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A GAY CHURCH P.4
I'M NOT A "NIGGER" P.14

ROBERT REDDING STARS IN "FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES" AT STAGE 73.

If We Can't Come To Your Church We'll Build Our Own!

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

The Troy Perry Story Part II

(Note: This is the second of a two-part series on Los Angeles' celebrated gay minister, Reverend Troy Perry. The first, entitled "The Lord Is My Shepherd and He Knows I'm Gay," appeared in GAY No. 9.)

You go into the Metropolitan Community Church at the Encore Theatre (a movie house) at Van Ness and Melrose Boulevards in a fairly rundown section of Los Angeles with some skepticism. First of all, the thought of a gay "church" turns you off if you have turned off organized religion. You tend to agree with a friend who out of hand deplores the idea of homophile reform groups uniting behind the bleeding Corpus Christi. You also have lingering in your memory sentimental and fixed ideas about temples of worship, rhetoric, pattern of service, sacred music, and doctrine that you cannot relinquish any more than your newer aesthetic and social conditioning. So far you have heard only of the Reverend Troy Perry or seen his photo as he leads a march of disparate, sometimes warring, elements, particularly the somewhat anarchistic Gay Liberation Front with whom you would expect this arch organization man to be at odds.

Then the first thing you see in the lurid lobby (all moving picture houses are lurid in the light of day, like night clubs) is a genital female nursing a baby! You take comfort from the familiar.

But wait: Immediately an usher with bleached hair and a certain lilt to his walk that you in your *Boys in the Band* days unkindly and benightedly called a swish leads you to a place against a draped wall. No room in the inn. SRO. The jam soon extends to the aisles, though later on in

the service the choir will generously abdicate their vantage point up front to the right to allow standees to sit near the source of power, which is of course Perry at the pulpit.

Until Perry strides into place, charismatic as a Kennedy, there is little excitement, though there seems to be a certain anticipation among the congregation. You spend your waiting time studying the people—furtively, so as not to appear rude. You note the Los Angeles informal attire, which is folk costume, a sartorial hybrid of Southern California originals and last year's Eastern seaboard rejects. Silky-shirts, paneled sweaters or the layered look, pointed toes, quite a bit of hair tease, few coats and ties—but where they are in evidence the ties and lapels are narrower than in the East. Not much Mod. It seems to be a congregation either disinterested in chic or unaware, perhaps a lot of both. The elegants at piss-elegant St. Bartholomew's on the East Side would look down their noses at the whole business—until they began to get the message that something irresistible is going on here—irresistible in its honesty and ingenueness.

A couple of relatively iconoclastic friends who attended one of the several services I went to in behalf of my series for GAY were "fascinated" and "moved" by the pervading good humor, emphasis on openness regarding all phases of homosexual life (including the gay *parais*, though not so-called vulgarities), and the exhortations toward self-esteem. One can be fascinated by a freak show, of course, but not genuinely moved by one unless it is out of pity and fear. The M.C.C. pageant inspires neither of the latter. One should be far less afraid of Troy Perry's becoming the top leader of the homosexual faithful than impressed by his ardor and dedication to the improvement of each individual's opportunity to find himself and to give up secrecy and self-loathing. And as for pity, one need not pity the faithful if they are volunteers for Jesus. They are as likely to be volunteers at M.C.C. as anywhere in Christendom.

Of course, I would like to see Perry at the homophile helm here as in L.A. I approve of his marching at the forefront and somehow lending a kind of perverse and ironic "respectability" to the cause. A preacher, no matter how far out, makes the whole thing look better to the average passerby, and the better we look, the more understandable, the less threatening, the more quickly we may be able to get hurtful ordinances and



Photo by Pat Rocco

outrageous medieval laws changed. If one believes in the nonviolent means of bringing about change, he is willing to go along with a little gay deceiving, a little hoodwinking, and even further masquerading. Everyone knows the homosexual is an expert at masquerading—or was until 1969. Perry surfaced in 1968! Joyously.

At the M.C.C. there seems to be joy for two reasons: everyone is being himself and being told he need not feel guilty or unnatural, and Troy Perry is doing the telling. Perry, who looks and talks not unlike Glen Campbell with black hair, takes three giant strides from the relative obscurity of his pre-sermon position to stage right of the pulpit, heretofore occupied by an associate. "If you love the Lord this morning, say 'Amen!'" Perry cries in a hoarse, now and then nasal, voice. The hoarseness makes it more interesting and compensates for the lack of a vocal resonance usually associated with accomplished or gifted speakers.

The "Amen's" come loud and clear particularly from the choir members. Their leader is intense and handsome, and his own floating voice does much to amalgamate them.

Sung music is important in most Protestant churches, particularly in the Fundamentalist or primitive or rustic groups. At the M.C.C. in addition to the choir and director, there is the overall music director and leader of congregational singing, Willie Smith, the Reverend's best friend ("Not lovers," Perry points out), a competent organist, and a pianist who frolics in octaves, freely embellishing with ruffles and flourishes as is the accompaniment in Southern and Border State churches where the inclination has always been toward swinging musically because of the proximity of the Negro churches where such a good time was had by all.

Perry is the star act, and sometimes the wait for him makes you impatient. On my final visit to the M.C.C. I went for the ten o'clock coffee (very *gemuetlich*) and stayed through the last handshake, which might have accounted for some of my restlessness in getting to the main event. The main event is never a let-down. If Perry had not been "called" to the ministry, he would have made a fair stand-up comedian. He belts out staccato one-liners, knowing precisely when to top himself and how to ride his laugh. He is

witty. He gets the audience going and keeps them going. His humor is predictable, but, while self-knowledgeable, not self-derogatory in the old campy homosexual way.

"I had mixed emotions about the recent article in the *Free Press* (first of L.A.'s emerged "underground"). It was sort of like watching your mother-in-law go over a cliff in your new Cadillac. . . ."

"I was attending a meeting with all straight ministers of mainline denominations, and there was this one lady present who they introduced to me as the only fruit fly of the group. . . ."

"The Hippodrome Rink is available as a church for \$675,000, friends. Isn't that good news? Well, we can afford to take it over for one night—which we intend to do, for a gay social event. As far as I can tell that's always the rule rather than the exception at the Hippodrome!"

The congregation laughs and loves it, laughs and loves Perry, and while he is "on" everyone's cup seems to be overflowing. His deacons and assistants and lay leaders, for the most part, seem to have learned something from his style, as they are uniformly warm toward visitors and in general no self-conscious or suspicious that you might have come to indulge in some intentional or undirected Voyeurism. At the pre-service coffee you are greeted by members of the Ladies Auxiliary, who range from an over-six feet-tall lady with muscular legs and a deep voice to rotund ladies in suits and ties. Transvestites, they were called in another era. Now, in the days of unisex attire, the word is *demode*.

Going early you get a chance to become acquainted, or you can just stare. It is surprising to see so many attractive apparently mixed couples. You find some of them are parents of members. On the first day there were thirty-one roses in the altar bouquet representing the thirty-one years of marriage of a member's mother and father, who were present. Perry acknowledges any such distinguished visitors—and since he applauds telling your family (unless they are too old to adjust) and feels if they love you their knowing you're homosexual won't make any difference, family is *distinguished* company. Among other visitors Perry introduced at one or the other of the meetings was the

"bishop" of a San Francisco gay church. "As far as I know this is the only other pastor of a gay church in America," Perry cried, "But not the only gay pastor!"

On another occasion announced that two girls in his congregation had just had "their baby." I was sure at a subsequent service I could pick them out in the lobby, which did not require too much perspicacity. Sure enough, Perry presented "a young man who is paying his first visit to this church, in fact to any church, as he's only fourteen days old. Pat and Teresa, would you stand up and show us Baby Michael?" The good looking and willowy mother and, well, consort mother stood up.

On that particular morning a *Stern* photographer was roaming the aisles. If you did not wish to be photographed you simply waved him away or averted your face. Few did either. *Esquire* was also represented, and the *London Daily Mail* and *GAY*. Though Perry had not seen me present and did not mention GAY, his abrazo after the service indicated our presence was just as significant to him as the presence of representatives of the hetero establishment.

The only time I saw a service stop and start and not flow along smoothly in its mixed Fundamentalist-Episcopalian style was that last morning, when too many solos had been programmed. A wavering tenor did all the verses and choruses of *A Stranger in Galilee*, which reminded me of some of my own unfortunate choices of material (I did all the verses and choruses of *Artificial Flowers* at an audition for summer stock once, and they nearly stoned me). Perry recovered the service, only to turn it back over to Pat Rocco, who in addition to making banal skin flicks, sings. As court home-movie maker he is one of L.A.'s new celebrities, but someone will come along to create gay films as Troy Perry preaches gay sermons: well.

Perry could use some elementary speech work, particularly in grammar, and with an expert at his side could correct some mispronunciations. He would also thereby lose some of his folksy, rustic Florida charm. The more erudite and sophisticated—and perhaps affluent—would take him more seriously, but if it were to be on such a superficial basis would it matter? If one fails to

Photo by Pat Rocco



perceive the native intelligence, despite a marginal formal education, in this man, he is truly obtuse. To dwell on the "over-zeal-i-ous," the "re-al-a-tor," the "pastor-i-al," the "incidences," and "ingredients" is to be a nit-picker, and neither money nor approval will be withheld because of his quaint mistakes. Rather, they will be withheld because one cannot make a tax-deductible contribution without using his real name or because one does not want to enlist behind a cleric or because one does "not want all these homophile leaders rocking the boat." Referring to the last, it's like the Alabama black who said, "All these Negroes is getting us niggers into a heap of trouble." Perry is rocking the boat as surely as Eldridge Cleaver or Jerry Rubin—maybe more because he is so engaging and doing it in the name of Christianity. In another era he would have been burned as a heretic. Now there is no way even John Mitchell can get to him!

Photo by Pat Rocco



A council of theologians might try him and test him and torture him. His stance is more than subjective, however. He cites the Scriptures as the basis for his contention that discrimination against homosexuals as wanton sinners is misinterpretation. Or it is literal application of Biblical admonitions which are either self-contradictory or in contradiction with each other.

Perry is fond of referring to Leviticus: ". . . (Where) it says if a man lies with a man, both should be stoned. But in the same book in the Bible it says it's wrong for a woman to wear a scarlet dress or for a person to eat shrimp."

Also the Apostle Paul in First Corinthians, sixth chapter, lists the effeminate or homosexuals (depending on the translation) among those who will not inherit the kingdom of God. "The Greek word can mean several things, but if you're going to be that literal you could find the wearing of long hair by men and of gold and pearls by women condemned in the New Testament."

He also refers to Paul's writings in Romans about God's giving some men up to dishonorable passions because they worshipped animals and men rather than God. As for the passage about "men giving up their natural relations with women," Perry exclaims, "How could the homosexuals give up something they never had!"

The crossfire from religionists begins to grow in fury, as such staid journals as the *New York Times* dispatch their religion editor to bombard Perry with theological questions. Perry does not pretend to be a sophisticate in these matters, but has interpreted his own Fundamentalist dogma in his own extraordinary way. He believes he was "called"—not just to preach the Word, but to preach the Word as a homosexual to homosexuals. He accepts his calling without anguish, protest or embarrassment.

