brought certain sensitivities into play in his work" as Baird Seattles put it in GAY. "The public for which Mr. Auden wrote," Pryce-Jones said, "was a very private one. If they did not understand his allusions, so much the worse for them."

*"Shall I rim you?" I whispered. He shifted his limbs in assent,
Turned on his side and opened his legs,
let me pass
To the dark parts behind. I kissed as I went
The great thick cord that ran back from his balls to his arse.*

*Prying the buttocks aside, I nosed my way in
Down the shaggy slopes. I came to the puckered goal.
It was quick to my licking. He pressed his crotch to my chin,
His things squirmed as my tongue wormed in his hole.*

Least the ignorant miss the allusions in "A Day For A Lay," the Village Press has published an illustrated version of the poem (neither of the models is Mr. Auden). It's at your neighborhood erotica shop or can be purchased from Village Books, Box 43, New York, N.Y. 10014.

*... I raised the delicious meat
Up to my mouth, brought the face of its hard-on to my face.*

*I plunged with a rhythmical lunge,
steadily and slow,
And at every stroke made a corkscrew roll with my tongue.
His soul reeled in the feeling. He whimpered "Oh"
As I tongued and squeezed and rolled and tickled and swung.*

*Then I pressed on the spot where the groin is joined to the cock,
Slipped a finger into his arse and massaged from inside.
The secret sluices of his juices began to unblock.
He melted into what he felt. "O Jesus!" he cried.*

*Waves of immeasurable pleasures mounted his member in quick
Spams. I lay still in the touch of his crotch inhaling his sweat.
His ring convulsed round my finger. Into me, rick and thick,
His hot spunk spouted in gouts, spurted in jet after jet.*

Ah, the Good, and the True, and the Beautiful. The really human things are the best after all.

continued from page 2

Don't forget the Wednesday matinees at both Lincoln Center and the Broadway theatres. The audience is not made up exclusively of Madrasah ladies; students, teachers, tourists, day-cruisers, and many other smart people take advantage of the less-expensive matinee tickets. Intermission cruising can be great fun.

East Siders walk their dogs down Second or Third Avenue, or shop the men's boutiques. Many "hop" the antique stores, looking more for newer model men than for older model furniture.

Down in the Village, one promenades Eighth, Christopher and West Fourth Streets, and takes a turn or two around Washington Square Park (neighborhood parks are always loaded with possible tricks). One should check out the pier at the foot of Christopher Street, Marboro's book shop, and the two Greenwich Avenue restaurants, Mama's and Ter. Cruising is also good in the new library next to the Woman's House of Detention—especially on rainy days.

Doing the tourist scene is always a camp. It's

also good cruising, especially for those who are bored with jaded, ill-mannered New Yorkers and long for a fresh faced, polite number from the Midwest or South. Join a guided tour of Rockefeller Center, go to the top of the Empire State Building, take a boat ride to the Statue of Liberty, or hop aboard a sightseeing bus. You're almost sure to find a gay brother anxious for someone to show him New York's gay life—and he'll return the favor next time you're in Atlanta or Cleveland.

Nearly every neighborhood in Manhattan—particularly the Upper East Side, the Upper West Side and the Village—is a gay neighborhood. There, the day cruiser need only go outside. He'll find other day cruisers in line at the bank, eating lunch at the corner sandwich shop, buying cigarettes and KY at the drug store, or shopping the butcher or supermarket.

