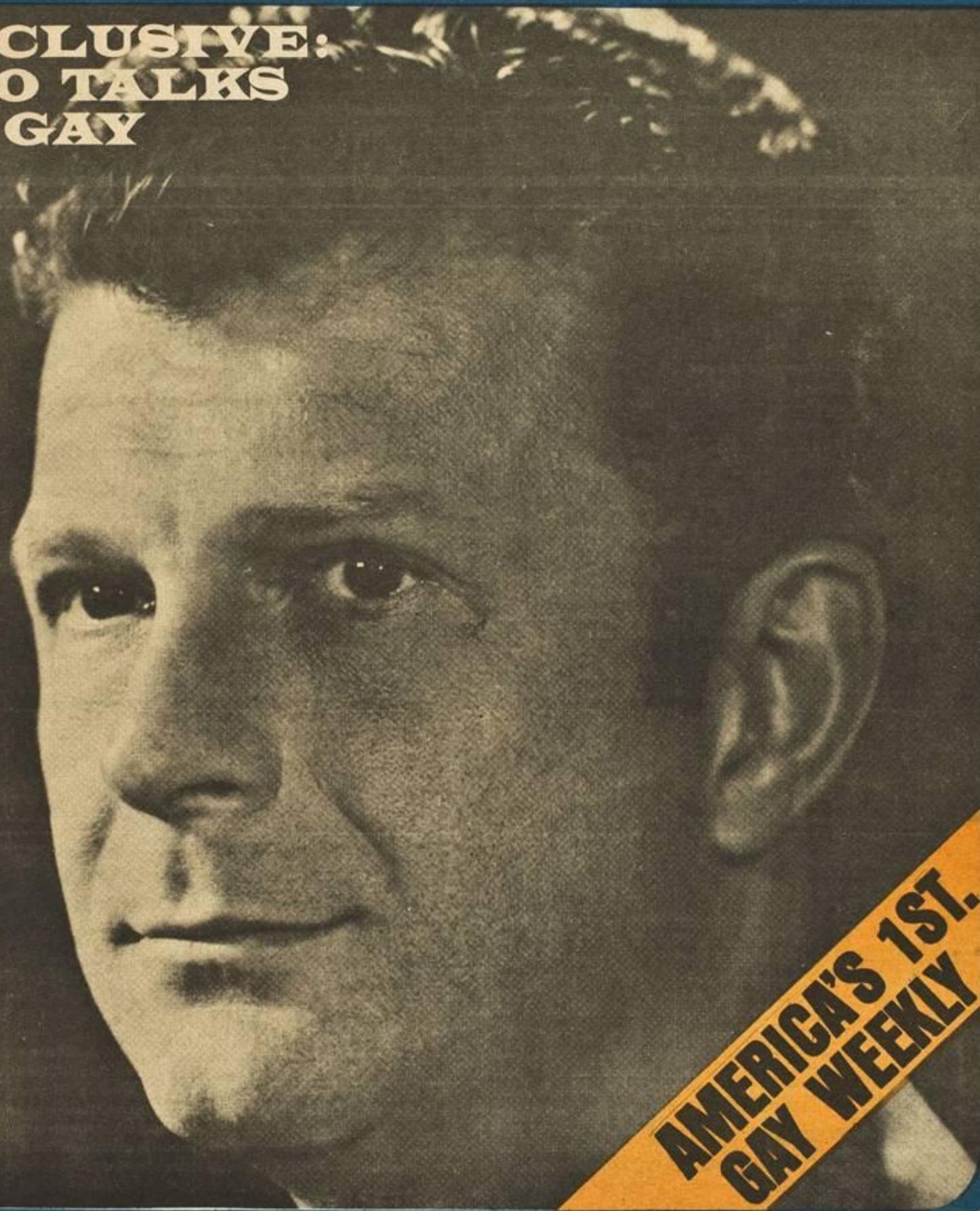


# GAY

40¢  
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NYC 75¢

NO.15

**EXCLUSIVE:  
RAO TALKS  
TO GAY**



**AMERICA'S 1ST.  
GAY WEEKLY**

**N.Y. NITE SPOTS P.10  
ROUGH TRADE ROCK P.11**

RAO TALKS TO GAY

# The Editors Speak:

## GAY'S COVER BOY

The rather square, naive face adorning GAY's cover this week belongs to Congressional-hopeful, Paul P. Rao. Rao's portrait is tacked on to countless street poles throughout Manhattan. He is a primary candidate for Congress from New York's 17th Congressional District, a post presently held by Edward I. Koch (see Congressman Koch's letter to the Editors of GAY in this week's news.)

Our attention was brought to Mr. Rao's unspectacular campaign when he attacked Congressman Koch (the first Congressman to stand up in open defense of homosexual civil liberties) for supporting homosexuals against police harassment. We wanted to know what sort of bird Rao might be, and so we asked GAY's news editor and advertising assistant to speak with him. They took along a tape recorder and the interview in this week's news column tells its own story: that Rao is definitely unsuited for the high post he covets. He may very well be perfect, however, for one of the three vocations he originally desired (priest, writer, or restaurant/nightclub owner) but to seat him in the Congress of the United States would be a dreadful mistake.

We wish Rao well after his defeat. Hopefully, he may open a restaurant or a nightclub. If so, we would suggest that homosexually-inclined people frequent his establishment so that it becomes well-integrated. We would like Rao to understand if another man makes a pass at him, he needn't feel so terribly uncomfortable. He should realize that his admirer need not be arrested for "a breach of the peace," or "disorderly conduct." Hopefully, he may even find an outlet for his frustrations which surpasses the technique (playing ball) he used in adolescence. Perhaps he can learn to play "balls" instead.

## KISS AND PLEASURE PLEAD "GUILTY"

The capitulation of *Kiss* and *Pleasure* to the Establishment's charge that they are guilty of obscenity is a disgrace to liberty lovers everywhere. Joel Fabrikant (publisher of *Kiss* and *Gay Power*) was fined \$3,000 and Marvin Grafton (publisher of *Pleasure*) was fined \$4,000. Paltry sums for paltry men.

SCREW, the first of the sex reviews, which gave rise to a whole new genre of tawdry imitators, refuses to plead guilty. Goldstein and Buckley (SCREW's publishers) believe that their paper has a perfect right to exist. They will spend many thousands of dollars to support their freedom to publish. We salute the publishers of SCREW. On the other hand, we would advise our readers to spread the word about *Kiss* and *Pleasure*. It is high time that they are known for the spiritless cowards that they are. We agree with SCREW's publisher who said, upon hearing of their capitulation: "They will doubtless jump on the bandwagon to shamelessly cash in on what we are fighting for at vast expense." The publishers of *Kiss* and *Pleasure*, by their act of cowardice, have put the liberties of all publishers, including those of this newspaper in great danger.

## CONGRESSMAN KOCH IS ON GUARD

Dick Leitsch's scholarly approach to politics has unearthed facts about Congressman Koch of which we (having lived in New York for only a year and a half) were previously unaware. Leitsch says that Koch owes the homosexual community reparation for wrongs committed during past years.

Koch's letter demanding an explanation from Police Commissioner Leary about the Snake Pit raid was a good starting point for such reparation. His letter to GAY in the current issue of this paper shows that he is continuing to show an active interest in the rights of homosexual citizens.

Although he may have been guilty of gross and almost unforgivable wrongs in the past, we cannot hold him responsible forever. And when his opponent, Rao, is such an obvious dolt, we must stand with Koch who is now opposing injustices that he previously condoned.

Dick Leitsch's column in next week's GAY will examine Koch's past record.



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## N.Y. STATE bill allows UNVERIFIED SEX COMPLAINTS

Albany, N.Y. — The New York State Assembly has passed and sent to the Senate a bill eliminating the need for corroborative testimony in sex crimes. In effect the bill allows that an individual

might accuse another of sexual abuse, and the testimony could be accepted without the further testimony of a doctor, for example, to indicate that any abuse actually took place.

The bill was vehemently opposed by groups such as the Legal Aid Society of New York, which insisted that resting a case solely on the testimony of the victim was prejudicial to the defendant.

"Charges of sexual abuse are easily made and very difficult to disprove," a Legal Aid Society memorandum said. "If there is no such additional evidence, there should be no conviction."

## "kiss" & "pleasure" plead guilty

New York, N.Y. — Joel Fabrikant, publisher of *Kiss*, and Marvin Grafton, publisher of *Pleasure*, pleaded guilty on separate indictments of creating, disseminating and distributing obscene literature. Fabrikant was fined \$3,000 and Grafton paid \$4,000. The distributing company handling the papers was acquitted.

Al Goldstein, editor of SCREW, who is contesting several similar charges, told GAY in a May Day interview: "They're gutless punks who don't even qualify as members of the human race. SCREW will fight and win because we have the right to exist. Our imitators' newspapers will be good only as confetti for our triumph. Like parasites throughout the ages, they will doubtless jump on the bandwagon to shamelessly cash in on what we are fighting for at vast expense."

## CONGRESSMAN KOCH: police RECOGNIZE ERROR

New York, N.Y. — The editors of GAY have received the following correspondence from Congressman Edward I. Koch, regarding his earlier charge that police were harassing homosexuals:

I am enclosing a copy of the response of John F. Walsh, First Deputy Commissioner to my letter of March 18.

Prior to receiving the letter, I spoke with Commissioner Walsh and he advised me that the police official responsible for the arrest of 167 patrons (the charges against each of whom were dismissed) has been transferred. What is significant is the re-affirmation that the policy of the Department announced by the Commissioner when first appointed, barring harassment and entrapment of homosexuals, continues in effect.

Although the letter does not contain an admission that a great error was made in arresting the patrons of the bar, it is clear from the tone of the letter that the Department recognizes that a mistake was made. Undoubtedly, there will be violations of civil liberties and civil rights committed from time to time by those whose job it is to protect those liberties and rights, and every citizen must be willing to speak out when that occurs. I intend to speak out whenever and wherever I can in attempting to redress wrongs.

Sincerely,  
Edward I. Koch

The text of Deputy Commissioner Walsh's letter follows:  
Dear Congressman Koch:

Your letter to the Police Commissioner, dated March 18, 1970, was referred to me for required attention.

(continued on page 20)



May 18, 1970, Volume 1, Number 15



GAY's News Editor Kay Tobin (left) and Advertising Assistant Marcia Blackman with Congressman Paul Rao (photo by Ken Gaul)

## PAUL RAO, CONGRESSIONAL HOPEFUL, TALKS TO GAY

New York — "These are not ordinary times and this is not an ordinary primary. I need your hand and your help." This reads the campaign slogan of Paul P. Rao Jr., primary candidate for Congress from New York's 17th Congressional District—a post now held by Edward I. Koch.

Mr. Rao came to the attention of GAY when he was quoted in a *Greenwich Village* newspaper, blasting his opponent for questioning police harassment of homosexual bars. Said Mr. Rao: "Mr. Koch should be scolded for screaming that the police are harassing homosexuals."

The incident in question involved 167 people who were arrested for "disorderly conduct" at the Snake Pit; the charges against all were later dropped—except for one unfortunate man who tried to flee and was impaled on a spike fence in front of the precinct; he is being charged, in his hospital bed, with "attempting to escape custody." [See GAY nos. 11 and 12]

Mr. Rao subsequently gave an interview to GAY, represented by Kay Tobin, Marcia Blackman and Ken Gaul, touching on the homosexual situation as well as other aspects of his campaign. The following is excerpted from that interview:

GAY: Besides being a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Congress, you're also a lawyer. Did you ever want to be anything besides a lawyer?

RAO: Well, I was also an assistant D.A. in Manhattan when I was 22—the youngest in the County's history. But, to answer your question, I had wanted to be a priest, a writer and I've always wanted to own a restaurant/nightclub.

GAY: What would you be happiest doing?

RAO: I would be the happiest person in the world if God is willing and I'm elected Congressman. I don't want to sound egotistical but I feel that I have capabilities and I would like to be able to realize them.

GAY: What do you think of the present state of "pornography" here in New York?

RAO: Well, I think it's wrong to have these stores on 42nd Street where a young kid can walk in and look at dirty pictures.

GAY: Most of those stores I've seen have a sign saying BE 21, OR BE GONE.

RAO: Yeah, but the kids still see these pictures from the street, and I think it's wrong to expose them to this so young, before they have a mature perspective about what sex is all about.

GAY: Did you ever look at pictures like those when you were a kid?

RAO: I went through that phase when I was 12 years old, but I had an outlet for my frustrations.

GAY: What sort of outlet did you have? Were you balling at 12?

RAO: No, I used to go to my parent's country home and play ball. I'd play basketball and get rid of all my frustration. But where in this city can these kids do that? They look at the pictures on 42nd Street and where can they go to relieve their frustrations? There's no place for them to play ball.

GAY: Well, maybe they just go home and masturbate. Didn't you ever do that when you were a kid?

RAO: NO! I NEVER DID THAT. I NEVER MASTURBATED.

GAY: There's an old saying that 95% of the people in the world masturbate at some time in their lives, and the other 5% are liars. Any comment?

(Silence)  
GAY: Moving right along, have you ever been accosted?

RAO: Oh, gosh, yes.  
GAY: By women?

RAO: Many times by homosexuals.

GAY: Well, have you ever been accosted by women? Did a woman ever come on to you at one of your political meetings?

RAO: Oh, women come on, of course. You know that.

GAY: They're not obnoxious?

RAO: No!

GAY: But a homosexual would be obnoxious?

RAO: Not obnoxious, no. That's a bad word. I think as a man I would feel more comfortable with a woman coming on than I would be with a man coming on.

GAY: Well, do you get bothered much by men on the street—I mean—

RAO: Have I been?

GAY: Yes, have you been bothered?

RAO: Yes... Homosexuals loiter in doorways, hang around street corners, and follow male pedestrians causing interference by over-active solicitation with obscene language and lewd gestures.

This many times results in a breach of the peace and endangers other members of society, to wit what I said here which is obvious, is that, it could lead to a breach of peace. When it does lead to the breach of the peace it becomes disorderly conduct. I stand on this statement because this statement is right!

GAY: In that case, if a woman is accosted on the street by a man going "Hey Baby I'd like to fuck you," he should really be arrested for solicitation.

RAO: See, honey, what you just did now was change the situation from male-male to male-female.

GAY: Is there a difference?

RAO: Of course there's a difference. A girl's walking down the street and a man is walking down the street and there's nobody on the street. What's the man going to do? He's going to talk to the girl if he can.

GAY: Are you Catholic?

RAO: Yes. But I live in a pluralistic society? I don't want to put my moral or theological or philosophical principles on anybody else's shoulders. And if I was in

(continued on page 20)

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

**H**aving gotten wind of the fact that *Una Sex*, erstwhile columnist for *SCREW*, had holed up (sic) somewhere between Carnegie Hall and the Americana (which is an enormous distance except geographically), the editors of *GAY* assigned a cub reporter to an interview. In order to acquaint *GAY* readers and refresh the memories of *SCREW* readers who have not heard from the choleric *Una* since Issue No. 51 when the last "Sex Advice for Failures" appeared, we are hereby reprinting two of the legendary letters and fabled replies. The full text of the *Una Sex* correspondence will soon appear under the title: *Una Sex Leads a Helping Hand, or, If You Must Jerk Off by Yourself, Go Ahead and Jump.*

A person who signed his name Duke, GM (for Genital Male), and ageless, wrote:

Dear *Una*,

Are you familiar with the words of Kraft-Ebing, which apply to your permissive advice... and the whole editorial policy... of the publication? I quote: "Episodes of moral decay always coincide with the progression of effeminacy, lewdness, and luxuriance of the nations. These phenomena can only be ascribed to the higher and more stringent demands which circumstances make upon the nervous system. Exaggerated tension of the nervous system stimulates sensuality, leads the individual as well as the masses to excesses, and undermine the very foundation of society." Shudder, *Una Sex* and your lascivious abettors, for the handwriting is on the wall!