"I never have had any embarrassing experience myself (involved with being openly gay)," Perry maintains with some of the complete absence of fear or guile one feels on talking with him face-to-face or observing him in the pulpit. "I've had some experiences that have embarrassed other people, though."

He refers to a neighbor who, prior to the appearance of the article in the *L.A. Times* which compounded Perry's local notoriety, had been helpful and solicitous and had lent a saw to the young man refurbishing the parsonage. After reading the article the neighbor promptly came for the return of his saw, red-faced and inarticulate. Perry ended up inviting the man to come to church.

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Serving a God who created all that is, believing that it is natural and divinely determined to be homosexual, Perry emerges as a man untroubled by apparent paradoxes and liberated from any Dualist limitations. To him the body of man, with its appetites, is inseparable from the spirit, and there is nothing wrong in the eyes of God for him to exercise it for sexual fulfillment. He is

CLAP

BY ANGELO
d'ARCANGELO
The First in a Series

NO APPLAUSE

Photo courtesy of Colt Studio

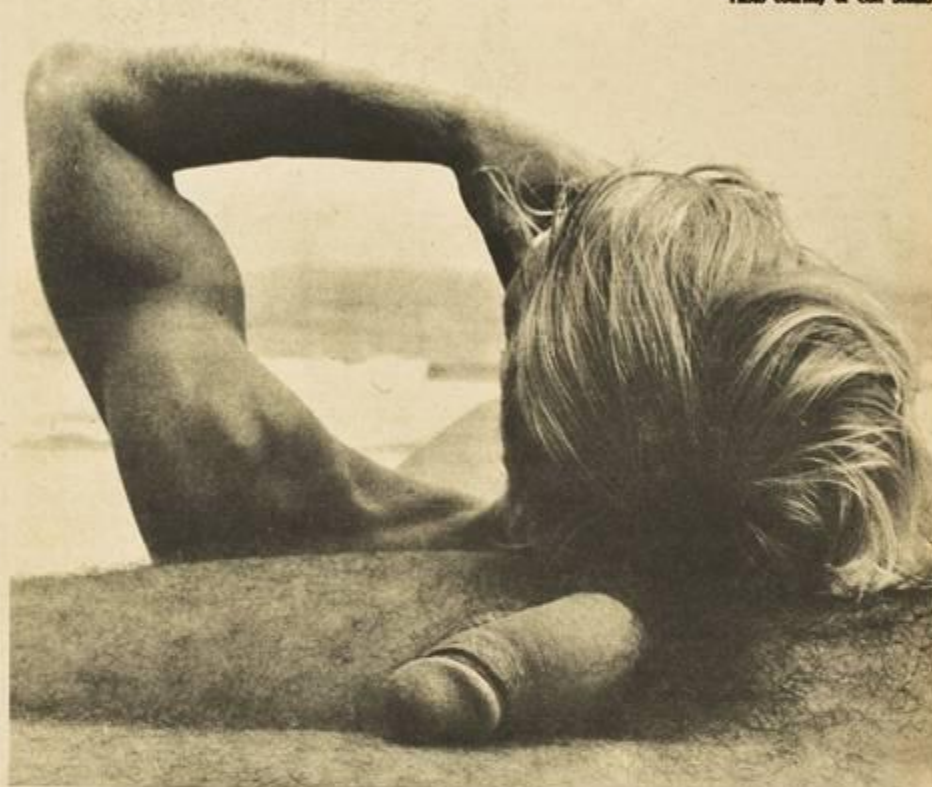
You know how it is. One evening I spoke to a beautiful somebody over the telephone and they gave me the word. Well, this set me to thinking—not dripping, thankfully. And though the passing weeks brought their own solution to that affair, the memory of it, like the ring around a boarding house bathtub, lingered on, and on, and on and . . .

Naturally I went to the doctor for a checkup and in. Now this particular M.D. isn't the chattiest practitioner in town, but he does handle lots of men, professionally, and he was able to answer some questions for me. Not the least of which was why I didn't have any symptoms. (Several days had passed.) Although I hadn't seen the young man's meat since our seance of that fateful night, I was only able to suppose that he had the usual drip. I hadn't any. Now I knew one could get the clap from fucking somebody, but I'd never heard of anybody getting it from a blowjob.

Anal contact between men is the usual way Gonorrhea is transmitted in homosexual affairs. Anybody can become infected in the colon and never notice it. There is no particular feeling of discomfort or irritation involved, for the infection is one which attacks the urinary tract and not the intestinal tract. Therefore, anybody who allows himself to get pumped can harbor the infection in his body for months, not knowing it, and pass it like an unwanted wedding gift on to another person after the initial intercourse which infected him has been forgotten. Needless to say, anyone who is so infected and enjoys regular intercourse with many people—often with random strangers—can infect great numbers. And again, he may do so without knowing it at all. It is therefore absurd to harbor any resentment about such things. I'm always amazed to hear otherwise knowledgeable people say things like: "Well, he was such a well-dressed guy." Or, "You wouldn't think a person of that class would be dirty, would you?" What do germs know from class? From Ivy League blondes? Nothing.

However, there's another rather confusing aspect to this question: one can have contact with a guy who is infected—(Don't euphemize, Angelo! You can fuck him.)—and still not contact Gonorrhea. Why? Chance. About 50/50. Actually, most people have a built-in infection fighting system which works. Think of it. You don't get an infection with every cut, or tetanus with every scratch. Likewise you don't always get Gonorrhea with every contact.

CAUTION: 50/50 aren't good odds. Curiously enough, Gonorrhea can be spread orally. This is very rare indeed, and happens infrequently—when it



Plumbing Care and Maintenance

does—at orgy situation. For example, somebody blows a group of guys. One of them has been infected. Ordinarily the infection would be killed by the intestinal system of the sucker over a period of hours, but by going from one prick to another and then another, and so on, he can infect several people in just a few minutes. And very likely nobody will be sure how they got it, particularly if there's no fucking involved.

All of which puzzled me a bit because of what we'd done together which brought me to the doctor's office in the first place. As I recalled with mixed feelings about our sexual bout, I distinctly remembered a sixty-nine, and my bugging him, rather than his fucking me. We'd attempted the latter but were unable to overcome the difficulties involved to bridge the gap, as it were. Well, there we were. Detection difficulties

were compounded by his long-standing liaison with somebody which was, I suspect, nearly watertight, and my own liaison of a shorter duration with somebody else. (This was the tryst which asked the question, *Can Two Men Find Happiness Cheating On Their Lovers After Realizing Their Lovers May Have Been Unfaithful Anyway?* Listen to *FRANCES AND HER FRIENDS* for the answer.)

Worse yet, neither of us lived with our partners. And again worse, my friend proved to be sexually agile, but utterly naive about such questions. He went to god-knows what doty old square doctor who, without bothering to test him pronounced his infection Gonorrhea and treated him for it with penicillin. That's alright you say? But, the doctor was apparently too squeamish to go into more than a superficial examination of the

young man and he, poor dear, didn't insist on one. Therefore, we don't actually know if what he had was actually what the doctor said it was or not.

A long, frustrating and oddly humorous story with no seeming point. I agree. So it seems. However, there are several points I want to bring up here, and I'm afraid it will take more than one article to cover them. Bear with me. I don't doubt there will be something of value in this for you, and I say that with the harrowing knowledge that there are many, many people out there who don't really know much about their equipment and what to do to keep it in shape.

What a crazy country we live in! It seems to me amazing in this age that the piddling banalities which pass for sex

(continued on page 15)

BY LILY HANSEN

A Washington, D.C. psychiatrist, Dr. John Cavanagh, is conducting research on the cause of lesbianism, and is paying local lesbians \$15 an interview. He is reported to have said he would be writing a "serious book" on the subject and his aim is to talk to 200 lesbians.

Maria, having heard about the doctor from a friend she happened to meet in a bar, went for her interview first. She came home disgruntled because Dr. Cavanagh had "slipped" once and had made a reference to "this disorder."

I too went to be interviewed, since we reasoned that it wouldn't hurt to send as many happy and well-balanced individuals to Dr. Cavanagh as possible. So far he had been visited mainly by girls who were bar regulars and who had flocked to his office to collect the \$15 reward. Who knows? We might even be able to convince him that lesbianism can be a perfectly fine way of life and thus destroy his theory that it was a "psychological problem." So we called our friends and told them to tell others.

On the day of the scheduled interview, I left the office just as the tall girl friend of short Gene was arriving with his supper, since he was working late. She was coming down the hallway, aluminum saucepan and thermos bottle in hand, having prepared his favorite dish: noodles and cottage cheese. Gene was radiant. He put the saucepan in his lap and munched away, while girl friend stood by gazing on him tenderly.

Outside, it was my turn to get a tender smile. Maria was waiting for me in Bronco (her old bucking blue Rambler) She had brought my supper along, in paper bag and thermos. As I bit into my chicken sandwich, I just knew it tasted better than Gene's cottage cheese and noodles. But then there's no accounting for tastes—whether in food or other things.

Dr. Cavanagh's house was spacious and comfortable. Several large diplomas were prominently displayed on the wall, and a faint perfume hung in the air. Copies of a journal for Catholic psychiatricists were available for our edification, but we settled down with some reading we had brought along: *Newsweek* and the *Village Voice*. Shortly afterwards a man and a woman came downstairs. The woman arranged for another appointment in two weeks and left.

An elderly gentleman stepped into the room and walked toward Maria: "So you're Lily?" "No, I am," I said and rose from my chair. (I guessed he hadn't looked at Maria when he interviewed her . . .) After giving him the two 24-page questionnaires, which Maria and I had filled out for him (duly crossing out the word "patient" and substituting the word "subject" about a hundred times), I was told to go upstairs to "Room 6." Maria waited downstairs.

Toting my tape recorder, I entered the designated room and started setting up the microphone. He didn't mind the taping; he was doing a tape of his own.

Having stuck a big mike in my hand, he sank into a chair on the opposite side of the room, and started asking short questions, which he uttered almost off-handedly and in a soft tone.

Dr. C.: Tell me about your mother.

Lily: Fifty words about my mother . . . Uh . . . My mother is a very strong woman. She's artistic, but she hasn't done much with her piano education.

He wanted descriptions of every family

LESBIANS WANTED:

\$15.00 A SESSION



member. He asked about my childhood in Germany, my education, my first attraction to women.

Dr. C.: Going back to your earlier life—what sort of games did you play as a child?

Lily: I liked to build huts. First of all, my childhood fantasies revolved around building—I wanted to be a female Robinson Crusoe. I loved to start things, to build things: tree huts, underground huts, or just plain old huts. I worked with kids in the neighborhood on these. We

Dr. C.: What about the cause, the genealogy of homosexuality, lesbianism?

Lily: The cause? Dr. C.: What is it? Is it something one acquires? Something one was born with? Lily: I don't know. All I can say is that some people eat meat, and some people eat fish. Are you going to ask them why some people eat fish and other people eat meat? I think it's a taste that's acquired perhaps very early in childhood. I don't know. But, then, heterosexuality is acquired early in childhood, too. So, what is it? Why did my sister become heterosexual, and why did I become homosexual?