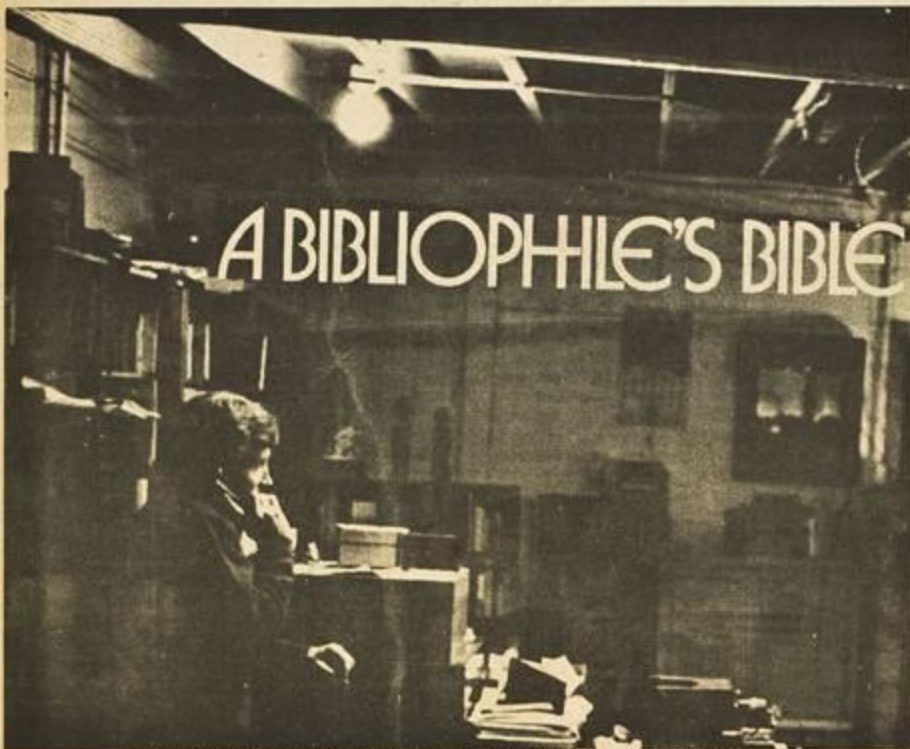
Day-cruisers keep a generally-accepted time schedule. Just as night cruising starts about ten or eleven p.m., day cruising begins in earnest around noon. Around that time, the job-hunters throw away their New York Times and head into the Times Square theatres for relaxation and, perhaps, a trick. At approximately three, by unspoken mutual

consent, the college boys put away their books and picket signs and head for the parks and subways.

Around five, most of the action moves into the subways. If one must be squeezed into those overcrowded trains against other people, it is more pleasant to be squeezed against someone attractive. Walk down the platform and pick out the guy in whose arms you want to ride. Not everybody is going home to a lover, but watch for wedding rings and "married looks." If you can score early, he'll leave early, and you'll have your evening free to do the laundry or catch up on your reading.

Sixth is a good time for cruising supermarkets. Watch what the stud you're interested in is putting in his basket. If he's getting two TV dinners and two frozen desserts, shop around a bit more as he probably has a lover. Wait for the guy with only one TV dinner; maybe you'll end up putting yours into his oven.

When seven o'clock rolls around, you might just as well head home. If you don't have to get ready to go to work, you have time for a shower and a nap before it's time to go out and join the nine-to-fivers in their hectic cruising scene.



Don Slater in the offices of The Homosexual Information Center, 3473½ Caluanga Blvd., Los Angeles, California