And *Una Sex* answered:

Dear Duke,

As long as it isn't in the men's room at the Bloomingdale's stop on the BMT with my telephone number included I'm not shuddering. I am shivering a bit ecstatically, though. It seems to me these foundations of society which have supported war, suppression, and sexual deprivation so long should continue to be scrutinized as to their validity—as the beautiful youth of the late Sixties have been doing. I personally fell less nervous when I've had a good lay, so I don't quite get the drift of K-E's reasoning, whoever K-E is...

Are you getting enough nookie? The only people I take seriously are those who are getting plenty. Otherwise it's like discussing gourmet food with somebody leading a hunger strike. But do write us again, and tell your hyphenated friend to do the same—especially if K-E has any supports for such illogical words as "effeminacy," "lewdness," and "luxuriance" used negatively in context with "progression." I mean, isn't progress good? If we are "progressing" toward lewdness, then isn't that some kind of advance? Go home and jerk off, et cetera...

In a less hearty exchange, *Una* answered a distraught parent at Christmastime, who appealed:

Dear *Una*,

We wish to know what to do about Archie. He seems to have both a cock and a cunt. Does this make him a hermaphrodite? If so, is there any

operation that can be performed to take care of his condition without upsetting his personality? He seems so well-adjusted, being captain of the football team, singing a good clear alto in the church choir and enjoying popularity with both boys and girls at school. What shall we get him for Christmas?

And *Una* conscientiously replied:

Dear Friend,

Leave Archie alone and stop calling him names. There are innumerable operations that could be performed, but why tamper with what Nature and/or God hath wrought? Personality adjustment is what matters. Probably Archie is one of those admirable youths who can take care of himself, if you know what I mean. And one of these days he'll find a nice GM/GF (Genital Male and Genital Female) couple and settle down. Give him a mad maxi coat for Christmas to keep his treasures warm.

The above letters, which are quite representative of the *Una Sex* doctrine, plus *Una's* obvious pseudonym and well-known stance vis-a-vis the *One Sex* idea, make it clear that *Una* has some definite philosophy about sexual liberty and breaking down the barriers between the sexes, if not communications. Thus an interview seemed most timely as Women's Lib and Gay Lib groups debate the same issues. Here it is, a *GAY* exclusive:

**GAY:** Is *Una Sex* a man or a woman? Excuse me, but am I talking with a man or a woman? Since we are obliged to talk on the telephone there aren't any visual aids to help me determine to which I am speaking.

**UNA:** Is *Una Sex* a man or a woman? Well, yes and no. You sound young, duckie. Have they just recruited you from *Gay Power* or *Come Out*?

**GAY:** Ahem. In your column you classified people—or required they classify themselves when they wrote you for advice—as Genital Male or Genital Female, didn't you?

**UNA:** How clever of you to notice. It seemed important at the time. You have to start somewhere. Most people with hangups in our society can at least figure out whether they have a cock and balls or a pussy and tits. That's about all they really figure out for themselves, or are allowed to. The rest—masculine/feminine, male/female, manly/effeminate, dominant/passive—is figured out for them and imposed upon them by our culture. I also asked my correspondents to give me their age and their first names. Most of them could do that with fair accuracy. Unless their birth certificates were lost.

**GAY:** So what are you?

**UNA:** What a bore! Myself, if you must. Ourselves. *Una* generally used the "royal we" in the advice column. Not only because it is authoritative and also sounds so editorial, but also because we are so many things, you know. Some moments we feel yielding and penetrable and submissive, and so we think of that as feminine. It is conditioning to think so, of course. Women have until very recently accepted en masse their submissive, supportive and secondary roles. Sometimes we feel aggressive, and we think that is masculine, yet most aggressive GMs who go aggressing other GMs are really passive and wish to be rejected. The so-called dominant male stands back, however, and waits for

submissive GMs or GFs to come courtin', to serve his needs, don't you know; and sometimes that appears passive when it actually isn't. Dig?

**GAY:** Not really. Uh, you said we have to start somewhere. Well, where?

**UNA:** With the genitalia, duckie, though that is oversimplifying. The psyche, the sexuality—that's far more complex. It takes a cock to penetrate a cunt or an ass. Oh, I mean without

'didn't know the time of day.'

**GAY:** Yes.  
**UNA:** You didn't seem to react. It means he very nearly swooned for joy.

**GAY:** I got that.  
**UNA:** I am interested in joy, in touching, everybody touching and making love. I am opposed to sexual distinctions.

**GAY:** But how can we mark our rest rooms or segregate our gym classes or

## DON'T CALL ME MADAM!

### A Chat With The Fabulous *Una Sex*



extra-personal aids such as a dildo or a Coke bottle.

**GAY:** How about a fist?

**UNA:** Yes, you can fist-fuck. A lot of my readers were devoted to that. One of them wrote me about losing her wrist watch or something and not knowing what time of day it was. Or maybe it was the person who was getting fist-fucked who didn't know the time of day, I don't quite recall. That is a figure of speech,

arrange our application blanks in government and company files if we don't make—well—distinctions?

**UNA:** Exactly. Fuck all that. In the negative sense. I should stop using fuck in such a negative sense.

**GAY:** But what about our vital statistics? The census?

**UNA:** (yawning and sighing) Ask us something else. We will agree that for

purposes of organization, categorization, suppression and oppression it is useful to make distinctions. So, how about using GM and GF?

**GAY:** Isn't that the same thing as man and woman then?

**UNA:** Dear me, no. Pay attention. We who give advice, who are trying to help people lead more joyous (which means liberated and spontaneous) lives, need to know about individual equipment

and lots of WASPs do so much ball-scratching—

**GAY:** Excuse me, but you said 'he' back there.

**UNA:** He or she. They. It. Antecedent trouble is a result of this silly sexist, class-mad, simplistic society—

**GAY:** You're not being simplistic? Pardon me if I sound cheeky.

**UNA:** That's all right, duckie. No, I'm not being simplistic, just simple.

## ME MADAM!

### Fabulous *Una Sex*



in order to deal with the individual problem, but that's where it ends, don't you know? Solve the problem, that is, show the person how he is restricting himself and how he can liberate himself, and then it isn't very important to dwell on the equipment. Equipment doesn't indicate to a person whether he is a man or not, really. Obviously it doesn't, since so many doubt it and make others doubt it because they doubt it. And your Latins

There's a difference. It's all so simple. If we would just go Unisexual, we'd overcome male chauvinism, the conflicts-of-opposites crap, the harassment of minority groups, everything.

**GAY:** Ah! Unisexual. Just what is Unisexual? How does it differ from, say, Bisexual? Or Polysexual?

**UNA:** (groggily) We covered that in

our column. But, if you insist... Your Bi is one who is kidding himself/herself into thinking that balling a member of the opposite sex (Genitally speaking) keeps him from being Homosexual. This person prefers to be known as a Heterosexual, usually, and therefore has a hangup, a problem of identity—

**GAY:** Gender identity?

**UNA:** Of course. You're catching on. But gender isn't the same as Genital Sex.

**GAY:** It isn't?

**UNA:** You really aren't catching on. Are you straight?

**GAY:** I'm confused. I think a lot of people are confused these days about all this new talk.

**UNA:** They are confused, but it isn't the talk that confuses them. It's the action, or lack of it. But where was I?... Oh, Polysexual. The Polysexual has an inkling there are as many sexes as there are sexual responses and isn't so restricted in the variety of responses he/she finds himself/herself feeling. One moment he/she is dominant, the next passive, and he/she swings with it. This person is not concerned with being labeled Heterosexual or Homosexual.

**GAY:** Well, now, what is the difference between Polysexual and Unisexual, if I may ask?

**UNA:** You may, and I may answer, but you won't be satisfied. You do know the Greek roots, don't you? Poly—meaning many. Uni—meaning one, and all that?

**GAY:** Yes, but—

**UNA:** Your Unisexual is much the same as your Polysexual, despite the root, except that the Unisexual goes for an indistinguishable exterior look. Clothing, duckie. The Unisexual is looking for oneness in dress. Also in accommodations, et cetera. No discrimination because of Genital accident. The Unisexual calls the whole spectrum of physical desire Sex, admitting simply "I am sexual. My limitation/capacity is a genital disadvantage/advantage with which I am strapped/blessed at a given moment, but in my mind, gut, soul, yearning, I am all things to all people, sexually speaking."

**GAY:** Oh, I think you lost me.

**UNA:** That's because you're committed to and conditioned by prevailing social attitudes.

**GAY:** And medical maybe?

**UNA:** Medical, too. The medics have had the same conditioning you have.

**GAY:** But wouldn't it be absurd for a doctor to go into someone's insides, into someone's gut, to perform, say, a hysterectomy if he didn't predetermine whether the patient had a womb? I mean, isn't that carrying this business a little too far?

**UNA:** Plumbing doth not a house make. Heh heh. Look, I am talking about sexual attitudes about thinking and thought-fucking.

**GAY:** Not childbearing?

**UNA:** No. That is presently done exclusively by the GF, but we all know the GM isn't so important in the process any more. Read *Biological Time Bomb*. Even go back and read *Brave New World*. Catch up, boy.

**GAY:** How do you know I'm a boy?

**UNA:** What do you have between your legs?

**GAY:** A Coke bottle.

**UNA:** What!

**GAY:** I am holding the 'phone in one hand, writing with the other, and since I was drinking a Coke when I called you, I am clamping the coke between my legs.

**UNA:** Now you're getting bitchy.

**GAY:** Just joshing. Uh, but I'd like to go into the bitchy business, by the way. Isn't bitchiness usually associated with the—the, well, GF?

**UNA:** Talk about male chauvinism! Are you referring to sarcasm, stidness and maliciousness, perchance?

**GAY:** (awkward silence)

**UNA:** May I point out that the dictionary also defines a bitch (who would presumably possess the qualities of bitchiness) as one who is domineering? Therefore let me ask you this: Do you know any GMs you consider bitchy?

**GAY:** Yes.

**UNA:** IF THE STREAK IS IN THEM AS IT IS IN THE GENITAL FEMALES, THEN IT IS A GENITAL MALE TRAIT AS WELL, ISN'T IT?

**GAY:** (stammering, hemming and hawing)

**UNA:** You are stammering, hemming and hawing, aren't you? See? If it's—bitchiness—a GF trait, what is it doing in a GM?

**GAY:** Well...

**UNA:** Ah! There you are. There are cross-traits in us, aren't there? Impulses and attitudes and appetites that, when they surface to our distress, cause us to attribute them to another sex because we don't like the things that are giving us trouble. That is what chauvinism springs from. It's just the same as when one is tight with money, he is called "Jewish" or "Kikey." Or if he comes into a lot of money and spends it extravagantly he is called "Nigger Rich." If one runs counter to what society has decreed as desirable/normal/decent/proper/beneficial and in most cases bourgeois, then society labels him with what society thinks of as a pejorative, a put-down.

**GAY:** You said "bourgeois" with an intonation of distaste. Does that make you a—

**UNA:** A communist? See what I mean, Mr. Hunter? We are saying things which make you feel all squirmy, so you accuse us of having the attitudes or qualities of a person you don't like. Thus the sex business becomes political.

**GAY:** You said "bourgeois" with an intonation of distaste. Does that make you a—

**UNA:** A communist? See what I mean, Mr. Hunter? We are saying things which make you feel all squirmy, so you accuse us of having the attitudes or qualities of a person you don't like. Thus the sex business becomes political.

**GAY:** I'm very sorry. This was meant to be an interview about Unisex, actually. And what I really wanted was a definition of it from you, an expert. Could you oblige before my nickel runs out?

**UNA:** You're calling from a 'phone booth? Holding a Coke bottle between your legs in a 'phone booth? That sounds fetishist.

**GAY:** I'm calling from the offices of the publishers of *GAY*. They charge only a nickel for calls that qualify as company business.

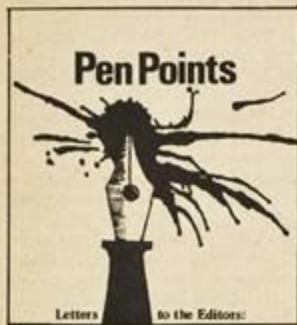
**UNA:** I see. Well, to define Unisex in one pithy sentence ain't easy. The definition I like best myself is one submitted by a reader, named Claude. I think, who said, "UNISEX IS A FOOTBALL UNIFORM WITH RUFFLES." To which I'd like to add, "And a detachable codpiece. Also a snood to gather up the long hair. Plus a reticule or compact." Of course, when the Age of Unisex comes there won't be any more football. No one will need to take out sexual aggressions in a brutal game like football. Everyone will be too engrossed in a gentle game of touch. Good-bye now. I have to go douche...

**GAY:** Thank you, Miss—uh—*Una Sex*.

**UNA:** How would you address Jackie Curtis?

**GAY:** Who?

**UNA:** Forget it. Call again sometime.



PenPoints

Letters to the Editors:

BRAVOS FROM BOSTON

Dear GAY: At last a together gay newspaper! I'm really impressed. It's about time homosexuals came out with a new model. By that I mean a new breed of gay guys seem to be infiltrating the gay scene, and about time. Homosexuals have really got to smarten up and develop some new attitudes and personal looks. This squeaky clean, respectable facade has got to go. It's a dead giveaway. Why should a gay guy look different from a straight guy? He shouldn't. But for some reason gay guys stand out and are noticed unfavorably. I swear some must go to school and take courses on how to walk, talk, and do a decent Bette Davis imitation. I really dig your newspaper and your "together" writers. It's good to smell some fresh air in a very stale gay world.

Sincerely, E.S. Boston

GAY IN THE ACADEMIC GROOVE

Dear GAY: At last GAY is available in the campus area at Ohio State University. We have had several "gay" plays performed in one of our experimental lab theatres last quarter. In my classes I have had good response when dealing with homosexuality a la Paul Goodman. I teach Philosophy of Education and often have to deal with the sexuality attitudes on the education scene. Last year at Yale

I was involved in Steve Wolf's seminar on homosexuality and found a way to deal with it on the college level without turning off the students and the faculty. I will bring GAY into the classroom shortly. Your paper is worthy of a place there. Thanks for the quality you have given to it. I am very proud of you. Keep up the good work.

Warmest regards, Joe M. Columbus, Ohio

A PRIEST ON REAL MORALITY

Dear GAY: Angelo d'Arcangelo reviewed two pamphlets by an unspecified Christian denomination in his article "Teen Challenge: Unbuckle the Bible's Belt" (GAY No. 6). The pamphlets present a familiar but harsh interpretation of the Bible that leaves some important questions unanswered. I am preaching from no particular platform, but as a Catholic priest I would appreciate some space given to another view of scripture and the meaning of morality.