Dr. C.: I'm asking you what you think.

Lily: I think it's immaterial. When the tape on his tape recorder ran out in the middle of our discussion about the origins of homosexuality, he said somewhat sadly that he guessed we weren't going to "figure out the cause of anything" that evening. I almost felt sorry for his seemingly fruitless search for that elusive quality that turns some girls into lesbians. He conceded that heterosexuality also had a cause ("there has to be a cause for everything"), but that he happened to be concerned with the cause of lesbianism, not with that of heterosexuality.

When I brought up the subject of bisexuality, he refused to admit its existence and said that he thought that "maybe they have no strong sex drive in any direction, and they just take what comes."

After that, the interview was concluded, and we adjourned downstairs to the "drawing" room, i.e., to the room where I was to draw pictures. Giving me a piece of paper and pencil, he told me to draw a person.

Maria, in her session with Dr. C., had traced the outline of a person of no particular gender. But Dr. C. wouldn't accept just a "human being." It had to be either "one or the other." So Maria had penciled in two breasts and a little "V". Then she was told to draw the other, and Maria traced the same figure, but instead of two breasts, put two dots—and that was all she added.

Having learned from Maria's experience, I didn't give Dr. C. any trouble. I depicted a man on a park bench, with a Van Dyke and bushy eyebrows. One arm on the back of the bench, his legs crossed, his other elbow resting on the knee and his chin on his knuckles, he looked out at his audience with a bemused expression. The next picture was a side view of a girl, barefoot and in shorts. She was skipping along and throwing a ball in the air. Her long hair was flying in the breeze, her head was tilted upward, and she seemed to be having fun.

As we parted, Dr. Cavanagh told me to give his regards to Dr. Kameny. (During the interview I had corrected his impression that Frank Kameny had stated that homosexuality was superior to heterosexuality. As all of us in the homophile movement know, Frank doesn't maintain any such belief. But he does believe that homosexuality is as good as heterosexuality.)

Then Maria and I descended the stairs from his house and drove home in Bronco. We had the peace of mind that comes from knowing we've got a good thing going—whether Dr. Cavanagh knows it or not. I hope he finds out, too, and has the wisdom not to fight against nature—which after all, in its unpredictability, creates not only heterosexuality, but also homosexuality.

even once made a bomb shelter. I remember we'd imitate the siren, and one time the actual air raid siren came (you know Second World War). We ducked into the shelter, our own homemade shelter . . .

Sometimes a fairly long pause followed one of my answers, as if Dr. C. were trying to sort out the meaning of what I'd said in order to help him solve the puzzle of lesbianism—or, perhaps, to search for another question which might lead to a clue.

When THE HOMOSEXUAL IN AMERICA first appeared, nearly twenty years ago, it was an obscure book, an unsuccessful book, and a book which most "right-thinking" people would be ashamed to put on their shelves, let alone be seen purchasing, carrying, or reading. It was bought furtively, read secretly, and discussed behind closed doors. Having been the first significant book after World War II specifically designed to help the homosexual gain self-enlightenment, to break the embarrassed silence surrounding the subject, and to point the way toward a more humane and compassionate treatment of gay people, it gradually drew a steady following.

The homophile movement was brought about largely as a result of the inspiration of gay people derived from reading Cory's book. By the early 1960's, Cory had rightfully achieved the status of founding father, and became a minor celebrity of sorts. He spoke to overflow audiences, became influential among the scholarly, and was revered as champion of the homophile cause. Now, his name must be considered anathema to any gay person who values his self-respect. Why?

In my conversations with him, I discovered one sad fact: Cory stopped believing what he wrote in THE HOMOSEXUAL IN AMERICA sometime between 1951 and 1961. He has tried on many occasions to repudiate his former views despite my efforts, and is now no more of a friend of the homophile movement than, say, Spiro Agnew. In THE HOMOSEXUAL IN AMERICA, Cory wrote (p. 190, hardcover edition):

"Self-acceptance is the basis of adjustment of the homosexual. And for self-acceptance, the understanding of the virtual ineradicability of homosexuality is basic. A person who accepts the fact that he cannot change into a heterosexual, and who from that point accepts himself for what he is, will have taken the first important step toward ceasing the struggle against himself, toward enjoying his homosexual relationships rather than fighting them, and toward building his life around a realistic program for the future."

Ten years later, he wrote in THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SEXUAL BEHAVIOR, edited by Albert Ellis and Albert Abarbanel (Hawthorne, 1961), Vol. I, p. 492:

"The present writer, following Freud and being under certain misapprehensions, misunderstandings, and limited experience, formerly urged but no longer espouses an orientation toward adjustment within the framework of homosexuality, rather than an expenditure of energy to effectuate a change. This preference for adjustment seems to have been mistakenly chosen by many modern therapists..."

Cory went on to say that all homosexuals are not really attracted to males, but are fleeing from females, and that everything will, in effect, be just hunky-dory as soon as the gay person takes "the cure," however difficult that may be.

You don't have to be much of an expert to realize the utter absurdity of such assertions, but Cory used his public prestige to help foist them upon an unsuspecting public. In 1964, he wrote

the introductory and terminal essays for HOMOSEXUALITY—AND ITS CAUSES AND CURES (Lyle Stuart, 1964) by Albert Ellis, a dreary, hyperemotional, and inept polemic apparently designed to persuade gay people that they are no good unless they come to Dr. Ellis for treatment and cure. It goes without saying that the garbage can would be

Now that the unrecognized minority that Cory almost single-handedly discovered has been given a TIME magazine cover story and is struggling for its unalienable right to pursue its own happiness in its own way, Cory has been by-passed by the very movement he once did so much to bring into existence. How he came to reverse himself over a

struggle for full acceptance, fight for basic freedoms, and put an end to discrimination based on sexual proclivities. He probably quite sincerely believes that policemen, legislators, employers, and the bulk of the Establishment will take seriously the notion that people who are judged mentally or emotionally ill are the equals of those who are normal, and are therefore entitled to full equality, nondiscrimination, and full acceptance. The continued espousal of such a viewpoint could only result in a new wave of condescending tolerance and hypocritical patronization for gay people and, in the end, would be self-defeating, for it would never remove the justification for the buried hatred that most members of the Establishment still secretly harbor for gay people. Yet Cory succeeded in winning a significant minority of members of the homophile movement over to his viewpoint and managed to cultivate the support of several genteel liberals.

Cory, by continually accusing leaders of the homophile movement of being antagonistic to hostile scientific evidence appears to have the effect of making the leaders look like untrained idiots before the distinguished verdict of the scientists, but anyone who scrutinizes carefully the work of the scientists who have reported anti-homosexual findings (Bieber, Ellis, Bergler, Rado, etc.) and applied the exacting criteria of experimental science would find that the work of these men is patently unscientific, and that their results are virtually worthless. This is not because they are evil, wicked men bent upon the destruction of all homosexuals, but because they use unrepresentative samples, false assumptions, outright tautologies, and unverifiable assertions to justify monogamous heterosexuality.

If anything, nearly all the studies of Kinsey, Pomeroy, Hooker, Hoffman and Churchill, do not suffer from these deficiencies, and are therefore truly scientific, and their results are pro-homosexual in that they conclude that homosexuality cannot, by itself, be considered a mental disturbance, and that the therapy goal of becoming heterosexual is not necessarily desirable or especially relevant. It can be accurately stated that the homophile movement is probably one of the most scientifically based and scientifically justifiable movements around.

Of course, it is always nice to have logic, reason and truth on one's own side, especially with regard to such emotionally charged issues as homosexuality, but when Cory has consistently failed to distinguish between true science and phony science, and has never properly delineated why he feels that the scientists who support his viewpoint are right and those who oppose it are wrong, then one can only judge him incompetent or fearful of publicly admitting the bankruptcy of his position.

Yet the root of the problem does not lie within the realm of science, but within the domain of morals. The underlying assumptions are these: If homosexuals are indeed sick and can be cured by becoming heterosexual, then they should be. Those who resist cure when it is available are inferior people who must be treated, at best, with condescending tolerance. For, in American society with a strong Puritanical tradition, to be sick is to be disabled, and to be disabled is to be exempt from work. To be exempt from

work is to be inferior, for, he who does not work does not contribute to the overall profitability of the corporate Establishment and hence is worthy only of starvation or humiliating poverty. He who is consigned to poverty literally becomes inferior because it cost money to prevent it, and the corporate establishment owns or controls most of

repressions, the corporate Establishment has succeeded in undermining to a considerable extent the gay person's sense of self-esteem. This leads to antisocial behavior and this antisocial behavior is used to justify further repression in a continuing vicious cycle.

In this way the doctrine of racial inferiority has been perpetuated and is

and started enjoying themselves intersexually. Might not American society collapse in an orgy of degeneracy and sink into the ooze of oblivion, thereby bringing about the wrath of the gods, hastening the day of Armageddon? Prophets of doom have already slated California to sink into the sea any day now as a token of divine retribution.

disabling aspects of homosexual love, in and of itself, if he can. The fact is that neither he nor anyone else can do it because there is nothing about homosexual love by itself, that is disabling. Fucking is fucking, whether it's tits, ass, cock, or cunt! His comparisons with various maladies are not valid.

Finally, he fears the spread of homosexuality because gay people might wind up having so much fun with each other that the sanctity of the family might be jeopardized and society would thereby be irreparably disrupted. Here, Cory betrays himself most pitifully. It is an indisputable fact that wherever man has dwelled, from Neanderthal aboriginals to hippie communes, some form of family structure has always existed, no matter how much homosexuality was present. To be seriously fearful that the homophile movement could overthrow the family unit is paranoia beyond the scope of a George Wallace, a Barry Goldwater, or even a Mayor Daley. The Vietnam (or is it the Laos) war, pollution, and racism will do more to disrupt normal family life within the next decade than the tripling of the gay population possibly could. Ironically, gay people have been prominent among the ranks of those who oppose the war, oppose pollution, and oppose racism, far out of proportion to their estimated number.

And so it is that Cory has become the anti-homosexual in America. Gay people can no longer consider him their friend or leader because he has repudiated the very ideas that have done the most to help homosexuals help themselves. It is really a shame that this is so because, thanks largely to Cory, more has been achieved for gay people within the last two decades than has been achieved during the last two centuries. The homophile movement must continue without him now, for his usefulness was at an end nearly a decade ago, and it is high time that all gay people recognized this. No self-respecting gay person can any longer call "friend" a man who now espouses the silly notion that, just as blindness is an undesirable handicap, the blind should not be undesirable, so it is with homosexuals. Cory fails to see or does not want to see reality, even when it stares him in the face. The fact is that blind people are so undesirable because they are blind that the Lighthouse must spend thousands of dollars in advertising and public relations trying to convince the people that the blind can be hired and treated as something other than outcasts. But, at least with blind people, it is easy to prove that they are handicapped, and special treatment is warranted. No one has been able to prove that being gay is a handicap in and of itself and no one ever will unless one alters the definition of handicap to suit one's convenience. Therefore equality, respect, and dignity are warranted.