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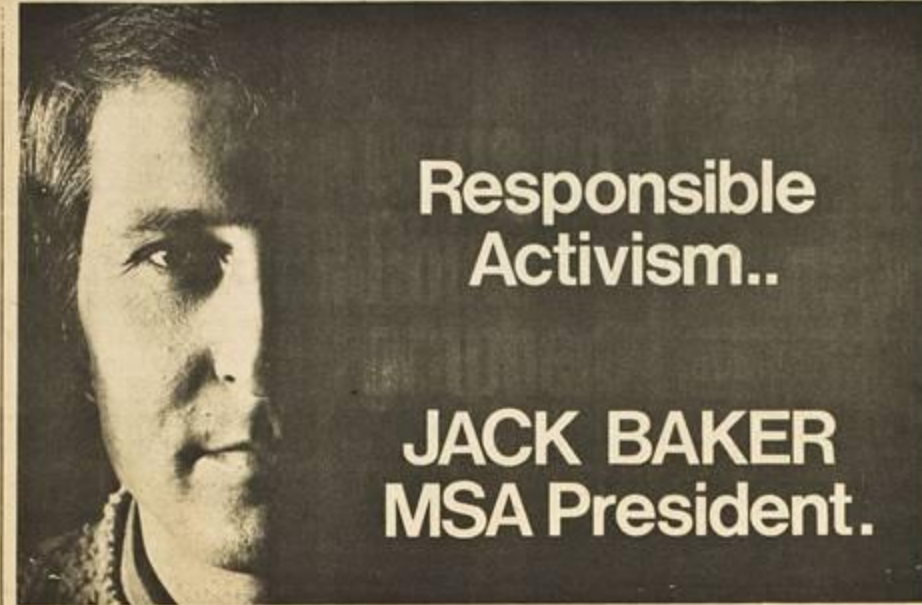
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Jack Baker's campaign posters pledged "Responsible Activism"

Photo by Paul R. Hagan

University Students Elect First Gay President

continued from page 1

with embarrassment when they saw the poster, Baker concedes. But straight students immediately picked it up as a camp favorite. Copies quickly disappeared from billboards and trees, to reappear in straight guys' dormitory rooms as souvenirs.

It broadcast Baker's sense of humor and his ability to laugh at himself—a

quality strikingly lacking in most radical or near-radical students. The slogan also reminded students of the Board of Regents' refusal last July to hire his lover, Mike McConnell, for a librarian's job which his master's degree qualified him.

The poster ploy left Baker free to campaign on other issues, and two of his other posters were dead serious.

"Our stress was on human dignity," he said. "When commuter students don't have a lunchroom and have to eat in the

hallways, they are denied dignity. When the Regents adopt a student conduct code without even asking student government what they think about it, they are denying dignity."

All told, the campaign cost him \$108, mostly for the 2,000 posters, and \$70 of it came from straight people's pocketbooks. Six straights formed the backbone of his campaign—some of them sociology students working on a paper about homosexuality, one of them a hitchhiker Baker offered a ride one day... a straight hitchhiker.

The day before the election, Baker won the endorsement of the *Minnesota Daily*, the campus newspaper that hadn't even bothered to endorse anyone for president in 1969 and 1970. The *Daily* did discuss Baker's gay preference, concluding:

Baker's successes in this very difficult and touchy area indicate that he can be effective in achieving changes in other areas as well... Jack Baker is the most qualified and capable candidate... We strongly urge his election."

A *Daily* editor said Baker's chief opponent, Vice-President Peter Hames, was too closely identified with the fruitless antiwar activities of retiring President Rick McPherson, who had traveled to Hanoi in mid-term. "Those two tend to spin their wheels a lot, and the students consider them politicians, period," he said.

Agreed Baker, students are tired of politician government, the same old thing."

In contrast, Baker said he'd work to get students named to every Board of Regents committee, provide more parking, get a commuter lunchroom, develop a new sense of dignity and self-respect.

The Chicago, Ill. native, a veteran of four years in the U.S. Air Force, has a bachelor's degree in engineering from the University of Oklahoma and a master's in business administration from Oklahoma City University.

And when the Minnesota balloting took place April 6-7, Baker received 2,766 votes. Hames had 1,873 and Conrad Gertz, a right-winger who hates FREE but ignored Baker's candidacy, pulled 1,005. Two last-minute candidates split 303 write-in votes between them.

And if the turnout of 6,024 voters seems small compared to the 34,000 eligible to vote (of 43,000 enrolled fulltime or part time), the turnout exceeded not only the 2,478 who voted last year, but the old record of 5,000 set in 1968.

"No question about it, having a homosexual for a candidate drew a lot of interest," one student said. "It sure brought the voters out."