Although the pamphlets are not lengthy, their quotations from scripture, taken out of context, can be used as ammunition to attack the homosexual, instead of discovering the fuller impact of the entire Bible.

Labels are one reason why some people attack others. The word "homosexual" is a label, and so is "heterosexual." But heterosexual seems to have a fashionable connotation (cf. Readers Digest, 24 Steps to Connubial Bliss), whereas homosexual equals evil equals a problem. The pamphlet prescribes a cure: "You must learn to hate, despise, crucify, and mortify your flesh... and honestly say, 'My body, my flesh, is worthless, worm-eaten, and full of decay and death!'" If one's flesh is 'full of decay' and 'worthless,' then where did the decay come from? According to the Bible, God creates the visible and invisible. Worthless flesh is tangible; God must be the creator of tangible decay.

Christianity has never given blanket endorsement to the notion of a God as the creator of evil—but some of God's popularizers are not quite ready to let go.

What the gospel upholds is the dignity and worth of man, that he can't be bought or sold, and that man is like God in that element called free will: he may or may not choose to love or murder or kidnap or adopt an orphan. His free will sets the stage for a good or evil act; yet his body remains intrinsically good and reflects the image of the creator.

The adult-morality package ("men don't love men") vitiates what is a good experience in a boy's coming of age. I have heard boys painfully tell me they're homosexuals, and the grief they carry is hard to dismiss. I often wonder who got in there early, and warped the boy's mind, making him see evil for his good intentions. A high-school student applied to a monastery; he wanted to make it his life. At his interview he answered, Yes, he was attracted to men; the interview ended there with a recommendation to see a psychiatrist. The boy was surprised when the psychiatrist brought up the matter of homosexuality; the boy's intentions had been misread. He was attracted to a community of men with the intention of serving God. Both pamphlets, "Gay" (not the paper) and "Hope for Homosexuals," give teen-agers the same kind of wrong advice. The teen-ager brands himself a homosexual; God's popularizers give the boy three strikes and he's out. A teen-ager confesses himself to be an active heterosexual and he is told, "Don't worry, keep trying to do your best; the experience is part of growing up and learning the real values of friendship." The sudden change of moral posture is unfair, and it smacks of hocus-pocus. It's not poetry to say religion is supposed to be a straightforward ministry bringing light into darkness. It means "we use no hocus-pocus, no clever tricks, no dishonest manipulation of the Word of God." (II Cor. 4)

Sincerely yours, Father Donald Brice, St. Jane Frances De Chantal Rectory, Bethesda, Md.

TO SNIP OR NOT TO SNIP?

Dear GAY: I wish to offer a suggestion. I have recently become interested in the matter of circumcision. I think it would be

interesting to have an article on the pros and cons of this matter. I understand that some doctors are now recommending that this operation not be done as routinely as it has been in the past.

I wonder if there are any statistics on the number of men who are not circumcised, and if there is any list of well-known personalities that states whether they are or are not circumcised. Some of the ones in particular I was wondering about are Joe Namath, Tom Jones, and Johnny Carson.

Sincerely, E.H. Arkansas

Ed. Note: GAY appreciates your intellectual curiosity, and we are planning such an article for a future issue. In regard to your "list," we know of no one who has ventured such an undertaking, but then most celebrities do keep curtains on their private lives. P.O.

Dear GAY:

First my congratulations on the excellence of GAY! As a graphic designer, I am particularly pleased to see the quality of your layouts (and lays).

Having just moved from New York to Boston, I must admit that your presence, and that of NY's finely developed gay community, is sorely missed. Is it possible for you to find a distributor for the Boston area? The "L.A. Advocate" is the only homosexual news around. Or do your nudes put you in an untenable position, i.e. "banned in Boston"? I'm sure, however, that there's a market for you here. The Student Homophile League of Boston numbers roughly 100 and I only point to them as they are the main "organized" body in the area.

For peace and gaiety, George D. Cambridge, Mass.

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.

"Three operators of an antiwar coffeehouse that catered to soldiers were each sentenced to six years of prison today after their conviction yesterday on charges of operating a public nuisance. The coffeehouse was fined \$10,000. State Circuit Judge E. Agnew said after imposing sentence that even though the men were convicted of a common misdemeanor he could not overlook the influence the defendants could have over so many young people."

Clearly these people were tried for their political beliefs and for their ability to communicate those beliefs to other people, and the Judge knows it. He virtually admitted his desire to impose censorship, which is something Perreault didn't do, when he remarked:

"I have great fear for what is in store for this country. I wonder where we are headed, what the future holds for our own children. I certainly hope they will not come under the influence of people who went to the [coffeehouse]."

And the Judge has seen to it that they won't.

THE LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK



My houseboy needed \$10.00 which I didn't have so I explained how he could go out to Third Avenue and hustle—which he did. I made the mistake of telling the story to some of my "friends" and in particular to a man and woman who had the nerve to suggest that, in the future, I send him over to see them and they would gladly give him \$10.00. In fact, one "friend" who works for Life suggested that, since he was a good "friend," perhaps my houseboy would visit him for \$9.00!

People just don't understand. I'm not running a service, only trying to get my house cleaned and the laundry done. One "friend" commented "...no wonder your place is always a wreck."

I have just been to Iowa and while I was there I clipped a recipe for corn

bread from the Des Moines Register. I also gave a lecture at the University of Iowa where they very kindly took me to dinner. Imagine, dinner in Iowa. In the first place dinner was at 6 p.m. The sun was shining brightly as we walked into the El something-or-other Restaurant which was stuck out there in the plains. They had candlelight (in broad daylight) and I had the Mississippi River Catfish, which tasted like mashed potatoes. Nobody else ordered the catfish, but somebody asked me if I had ever seen the Mississippi. Only from an airplane.

I also had one and a half bottles of wine. Why don't people stop me when they see I'm getting drunk before a lecture? I wish, just once, that I could give a sober performance. Perhaps then I wouldn't be so serious. There's nothing that sobers you up better than booze.

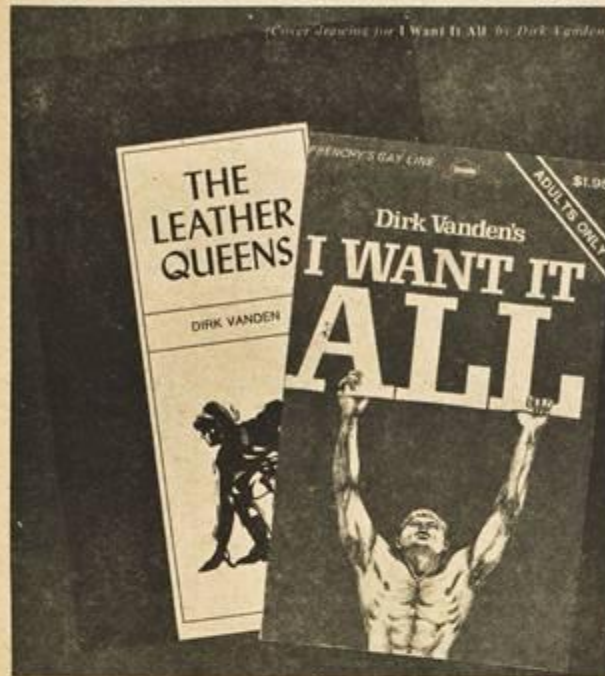
Last night I was on a panel discussion at Columbia University. Times change.

The last time I was there they accused me of being an "outside agitator" and practically arrested me. This time I was, in effect, an inside agitator and they paid me. They had a little poster in the lobby that announced the panel: Les Levine, famous artist; John Perreault, famous poet, streetworker and Village Voice art critic and, at the bottom, scribbled in orange crayon, Gregory Battcock, nobody.

Perreault, as usual, talked about himself and what he was up to. It seems he's participating in a little theatre event at Max's Kansas City and you know the Flavin sculpture in the back room?—the arrangement of tubes of red neon lights? Well, Perreault thinks it's ugly and is going to unplug it. That's not art, I said, that's censorship.

There's all kinds of censorship. Take this, for example, from the New York Times:

SODOM AND TOMORROW



The Future of Gay Erotica

BY TIM MARLOWE

An Interview with Dirk Vandens

GAY: Dirk Vandens, what is it you do that might be of interest to GAY readers?

VANDENS: I write what my publishers used to call rather contemptuously *fag hots*, homosexual "dirty books." In the last three years I've published six. Four have been from the publishers of *Song of the Loom*, in San Diego, and were called *Who Killed Queen Tom?* (which I wanted to title *Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son*), *The Leather Queens*, *Leather*, and *Twin Orbs*. My latest are in "Frenchy's Gay Line" out of San Francisco: *I Want It All* and *All or Nothing*. They're all suck-and-fuck books, but *Twin Orbs* is gay science fiction.

GAY: That's a lot of novels for three years. How long does it take you to write one?

VANDENS: About 8 hours a day, 6 weeks on the average from first outline to final form. However characterization—the reaction of people to what's happening to them—takes longer than just stringing sex scenes together or any other formula. I tried gay science fiction in *Twin Orbs*—a cutesy-po title the publishers gave *Exiles in Paradise*—and with *I Want It All* and *All or Nothing* I'm on a new series.

GAY: Do the publishers know what they want besides obviously gay titles?

VANDENS: Yes, they'd like me to write faster, not worrying about quality, and turn out more. The first book, *Tom, Tom* I intended to be a gay novel, but not really a pornographic one. It climaxed with a very "hot" ending, but the publishers thought a lot of it was "to

literary," so they scrapped a third of the book and inserted some paragraphs to repair the breaks. They really screwed it up and I was sickened with the result. They said they were taking out the characterization and putting in more action, though I think that action is only interesting when it takes place between people you have time to know and get to empathize with. Actually I have written 7 novels because after *Tom, Tom* went through surgery and came out as *Who Killed Queen Tom* I decided to give Greenleaf an extremely dirty book. I wrote a lulu and sent it to them, but they were shocked and rejected it as too dirty—and lacking characterization!

GAY: Well, I'd say that *I Want It All*, for instance, has a jackoff in every chapter—maybe two, if one is a slow reader. You will admit your books are often read one-handed.

VANDENS: Oh, Sure. But in *I Want It All* you get fascinated with what the main character and his friend are, as well as with what they do. I did. That's why I'm doing a series, to find out more of what happens to them. So far it's bloody exciting.

GAY: Anything autobiographical in that? You live in San Francisco now.

VANDENS: Yes, but I wrote that long before I thought of moving here myself. Remember, I'm not the character, I'm the author, and like Pirandello (forgive the lack of modesty) characters are in search of me as a writer. I'm a serious writer. I get involved with my characters and I just can't push them through insignificant sex scenes. But there's a current fad for books compiled of sex scenes like that, which makes it tougher for the "serious"

writer to get published. Publishers are not interested much in the writer who gets down to the nitty-gritty about the genesis and the ramifications of being gay. They can peddle "just one sex scene after another." In the standard gay book, for example, the character starts out straight, is seduced by a homosexual, and the sex scenes follow thick and fast.

GAY: Is there anything self-hating about homosexuals evidenced by the fact that the hero conventionally starts out "straight"?

VANDENS: No, it's just a more exciting fantasy to take someone not involved in the gay scene and lead them into it.

GAY: Isn't this exactly what the "Silent Majority" is worried about: that innocent, ordinary people are going to pick up a "fag hot," or a piece of pornography, or GAY, and turn gay overnight?

VANDENS: Yes, quite possibly that is what they are worried about. But it's a lot of crap. If people are that worried about it, it won't matter if they find a particular book, or any book at all. My books don't threaten or hurt anyone. They may offend some, but they won't poison anybody. Anyone who doesn't want to read one just won't.

GAY: Would you say then that your books either make the "straights" self-satisfied, the gays happy with being gay, give the curious something to learn and the knowledgeable something to do?

VANDENS: Yes, but my characters not only have sex, they learn to explore and discover themselves. The baddies are put down. The good that is in the hero (as well as the hero himself) truly comes out. These are moral books; instructive books. Sometimes I have used a hell of a lot of imagination, but basically these are very practical books, and not only because masturbation is often a very practical thing. It's also practical for people to understand themselves and the society they live in. In *Twin Orbs* (originally *Exiles in Paradise*, as I said), I took my characters right out of this society—but as science fiction often does, to comment upon it, to explore and weigh it. The novel began after our Second Civil War, and I assumed that gay people (along with hippies and other "social deviates," as they had come to be judged) had been put into concentration camps, so that they would not "contaminate" the New Order. The gay boys were then blasted off to another planet. I was interested in whether, in a situation like that, they would stay gay, how they would react, etc. What happens to "gay culture" removed from all the pressures of our society? It was great fun to write. It's my favorite of all my books. But what publisher is going to pay me to tackle philosophical and sociological problems like that in truly imaginative, hard-to-write, top quality books with serious intent and careful construction? He'd find it easier and cheaper to grind out three unimportant, dirty books—three back-off, jack-off books.

GAY: What is your idea of gay life in general?

VANDENS: I once almost wrote a master's thesis at the University of California at Berkeley to answer that. But gay life as it exists right now, I think, is in some ways a very unfortunate thing. A great part of the problem lies in the Judaic-Christian ethic that has produced a lot of self-hatred among gays, many of whom don't think they have a right to be happy. I thought that myself for a while, through two straight marriages and a number of gay affairs. My heroes come to an understanding and appreciation of themselves and some rapprochement with society. In the science fiction, for example, they found their "salvation," shall I say, after they were exiled from this world of ours. But gay people have to be happy right here and now. There are ways of doing it, and they do not include retreating into an exclusively gay society or "subculture." We have a "subculture" of hippies or communes and so on, but gays have no barter and trade system of their own and have to live and work with the rest of society. Those who fight this are self-destructive. There are many ways of being gay. Some of them are self-destructive. But it doesn't have to be that way for gays, even right here and right now. Too many people think of themselves, or of gays in general, as "Oscar Wilde," foppish, effeminate, swishing, dishing faggots (a word some gays use to insult themselves). A recent article in *Esquire*, I think, said this sort of homosexual (with "two adorable poodles" yet) is just on the way OUT. Today a person can be a homosexual and not conform to that destructive image. He can regard himself as a man, operate in the "normal" world and demand and get respect. The stereotype is vanishing. Younger people are refusing to play Oscar Wilde and live in "smart" apartments with lavender pillows and shaggy white rugs. And homosexuality may soon be legalized—it's legal already in Connecticut and Illinois. When that happens widely it will be revolutionized.

GAY: The way pornography was revolutionized in Denmark recently?

VANDENS: Exactly. When it is no longer illegal, I suspect that at least a third of the people who are now "gay" will go out and find another way of expressing what to them are simply anti-social feelings.

GAY: So you look forward to a smaller reading public?

VANDENS: Maybe. But a truly gay one. And by then I'll be writing something "more serious."

GAY: But still gay literature?