John P. LeRoy is well-qualified to write about the man who was once called "The Father of the Homophile Movement." In 1963 he coauthored with Donald Webster Cory, THE HOMOSEXUAL AND HIS SOCIETY (published by Citadel). In their approach to homosexual questions both writers have since shown remarkable differences. We are pleased to welcome Mr. LeRoy to the pages of GAY.

The Anti-Homosexual In America:

DONALD WEBSTER CORY

BY JOHN P. LeROY

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DONALD WEBSTER CORY

"... This book has been long needed to break the tabus on the subject of homosexuals and their problems and their place in American society. Where there has been so much darkness and fear, we have needed light and courage, and this book has an ample measure of both."

—Max Lerner, *The New York Post*

insulted by it. Yet, Cory's introductory remarks showed that he clung to his anti-homosexual opinions more tenaciously than before and took the occasion to berate all leaders in the homophile movement who dared to criticize anti-homosexual therapists, especially those therapists who believed gay people to be mentally sick and, therefore, curable.

ten-year period and became, in effect, a spokesman for some of the most vicious and insidious forces of sexual suppression is best known to himself.

This much, however, is clear: Cory maintains that, although a gay person should seek cure by a therapist, and be brought back to the straight life like an errant lamb gone astray, homosexuals should nevertheless continue their



JOHN P. LeROY

the money, and can therefore decide what is or is not inferior, and pay accordingly.

Thus have many known homosexuals been judged sick, inferior and degenerate, and deprived of earning a decent livelihood. This very deprivation creates conditions which tend to make them behave accordingly. By means of pervasive censorship, boos, and

gradually being counteracted by such slogans as "Black is Beautiful." So it must be with gay people. Gay is not merely good. Gay is Great!

If enough gay people begin believing that gay is great, might not a lot of not-so-gay people want to try it. This is one of Cory's greatest fears. What, indeed, would happen if everyone were to start sucking more cock, fucking asses,

Well, maybe not quite that bad, but Cory has expressed serious doubt over whether being gay can ever be as good as being straight, possibly because Cory has perhaps had homosexual relationships that were less than satisfactory.

If that is so, then no wonder he views homosexuality as some form of undesirable handicap, like blindness or epilepsy; but let him clearly delineate the

BY BOB AMSEL

Women In Love may very well mark a new trend in dealing with homosexuality in major motion pictures. The queen is no longer to be seen. Nor is the leather number nor the weight-lifting fanatic. These may all be legitimate aspects of gay life, but they have become stereotyped from overuse. It would be different if an honest study were ever done on the drag and leather queen, but it's much easier to settle for superficial differences and freak-show aspects of a particular scene.

But with *Women In Love* dawns the depiction of a homosexual, or in this case a bisexual, as a human being. Yet, ironically, *Women In Love* should have been filmed thirty years ago. One would think we might have progressed since the early part of the century when D.H. Lawrence was searching for answers to sexual and psychological questions. But thanks to many years of strong Hollywood censorship, the motion picture industry in America is only now beginning to catch up to modern trends dealing with interpersonal relationships.

Today, many people shrug off D.H. Lawrence as an overly-romantic "closet queen," and perhaps these people are not far from the truth. His depictions of women, for example, have always been somewhat frightening. Even his most sympathetic woman, Ursula in *Women In Love* is overly possessive, extremely jealous, and smotheringly domestic. Ursula (Jennie Linden) said to be based on Lawrence's wife Frieda, is the mistress of Rupert Brikkin (Alan Bates) said to be based on Lawrence himself.

She is totally incapable of understanding or empathizing with his needs, and yet he looks upon her as the "eternal woman." She is the universal woman to him and satisfies all his heterosexual needs and desires. Needless to say, Rupert's love for Gerald Crich (Oliver Reed) is something else. It is to Rupert a "pure" love, "pure" because it is not a physical, sexual love, but rather an emotional bond. Ironically the nude wrestling match between Rupert and Gerald in the movie reeks with sensuality, but neither man is willing to carry the physical touching one step further. Frustration and "purity" were apparently synonymous to Lawrence. Had Gerald responded to Rupert's declaration of love, what then? D.H. Lawrence never progressed far enough to answer this question.

In 1970, we have come to realize that the ideal man-to-man relationship is about as nonexistent as the ideal man-to-woman relationship. Romantic notions of the past seem very lovely and very quaint, but we accept their shallowness. We know that men and women are flesh-and-blood creatures with the capacities to love and hate, to build and to destroy.

In *Women In Love*, Rupert's pining for Gerald and his declarations of love emerge as part of the most wholesome relationship depicted in the film. We are left with the impression that heterosexual love leads to either intolerance or disaster, while homosexual emotions are positive and necessary. A film such as *Boys In The Band* expresses the exact opposite viewpoint, and both are equally

"WOMEN IN LOVE"

D.H. Lawrence's Bisexual Blues



ridiculous. But Lawrence wrote *Women In Love* between 1913 and 1917; he can easily be forgiven. Mart Crowley wrote *Boys In The Band* in the late 1960's; he cannot be forgiven.

With D.H. Lawrence's perception and intelligence, it is highly doubtful that he would sugar-coat a man-man relationship if he were living and writing today. But it is futile to talk about what might have been or what could have been.

Women In Love must be viewed in the same way that one looks at a painting of another century. The environment that created the painting is different than the environment which influences the artist of today. If we did not relegate paintings to the schools that produced them, we would think of them as so much garbage and only consider valid the works of today's artists.

While I was watching *Women In Love*, a young lady behind me continually made rather obvious comments to her boyfriend through the duration of the film. During one rather ultra-romantic sex scene, she quipped loudly, "That's too much!" And yet, the scene was only a visual depiction of what Lawrence had written. Rupert was seen falling through space into Ursula's outstretched arms and although beautiful to watch, the young lady probably wanted more perspiration and less romantic symbolism. She was part of a 1970 audience and demanded everything to be 1970's style. It was sad that she could not accept the outpourings of another era and while doing so, distill the meat from the mush.

For *Women In Love* is indeed a meaty picture. Even if the Victorian Era exists no longer (although looking across most of this country, we can't be too sure), our forefathers were able to impart a great deal of wisdom. They were not always on the right track, but groping for answers, they often came pretty close. Lawrence's observations of people and their interactions were often distorted yet often sound. His attempts at illustrating the "liberated" woman is about as accurate today as it was in 1913. Gudrun's strength and self-determination leads to the destruction of Gerald who is unable to cope with the "new woman." And yet, Gudrun is a monster—casting her words like darts which pierce the heart and other organs. She is a liberated castrator and shows no pity for the man she destroys.

If my comments concerning *Women In Love* make it seem rather complicated, it is. The relationships between Gerald and Gudrun, Rupert and Ursula, and Gerald and Rupert may possibly help us to learn certain things about ourselves. We may laugh at Lawrence but tune into the amazing beauty and extravagant recreation of an era. We may understand the romantic moments for what they are without passing judgment. Or we may behold the naive, innocent beauty of love which only exists in an ideal form. However we view *Women In Love*, we will come away from the theatre with rich images to remember.

And finally, there is Rupert's closing revelation to his disbelieving wife of his need for another man—of his assurance that such a love can and does exist. We as homosexuals may realize that it took almost sixty years for this plea to be uttered unashamed on the wide screen and we are the first generation to see it. And hopefully, we will not be the last. ■

Hung, High And Horny:

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

BARFLY'S BAEDECKER



Photo by Pat Rocco

L.A.'s Pooltable Paradise

(Reviewed in this issue: *Arena*, *Por Favor*, *The Farm*, *Stampede*, *Lillian's*, *Jaguar*, *The Hub*, *Gallery Room*, in L.A.; *Golden Bull*, *The Hold*, *Friendship*, in Santa Monica. Referred to: *The Gallery Inn*, *San Fernando Valley*; *Harry's Back East*, *Good Table*, *Yukon*, *Candy Store*, *Stud*, *Together*, N.Y.—some reviewed in preceding issues. To complete your own in-depth guide, order back issue of GAY direct from Four Swords, P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Station, NYC 10011. Suggestions about bars and restaurants, for gay people of all persuasions, which you would like to see publicized for the general good, should be sent to John, c/o above address.)

After 150 years of bar-cruising in New York, you should be some kind of authority," groused an abstaining friend of mine recently, "but what about the guy or girl on vacation, finding him/herself in a new town with no time to lose and maybe just one of those inaccurate or obsolete little wallet-size guides in the hip pocket? Also no friends. You have more contacts than the entrails of a computer, it's easy for you." I wept a little, but not much, because I am trying to do something about the plight of a loner in a strange place, at least. Call me a bleeding-heart faggot. If you must...

I am presently away from home, I came without giving friends advance notice, and I, too, have found myself alone and wondering where I could find my own level. And I am managing fine, giving my bar rounds part of the credit. For one thing, if I hadn't gone out to a bar one night I wouldn't have run into a friend with whom I'd lost touch and would not have been invited into the loving circle at Casa del Tart at the top of Sunset Plaza Drive. Gay people must rely on coincidence and to a certain extent a grapevine—which is one reason we all need GAY and its L.A. counterpart, the ADVOCATE, so badly.

You can't find any bigger town than

Los Angeles, nor is there any place more likely to draw you on vacation this time of year. The weather is grand, come on out. So, assuming there are readers needing to know what's here, I have been a little more catholic in my bar investigations than I would if I were a private citizen. Of course, the reportage is bound to be a little subjective, but you can always draw a converse conclusion, can't you? If I say a place is lousy because everyone there has dimpled knees, and dimpled knees are your preference, well go there and get down on them.

For instance, I dig the *Arena*, groove on *Por Favor*, get a kick out of *The Farm*, love *Lillian's*, and loathe the *Stampede*—and I'll tell you why. Of the dozen or so places I have frequented, I have made out two or three times when I have wanted to. The other occasions I have been involved with friends or just "socializing" alone—equally valid reasons for being in a gay bar as far as I am concerned. Some of you nix a place unless you pompously sashay out with a trick, others of you maintain you never go in with expectations. So be it. Bars are many things to many people, like church. Probably the only consistently predictable motives among wandering gays are present at the baths, and that is more or less somebody else's beat, not mine.

The *Arena*, at 5574 Melrose, is a four-star bar. Formerly leather and "now in a period of transition," according to my groovy Casa del Tart host Fox from N.Y., Seattle, Chicago and other Metropolitan points north and east, it is the kind of place where you are cruised as you walk in, smiled at, talked to, and invited home from. The first night we dropped in—on a bar-hopping spree with GAY interpersed at heart—it was virtually empty, and my buddies were apologetic. "It's usually busier than this on a week night," I replied that it really didn't matter, because the ambience was there. Except for the super-butch numbers with

the pool syndrome and an uptight bartender displaying a big cock but very little else to indicate he might be human, there was a readily detectable atmosphere of relating.

There is still more authentic human verisimilitude in N.Y. than there is in Southern California. Nevertheless, you can encounter a Ph.D. with long hair and disreputable dungarees in the *Arena* and talk and laugh as intensely there as at *Harry's Back East*. And a muscle builder in a Nazi jacket can turn out to be charming. If you aren't circumcised. (When I get back to him and agree to go home on a night when he is not anticipating having to "work out tomorrow," I'll let you know just how charming. I may change my tune. However, I think you have to beware of negative generalizations about leather men, too, despite the tenor of my review of the *Stud-International Club*, in issue No. 5.)