Said another coed to a TV camera the day after the victory, "As long as he stands for what the students want, his personal life shouldn't make any difference."



Right Wing Preacher, Carl McIntire is zapped by Philadelphia's Homophile Action League after delivering a sermon offering "salvation" to repentant homosexuals. McIntire's recent attacks on the gay organizations inspired the zap. "We don't want to be saved," said the HAL spokesmen. The demonstration brought out the entire 28-man Collingwood, New Jersey Police Force, and received extensive publicity in New Jersey and Philadelphia papers.



EASTER SUNDAY IN CENTRAL PARK (1971): GAY's roving photographer caught sight of this expressive face whilst on an Easter jaunt in New York's Central Park. He fantasized the young man saying, "I don't believe in labels. I think labels are unimportant. I was branded by a crazy fundamentalist preacher from Pine Top, Kentucky."

public toilet sex—quick, exciting and delightfully impersonal for the closet queen.

The magazine, a popular journal on sociological research, let Humphreys use terms like trade, hustler and blowjobs.

Humphreys is the author of *Tearoom Trade: Impersonal Sex in Public Places*, in which he reports his scientific research, personal observations and in-depth interviews. A digest of the book was published by *Transaction* in January, 1970, in which Humphreys reported that tearoom fans tend to be married fathers of middle-class means—half of them Catholic or married to a Catholic. The church position on contraceptives played at least some role in that statistic, Humphreys concluded.

The study sparked a lively controversy in *Transaction's* later issues, when other sociologists sharply criticized the way Humphreys went about his research. He played the role of a tearoom door-watcher and voyeur while the blowjobs were going on. Occasionally, he would slip outside and jot down an auto license number, then note which person drove off in it.

A year later—so as not to attract suspicion or job a memory, Humphreys would obtain Revson's address from the state license bureau, disguise himself and ring the tearoom cruiser's doorbell, portraying himself as an opinion researcher. A long and apparently innocent interview would follow.

That kind of research, other scholars contended in letters to *Transaction*, smacks of unprofessional skulduggery that sociology can ill afford. The potential for blackmail and outright dishonesty were mentioned.

Nonsense, Humphreys replied, as long as no confidences are kept and names are not published, rules he observed. Such detailed and accurate information could never be gathered without subterfuge, and his was perfectly innocent in intent.

In his April, 1971 article, Humphreys calls tearoom activity "America's sexual answer to the increasing scarcity of time . . ."

"The (traditional) cruising scene . . . is not sufficiently impersonal and expedient for some, and too much so for others."

Midway through his lengthy article, Humphreys changes gears and analyzes the gay liberation movement, contrasting conservative homophile groups with campus or activist fronts.

Friction between them may decline, he said, for three reasons. Police brutality brings unity, he said. "There is a vice squad behind every active homophile group in America."

Second, the gay press not only informs but is persuading old-line groups to accomplish more than the annual drag ball.

"Finally, a truly charismatic leader has appeared . . . the Rev. Troy Perry of Los Angeles . . . an articulate, moving speaker."

"It is impossible not to draw a parallel between this minister and Martin Luther King"—or, as he quotes Mr. Perry, "Martin Luther Queen might be more appropriate."

Concludes Humphreys, "Even the closet queens should profit from the movement's newly-found militance."

The April *Transaction* also contains an article on hustlers, including a scholarly interview with the manager of a male house of prostitution; and one on transsexuals.

Transaction is available at a few serious bookstores and most university or public libraries.

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"70's Pace Brings Quickie Sex" Says Prof. Humphreys

Philadelphia, Pa.—Traditional cruising for an overnight trick is on the way out, criminologist Laud Humphreys writes in *Transaction* magazine, a straight monthly published here by Rutgers University.

Humphreys, a professor at the State University of New York in Albany, said gay guys are finding the stepped-up pace of 1970's life leaves too little leisure time for cruising parks or gay bars.

The trend, Humphreys insists in the magazine's April issue, is toward more

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