VANDENS: Well, I hate to categorize myself as simply "a gay writer." I think that's too confining—as confining as thinking of oneself as simply "a gay person" and nothing else, hanging around only with gay people. That's too limiting. There's more to a person's life than being gay—just as there is more to my books than sex scenes. My characters are homosexual human beings, as human as they are homosexual. My books are about life, and sex as a part of life, and homosexual sex as a legitimate part of that, a variety of sexual experience. Some people say they are "dirty." I'd say they are diverse more than they are perverse. I think they are as stimulating as any hard-core pornography—they may be that too, to many—and each one is serious and original. Oh, I had to sit down and create my own *Roger's Thesaurus* just to get enough original synonyms for "fuck" and "suck." But I found later that "elegant variation" tends to get plain funny, not sexy, away from reality, like bad pornography. In writing *I Want It All* I didn't look at my list of "dirty words." I used the common words, because I was writing an exciting book, and calling a cock a "named prostuberance" isn't

(continued on page 17)

BY DICK LEITSCH

Did you know that of the fifty to seventy-five arrests for "consensual sodomy," "public lewdness," and "soliciting for homosexual acts" made in the subway toilets each week, almost all of them are made through illegal or semi-legal means, and the vast majority are made by three TA cops in a half-dozen particular tearrooms? For that matter, when you're standing on the platform of the IRT and a pair of sexy eyes flash at you from a handsome face and a sweet-looking pair of bums twitches invitingly into the toilet door, do you think of cops at all?

Mattachine does, and I do, because hardly a day goes by that several people don't call us for a lawyer or legal advice to bail them out of a tearroom arrest. We've talked and fought with the Transit cops (a private police force of the Transit Authority, and not part of the New York City Police Department) about the methods of making the arrests, and we talk with dozens of tearroom queens about the action in these.

The cops tell us that homosexuals use the toilets for wild sex scenes, and they (the cops) have to use all available means (even if they aren't quite proper or legal) to stop the action. The old clincher is always: "Suppose you had a son. Would you want him to walk into a subway toilet and see such carryings-on?" The super-straight cops almost freak out when I tell them, "Well, he'd have to learn the facts of life sooner or later. Why not there?"

My tearroom friends, on the other hand, tell me the cops are full of crap. "They're lucky if they catch just one queen a week by just walking in," they say. "In the first place, no self-respecting queen would carry on in a toilet without a coin-box lock on the door. That's insurance."

"What you do is walk in and stand around until somebody gives you the eye. Then you sidle up to him and feel around. From there, you just let nature take its course."

"There's no talking, so you can hear small sounds. You listen for a coin to drop in the box. If you hear it you stop immediately, zip up, and look innocent. With a little practice, you'll have just enough time to get organized between the moment you hear the coin drop and the outside person gets in. If it's a "sister," she'll probably take her time."

"If it's a cop, he won't use a coin, but his passkey. You'll hear the key slip into the lock; then he has to turn it and get the door open."

Near, or in, every subway toilet, there's a door, usually marked "Porter's Closet" or "Equipment Room." Behind that door is a small room overlooking the toilet or a corridor running around the rest room. The cops use these rooms for surveillance, lurking there until they see some action. Then they race into the toilet and make their arrests.

That the cops blithely invade the privacy of everyone using the toilet doesn't seem to bother them or their superiors. In fact, some of them seem to enjoy it. Burt Blachman wrote a wonderful novel about a subway cop who had this duty and loved it. Called *STATIONS*, the book dealt with the

# tip toe through the TEARROOM



cop's homosexual fantasies, and his pleasure in peeping through the grilles, watching gay people carry on. I once saw a uniformed cop come out of one of those "Porter's Closets" with fresh cum running down the blue serge of his uniform pants. So did a group of Hadassah-types, who ooh-ed and aah-ed and carried on, confusing the hell out of the cop, who looked around, then down, and dashed back into the toilet to clean up with toilet paper.

The campest game around is to check the doors on the "Porter's Closet" in the various stations. Many of them have padlocks, and you can tell by the missing padlock whether a cop is inside. Some queens carry a supply of nails in their pockets and slip one through the hasps of any door with a missing padlock. If there's a cop inside, he's stuck until help arrives. I've heard it said that this action contributed to the fact that subway cops now have two-way radios.

Tearroom duty is paradise to these guys. They see their own homosexual fantasies acted out before their very eyes. They can enjoy it, and maybe even jerk-off. (What the hell, masturbation is only a little sin, and you don't have to tell Father O'Malley that it was homosexually inspired.) They even get to punish those "yagots" for doing what they wish they could do, but can't admit to themselves that they'd like it. All of this, plus a salary, fringe benefits and early retirement! Heaven!

Those of us who don't dig the tearroom scene tend to look down upon those who do. Everyone looks down on scenes he doesn't dig, while expecting full toleration and even acceptance of his own scene, no matter how bizarre. In a way, though, tearroom sex is harmful to all of

us, because it does get people uptight. Once in a while, somebody does walk in on a sex scene in the toilets. And when you do walk in and find something happening, it's embarrassing. Why? Because you don't really know what to do. Does one pretend not to notice, stop and watch, or join in? It is proper to say "excuse me!" This is one of those contingencies Emily Post forgot to teach us to cope with, and like all situations for which we don't know the rules, we get embarrassed.

There are two good reasons why I, as Executive Director of the Mattachine Society, discourage people from engaging in tear-room sex. First, it's dangerous as hell. There are freaks who are not cops who get their jollies hanging about subway toilets, waiting for "queers." They're adept at beating up "queers," and, more frequently than we hear, going overboard. Just a few months ago, in a number of the subway toilets, homosexuals were robbed, beaten, and stabbed. In at least one case, the guy's cock was cut off and stuffed into his mouth—a little trick some Marine brought back from Vietnam, perhaps?

The other reason to avoid those places is that there's a very real danger of being caught by the cops. There are two kinds of cops who operate in those places: real cops, and "pretend" cops. The real cops will arrest you, and there'll be the expense, embarrassment, and bother of a trial, with a good chance of your getting a police record.

The "pretend" cops will pretend to arrest you. They might really be cops, or may be just posing as such. In either case, they'll not make an immediate arrest, but talk, talk, talk. That's to give you plenty of time to get good and scared, and

maybe offer some money. If you don't they'll probably ask you for it.

If that happens, demand to be arrested and taken to the police station. Very likely, they'll be the ones to run. Then you call Mattachine and give us a full description of what happened and what the guy looked like. We'll put you in touch with, or relay the information to a very nice guy at TA Police Headquarters, and he'll mess up that little game.

Anytime anyone says he's a cop, ask to see his badge. Learn what a real one looks like. If there's anything fake about a badge that's shown you, ask to be taken to the station, or, if you're on the street, wave at a passing police car. What have you got to lose? If you're really under arrest, you'll be taken in anyway, and if the guy's a fake, he'll split in a hurry and you can send the real police after him.

If you have to have quick, anonymous sex, stick to the baths. Sure they get raided now and again—but very rarely. Statistically, your chances are much better in a bath. You'll probably make out better and faster, and you're unlikely to get arrested. You can be sure you won't get beaten, robbed or murdered.

And if that cute little Puerto Rican who just walked into the men's room is absolutely irresistible and well worth going to jail for (and some of them almost are!), make sure you have this telephone number with you: 799-0916. That's the Mattachine Society, and you can call us tomorrow morning and we'll get you legal advice and a lawyer to try to save your job and reputation when your trial comes up. Reprinted courtesy of *SCREW*.

BY PETER OGRIN

If you are planning to visit Paris this summer (and I hope you are, since it's eminently worth the trip), there are a few ground rules to keep in mind with regard to both seeing and doing the town.

First off, money. It would be cruel of me to allow anyone to go off and spend up all his money on nothing, when he can spend a little bit and still have a ball. Paris is the second most expensive city on the continent (Stockholm is number one), and as such it can cost you your left nipple if you don't know where to go. The thing to remember about Paris is that the best forms of entertainment and sightseeing are free or at least less than expensive and sometimes damn cheap.

Secondly, language. The French are the only race of people I've ever come across who absolutely will not help you to speak their language. They are kind enough not to bug you with pronunciation corrections if you can communicate relatively quickly, but for the novice it can be trying. Otherwise, Parisians are among the most delightful people on the planet.

I had the pleasure last summer of having in tow a delightful Genital Female from New York whom I'd met on the flight from London. She spoke not a syllable of French, and since I have a degree in French and speak it fluently, I offered to help her find a hotel. And it went on from there—dinners together (happily Dutch, of course), showing her the sights of the city I know so well (I'd been there for a couple of weeks in 1961 after a tour I did for the U.S.O.).

It's actually a very good thing indeed that Sally was along, because she was fabulous company, and the organized gay life of Paris is so bad and usually so ridiculously expensive that sometimes it's hardly worth the effort. However, there are several delightful exceptions, *heureusement!*

Anyway, we dragged our tired butts into Paris, with no place to stay. There were a few gay hotels that I knew of, but they were a bit expensive for my tastes. Besides, they were filled. Among those that were going last summer were the Montana (28 Rue St. Benoit, off St. Germain-des-Prés), which, if my memory serves me, was getting about U.S.\$7.00 and up, singles. The Montesquieu (8, Rue de la Sorbonne), off Boulevard St. Michel was similarly priced. (By the way, these places and almost everything else I talk about are on the Left Bank, where everything is cheaper and far more interesting anyway.) The best place to look for a hotel, gay or not, is in the Rue des Ecoles, about two blocks up the hill from St. Germain-des-Prés, off to the left from Blvd. St. Michel. Most places charge about \$3.50 singles, \$5.00 doubles. Sally stayed in the Hotel d'Orleans, which was clean in that vaguely tattered and dingy style so prevalent in the Student Quarter. I stayed in an abominable hotel, with bedbugs no less, called the Hotel Vendome, in the Rue d'Aras, off the Rue des Ecoles. Same price, but I got much more than I'd bargained for! Same price, unspookably rude *concierge*. Ugh! But such mishaps are happily rare.

Your next problem is of course food. The first thing to remember about eating

and drinking in Paris is that wine costs next to nothing and is usually very good, and liquor can break your bank. The only exception that I found is a posh-looking little restaurant on the *deuxieme etage* of the Eiffel Tower (glorious view!) where Sally had a Coke (60 cents) and I breakfasted on the biggest, strongest, *butcher's* gin and tonic for only about \$1.10 which for Paris is *cheap!!* It also took me off guard for the next round of drinks I had, which were at a marvelous little gay restaurant called *Le Fiacre* (4, Rue du Cherche-Midi). Tucked away in one of the narrow little streets of St. Germain-des-Prés, *Le Fiacre* is supposed to have been the scene of Baldwin's *Giovanni's Room*. The bar is downstairs,

Males and Genital Females of every sexuality dancing with each other in all combinations. Sally and I both danced with a delightfully beautiful little hustler (Hungarian, by the way, with an extraordinarily dreary American tourist in tow), among others, and together of course! It was a gas! You must go to *Le Fiacre*—just watch your expenses. It's also open in August, though you're not likely to meet any Frenchmen in Paris then—they all split to the country.

For budget travellers, there are scores of cheap, good restaurants all over the Rue des Ecoles and St. Germain-des-Prés. Try *Vesuvio* for great pizza and wine in The Rue des Ecoles... filled with charming Italian boys who smile all the

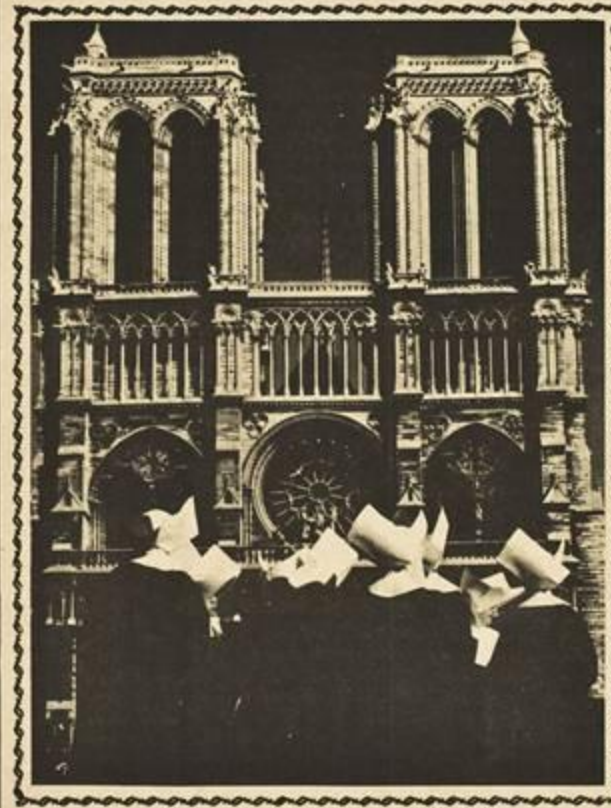
meet people of any persuasion, possibly because there's a lot of space inside with a long bar.

In terms of bars, pure and simple, forget it. In the 1st place, most of them are empty, even on weekends. *Le Petit Vendome* (3, Rue de la Soudiere, on the Right Bank) was all tourists—about six or seven. A beer cost about a buck. There was another little place on the Ile St. Louis, upstream from the Cathedral, whose name escapes me and which was also empty, but to be polite I ordered a beer. They give me a split (about 7 ounces) and then charged me 7 francs (\$1.40!). I got out of there in a hurry and meandered over to my favorite cafe in Paris, the Cafe Chary, right smack in the middle of it all at the corner of St. Germain-des-Prés and the Boulevard St. Michel. This is a delightful place to meet anyone, really, though it's not necessarily for cruising. It's just a great cafe, where you can sit and people-watch to your heart's content. Try to make your drinks or coffee last, since it's moderately expensive, but stay on. If you speak French you can always meet the Parisians sitting next to you, and everyone is charming. If they weren't, they wouldn't be grooving on an outdoor cafe in the heart of the *rive gauche*, would they??

If your heart is set on getting laid among all the other things that make Paris so worthwhile, there are several places that are good for meeting people. Try taking a walk along the Seine, either on the street high above the river or on the riverside walk, which is very secluded and oozes sensuality under hot, starry Parisian skies. Down by the Cathedral there is a kind of meat rack on the left bank. I managed quite well, thank you, on the street right in front of the august Academie Francaise, with a splendid chap who brought me to his own tastefully done apartment. This by the way, is pretty rare. Most people can't afford their own apartment, so they'll probably want you to take them to your hotel, which is usually equally difficult.

Which brings us to the triumph of Parisian sensuality—the baths. There anyone can go and really do it up brown. My own particular favorite was the Sauna at 23 Rue Dauphine, which is the street that runs directly off the Pont Neuf on the Left Bank. It is small, and like all other baths in Paris, there are no private rooms, but rather laydown rooms, well-heated so you don't catch cold, where an orgy is often in session. Check the hours, by the way, as there are no baths in Europe to my knowledge that are open 24 hours a day. The cost for meeting and sweetening some of the grooviest, givingest, humpiest, most affectionate men in the world was about \$2.80 U.S. With soft drinks between bouts and a tip for Jacques, the most charming host in the world, the tab came to \$4.00. It's a very clean, very relaxed place where you are pretty free to do your own thing. The rooms are dark! So you don't have to think about anything extraneous, like who can see what. Abandon yourself to pleasure. Frenchmen don't have their reputations for nothing. And if you are as giving, affectionate and selfless in all your relationships as they, you'll be a far better ambassador than any uptight government flunkie could ever dream of being. Enjoy, and be enjoyed! Everyone wins that way.