For contrast to the *Arena*—and as a melodic way to begin an evening of counterpoint—I recommend you dine on Mexican food at the *Por Favor* on Santa Monica Boulevard just east of Robertson in West Hollywood. Incidentally, since there are so many bars located on the aforementioned boulevard, I'll refer to it as S.M. hereafter. Don't be confused by the initials. And the city itself will be known as Santa Monica.

The *Por Favor*, with a moderately-priced menu and such excellent food it is listed among the one hundred best places to dine in L.A., straight or gay, is awash with elegantly-dressed mature achievers and younger beauties who go there to work their way into the TV or Decorator's Row coteries for fun and profit or to find a job. Their counterparts can be found at the *Candy Store* or *Yukon* in N.Y. (see issue No. 4) with this difference: Locals of all degrees abound, it does not draw just out-of-towners as the C.S. does, and beauty is the rule rather than the exception. But you are likely to run into

someone you know "from home" at the *Por Favor*, if that reads as an endorsement rather than a put-off. Socializing among the well-traveled, the aspiring and the legitimately sophisticated, verbal ping-pong, animation and open lechery have to be your bag for you to enjoy the *Por Favor*. Also Mexican beer. Look glossy when you go there—as we former starlets always attempted to do at Schwab's or the Red Raven in the early days of filmdom—and you will be sought after. I was picked off by a real prize the second time I went in, after being cruised by him two entire evenings, and I've made lots of social contacts there. Having had only one trick out of the joint, though, I can't say he's typical, but he just might be, and that, they say, is an L.A. "drawback." Let me explain:

I am told it is fairly typical in L.A. to have someone exceptionally attractive take you home, be a reasonably warm and satisfying mate for the night, then hardly know you the next time he sees you. Now it can mean you need Tips (better-tasting, fresher-smelling, smaller bottles than Binaca), or that your Right Guard has gone off-duty. Or maybe you require lessons in technique or a general overhaul—or it can mean, as one L.A. friend contends, that in a big city where there is so much green grass some people want to graze only in new pastures. It did happen to me with my *Por Favor* trick, who hardly spoke two or three nights later at *The Farm*. Check the studs in the Elysian Fields of *The Farm* on a Sunday night, and you might understand the oversight.

The Farm is one of three bars on S.M., south side of the street, on the strip between LaCienega and La Brea, which have similar facades and are run, rumor has it, by the Syndicate. They are highly dissimilar in flavor, nevertheless. *The Farm* is the closest thing to Manhattan Unisexual bar (see review of *Together* in issue No. 5) I have seen out here, though predominantly gay. The girls don't seem to be dancing. What a lot of healthy animals! So much good-looking beef inside and out (there's a patio with gas-burning campfire, a regular feature in L.A. where everything is indoors-outdoors and sometimes looks like *The Song of the Loom* gone Hollywood) that you can excuse a trick for not wanting seconds on you. But how can one explain away his not speaking again at the *Stampede* down the road a piece?

The *Stampede* is the easternmost of the trio, just west of Fairfax, the other being *The Hub*, which has something of both places and comes out generally nondescript. After hours, meaning after 2:00 a.m., they charge two bucks minimum, and you exchange your tickets for fruit or vegetable juice, or coffee, and there are free doughnuts on trays here and there. Nothing else is free, certainly not the poseurs. These guys won't even lock eyes with themselves in the men's room mirror. Talk about uptight! It makes the *Stud* look like a holiday mixer given by the West Side Discussion Group. Now, I ask you, why hang around a bar at 3:30 a.m. drinking fruit juice if you aren't cruising, talking, or something? Even if you are hooked on pool? The only reason I can come-up with is that you are writing a column for GAY on bars, wishing to be fair, and making damned sure you are justified in giving the *Stampede* minus four stars and advising visitors to STAY AWAY. (Of course, I shall return out of a perverse

continued on page 17

GAY'S RELIGIOUS CONTEST

THE FAMOUS GENTLEMAN PICTURED HERE IS OBVIOUSLY "TURNED ON." IN ISSUE NO. 5 GAY ASKED ITS READERS TO SEND THEIR IMPRESSIONS OF WHAT HE IS "TURNED ON" ABOUT, AND PROMISED TO PRINT THE WINNING CAPTION. A

CONTEST OF THIS SORT GIVES GAY AN OPPORTUNITY TO RUN THE FAMOUS GENTLEMAN'S PICTURE MORE THAN ONCE SO THAT HIS FAME WILL SPREAD IN MARVELOUSLY STRANGE AND UNUSUAL WAYS.

GAY WISHES TO MAKE IT UTTERLY CLEAR THAT WE DO NOT CONDEMN THIS FAMOUS GENTLEMAN FOR LOOKING AT PICTURES OF COCKS. WE THINK IT'S WONDERFUL!

Winner: D.W., New York City.

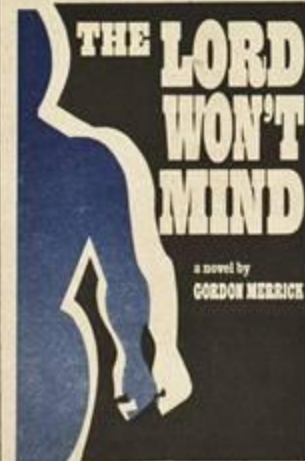


the lord won't mind: the reader won't care.

BY PETER OGREN
The Lord Won't Mind, by Gordon Merrick, 280 pp. New York: Bernard Geis Associates, \$5.95

his novel is about the love affair of two young men, both equally beautiful, handsomely endowed, highly intelligent, and of genteel if somewhat decadent Southern aristocratic stock. Charlie, the older of the two, is spending the summer with his rich grandmother, C.B., rather a Violet Venable type, whose interests and causes

are "perpetually cloaked in glamor." She has invited Peter, some distant relative, to spend the summer with them, and it's love at first sight. Charlie coyly seduces Peter and from then on they are inseparable, except for "playing it straight" at the country club, where Charlie gets involved in a degrading come-on by one of the local virgins. And all this is happening under the doting and apparently approving eye of Grandma C.B., who even sets them up in a small apartment together in New York (next to El Morocco, if you please). They pass many months in total bliss, until one day



C.B. reads the beads and makes Charlie throw Peter out.

A girl named Hattie gets into the act by hanging around a lot, cooking for

Charlie, and encouraging his theatrical ambitions. She finally gets Charlie to bed the night after Peter leaves, and it's so great that they get married the very next day. Peter supports himself by doing some discreet whoring, which means that instead of taking money, he sells the gifts. Charlie goes downhill all the way with Hattie in a rat race to make it big in the theatre, and for six months can hardly function without several large belts of booze. He ends up fired from a play that they are both working on. Hattie comes home to abuse him for being fired and drinking too much and for being "Such A Faggot", and in a frenzy of rage and hate chews up his cock drawing quite a bit of blood before Charlie can beat her off. After a quick mop up, Charlie rushes over to Peter for help. Peter has in the meantime been set up in a Park Avenue apartment with a fifty-thousand-dollar bank account (!) by Walter, an older gentleman who desires nothing from Peter in return save the occasional pleasure of his company. Peter also has another wonderful new lover, Tim, a well-set-up young lawyer (another bit of love at first sight). Charlie staggers in bleeding like a stuck pig, and after the doctor has fixed him up (nothing really serious, just give it a couple of weeks) they drive up to Connecticut for a few days, where they joyously rediscover each other (chastely to be sure). So with all that lovely money from approving Uncle Walter, they settle down on Park Avenue and live happily ever after. Cut to epilogue, a la Jane Austen, where twenty or thirty years later all three of them, Charlie, Peter, and Uncle Walter benignly clucking over them, are still as happy as

larks and successful to boot. The End.

The Lord Won't Mind is advertised as a unique gay novel, in that the boys end up happy together. However, this is really no longer unique; witness for example the reunion of the lovers in Baldwin's *Another Country* or more recently the final happy fadeout in *Hours*. Today the publishers of even the sleaziest paperbacks are getting away from the confession-mag complex of punishment for pleasure, and there are many small gay novels, some very well written, with happy endings. Even Jay Little in the fifties had a positive approach (*Maybe-Tomorrow*). It's true enough that there are no stereo typical queens, and all the straight women (except the colored maid who becomes a big singer) are either stupid, uptight, pretentious, or vicious, which might be exceptional enough in a gay novel any time. It might also be unique in the incredibility of the plot, which abounds in great strokes of good fortune gratuitously thrown about. Good fortune is highly prized, but if it were not all so contrived, this tale would be much easier to swallow.

The time of this novel is the early forties, and its style and outlook suggest that it was written then, too, with the exception of some highly explicit and excellently written sexual descriptions which seem to have been interpolated for present publication. If this book were as unique as it pretends to be, it might well have caused a sensation. But in spite of its positive outlook *The Lord Won't Mind*, weighted against the background of today's literary scene with so many good "happy" gay novels around, comes off corny, oddly dated, and saccharine.

BY EVERETT HENDERSON

When I asked Lord Sutch if he would mind appearing in the pages of GAY, he smiled and said, "Old boy, of course not. I've conquered so many worlds, I certainly don't mind toying with another."

Lord Sutch is an incredible daredevil. He is the fifth Earl of Harrow, Her Majesty's Ambassador, singer, song writer, politician, and fashion designer. Driven by his chauffeur-valet, Horace the Butler, in a Union Jack painted Silver Wraith Rolls Royce, he just completed a tour of the United States to promote his new album, *Lord Sutch and Heavy Friends* on the Cotillion label. I caught up with Sutch in the inner offices of Atlantic Records' president, Jerry Wexler. We had tea and Sutch filled me in on his spectacular life.

The twenty-three-year-old singing sensation initiated the current long hair craze in 1960. Because of his unique visual act he and his group became known as "Screaming Lord Sutch and the Savages." (Sutch's hair is eighteen inches long. How does that grab you?) Long hair, however, was not enough. His Lordship toured the provinces wearing buffalo horns and a leopard-skin made out of his auntie's old fur coat. He also wore size fourteen boots.

Sutch rapidly developed a distinctive style of entertainment which involved a great deal of screaming and earned him his nickname. His act provoked plenty of screaming from the audience as well. The act was sort of a Grand Congo of Rock. Sutch would "operate" on a colleague, plucking out a glistening red plastic heart and strings of entrails, and sing a song about Jack the Ripper, complete with realistic sound effects—rushing feet, heavy breathing, a piercing scream! The act was banned by a big chain of music halls and Sutch was fined for creating a breach of the peace.

This distinguished rock freak has also run for Parliament three times, first at Stratford-on-Avon, on the National Teen-age Party ticket, and twice in general elections against Harold Wilson, the Prime Minister of England. His campaign platform stressed the need for commercial radio, the lowering of the voting age to eighteen and the creation of a pop music college. Sutch lost all three times. Among his numerous awards is the "Golden Hairnet," presented in 1965 by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents. Other recipients of the coveted citation are Mick Jagger and Prince Charles.