## FILS DE JOUE: Paris When It Sizzles



Parisian gay life isn't all as chaste as it might seem!

the restaurant one flight up. The food is out of sight. But whatever you do, stick to one martini each. Before dinner, Sally had two and I had three, and only when we got the check did we find out that they cost \$2.30 each! They weren't even that big, either. The excellent steaks, salads, wines, etc. would have cost us as little as seven or eight dollars apiece, but the drinks brought it up to just under fifteen dollars each. And that proved to be the rule almost everywhere else.

Apart from the price, though, *Le Fiacre* is one of the grooviest places I've ever been, and certainly the best that Paris has to offer. About 11:00 in the restaurant upstairs they begin a discotheque, very mixed, with Genital

time. In St. Germain, I liked the *Cerf Volant* which is very good indeed. But there are many others as well!

Aloes, on to cruising! Unfortunately, there aren't too many gay cafe's in Paris. *Les Deux Magots* in the Boulevard St. Germain-des-Prés is supposed to be gay-ish, and I did meet one chap there (to no avail, alas) but I found it rather boring, with many groups that tend to isolate themselves from new people. Better, I'm told, although it was closed for their annual month off (July 15-Aug. 15), is the *Cafe de Flore*, right next door. I've no personal knowledge of this place, but I've been told that it's much gayer and is a very good place to

★★★★★★★★★★★★  
**Barly's Baedecker**  
 ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

**PLACES TO GO THAT CUE WON'T MENTION**

★★★★★★★★★★★★

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

Key:

- \*\*\*\* Highly recommended because of joyful atmosphere, unusual entertainment, or because it is as far as we know not Mafia-operated (though police "protection" may very well be paid), or because it is INTEGRATED. The last means Genital Males and Genital Females of all sexual orientations mingle somewhat freely. Four stars will generally not be given until we have reviewed the place.
- \*\*\* Recommended enthusiastically despite absence of one or the other of the above criteria.
- \*\* Recommended because it is popular (if that's all you give a fuck about) or inexpensive or convenient.
- \* Well, maybe we made out there or know someone who did.

When no information is given beyond address, that indicates it has not been checked out, but is reputedly Gay and still in business. Things being what they are in Hetero-Mafia country, the spot may have disappeared or "changed over" before this issue reaches your hands. Don't blame us. Work to alter the system!

IT IS NOT OBLIGATORY FOR ANY BAR OR RESTAURANT TO ADVERTISE WITH US TO OBTAIN A LISTING, THOUGH ADS ARE WELCOMED. THE BAR OR RESTAURANT CERTAINLY DOES NOT HAVE TO BE EXCLUSIVELY GAY, JUST HOSPITABLE. WE ARE FOR ULTIMATE INTEGRATION.

We are willing to reevaluate a place at any time and to add (or remove) stars. Tell the management or bartenders to ask us in, or you let us know when you have some dope on a place. We can only spread ourselves just so thin on a limited expense account, you know.

- \*\*\*\* Alternate U. Gay Liberation Front Saturday Night Dance, 530 Sixth Ave. (E. side) N. of 14th (Reviewed in issue no. 13); sort of place that should replace all necessity for Gay bars when the New Conscience prevails, when guilt withers away and all Gay are PROUD. Potentially a rock-throwing, tree-climbing,

- snot-flying good time spot; \$1.50 cover, beer a QUARTER; proselytizing on behalf of Lavender Left, but it doesn't matter if you're not a revolutionary you can still have a ball.
- Barrel Inn (NR), 9th Ave. bet 41st & 42nd.
- \*\*\* Bigoubi (Rev. No. 13), 49th W. of 2nd; dancing, private, after hours, three floors of fun, well-managed by Tommy D., noted boniface, NO MINIMUM!
- Big Spender (NR), 9th Ave. bet. 41st & 42nd.
- Blow-Up (NR), 1544 2nd Ave.; dancing.
- \*\* Candy Store (Rev. No. 4), 44 W. 56th; coat & tie save on Sundays, pianist, out-of-towners on make; wrinkle room to some, elegant encounter turf to others.
- \*\* Casa Laredo (NR), Hudson & Perry, restaurant.
- Charade (NR), 2nd Ave. at 93rd; dancing, predominance of Gay Genital Females.
- \*\*\* Christopher's End (Rev. No. 5), Christopher toward docks, rather a restaurant; you may hate it, but it's so weird and unpredictable I dig it, after hours, all hours.
- \*\*\*\* Continental Baths (mentioned frequently in and championed throughout pages of GAY), 230 W. 74th; rather posh, attracting the most attractive variety of Gay Genital Males in NY or from out-of-town; fairly safe from harassment thanks to GAY and homophile movement in general.
- \*\*\*\* Country Cousin (Rev. No. 5), 1313 3rd Ave., restaurant; excellent food, reasonably priced, superior clientele, cruisy bar seven nights, Sunday buffet, charming atmosphere.
- \* Danny's (NR), 139 Christopher
- \*\*\* Everhard Baths (NR, but visited often enough in past to know), 28 W. 28th; dirty, smells of sweat and come, depressing to some, a kick if you're feeling depraved.
- \*\* Fedora (NR), 239 W. 4th, restaurant.
- \*\*\*\* Finale (Rev. No. 13), 48 Barrow, restaurant; authentic Village cellar atmosphere, al fresco dining during warm months.
- \*\* Five Oaks (NR), 49 Grove, restaurant.
- \*\*\*\* Four Seasons (NR), 90 E. 52nd, restaurant; elegant, coat & tie, bar very gay and cruisy during cocktail rush, good for pick up and discreet hustling, integrated later in evening
- \*\* Gianni's (NR), 19th St. bet. 5th & 6th Aves., GF's.
- \*\* Ginger Man (NR), 51 W. 64th, restaurant.
- \*\* Gold Bug (Rev. No. 1 by D'Angelo), 85 W. 3rd; dancing, black light and lots of chicken, village hustler variety but preferable to Uptown fluffies.
- \*\*\*\* Goldfarb's (Rev. next issue), 7th Ave & Bleecker, restaurant; excellent food, charming decor, not yet well-known or popular enough to rate.
- \*\*\*\* Good Table (NR), Lexington at 28th, restaurant; integrated.
- \*\* Hampton Wick (Rev. No. 5), 1474 1st; dancing, rather la-de-da pretty young things who try your patience if you turn on to the dedicated lads at Gay Activists Alliance meetings or at Alternate U., minimum.

- \*\*\*\* Harry's Back East (Rev. No. 4 & constantly referred to), 3rd Ave. bet. 80th & 81st; classic & great, neighborhood atmosphere, all ages, jammed, any drawbacks ultimately unimportant, as this is one of the places where it's happening—if you MUST go to bars, minimum on weekends.
- \* Hip-O-Drome (Rev. No. 4 & by Lige & Jack in SCREW), Ave. A bet. 10th & 11th Streets, E. Village; Gay Julius Caesar running there not yet caught by staffers, said to be amusing.
- \*\*\*\* (Minus Four Stars with Plea to Boycott) Julius (Rev. No. 13), 159 W. 10th; discriminates against and exploits homosexuals, couples of same sex not being allowed to sit together over a greasy hamburger in back room, nor nuns either, we presume; oldest college sophomores in world frequent this hole; soot on rafters a health hazard, toilets too; STAY AWAY IF YOU ARE OF THE NEW CONSCIENCE, GO IF FILLED WITH SELF-LOATHING Kellers (NR), 384 West St., nr. Barrow.
- \*\*\*\* King Cole (NR), bar in St. Regis Hotel, 5th Ave. at 55th.
- \*\* Kookie's (NR) 149 West 14th St. Gay GF's.
- Laundry Chute (NR), downstairs, 74th bet. Amsterdam & Columbus; after hours.
- Lighthouse (NR), Broadway at 76th; restaurant.
- Lolly's (NR), 1049 Lexington (74th St.)
- \*\*\* Luv Cage (Rev. no.4), 4th St. W. of 6th Ave., above old Showplace; dancing, swinging Gay GF's, private; minimum.
- Max's Kansas City (NR), 213 Park Ave. S., (17th St.), restaurant.
- \* Milano's (NR), N. of 72nd St. at Amsterdam & Columbus.
- OK Corral (NR), 835 Washington St., (extreme West Village).
- \* Old Vic (NR), 309 E. 60th; dancing.
- Omnibus Coffee House (NR), 69 W. 10th St.
- One-Two-Three (NR), 123 University Pl.
- Pam-Pam (NR), 97 Seventh Ave., restaurant.
- \* Red Swing (Rev. no. 4 & by Lige and Jack in SCREW), Lexington at 25th.
- \*\*\* Royal Roost (Rev. no.5), Cornelia nr. Bleecker, restaurant; decent food, friendly regulars, friendly strangers, friendly bartenders, Billy & Mona.
- \*\* St. Mark's Baths (NR), 4 St. Mark's Pl. (off 3rd Ave.).
- \*\*\*\* Sanctuary (Rev. no.10 and by Lige & Jack in SCREW), 407 W. 43rd; dancing and how!! One of America's most beautiful and seductive bars, on premises of old church, worth \$3 wk. night and \$5 weekend minima just to see it; a milestone & landmark in Gay night life, too bad it's so exploitative, you figure out why fourth \* is withheld - if you can get in or, better yet, make phone reservation.
- \* Sauna Baths & Health Club (NR), 300 W. 58th; you likey "straight" businessmen for a nooner?
- Sea Colony (NR), Horatio & 6th Ave., restaurant; GF's.

- Second Floor (NR), 35 W. 56th; integrated (?)
- \* Seventeen Barrow (NR), 17 Barrow, Silver Dollar (NR), 163 Christopher.
- Silver Knight (NR), 161 Amsterdam (68th St.).
- Stage Forty-Five (NR), E. 45th bet. 1st & 2nd, restaurant (?) dancing.
- \*\* Stud (International Club), Rev. no.5), Greenwich St. at Perry; upright poseurs, no touching, but always jammed; STAY AWAY IF YOU ARE LOOKING FOR JOY, GO IF YOU ARE FILLED WITH SELF-LOATHING AND DIG AVERTED EYES.
- \*\*\* Tenth of Always (Rev. no.13), 82 W. 3rd; very private, dancing, beautiful drag queens, Jiggs at bar alternating with humpy young blonde, pay toilets, one classic beauty at door, after hours, minimum.
- \*\* Thrush (Rev. no.4 & by Lige and Jack in SCREW), 24 E. 22nd; dancing, after hours, soft drinks, integrated, pretty people and lovely decor, minimum.
- \*\*\* Timothy (Rev. no.13), 127 Lexington (28th St.), restaurant; good food, surprises everywhere because it's sophisticated and integrated.
- \*\*\* Together (Rev. no.5), 308 E. 50th; dancing, soft drinks, pretty young people & friendly, all night, integrated, minimum.
- \*\* Tool Box (frequently mentioned, but not reviewed in detail), 507 West St., at Jane; poseurs, old movies, Sunday buffet, SM meaning Some Motorcycle.
- Tor's (NR), 21 Greenwich AVE., restaurant; GF's.
- Twin Brothers (NR), 6th Ave. at Waverly Pl.; after hours.
- \*\*\* Uncle Charlie's (Rev. no.5), Lexington at 75th; friendly people, hangout of the wild Irish boys, Jerry, Ed, Rob (all delicious) behind the bar, frightfully crowded on weekends, NO MINIMUM.
- Washington Square (NR), 675 Broadway, restaurant; GF's.
- \*\*\*\* Wine Cellar (Rev. no.13), 531 Hudson St., restaurant; integrated and lovely, splendid food, glorious warm & intimate atmosphere; humpy Larry at upstairs bar should appeal to all comers, whatever their persuasion.
- \*\*\* Yukon (Rev. no.4) 53rd bet. Lexington & 3rd, restaurant; coat & tie, out of another era cruising, but pleasant variety; good spot for gentleman hustler to hang out, wrinkle room, but more alluring than Candy Store.
- \*\*\*\* Zodiac (Rev. no.13) Little W. 12th & Washington, above Den; what a commercial Gay bar should be all about, if it's not for socializing (like Harry's) or pure entertainment (like Sanctuary), couldn't have existed in present form a year ago, minimum.
- \*\*\*\* Zoo (Rev. no.10 coyly), 421 W. 13th; most exciting, most amusing, most relaxing private club in town, excellent for your complexion, should put places like Stud out of business, dancing if you should require it, Stella on bar worth getting to know, also Merv on his rare appearances beyond confines of hat check stand, \$3 minimum quite worth it.

**ROUGH TRADE ROCK**  
 a reform school recording

BY EVERETT HENDERSON

**Y**ou can get anything you want in Borstal... if you bend for it," screams an RCA Records ad for its new rock album, *FRESH Out of Borstal*. Here is the first new rock genre of the Seventies, "Homosexuality-In-Reform-School-Rock." Beats the acid sound of the Sixties, doesn't it? Yes, it is a bit surprising to see a major label featuring a picture of rough prison trade and a wild gay copy line to entice the teens of America into buying an album. But then homosexuality is the next taboo that record companies have to break down in their quest for greater social freedoms and more profits.

There is plenty to be said for a rock album that deals with homosexuality; there is plenty to be said against an album which is a pretext for just another mercenary rip-off. Rather than the attempt to titillate the public with a dose of the "forbidden fruit," one wonders why record companies don't deal frankly with the bisexual stage identities of the great Rock idols, Jagger and Morrison, Townsend and Burdon. We've all been through the Tom Brown's School Days trip, but what really turns us on is the formation of a psychic relationship with those whom we choose as our gods. *FRESH Out of Borstal* appears to be daring, but in reality it is a safe, skillfully packaged sleeve job.

Don't kid yourselves. This album has a concept. This album has sociological import. Here is an album, the press releases tell us, in which Borstal, the fabled boys' reformatory, was chosen to "symbolize the futility of any detention center of that ilk—imprisonment is never a solution and seldom a deterrent."

To sock home this message, a new group was chosen. They are called Fresh, and their three members, Kevin Francis, Roger Chantler, and Bob Gorman, are between the ages of eighteen and twenty-three. This album certainly does not satisfy its concept and the group ain't that fresh. Conceiver-arranger-producer Simon Napier-Bell says, "In some ways we have something ugly and violent contained in this album. But I and the group feel it was worth saying!" I recommend that Mr. Napier-Bell listen to any cut of the Rolling Stones if he wishes to hear something ugly and violent translated into art.

No doubt, the innocent people in this operation are the boys. Fresh may someday be a good band. They need lots of practice, much better material, and a truly distinctive sound. The Rolling Stones are smeared all over the album and a Fifties tribute screams out for the real Little Richard to step forward and lend a helping hand. Most of the songs are of the rock anthem variety—that kind of song which is creeping into the British rock



musical these days and which lacks the Rado-Ragni-McDermott flair that lets the sun shine in.

Paradoxically, the only truly melodic and interesting cuts on the album are those which deal directly with homosexuality. They don't have anything to do with the ad copy; they are good songs with some sound and substance. See *You Later* is a tough, whimsical prison song with a tart edge to it:

*Don't beat it  
 Cause I'm not made of brass  
 Don't charm it  
 Cause I'm much too fast  
 Don't touch me  
 Cause my ass ain't for you  
 Don't tease  
 Don't displease me  
 Don't make love alone  
 Don't fight me  
 Don't excite me  
 Cause I'm inside four walls of stone  
 Don't do it if the dog don't eat brown  
 Don't deriate  
 Don't let me down  
 Cause you're mine  
 See you later.*

"And the Boys Lazed on the Verandah," the next cut on the album, is directed towards a girl eyeing one of the prisoners. "Those sunburned thighs are not for you, they're much too beautiful for that," taunts Fresh to the chick. The beautiful prison boy goes off to keep his rendezvous with a "Mr. X." It is insinuating and involving. Homosexuality is not placed in a negative context; the songs document objectively the sexual goings-on of a boys' reformatory.

Between bands a teenaged Cockney boy describes how he could swim in the swimming pool of a powerful prison official, just as many of the other boys do, if he'd just "bend" for the man. This speech is the only real social indictment in the album that deals with sex. How easy it all is! The point is that forced homosexuality is just a symptom of a corrupt and ridiculous penal system. People must be free to make their own decisions and choose their sexual partners as they see fit. Any system that confines people inevitably forces them into relationships that are contrary to their feelings. Attacking prison homosexuality is the easy solution; attacking a corrupt system is the more responsible one.

*FRESH Out of Borstal* is a first, and for that reason it deserves attention. RCA Records is a major label and a conservative one. Now, one hopes that the company will be ready to finance an album whose sociological pretenses ring true, an album that does not require an exploitive ad campaign, an album which regards homosexual love as a valid part of the contemporary experience.

# ROTO ROOTERS FOR DRIPPY SHOOTERS

BY ANGELO D'ARCANGELO  
PART V

Remember with considerable distaste my own first visit to a Chicago health clinic at the age of seventeen or eighteen. In great discomfort and shivering with fright I entered the gloomy old building. It dated from the time when it was considered suitable to design public schools to look like medieval keeps. The people within reflected the architecture. After asking directions from a gorgon in the lobby I was sent upstairs to a waiting room only just a cut above Auschwitz.

After an interminable period I was ushered into a room and examined. The examination consisted of my exposing my poor sick pecker to an amber man in an off-white coat. He looked down the length of an arm at it and before I could say, "You filthy son of a whore," he jabbed a Q-tip into the tender hole of it, turned, and went to a microscope with the sample.

It took a while for the stars and comets to fade from my eyes. When they did and I had recovered from the pain—about a half an hour later—I was in the waiting room again and sent to a social worker. A brisk, cool woman (I'm sure she'd prefer lady), hers was the unpleasant task of informing me that I had the clap. *Nu?* No surprise there. "OK." She then informed me that before I could receive treatment I would have to give her a list of all the sexual contacts I'd had during the past month or so. Or perhaps ever. I felt I couldn't do this, but would contact these people myself. This was not considered by her to be an acceptable alternative, and I was refused treatment. Fuck you, I thought as I left. And so, somehow, I got the money together and went to a private practitioner. And I did inform the proper person.

Years later in San Francisco I had the opportunity to scrutinize at first hand another public health center. How different it was! Not particularly attractive-looking, but not aggressively ugly either, and the help was pleasant. People smiled. The nurses were cheerful and even funny. Wow! And the doctors were kind and talkative, answering any and all of my questions about the infections involved. Apparently they'd all decided among themselves not to push guilt; just penicillin.

The experience was a rewarding and an informative one. Because I'd had no sexual education at all as a child or as an adolescent, I was completely unprepared for the possibility of venereal diseases and had no realistic appreciation of what they were or what they did, least of all how to get rid of them. At this point in my life I was still in terror of the treatment I'd been told in the Air Force to expect should I ever be unlucky enough to catch gonorrhea.

In a crowded temporary classroom in Lackland A.F.B., a whining redneck who was probably a threshold mental case told us all that should we become infected we would have to undergo the following treatment: a metal implement like a pencil would be inserted into the penis up

as far as the bladder. This implement would be equipped with a spring device activated by a button. When the physician or surgeon saw that it was as far into the body as was necessary, he would then push the button and release the several small knife-blades or scalpels attached to the end of this rod. (The resemblance to a grappling hook was pointed out to us.) Then, very, very carefully, and very slowly, the surgeon, (Dr. Torquemada) would draw the instrument down and out of the penis, twisting and turning it, in order that the entire length of the urethra would be "scraped," thus drawing off the "diseased tissue." We were also informed that anesthetics would not be allowed, for it was considered beneficial to be able to react to the operation, even to watch it.

I realize now what he was trying to do, as I'm sure you must. He was using something like that old anti-masturbatory lie about the thing turning blue and falling off in order to frighten us away from sex: a super castration phantasy like sliding down a banister which turns into a razor blade. But to purposely use such damaging mental horrors on the innocent! How wonderful it would be were such mental medievalism not as prevalent in the United States as it unfortunately is, and at so many levels. I

## Plumbing Care and Maintenance



know now that what this warped sergeant was actually describing was a Classic Comics version of an archaic operation associated with prostatitis, and/or geriatric constriction of the bladder and urinary tract. Truly there was some connection there with venereal disease, particularly gonorrhea, for in the past the various treatments against the infection were slow, and there was an opportunity during the lengthy cure for scar tissue to build up on the infected areas until after years, usually in old age, these channels accumulated a thick layer of scar tissue, which in severe cases had to be removed. Obviously the effects as well as the causes were terribly distorted by this regional mental sadist. Scar tissue build-up throughout our bodies is common and the unavoidable consequence of the aging process independent of venereal infections. And as I say, prompt treatment with any of the modern drugs created for the purpose eliminates the danger of any such barbarity, or the need for it.

What are public health facilities like today? In New York City? Gully, a college boyfriend, described them to me.

At his age and with his small income and his proclivities, he has to depend upon them. Now Gully isn't promiscuous—*c'est-à-dire*, he doesn't do the nightly pickup thing—but he's smart enough to realize as many do and more should, that the larger cities are blighted with V.D. problems of epic proportions. Whatever the reasons for this contemporary plague may be, the fact is that when millions of people are as close together as they are, social diseases of all kinds are bound to spread. Gully knows that there is no way in the world to predict the likelihood of somebody's having this or that infection—even people he sees regularly. Therefore, he goes to the clinic every month or so. Just in case. Smart kid.

Gully tells me the best clinic is that one at 96th and Broadway, or 100 W. 100th St., N.Y.C. It's called the West Side Health Center, or the Riverside Center. Their hours are irregular, but their service is good, and their heads are in the right places. He says that the worst or one of the worst places in town is the West Side Clinic—that is, the Lower West Side clinic at 303 9th Avenue. Their hours are regular, but their attitudes can best be described as stereotypical.

We read many things about V.D. Statistics about it are popular, impressive.

The source of most of the trouble about venereal infection as with sex generally, and certainly with the personnel of most Municipal Health Clinics, is probably racial bias. Most of the recipients of all of the helps, punishments, and welfares which we can loosely call public, are black. Or at least members of those groups the press calls "Racial Minorities." This includes, of course, P.R.'s, Indians, and Mexican immigrants and citizens thus descended. But in most northern municipalities we can say just, Blacks We can see, therefore, that because of economic captivity, blacks often have no recourse but the facilities set up for them. Statistics drawn from these places, therefore, reflect more or less accurately the populations they serve. Now that might be all right if blacks only slept with blacks. But they don't. Particularly in homosexual situations, the lines of who does what with whom are very thin, and the chain of seduction ties WASPs and others together in the utter equality of the microscopic investigation. No wonder the white or pastel staffs of public institutions tend to see the venereal parade as one long line of dripping darkies. Once out of the ghetto and safely across the demarcation line of suburbia they can relax in seeming safety. One doesn't imagine V.D. clinics in Darien, Connecticut. That doesn't mean the infection isn't there; people still go to Harlem in ermine and pearls. The curious and unspoken source of sexual shame is often the natural attraction of "opposites," and it is this hidden, denied attraction which encloses ghetto captives of various backgrounds and sexes in a sort of floating national whorehouse. The ultimate perversion: socio-sexual hypocrisy.

and in my opinion as misleading as are the Sunday Supplement psychotherapeutic statistics one reads about homosexuality. I maintain that on almost every level V.D. statistics are misleading, because practically everybody lies about it or evades accurate tabulation of the numbers of contacts, etc. Most importantly, these statistics come from Public Health files largely, and they are drawn from a relatively narrow section of the public at large: from the poor, from minority groups.

We all know that private practitioners will treat one for a small fee without turning in one's name on the verbal promise that the patient will inform his source or sources of infection himself. (Some people I know would have huge monthly telephone bills if they did so.)

Now that's reasonable in a family doctor type of situation lasting years. Money can buy privacy, and adequate treatment. All costs in health cannot be measured in terms of money, however, and the doctor who relies on his own discretion in these matters, or the discretion of his client, is only

side-stepping the effect of the epidemic. Let's call this hippocratic hypocrisy at work.

The Scandinavian democracies are ahead of us in many ways, not the least of which is the advantage of their clear thinking about sex. It is commonly known nowadays that these neighboring countries have done away with most of the nefarious legislation surrounding this most natural function. We know that pornography is legal in most of these countries. We know too that it is enjoyed. Indeed, the efforts Americans go to to secure this enjoyable imported commodity has resulted in the destruction of the privacy of the mails. Puritanism can do that. Now, not only are Americans burdened by the mail breakdown of recent years, but the privacy we have counted upon for so long is being subverted, and all foreign mail is liable to be opened at the discretion of customs agents. Alas, privacy in the U.S.A. has become a *Reich myth*. Firearms are permitted—even encouraged—but pornography isn't. However, in addition to their clear-headed thinking about pornography, the Scandinavians have declared common sense war against all types of venereal infection. As a result, the problem is practically nonexistent there, for contracting such infections isn't thought shameful, and the free public facilities for treating them are part of a sound socialized health program. What is thought shameful, nay, criminal, is to willfully avoid treatment, and people convicted of doing so are often shipped off to work farms.

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# THE MAN FROM MINNESOTA



Jack Baker  
of F.R.E.E.

BY LILY HANSEN

Interview with Jack Baker from  
FREE, Univ. of Minnesota.—Part II

Lily: What is the percentage of graduate students in FREE?

Jack: Just guessing, I'd say about 10-20%.

Lily: Would you venture a guess on the types of majors that are predominant?

Jack: I wouldn't say that there are any. They're all represented, because I know we have medical, law, philosophy, psychology, drama—these are the ones I know of.

Lily: Sounds like a very heterogeneous, very active, and very articulate group. I'm impressed with your speaking and your efforts to provide speakers.

Jack: We sent out 800 letters to all the churches in the Twin Cities area, telling them we have a speaker's bureau. We got some adverse reactions from some of the John Birch churches. They say, "Why don't you faggots all lay down on the sword and die." And they're signed by clergymen. You just wouldn't believe the stuff.

Lily: Perhaps I'm pinning you down too much, but how many people actually serve as speakers?

Jack: I'll put it this way: how many have at any one point in time? I'd say about 50%.

Lily: Would you say about 25 people?

Jack: Yes, I'd say that—easily.

Lily: That's really wonderful.

Jack: What we try to do whenever there's a speaking engagement, especially in a church, is to set it up so that there are two people, a boy and a girl (hopefully), who give a half-hour lecture. Then you break for coffee (churches always break for coffee), and we like to have about 10 or 15 members of FREE mingling in with coffee so that people can break up into small groups. This is very, very effective, because you don't get a whole group around a speaker—they have several other people in the audience to talk to. We try to get 10 or 15 members to attend these church lectures, and so in that context,

I'd venture to say, you're talking to about 75% of the organization.

Lily: Have there been any repercussions that you know of?

Jack: None whatsoever. The only real repercussion against the organization was a letter to the editor by one student who was very vicious and emotional. He said that the University shouldn't sponsor this organization, because it gives them the permission to have intercourse, and on and on. Of course, nobody gives anybody permission to have intercourse. That was the only attack we've had. We don't get any beat-up-the-queer gangs, none of that stuff.

Lily: Would you say that Minnesota is some kind of liberal oasis?

Jack: Oh, I'd say it's very very liberal—the Minneapolis area. The state as a whole is probably quite conservative, when you get out into the rural areas. But the Minneapolis area for some reason is terribly liberal.

Lily: What kind of program does FREE have? How do you serve the community at large, and what do you do for the gay community?

Jack: We do nothing for the gay community, only for the student gay community. We have gay dances every Tuesday night in the student union on state property. They are advertised as gay dances, and they are open to the public and to heterosexuals also.

Lily: With no molestation, no harassment?

Jack: Right, no harassment, nothing. We also have integrated the all-campus dances in the student union on Friday nights, so there is boy-boy dancing going on at the student union dances, and our members can go there on weekends and dance. We're working on an antidiscrimination policy at the University. We're working with the Senate Committee on Social Policies, to try to get them to require any organization that recruits on campus—DuPont, G.E., all these companies—plus the federal government—to sign a contract that they will not discriminate on any grounds against women, Blacks, Jews,

homosexuals, anybody. And if they discriminate, they'd be kicked off the campus. This is a tremendous economic club that we'll wield against them. We think we'll get it in about four, five months. That's going to be a major step forward, and as soon as Minnesota gets it, there'll be 30 other campuses that'll immediately take the same thing and do it. Also, we're working with the Human Rights Commissioner of the state, and he is on our side, trying to get the law changed to encompass homosexuals within the human rights law. [Ed. Note: See Gay no.14 News] That will be a landmark law in Minnesota. We're also working to get the laws changed to the one they have in Connecticut and Illinois, where sexual acts between consenting adults are none of the law's business. As far as the students are concerned, we have the gay dances, and we have informal activities—picnics during the summer, potluck suppers during the school year. And we have discussion groups, where members can get together and talk out their hangups. We have our meetings every week, where we try to bring in competent speakers.

Lily: You have weekly meetings?

Jack: Yes, we've had. We're changing that to biweekly meetings now; biweekly entertainment meetings and then once a month a business meeting, so that it boils down to about three meetings a month. In our entertainment meetings, our information meetings, we have prominent speakers, clinical psychologists, the vice squad. Right now we're going to have Tom Maurer from San Francisco (SIR), who's going to speak. Basically those are our activities. They're directed toward the student, not directed at all toward the gay community outside—although we want them to come to the dances.

Lily: What kind of committees do you have within the organization?

Jack: The Coordinating Committee is the central body. We have a very loose, informal structure, and the Coordinating Committee is supposed to coordinate everything.

Lily: It's like the executive board?

Jack: Yes, it's really the executive committee. The others—they don't call them committees, they call them cells. We have a cell that takes care of the gay dances and the entertainment; we have another cell that takes care of the speaker's bureau, another cell that's working on political action, another cell that's taking care of printing literature. We also have a telephone that we answer on Saturdays (the University has provided us with one free). We're putting out a weekly newspaper, printing it and selling it for a nickel on campus. We're trying to get the University bookstore to sell it for us, to make our presence felt within the University community. Another thing is, there are many gays on the campus who won't come to the activities, mainly because they don't need to—not that they're hiding, the just don't need to—and we think that they'd support us and would be willing to flip down a nickel. We also want to place it in the gay bars in the community. They can support us that way. We're not catering to them, but at least they know what we're doing, and they're supporting us.