In the days of pop pirate radio, Lord Sutch owned and operated his commercial station "Radio Sutch" off the coast of Essex in international waters. He sent out a three-times-a-day show



filled with pop records, saucy stories and readings. The shows were aimed at the young, and again the Lord pleaded for a reduction of tax on products used by teen-agers including records and motor scooters and for more public laboratories in all of England. The range of Sutch's radio equipment was so limited, however, that only the seagulls were within listening distance.

Sutch is joined on his new album by some rock heavies including Jimmy Paige (Led Zeppelin), Noel Redding (Jimi Hendrix Experience), Jeff Beck and Nicky Hopkins (Quicksilver Messenger Service). The album is a collection of heavy blues cuts. It is certainly not a beginner's rock album but one that you can grow into—wonderful if you're into dope.

And now that you can recognize Lord Sutch, the next time he comes to the States, say "Hello". He's a friendly, amusing lad and even if you can't make out with him, I'm sure he'll give you a lift in his Rolls.

have given the matter a great deal of thought and I don't really feel like a "nigger" at all. The fact that I'm not sure what a nigger is might have something to do with that. I believe the word is meant to mean a poor Black man, undereducated, poverty-stricken, up against insurmountable odds—a hopeless outcast. That's just a guess.



I bring up this whole matter because Paul Goodman has been printing *My Homosexuality Made Me A Nigger* all over the place. (I'm tempted to ask, "If I buy the yarn, will he make me one, too?") I first heard him say this back in 1965 at a Mattachine meeting, and saw it as of late in the *New York Review of Books* (March 26, 1970) and *GAY* (no. 9).

Like most slogans, this catchline is emotionally loaded, but gives no chance for intellectual investigation. What is a "nigger"? How does Goodman's homosexuality make him one? The closest thing to an answer is found in the *GAY* article. There Goodman enumerates what's wrong in his life.

Item: He got fired from three teaching jobs "because of my queer behavior or my right to claim it." (I think he means he messes around with students, something schools don't tolerate, even from heterosexuals.) On the other hand, his homosexuality "didn't disadvantage me" in his other teaching jobs in "more square institutions." The three that fired him were "highly liberal and progressive". Remember that, we'll mention it again.

Item: He was "desperately poor" until a few years ago, but, "I do not attribute this to being queer but to my pervasive ineptitude, truculence and bad luck." No gay problem here.

Item: In the 30's and 40's... I was excluded from the profitable literary circles dominated by the Marxists and ex-Marxists, because I was kind of an anarchist." No gay problem here, either.

Item: He doesn't make out too well, but, "I'm growing older every day, probably uglier, and certainly too tired to try."

Item: He doesn't make out as well at SDS or Resistance meetings as he does at other places. This, I suspect, is because most "organizations" people are basically Calvinistic, puritanical, and very hung-up. That might also explain why the only jobs he lost because of homosexuality were with "highly liberal" institutions. They too, would likely be run by puritans.

I would suggest that Paul Goodman's problems are not homosexual, or sexual at all. They seem to me to stem from other

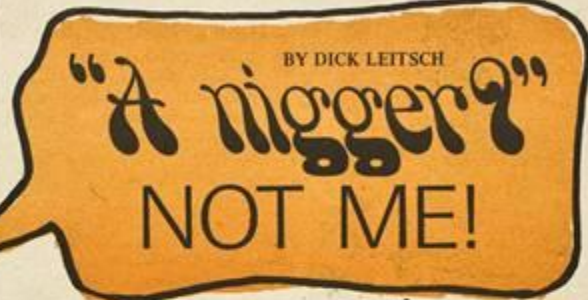
personality defects, the company he keeps, and possibly a hung-up religious attitude towards sex. "A happy property of sexual acts, and perhaps especially of homosexual acts, is that they are dirty." (Thank you, Mrs. Portnoy!)

I don't really mean to put Mr. Goodman down, but he is playing the game of blaming homosexuality unjustly, for all that he finds wrong. If he were a heterosexual "anarchist", with "pervasive ineptitude, truculence and bad luck," "growing older, probably uglier, and too tired to try", and with the same negative

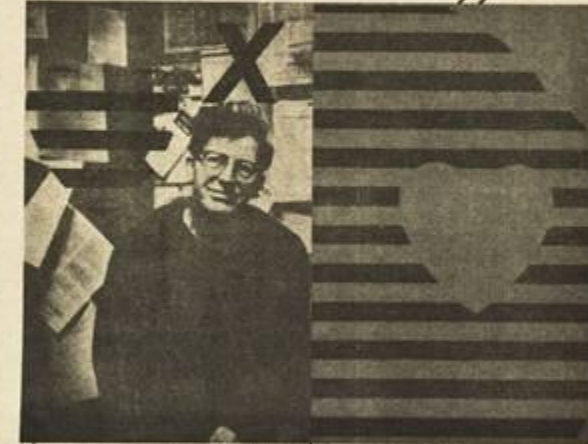
wouldn't force it on anyone else, but nobody's going to deny me my homosexuality.

I compare myself with my brother, who is straight. He graduated from high school and has one year of college. He's married to a nagging wife, has a bunch of kids, and has to work hard at a job he hates to support them. He can't change jobs because he can't get another that pays as well as this one. His interests are narrow, his horizons limited, and he's in a box for the rest of his life.

Conversely, I have unlimited freedom.



BY DICK LEITSCH
"A nigger?"
NOT ME!
win
15 november 1969 30¢ magazine
my homosexual needs
have made me a nigger...



attitude toward sex as "dirty", would he be a happy heterosexual? I doubt it.

I'm gay, and I resent Mr. Goodman's attempts to paint homosexuality as bleak, troublesome, and horrendous. He's saying, like *Boys In The Band*, that the wages of deviation is grief. That's a lot of crap. Just because some homosexuals can't pull themselves together and function as human beings doesn't mean that homosexuality is negative. Nor does it mean we're pitiable outcasts.

We need more Walt Whitmans and fewer Paul Goodmans. We need people to sing the praises of "manly love" loud enough to drown out the whimpers of the losers in the game of life.

Some of the sloganizers have come out with a timorous button saying "Gay Is Good". Down with it. I want a button saying "Gay is Glorious!". Some want to turn homosexuality into a cause, and paint us all as pitiful, downtrodden creatures. I don't want to be thought of that way. I stick by what I said in the *Village Voice* "Homosexuality is only 10% cause and 90% fun." Gay is the only way (how's that for a slogan?) for me. I

I can fool around, waste my time, and do my thing. I can trot off tomorrow to live in Port-Au-Prince or anywhere I choose, without having to worry about the family. I have an absolutely delightful lover whom I adore. If he nagged and bitched like my sister-in-law does, I'd pack his bag and put it out in the hall. Fortunately for me, he's an ideal mate. I'd compare our relationship to that of any straight couple and bet that we'd come out better than they.

He has an income, and I have an income. We put them together and live very well. If either of us wanted to quit work, change jobs, go into business for ourselves, or just take a vacation, we could, without worrying about the children starving (cat food is cheap).

When I was single, I never had to worry about emotional dames falling in love with me just because I screwed them. There was no "marry me, then you can screw me" business. Nobody had to worry about pills, diaphragms, or anything like that. I could take a trick home and see him for a month or a week, or I could just have a quick lay and say good night.

Sure, homosexuals have problems. Doesn't everybody? Some of our problems are not all that bad. The U.S. Civil Service won't give me a job. That's O.K. I wouldn't work for them anyway. The Army wouldn't take me, and called me "unfit for service". Great! I didn't get shot up in Korea, Vietnam, or whatever hellhole those crazy heterosexuals were fighting over that year.

When I first arrived in New York, the cops had closed all of the gay bars. We met in restaurants, on Central Park West, Christopher Street, etc. They raided baths. We had sex at home, in the parks, and elsewhere. Had they sent out enough cops to cover all possible places we could find to meet and have sex, the whole force would have been on the streets and Headquarters would have been deserted. Some imaginative queens would have started an orgy in the Commissioner's office.

I've never seen anything about homosexuality to get all guilty about. Maybe I'm too much of an egoist. I know that when the other boys my age started hankering to get into the pants of Sharon, the prettiest girl in the Fifth Grade, I hankered to get into their pants. It never occurred to me that I might be "different"; I thought they were peculiar and strange.

Sure, the priests and nuns told us that all sex was bad. They also said that stealing and drunkenness was sinful. Yet the nuns were constantly "borrowing" things they never returned, and our cousins in the priesthood got plenty drunk when they visited our house. I quickly reached the conclusion that what priests or nuns said was rather like what a politician or a salesman says. They have a "line" they must follow in their business, but they don't believe it anymore than I did. Perhaps they did believe what they said, but considered themselves exceptions. I'm an exception, too.

I admit to being intolerant of the snivelling attitude. "Oh, my god, I'm a homosexual. I'm an outcast, a nigger, a no-good."

"What's that Bid Daddy always say, Sister Woman?" "Big Daddy always says 'bullshit', Big Mama." "Well, that's what I say too. Bullshit!"

If your life is screwed up, it's probably for other reasons than that you're gay. Honest shrinks will tell you that nobody ever comes to them because he's unhappy with being gay. Most of them are unhappy because they can't cope with their homosexuality. The rest come for similar problems to the ones that drive heterosexuals to the couch—things like prudery, inferiority feelings, "ineptitude", etc.

One can be a healthy, happy, functioning, successful homosexual. If you're not, it's not because homosexuality made you a "nigger", it's because you can't cope. Josh Billings once said that "Life consists not in holding good cards but in playing those you do hold well." Very few people hold excellent cards, and there are no more points for holding the heterosexual cards than the homosexual ones. The only way you can make either of them count is to play them carefully and well.

CORRECTION: Due to an error in transcription, Dick Leitsch's column in *GAY* no. 10 made reference to the "Sanctuary." "Sanctuary" should have been "Salvation." The two establishments are not related. *GAY* sincerely regrets the error.

(Continued from Page 3)
resist being indoctrinated, and we should count that among our assets. We have to realize that our loving each other is a good thing, not an unfortunate thing, and that we have a lot to teach straights about sex, love, strength and resistance.

... Homosexuality is not a lot of things. It is not a makeshift in the absence of the opposite sex; it is not hatred or rejection of the opposite sex; it is not genetic; it is not the result of broken homes (except inasmuch as we could see the sham of American marriage). *Homosexuality is the capacity to love someone of the same sex.*

... We have to define for ourselves a new pluralistic, role-free social structure for ourselves. It must contain both the physical space and spiritual freedom for us to live alone, live together for a while, live together for a long time, either as couples or in larger numbers; and the ability to flow easily from one of these states to another as our needs change.

... Liberation for gay people is defining for ourselves how and with whom we live, instead of measuring our relationships by straight values...

Copies available from author, 171 Liberty St., San Francisco, 94110

BIRTH CONTROL POSTER FEATURES PREGNANT MALE

London, England — A new campaign in Britain to reduce the rapidly growing number of illegitimate births is being given a boost by the distribution of this poster. Dr. William Jones, director of the Health Education Council, hopes that copies of this poster, which adorns the walls of over 1,000 Family Planning Association clinics throughout the



Would you be more careful if it was you that got pregnant?

country, will minimize male irresponsibility. "Men must become more concerned about the girl who can all too often be left quite literally holding the baby," he said.