Lily: Can you compare yourself to other student homophile organizations? What do you do that they're not doing? You seem to be more successful.

Jack: No matter where I've been across the country, I have found that you've consistently both the press and the police against the gay movement; there's always harassment. New York, San Francisco, L.A., Oklahoma City, New Orleans—any place you go, you'll have both the press and the police against you. Well, those are the two things we don't have against us in Minneapolis. This shocked me. We talked to the police two days before Christmas, December 23rd. They told us that they are on our side; they believe in live and let live. They will not harass us. They will not bug us. They will not come to our dances and harass us. The only time they'll do anything is when there is a complaint—you know, force involved, or a minor, that sort of thing. They're on our side. The press is on our side. They call us and ask us, "Do you have any news?" They want to print it. They slant all their articles our way, and everything is our way.

Lily: And nobody objects?

Jack: No, nobody objects. And look at all the time we got on TV, the specials and all. The daily printed a two-page spread on us, and they give us news coverage all the time. We don't have to fight them. Therefore our energies are not directed at the police and at the press, but rather at the community to educate. And so, out into the high schools, out to get rid of the bullshit that the students have learned all these years! We're out educating the churches. Again, it shocked us that the churches are not against us either. They are on our side; they want us to come. And therein lies the difference: we're not out fighting, we're out educating. I think in two or three years you're going to see a great stride in Minnesota that you won't see elsewhere.

Lily: Do you have any advice for any groups around the country to increase their success?

Jack: No, I can see their problem. When you have hatred in the police department, when you have this hatred in the press, you have to go after that first. There's no way around that, and I guess you have to direct your energies that way. My advice, would be—that you can catch a hell of a lot more flies with a spoonful of sugar than you can with a whole barrelful of vinegar. What you ought to do is to try to get into the police department, force them into having discussion groups with you, and let them meet you as humans, and gradually win a rapport with them. Once you get the police on your side, they would go back and help open some doors for you. Gradually, once you have the police on your side, you can get into the churches and campuses. Instead of fighting the police, get in and try to talk with them and then try to win the press on your side. The only way you can do it is to treat them as human beings. You'll never get in by picketing. I'm against picketing from the word go. We tried to vote that down when they had picketing in Minnesota, because I think it's counterproductive. We had one guy in our group who was fired from the State Services for the Blind because he admitted he was gay. And they immediately wanted to picket; they weren't ready for it there. I think you're much better off trying to discuss and getting personal confrontations.

Lily: But then, in your city it's so much easier to try to discuss things in a civilized way than in other cities, where picketing is perhaps a last resort.

Jack: I'll agree. I can sympathize with other cities and other students campuses that have problems that we don't have.

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BY STEFEN VERK

**R**evolution now! Right on! Strike those chains and set the Bastille aflame! But while you're chanting those very laudable words, identify the most rational target before you attack it. It is idiotic to attack something just out of masochism rather than the desire for full freedom. Violence and ignorance are marvelous engines of destruction, but they build nothing on the wreckage they leave. *The Bastille is your own head!*

One must have a starting point for any revolution, as for any other project. This is the point in time for the Homosexual Revolution, but the place to start is in the *homosexual head*. Not all homosexuals are unhappy losers, but there are far too many lost in the murky swamps of self-pity, baseless guilt, pre-programmed defeat, sado-masochistic self-hate pogroms, and the inability to relate in genuine *human* terms with other individuals. Too many homosexuals are imprisoned within their own heads by the inherited garbage of decaying religions, false community and/or family mores, super-imposed guilts and negative self-evaluations, and preposterous scales of value. Too many of us live by a blind acceptance of a life style based upon the *sanction of the victim*—and *WE* are always the victims! Well, Brothers and Sisters, the prison is our own heads. We don't have to be the victims but if we permit them to brainwash us into believing that shit tastes better than filet mignon, then all we deserve is shit!

There is a great deal wrong with the contemporary political and social structures. The distribution of wealth and power, our malignant tampering with ecological balance, our futile attempts to substitute materialism for love, our very treatment of other human beings, etc. All these are malignant cancers on the fabric of human existence and must be changed. However, external freedom is meaningless without internal freedom. No matter what the political structure or economic distribution, no one can be free so long as he remains a prisoner within his own head. Repealing all the sodomy laws in the world and making every homosexual a millionaire wouldn't make us one bit happier in the long run, unless we can learn to accept and value ourselves as human beings and not just as *homosexuals*. That is the objective of liberation of the head.



# the liberation of the head

It is really a question of priorities. All of the things I have listed are important. We must participate in all efforts to enrich the *human community*, but our *first priority* must be *homosexual liberation*, and that starts with the head. Indeed, homosexuality itself starts with the head, so that makes it an even more logical place to begin the revolution.

We are always our own greatest enemies. *THEY* is a wretched placebo we conveniently use instead of real medicine. It is so much easier to blame *them* than to realistically look at the way we are fucking up our own chances for happiness and fulfillment. It is quite true that we did not plant most of the maggot-ridden garbage in our own heads, but we have the responsibility of shoveling it out, if we wish to be free, whole, happy, human beings. We do not have to believe something we know is not true, just because someone else insists it is. We do not have to hide like medieval lepers, because someone else tells us that's what we are, nor do we have to hate and punish ourselves for imaginary crimes and guilts. Our most serious crime is against ourselves and that is failing to allow ourselves to see us as we really are: *human beings who happen to prefer our own gender as sex objects but in NO OTHER WAY different from other human beings!*

Any homosexual endeavoring to liberate his or her head must do a number

of rather uncomfortable things to achieve the final comfort of freedom. He must realize that the traditional organized religions have no real place or meaning for us. They have no real meaning for anyone else either, based as they are on ancient tribal myth, deception and bondage through guilt. They have as little place in this modern world of the laser beam as do pterodactyls or dinosaurs. Discard that useless religion and turn to yourself and other *living* human beings. The Judaeo-Christian culture has caused more harm to humanity than syphilis and cancer combined. At least these diseases have never left their victims feeling guilty of being *HUMAN*. Why should anyone have to ask forgiveness of anyone or *ANYTHING* for pleasures which have harmed no one else? Why should anyone have to begot children he cannot afford to feed or does not even want, if he prefers to suck cocks instead of following the midlevel commands of some unwashed biblical nomad who heard voices in the night (so he said)?

So much for religion. If your religion has no dignified compassionate place for you, then it should have no place in your life. The same is true for your family and the same is true for any traditional roles or values or beliefs or opinions you have felt *compelled* to accept even though they have made you feel inferior, guilty, and unhappy. Tradition is not infallible. Mother is not infallible. Heterosexual

opinion is not infallible. Neither, for that matter, is homosexual opinion.

If tradition has always firmly stated that all male homosexuals are willowy, effeminate creatures, but you like to lift weights and race motorcycles, does that mean you are doubly afflicted, being both homosexual and a deviant from the traditional portrait? Or does it mean that you are simply a *person* rather than a caricature, and that traditions are often bullshit that few people take the trouble to dispute, even when their acceptance causes discomfort or feelings of guilt? If your family setup taught you by example that the woman is the strongest member of the family—and therefore superior—does that mean you must forever go on believing that all men are as weak and yielding as your father? And that you, being a male, must therefore also be weak and inferior? Does that make any more sense than believing that handling a toad causes warts on your fingers, just because your father believed that? We are all unique individuals, each one of us. We do not need to be forced to be unwitting duplicates of either of our parents or of any other person for that matter. Much of our unhappiness is caused by our *inner* rebellion against such attempts by either them or ourselves to make us into something we cannot be or do not wish to be.

Many members of the New Left are gay militants. They are fighting for freedom for all minorities, and they are the vanguard of the new *right* homosexual. Much of their efforts is perpetuating a positive image of the homosexual as a participating member of the general community. Yet they masochistically continue to support other radical groups which continually and loudly use the word "faggot" as the ultimate vilification. Is this not an example of the sanction of the victim syndrome? Are these gay militants not the same Jews who supported Hitler in the mistaken hope that they would be spared as *good Jews*? Are they not the *good niggers* who voted for Wallace, because he promised a law and order which might protect their property from *bad niggers*? Any gay militant who supports a group which uses the concept of homosexuality as a term of opprobrium or degradation is a deluded masochist who shares the opinion of the group denigrating him. If he supports

(continued on page 17)

BY JOHN P. LeROY

**E**ven if they don't want it, the Black Panthers have the support of large sections of the white liberal and radical establishments. Leonard Bernstein invited some of them to his apartment, and Arthur Goldberg headed a committee to determine whether or not their rights were violated. Abbie Hoffman helped raise bail money, the Yale student body went out on strike in their behalf and Bernadette Devlin turned over to them the key to the city that Mayor Lindsay had given her. The New York Democratic Coalition is trying to squelch the indictments leveled against them, and Chaplain William Sloane Coffin made a speech with "Panther repression" as its theme.

In addition to all this, the Panthers must now contend with the Gay Liberation Front, or, at least, a significant portion of it. Since Jean Genet put himself at the GLF's disposal, I'm afraid that the GLF will be upstaged by the French novelist. At any rate the desire of members of the GLF to free all oppressed minorities, no matter how much these minorities might persecute or oppress gay people, has a laudable but masochistic ring to it. Such slogans as "Homosexual oppression is a part of all oppression" and "While there is a soul in prison, I am not free" have a fine emotional ring. The morality that they signify is of the highest order. Here are a group of people who dream the impossible dream and fight the unbeatable foe.

In order to find out how the Panthers themselves would welcome the support of gay people who are apparently so pure in heart, mind, and soul, I asked a black heterosexual friend of mine who had been active with the Panthers to question them. Surely, if all men are indeed brothers, the Panthers would welcome them with open arms in their desperate fight against Fascist pigs everywhere. My friend called back and reported to me the disappointing news that most of the Panther leaders, at least those in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn, responded either with hostility, bewilderment, or both. Not only do the Panthers react contemptuously toward all support from white liberals and radicals, but they are not really interested in their own civil liberties within the American system, or any one else's. They feel that America is not reformable and hence they want to "destroy Babylon" as well as "Free Huey," "Free Bobby," "Pick up the Gun," "Burn the Motherfucker Down," give "Power to the People," and "Wring Dick Nixon's Neck." Their breakfast programs are also indoctrination sessions designed to inspire young children to accept party dogma without question.

The white liberals and radicals, feeling very guilty over their insufficient ability to correct the hopeless conditions of the black ghetto, have characterized the Panthers as the first line of attack in the fight for racial equality. By giving the Panthers money, participating in demonstrations, writing learned articles in sophisticated periodicals, and expressing all sorts of sympathy and good will, the liberals and radicals sincerely believe that they are doing something about the problem. But Eldridge Cleaver, the exiled Panther Minister of Information and the

party's most influential leader, sees the situation somewhat differently. While in Algeria, he told a reporter, "If you're standing around looking sympathetic, even cheering me on while some pig's got his foot on my neck, you're no help to me. You're part of the problem." The Panthers do not refuse the money. They need every cent to raise bail money for their leaders and to purchase more arms and ammunition. But they appear to be willing to accept only those whites who share their desire to emulate Samson by bringing down all of America on our heads by destroying its institutional foundations, through brute force if necessary. This most whites cannot do, for they have too much to lose. It is much better to act as a source of bread and go out and march—then go home and have tea.

It is to the credit of GLF that they do not wish to follow this path, but, if their newspaper, *COME-OUT*, is to be believed, they would like to confront the Panthers with the sexual liberation issue and show them how we are all brothers and sisters because we all suffer oppression. They do not spell out in any

great detail how they propose to stage such a confrontation, but I have a suggestion: since action speaks louder than words, I suggest that the GLF stage a huge orgy in honor of the Panthers and invite all of them *en masse*. This, I think would be a very agreeable way of confronting the Panthers on the sexual liberation issue. Many Panthers are no doubt well built and well hung, so that many gays would look forward to such a confrontation. By now, most of the Panthers have had quite enough of white liberal and white radical verbal support. Sexual support would be different and original.

If all oppressed minorities should love one another, what better way is there than to express that love directly? An evening of free love might be the thing that is needed to lay the groundwork for a free and loving society. Of course, the Panthers may be reluctant to accept such an invitation because there isn't much time and energy left over to make love when one is busy making war against the pigs. Furthermore, many of them are as puritanical as Queen Victoria. But this is all the more reason to try. If

the Panthers refuse and ignore a written invitation, perhaps a visit to their headquarters and a demonstration of love would be more persuasive. If this fails, then I would have to sadly reach the conclusion that, maybe the Panthers are not quite so brotherly or sisterly as the GLF would like us to believe.

Then there would be some support for the assertion that the Panthers are as piggy as the Chicago police, and the battle is only for the rule of the city. However, I do not share this view. The Panther party, after all, arose out of the depths of the ghetto where conditions are no doubt a good deal worse than most middle-class whites have been led to believe, and where all sorts of well-meaning nonviolent solutions have failed. Out of the hopelessness and despair can often come a wish for suicidal violence or, as Negro psychiatrists William Grier and Price Cobbs put it, in their excellent book, *BLACK RAGE*: "As a sapling bent low stores energy for a violent backswing, blacks bent double by oppression have stored energy which will be released in the form of rage—black rage, apocalyptic and final..." It is this rage which is the heart of the issue. For no white person can ever know the full depth of black frustration because no white person can ever experience it. It is this rage that has so frightened the police force and indeed our whole judicial system that only illegal and merciless suppression can seem to hold it in check. And when the rage of the Panthers and the fear of the Establishment clash in the courtroom, the fragile administration of Justice cannot bear the strain. A jury will be too concerned with the effect their verdict would have on the public and not concerned enough with merely determining as objectively as possible the guilt or innocence of the Panthers on trial.

I cannot say that an orgy for the Panthers will solve any of their real problems, but it is the only alternative to senseless violence that hasn't, to my knowledge, yet been tried. Even if it never comes off, it may help the GLF find out what they have or don't have in common with other persecuted minorities. The only thing that both groups have in common seems to be a burning desire for liberty, equality and insanity. In the case of the Panthers, the insanity is understandable. In the case of the GLF, it is not. Why?

The answer lies in the fact that the Panthers have responded irrationally to some very real problems. The GLF has responded irrationally to irrelevant problems. If their goal is sexual liberation, then this is a question of civil liberties and social and cultural reform. But because the GLF has such a loose, virtually anarchistic structure, it is difficult to know just what their true goals are. Until they can agree on them, the GLF will probably continue to try to free everybody, but make no real progress in freeing anybody because it takes a certain amount of discipline to make any significant gains. To achieve true discipline is to give up a certain amount of immediate freedom in order to achieve a distant worthwhile goal. But because there seems to be a strong commitment to the notion of *total freedom now*, inner discipline and coordination become impossible. But who wants discipline when everyone is having such a groovy time doing their own thing?