WOMEN'S LIBERATOR SAYS LESBIANISM IS VIABLE ALTERNATIVE

New York, N.Y. — Robin Morgan, prominent figure in the Women's Liberation movement, stated in a *New York Times* article (Feb. 4th) that "homosexuality may be one viable alternative" for women as an oppressed class. She contends that "the withering away of the institutions of marriage and family has already begun."

Miss Morgan said in another interview with *Newsweek* (March 23rd) that "a woman who doesn't mind any other insult... will dissolve in tears because someone calls her a dyke." Therefore, she indicated, the various women's liberation groups have started asking why women react that way, how that movement can welcome lesbians into their ranks as "their sisters," and have begun to consider the idea of lesbianism as a means to equality and to population control.

LUTHERANS CONFRONT HOMOSEXUAL ISSUE

Worcester, Mass. — A Lutheran pastor indicated on March 5th that the Lutheran Church of America will be asked to adopt a more liberal policy towards homosexuals.

The Rev. Charles B. Bergstrom of Worcester said the church probably would accept such a policy, along with other more liberal policies pertaining to sex, at its national biennial conference to be held in Minneapolis in June. Specifically, the Lutherans will take under consideration the position that they should avoid judging homosexuals, even though homosexuality is regarded as a deviation.

It is something to build part of a rewarding life around and enjoy to its fullest.

The *MEADVILLE TRIBUNE's* reporter noted that Kameny looked and sounded on the podium "more like an earnest insurance salesman or a Billy Graham style evangelist than the limp-wristed stereotype." Both Dr. Kameny and Miss Gittings took turns at exploding the myths surrounding the homosexual minority.

Many students donned "Gay is Good" buttons passed out by the speakers, and several requested information on the steadily growing number of gay organizations springing up on campuses across the country.

When asked about reactions among the students, Dr. Kameny said that as a rule they are received "very, very well, although there are always a few in the audience with pointed questions on 'naturalness' and the like."

Dr. Kameny, who also spoke in March at Howard University, the University of Toronto, and the George Washington University Law School, is planning lectures later this month at the University of Maryland and Cornell University.

GAY "POPE" STEPS UP CAMPAIGN

Los Angeles, Calif. — Calling himself Pope Morris I and calling March 1, "Lavender Sunday," Morris Kight of the L.A. Gay Liberation Front confronted more L.A. churches with demands for reparations.

About 30 GLF marchers were with him on the designated Lavender Sunday and they set out to picket three churches. The group told churchgoers as they left services, "Christ never condemned us," and "Love thy neighbor," and "The church is guilty of genocide." They also proclaimed "Gay is Good!"

Catholics at St. Basil cathedral didn't take the confrontation too well. They made rebuttals such as "You will all burn in hell, perverts," or "God hates you," or "You should all be killed." "Commie Faggot" came across too.

Members of Christ Unity were warm and receptive. "Wonderful!" one churchgoer said. Another said, "Christ is with you," and another said "Thank you!"

But most uptight was the First

Congregational Church, whose members went to police to ask their help in discouraging picketers. GLF and Pope Morris I decided it might be best to leave this congregation alone with their guilt, and called off the pickets.

When Marcus Overseth, editor of the *San Francisco Free Press*, tried to take a picture of that church, the minister had come out saying, "You can't take pictures of OUR church!" The minister added that "the police will take care of you," and took down Overseth's license plate number.

PICKETS DENOUNCE "BOYS IN THE BAND"

Hollywood, Calif. — When *The Boys in the Band* premiered at the plush National Theatre in Westwood last month, members of the Los Angeles Gay Liberation Front staged a picket. According to *Variety*, the signs were "lightweight to match the limp wrists," and bore such slogans as "They kiss on the screen, why not on the street?" "Come out and be free," and "Boys in the Band—Best Gay Movie of 1949." Morris Kight (see "Gay 'Pope'"),



THE CONTROVERSIAL AD

spokesman for the group, said that they were protesting an "unfair and antiquated image of the homosexual."

"Boys" is having its trouble with the Establishment as well. The newspaper ad ("Today is Harold's birthday—This is his present"), which appeared as a full page ad in the *New York Times*, was turned down by all major newspapers in Chicago, Boston, and San Francisco. It was also rejected by the *Los Angeles Times* and the *New York Daily News*.

(continued from page 6)

education here should be so fought and resisted. They aren't wide-spread enough, or thorough enough, or catholic enough. They certainly aren't geared to penis maintenance. And that's something which should be taught beginning with kindergarten, particularly when and if children show signs of parental negligence. Such negligence, physical or mental, means a lack of preparation for and pleasure in sexual intercourse in all its phases.

To return to my unfortunate friend and our abortive sexual encounter.

Thinking over what had transpired and knowing him as I do, I told him I thought his indisposition might have been N.S.U. (not the German automobile) Non-Specific Urethritis, which is an irritating infection of the lining of the penis, or urethra, which looks and feels very much like Gonorrhea. I've had it so often it's just an old friend. But I spent many hours of mental anguish worrying

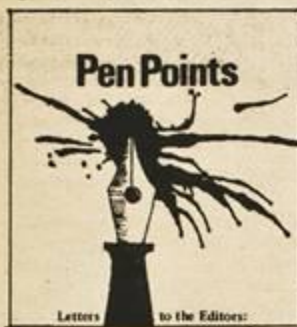
about it, thinking it was the Big G. It ruined a couple of affairs for me too, just as I think it may have ruined this one. I'd accused innocent people of having infected me with Big G, and shunned them like the plague. Well, one learns, with time—and experience.

Urethritis is very common. Knowing this helped my head a great deal. I compared notes with a friend who also has suffered from it. We are physically dissimilar but for this one tendency. That is, we are very susceptible to infections of that kind.

Briefly, urethritis or N.S.U. is any urinary infection other than a known venereal one. It can come about because of cold—by that I mean running around in severe winter weather with little protection of the genitals. Spicy foods can cause it. Or alcohol, or coffee. Or any combination of these things, particularly in excess. And rough handling can cause it too. Frequent, rough, or inexperienced masturbation can irritate the urethra,

and violent fucking can do the same whether heterosexual or homosexual. Or, to put it another way, a combination of any or all of the above can do it.

Because it's non-specific, there's no telling what actually may have contributed to that particular case or what may contribute to the next case of N.S.U. And it's worth mentioning here that sodomy can cause N.S.U. In sodomy tiny pieces of fecal matter (shit) may be driven up into the urethra by the act itself. Because of the general agitation and stimulation of the organ during fucking, they will not be noticed or felt, but if they remain, there is some likelihood they may cause infection. This is reason enough to encourage widespread use of the douche. (Or, U.O.D.) The same kind of infections—essentially dirt infections—can happen to one while fucking a cunt which has not been adequately cleaned. And again, these are not in the strictest sense venereal diseases; they just feel that way.



Pen Points

Letters to the Editors:

BAN "THE BOYS"

Dear GAY:
More than one critic has compared *The Boys in the Band* to *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* I found a closer resemblance to an old radio and television show. *The Boys in the Band* is to homosexuals what *Amos 'n' Andy* was to Negroes. And although the drawing, the "Holy Mack'el!" epithets, and the shuffling have been replaced by sibilant essses, bitchy "Oh-Mary-Don't-Ask" comments, and limp wrists, the overall condescending attitude towards a minority is more obvious than ever before. "Boys" is the heterosexuals' "homosexual movie" just as *Amos 'n' Andy* was the white man's "coon show". "Boys" is full of token characters, supposedly giving us *THE* cross-section of homosexuality, sort of a Gay Grand Hotel: Emory, Token Fairy; Bernard,

Token Negro; (homosexuality knows no race) Cowboy, Token Hustler (yes, Virginia, men can be bought for sex). Hank and Larry are both the Token Lovers and the Token Former-Straights, showing that married men with children, masculine, attractive, socially and economically secure can fall in love... with each other. Their's is probably the best relationship in the play, but instead of showing us at least one good side to gay life, author Crowley presents them almost always at each other's throats. Near the end they admit they love each other in each his own way, and both agree to try and reform. That's nice, but the audience is left with the impression that this kiss-and-make-up routine is a weekly, maybe even daily, thing. Moral: Even when two homosexuals are happy with each other, they are not really happy with each other. Michael the Token Gay-Who-Wishes-He-Was-Straight; he drinks himself into depressing states of bitter self-loathing and condemnation of his peers, in each of which he sees something of himself. He tries desperately to salvage anything in him that might be heterosexual by cruelly castrating the egos of others. Donald is the Token Gay-Accepting-His-Calling; he believes he was a product of his parents poor rearing and over-affection, and he steadily sees a psychiatrist with the hopes that he can undo or do what his parents did or didn't do. Donald, otherwise, is well-adjusted; he never resorts to bitching, and most important, he is Michael's Shoulder-To-Cry-On. Harold, for whom

the party is given, is the Token Woman, in the sense that age and ugliness are creeping up on him and he is terrified. Despite this, Harold comes across as Supercool, ice-like. Even as Michael taunts him with remarks that cut deep, blood never flows. Harold cuts deeper mentally, but more important, he towers emotionally. He is the one credit to the film. The entire audience, gay and straight, laughed with him, and not at him, the way they laugh at Emory. They might even admire him for his courage, his cunning, his survival instinct, much the same way they might admire an older woman who still remains stunning in every sense of the word. Harold might have saved this film, if the odds weren't stacked against him, but one thing is certain: What was in effect Michael's play has become Harold's picture. Alan is the Token Bewildered Straight. It is hinted that he is a latent homosexual, but after spending an evening with Michael's "freak show", he changes his mind and runs back to the arms of his Woman. And that is the basic message: "The only way to go... is Hetero!"
No one should compare this to the film version of "Virginia Woolf" which laid a milestone in the art of directing, and found more space and variation of movement in a single room than C.B. DeMille found on a mountainside. One can overlook the necessary contrivances that come with staging a play; what one cannot disregard, however, is misrepresentation.
In an off-Broadway theater *The Boys in the Band* was relatively harmless. In

this film version, it will reach masses, spreading lies and enforcing the heterosexual's misinterpretation of his gay brothers. When enough Blacks protested, *Amos 'n' Andy* was removed from the air. The National General Corporation, distributors of the film, know they have a blockbuster on their hands—"Queers are in this year!"—so it would be futile to try and stymie the movie. But at least it isn't necessary to give your \$3 support.
Sincerely,
George H.
REF: GAY NO. 5
Dear GAY:
Speaking of gay priests, I should like to present in GAY two other aspects of the case. The first would be that of two whom I know and who regularly attend baths and bars, incognito. The second would be I, who never hide my Rev. but have never had a satisfactory homosexual contact.
Please begin my subscription with no. 8. I have been so fortunate as to secure the first seven issues in San Francisco (no. 1) and Milwaukee (the other six).
Sincerely,
Father M.B.
Wisconsin
PLEASE SEND ALL CORRESPONDENCE, INQUIRIES, SUGGESTIONS, COMPLAINTS, AND PROPOSITIONS TO: LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, GAY, P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Sta., NYC, N.Y. 10011.

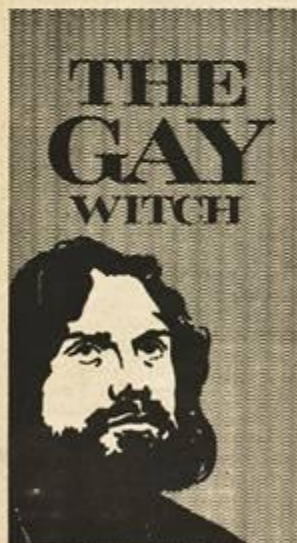
Troy Perry (continued from page 5)

saddened by promiscuity, as it tends to dilute the individual's capacity for self-esteem, but he lays the blame at the door of society.
This reporter's question vis-a-vis the above was, "Do you agree with my personal theory that being obliged to live a lie with family, friends and co-workers and society is responsible for the neurosis of homosexuals—rather than that homosexuality is a neurosis or leads ineluctably to neurosis? Isn't there something cockeyed about the commonly held theories about cause-and-effect in this area of human behavior?"
And Rev. Troy Perry answered, ardently: "I agree completely. The homosexual who is a neurotic is the homosexual whom society has conditioned to be a neurotic. They tell you on one hand you can't live with another gay. It's sinful. And then they'll turn right around, say, 'You know, that's the whole problem with homosexuals. They're jumping from bed to bed to bed.' And yet they are the ones who have conditioned the homosexuals to do that. The homosexual who is arrested in a public place has been put on that level by society. They've told him he can't go where other homosexuals hang out. I certainly feel there is something wrong with society when it does anything demeaning or restrictive to any minority group. When it calls a Negro 'boy' until he's thirty years old, and then calls him 'uncle.' He's never a man. It's the same thing as telling a little boy 'You're a

queer.' When he becomes about forty he's an 'auntie.' Or a 'faggot,' or a 'dirty old man.' Those people in our society who are neurotic are so as a result of the heterosexuals' planning."
His line socially is not incompatible with that of the Gay Activists Alliance, for one, and he declares himself in the pulpit as frankly as in private. That is revolutionary enough for the GLF. He does not mince words and is unafraid. When you hear the benediction ring out at the close of one of his services you feel positive and strong and determined to go forth to face the forthcoming week a little stronger than when you came in. That supposedly is the function of a worship service anywhere, but it seems to mean a lot more to people who have been in spiritual exile most of their lives.
You watch the motley congregation streaming down to take communion, which is administered by Perry and a duo of ministers. Flitty, butch, strong, fragile, dynamic, languid, shy, flamboyant, straight, gay. You think.
"The New Testament Church must have had a congregation like this. They were also misfits, defectors, the disenchanting, the erratic, dissenters. Also a few effete snob, maybe like Paul. The capitalist Christian, the Knight Militant, and the RC prelate who flies to Viet Nam to bless the troops came later. Early Christianity was communistic except for its spiritualism. Communism, except for its materialism, pure idealistic communism, is legalized Christianity..."
On sight, you feel most of the people who groove on the M.C.C. would not
(continued on page 20)



... I mean it's great, yeh, but you've got to be kidding, right? I mean congratulations - but come on, this is a goof, right?



THE GAY WITCH

BY DR. LEO LOUIS MARTELLO

Q. Why were witches associated with the devil?
A. As I explained on the TV show *HELLUVA TOWN*, hosted by Gene Rayburn, the association of witches with the devil came about because of the horned goat-god of the witches. (See cover of my book *THE WEIRD WAYS OF WITCHCRAFT*.) The Sabbatical Goat shown in symbols, drawings and images became the scapegoat of Christian fanatics. Witches didn't believe in Satan which is a Christian concept. The Old Religion was based on nature worship and identification with natural law. Having nothing to go on except their own theology, knowing nothing about

witchcraft, and accompanied by guilt-ridden overactive imaginations, witches became the sacrificial victims on the altar of Christian theology. Their goat-god was perverted into just another Christian devil.
The goat was associated with fertility rites and an abundant harvest. There were Oat, wheat, rye and corn goat-gods. When the last heap of corn was cut two horns were placed on top of it. Pan, Satyr and Silenus are all depicted as goat-gods. Fauns are half-goat and half-man. Dionysus, a tree god, was often depicted in goat-form (sometimes as a bull). Many pre-Christian religions either venerated the goat or sacrificed the goat in religious rituals.
Q. What do you think of the movie *Rosemary's Baby*?
A. While being interviewed on the Joe Franklin radio show my fellow guest, a lady spiritualist said *Rosemary's Baby* represents the dark side of Witchcraft. I said No, *Rosemary's Baby* represents the dark side of Christianity.
Q. How does one become a witch?
A. There are two kinds of witches, both valid. First are the hereditary witches, descendants of a long line of witches. Second there are voluntary witches who choose witchcraft as a way of life. The latter often have more power since they cannot take witchcraft for granted. They study, work and practice their philosophy every day. They come to the realization of, just who and what they are by their unusual personalities, psychic talents and life-styles. Being born to a witch means as much as being born to a Christian, Moslem or Jew. In terms of power it means nothing unless it is cultivated. Being born to a great artist, writer or musician doesn't mean that you too will inherit these talents. Just as there are degrees of ability in all fields so too is

this true in witchcraft. As for "becoming a witch" that's something difficult to answer because a witch is a person who knows he (or she) is a witch. There are no formal studies, no structured dogmas, no "official" theological seminary. Witches by nature are basically "loners" though there are many organizations and associations (outside of the countless covens) which are springing up throughout the world. Wanting to be a witch isn't enough (or a movie star or whatever). The question remains: Why do you want to be a witch? What does this mean to you? If you have it in you it will manifest itself. If not nothing will help. It is for this reason that public witches aren't too responsive to those who seek them out. They can usually and intuitively detect the underlying motives of the seeker even if unknown to the latter.
Q. Do you belong to a coven?
A. Yes. On the *HELLUVA TOWN* TV show with two of my beautiful colleagues, Karyl Shay and Witch Hazel, I performed an abbreviated witchcraft ritual paying homage to the four elements: Earth, Air, Fire and Water. We filmed this in Central Park. They are members of one coven. I have belonged to another closed coven here for fifteen years made up of Continental Witches (in contradistinction to English Witches and those who follow the late Dr. Gerald B. Gardner of the Isle of Man).
Q. Why do you call yourself a witch? Isn't the male witch called a warlock?
A. I often get this question which was answered in a past column. Warlock is technically and esoterically correct for a male witch. However, amongst ourselves we always refer to one another, male and female, as witches.
Q. Does psychic power have anything to do with sex?

A. Yes. Poltergeists (literally means "noisy ghosts" from German) are caused by the repressed sexuality of an adolescent. Cases where objects fly around rooms, glasses break, clocks fall off the walls, etc., are usually caused by the presence of a teen-ager. Young virgin boys or girls were often used as mediums to gaze into a crystal ball or a glass of water... the developing but unexpressed sexuality gave power and clear vision (clairvoyance). In my *Weird Ways Of Witchcraft* the last chapter is called "The Borderline Bisexuality of Many Mystics" and points out that many mystics, witches, shamans and psychics are bisexual in temperament, some are transvestites, and others of course homosexual. For a full understanding of the reasons read this chapter.
Q. Are you a black or a white witch?
A. This question is based on an assumption. Black is used as a synonym for bad, white as a synonym for good. Is fire good or bad? Is a Christian automatically black or white (good or bad)? The need to categorize and thus dehumanize people is at the core of this question. I use my witchcraft constructively but my concept of the "good" is not a stereotyped conventional one. Example: self-sacrifice is preached as a virtue. I consider it moral cannibalism. Selfishness, without qualification, is considered a vice. I consider honest and rational self-interest a virtue. (Look at the leeches who are always looking to be helped and don't lift a finger to help themselves!) My being labelled a "black" or "white" witch is thus determined by other people's private definitions and concepts.
Address all questions to: Dr. Leo Louis Martello, c/o GAY, Four Swords, P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011.



Make up your mind Myra! Are you meeting me at the YMCA or the YWCA?

POOLTABLE PARADISE

(continued from page 11)

determination, if not masochism, to prove even catatonics can be brought around. I'm sure they're already out, but they probably saw their shadow.)
Nearby, also on S.M. but on the north side of the street, is the notorious *Jaguar*. It has the requisite pool table, the looks are sidelong and not direct, but on Sunday afternoons it is the place to go. So crowded the bells drop down in the nucleus of the mob and you can get groped if not fucked during the course of one Bloody Mary! Except for Sundays, I wouldn't rate it more than two stars, but even the Bolshoi has its off nights.
Of the several restaurants which serve good-to-excellent food, the Guide Michelin would not be embarrassed to tout *Lillian's*. It's a small, unpretentious room on the west side of La Brea south of Sunset, and you can't miss the sign: black stick letters on white. You should telephone for reservations, as it's generally jammed, and open only Tuesday through Saturday, 5:30-9:30. Formerly run by a show business Auntie Mame who was struck down by a heterosexual drunk driver some years ago and forced to sell out, its present owners are carrying on in *Lillian's* noble tradition: offering a full-course dinner from homemade soup to homemade dessert at a ridiculously low price. Like \$2.50 average! Bring your own wine. Service is with a smile, and the smile is because everyone is happy. I introduced some celebrity friends (including SCREW's professional hetero Jim Buckley, who brought along a fraction of his floating harem), and while the L.A. genital females seem always a little

tentative about being surrounded by intra-competitive males-attractive and relaxed, though not exceptionally crusty at *Lillian's*—they usually come around to the conclusion that *Lillian's* is a "find." What better way toward full information than through the stomach?
The *Gallery Room*, at Crescent Heights and S.M., not to be confused with another popular gay bar, the *Gallery Inn* in the Valley, at lunch and from 8:00 to 11:00, attracts gay and straight celebrities, lots of show people from both coasts, and many beauties. It is managed by a well known singer turned restaurateur from N.Y. named Bill. You used to catch him singing with Houston at the old Seymour or waiting on you at the *Good Table* on Lexington Ave. in the early Twenties—the block, dum-dum, not the era. He'll remember you. And so, one fervently hopes, will the humpy bartenders! Go there, it's a must for widening your social circle as well as your eyes while dining out reasonably.
Santa Monica, as always, has a preponderance of better gay bars—though off-season they're not as lively, not as brimming over with attractive people as during the months when the surf pounds gloriously at State Beach, when the Canyon is alive with parties and weekend guests, and Crystal Beach still reverberates to "Hail, Marys!" The *Golden Bull* is as dependably pleasant as ever for dining and late drinking. *The Hold* is small, hospitable. *The Friendship* is lively, with a dance floor frequented by the most disparate couples this side of Amsterdam, and there is a nubile parrot owned by the jovial host which they are trying to teach to say "Fuck the green chicken." The host already knows how to say it.

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TO MR. DONALD BROOKS: Unfortunately for me I missed your ad when it appeared in SCREW. Would very much like to meet you. Please consider being my dinner guest in the near future. If you should so honor me call 201-482-4274 bet. 9am and 2pm. STEVE BRICE.

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(continued from page 17)

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