## BALL A PANTHER



Huey Newton, co-founder and leader of the Black Panthers

## FOR PEACE AND FREEDOM

BY STEFEN VERK

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

**Q.** I have been deeply in love with an Algerian youth of 24 for the last year. We have been writing to each other regularly, and I recently brought him to New York on a 10 day visa. I am now in the process of getting an extension of 6 months for him and his residence papers. We had one night together in bed. He is as gay as I am and says he is in love with me. The only trouble is I am still living at home with my parents but intend to get my own pad shortly. This person says he will move in with me just as soon as he gets a job and his papers are straightened out. Meanwhile, he is staying with a friend of his parents, who seems to be taking up most of his time. This friend is as straight as they come as far as I know. I was told this, as my friend said he had no sex with him. He only wants me. Could you advise me what to do, as I am going out of my mind when I am not with him?

Mr. D., Queens

**A.** Move into your own place immediately. You are probably too old to be living with your parents, anyway, and you can see for yourself what problems that situation can create. Your friend doesn't have to wait until he has a job and papers before he moves in with you. He can join you the day you move into your new place. If he doesn't; it probably indicates that he never intended to, and that the job and papers business is a convenient excuse. The only way you can find out what you want to know is to make that change of residence. It is better to be sure.



**Q.** My problem is very unusual. I am 27, fairly attractive, Afro-American and extremely lonely. I'm mostly attracted to whites and Spanish around my age or slightly younger. But I find that they are not attracted to me. Although I am sometimes attracted to members of my own race, I also find that it is hard to find sexual partners among them also. In general, I'm forced to live without the second most important drive in a man's life, the sex drive. I can't understand this at all, because I am attractive, quiet, and I treasure friendship more than anything else in the world. I go to the bars and continually face one rejection after another. The same thing happens in the baths and while cruising. So I usually end it all by coming home alone at the end of the night, opening my refrigerator and just staring at the food and drinks that I've purchased for that "special someone." I go to bed alone to masturbate and then fall off to sleep and dream of that certain person that I would like to meet but never do. I have given up trying to find a lover. All I want and desire out of gay life is a little sexual happiness. Am I asking too much?

C.B., NYC

**A.** Your problem is not unusual. If you are all the things you say you are, there must be a reason why you cannot find something as readily accessible to anyone as a sex partner. Yes,

**ANYONE... fat, skinny, tall, short, crippled, bald, hairy, black, white, beautiful, or ugly. Your lack of sexual success would indicate that it is part of a deliberate plan of your own to seek out only those you are sure will reject you. Even if you were old and toothless, someone would want you. If you are only 27 and attractive, there is no rational explanation why everyone should turn you down, is there? Obviously you pick out those people that you know in advance will not want to go with you. Of course you know that the world is full of people who would go to bed with you if they are attracted to you. On the other hand, there are many who would not be attracted to you. Everybody cannot want you, but somebody surely does. Are you seeking out whites and Spanish who dislike blacks? Are you seeking out blacks who dig only whites? Do you ever really notice when anybody else is cruising you? You do not find sex partners, because you are not seeking them. You are seeking rejection, and that is directly due to your own private opinion of yourself. If you really believe that you are a beautiful person (inside as well as out), you will have no trouble discovering that others also believe it and want to be with you. Next time you go out, may I suggest that you do not cruise anybody else. Just be pleasant and friendly to anybody who appears to enjoy your being pleasant and**

friendly, and let them do the cruising. The desperate hunter is more often avoided than sought out. And, even if you do not care to go to bed with the other person, talk to them until someone comes along who also wants you. It's better than brooding. Look for friendly invitations, not challenges. You aren't proving a goddamned thing if you persuade a Ku Klux Klanner to bed with you, except that some people have sex for the wrong reasons.

**Q.** I am 21 and getting so frustrated I am beginning to feel like 121 or even older. The trouble is that I have a dick which is just too damned big! I am a goodlooking boy with blond hair and blue eyes, and I make out very well in my cruising. The trouble starts the minute I take off my clothes and they get a look at that big curse of mine. It scares the hell out of them, and I can't really blame them, either. You see, I have 14 1/2 inches, bigger around than my wrist, and almost nobody can take it in any place. I don't want to spend the rest of my life jerking off, but I can't seem to find anyone to have sex with. What now?  
F.O.B., L.A.

**A.** Many of my readers will be astonished to discover that anyone would complain about having too much, but *c'est la guerre!* Listen, buddy, didn't you know that your city, your state, your entire nation for that matter, are literally crawling with size queens looking for a prize like you? I cannot guarantee that any of them will like you as well as your dick, but you might be lucky enough to find some who like both of you equally well. You might try strolling around naked in the baths (to eliminate surprises), and you will be surprised at how quickly people will appear who not only desire to but can comfortably fit whatever you may have somewhere in their bodies. The human body is fabulously elastic, and experience will teach you that you need never jerk off again, unless you wish to. You might also try wearing tighter pants, without shorts, and somebody will find you.

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**I'M A MASCULINE, attractive, hip, white, mustached, 5'9", 26-year-old good guy. I'm looking for guys who are groovy, masculine, friendly, UN-freaky and UN-weird. Just normal guys who happen to be gay, for friendship, rapping, enjoying and being. Photo appreciated and returned. John D., Box 146, 1651 Second Ave., NYC, 10028.**

**COLLEGE STUDENT, 20, 5'11", 155lbs, blonde, blue eyes, seeks same for lasting and close relationship. Only letters with photos answered. Boxholder, P.O. Box 252, Bloomfield, New Jersey, 07003.**

**BRIDGEPORT, CONN. AREA:** for fun and games, gay or trade, 18-33, write giving age, phone number, photo if available. M. Fort c/o Eljayee, 1639 N. California, Chicago, Illinois 60647.

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**GOOD-LOOKING MALE, 24, 5'10", 155lbs, brown hair and eyes and hung, in cycle and head set would like to meet heads to groove with and guys with cycles to ride with. You won't be disappointed with me. I dig blonds with groovy bodies. Let's meet and swing. If you're groovy and know where it's at call ARTIE, 989-0488.**

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**SLIM YOUNG MAN** wishes to meet very heavy (250 pound or more) young men, 18-21. Call 201-484-2833 after 5pm.

## RAO TALKS TO GAY

(continued from page 20)

**GAY:** What about you? Do you think it is right that they assume this?

**RAO:** I could understand why the army would not desire to have individuals with any type of sexual problems, be they, you know a male nymphomaniac.

**GAY:** Do you think there might be a "Freaking fag revolution" to quote Mr. Thomas Foan, the prosecutor of the Chicago 8?

**RAO:** I don't think we have to worry about a fag revolution, or a he-man revolution, or a lesbian revolution, or a veteran's revolution, or a woman's revolution—I don't think we have to worry about any revolution.

to increase. "They're springing up like fish-and-chip joints," he said. "I'm not worried about the normal guy buying those magazines. I don't see how any normal man can look at those and say they're anything but filth."

The Columbus Dispatch printed the names, home addresses and in some cases, photographs of those arrested. Bail for the defendants ranged between \$500 and \$5000.

As part of the campaign to stop the sale of erotic material, Columbus police threatened on Monday, April 20, to extend the crackdown by arresting people who buy the literature as well as those who sell it. Vice Squad Lt. Alex Ince warned that the same felony section which pertains to the sale of obscene literature also forbids possession. This means that police can arrest customers who patronize the shops. [Editor's note: The Supreme Court has already ruled (*Stanley vs. Georgia*) that statutes prohibiting private possession of erotic material are unconstitutional.] Conviction carries a possible sentence of from one to seven years imprisonment and fines ranging from \$200 to \$2000.

None of the eight arrested in the first raid appeared in court on Monday, and because of the intricate nature of appeals and motions, it is possible that they will never have to appear in court.

Dismissal of the charges or a prolonged court fight are definite possibilities, but police said they will not be deterred in their efforts to squelch the flourishing businesses.

"We will keep filing charges until some judge tells us we can't," said Police Chief Joseph.

## THE LIBERATION OF THE HEAD

(continued from page 14)

them, he privately thinks of himself exactly as they think of him. He is working for revolution at the wrong place. The revolt should start in his own head. That is where he is being held in chains.

The sadists and the masochists are opposite sides of the same ugly coin, the name of which is self-hatred. They are busy seeking and dealing out punishment instead of happiness, and the roots lie in their inability to understand or accept that the word *different* is not synonymous with *inferior*! In that semantic failure lies the poisonous roots of guilt and self-hatred. The revolution

should start in the leather bars, in the bushes of Fire Island, in the subway tearooms, in the closet cases leading Boy Scout troops or cruising Christian Science reading rooms. There is nothing immoral about sex. There is something very immoral in considering it dirty and feeling guilty because it gives you pleasure. There is something very immoral in denying yourself happiness, love, self-respect, and meaningful human relationships. There is something very immoral in refusing to believe you are a human being first and a homosexual second. There is also something very immoral in nailing yourself on a cross.

*The Revolution begins with the liberation of the head. Go forth and suck today. Picket Dow Chemical tomorrow.*

## SODOM AND TOMORROW

(continued from page 7)

sexy, it's ridiculous. It's the hallmark of bad pornography.

**GAY:** What's the hallmark of good pornography?

**VANDEN:** Something imaginatively conceived that stirs the imagination of the reader. Remember I said my sexist scene yet was in *Twain Orbs*? Let me describe it in essence. Just at the time of the old Christmas holidays, my "exiles" on another planet discover a means of tapping in themselves the ESP that is there. They have a feast and partake of a substance that they have found on their new planet. Under the influence of this substance, they find themselves losing their individuality. They experience the sensations that others are experiencing, at the same time. You have an orgy at which

500 people or so all feel all the sexual stimulations that are being applied—all at once.

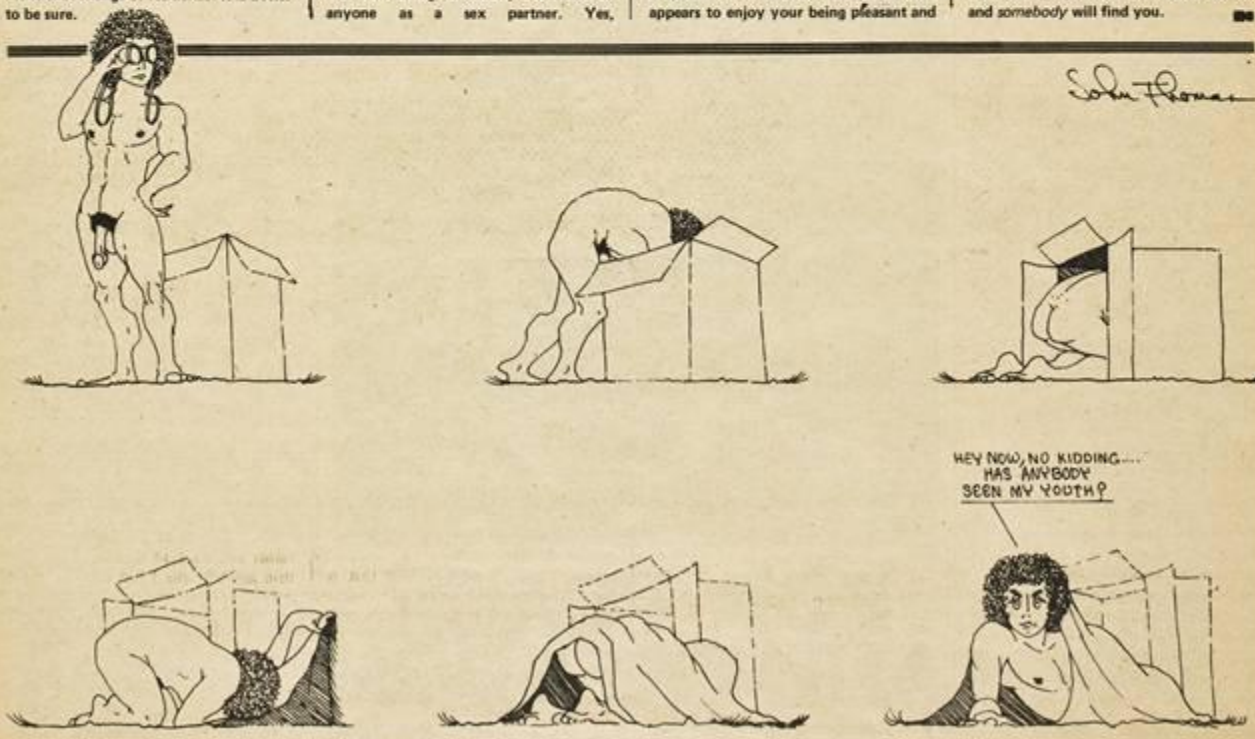
**GAY:** An orgy at which everyone not only sees it all but gets it all. Feels it all?

**VANDEN:** Right.

**GAY:** That ought to start things off with a bang!

**VANDEN:** Actually, that's in the middle of the book. It's *I Want It All* that starts with a bang—a gang bang. On the whole, *I Want It All* got down to business earlier and stuck to it closer throughout than anything else I had written earlier. It's a hell of a sexy book.

The next step is to get good homosexual books to a wider readership with more respect for the readers. And the authors themselves, who have been misunderstood and mistreated by publishers too long.




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disapprove, of course, but that's tough  
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understand that I'm not a fag hag doctor,  
I'm just smart, that's all.  
Ophelia Self, Ph.D.  
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copies into Edinburgh Castle, and I've  
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Princess. If I knew for sure that she was  
reading GAY I'd, well, I'd...  
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## GAY'S CALENDAR

**Monday, May 11:** New York Mattachine Society Legal Clinic at Society offices, 6 pm.

**Tuesday, May 12:** Mattachine Society discussion groups at Christopher's End, 180 Christopher St., 8 pm. Donation 50 cents.

**Wednesday, May 13:** West Side Discussion Group regular meeting, Church of the Holy Apostles (28th St. & 9th Ave.), 8 pm. Donation \$1.50. There is also a free blood test clinic in cooperation with the city Department of

Health before the meeting (discretion assured).

**Thursday, May 14:** Gay Activists Alliance regular meeting, Church of the Holy Apostles (28th St. & 9th Ave.), 8 pm. Donation 50 cents.

"Homosexual News" on WBAI-FM (99.5), 8 pm.

**Friday, May 15:** "Homosexual News" rebroadcast of 5/7, WBAI-FM, 10:45 am.

**Sunday, May 17:** GLF Gay Youth Group (under 20 only) meeting at the Church of the Holy Apostles (28th St. & 9th Ave.), 6 pm.

GLF regular Meeting at the Church of the Holy Apostles, 8 pm.

### NATIONAL DIRECTORY

Committee for Homosexual Freedom meets Sundays at 7 pm at Hospitality House, 148 Leavenworth, San Francisco, Calif.

Council on Religion and the Homosexual meets at Glide Church, 330 Ellis, San Francisco, Calif. Telephone (415) 771-6300.

Daughters of Bilitis, Inc. For information write Rita Laporte, DOB, 1005 Market St., rm. 208, San Francisco, Calif. 94103. Telephone (415) 861-8689. In New York, phone (212) 566-8865. Women only. "The Ladder," the only Lesbian magazine

Society for Individual Rights (SIR) 83 Sixth St., San Francisco, Calif. Telephone (415) 781-1570.

S.I.R. of Ohio, Inc. P.O. Box 9761, Columbus, Ohio. Telephone (614) 469-0154.

Homophile organizations are invited to apply to GAY in order to have their addresses and other information published in the Directory or Calendar. In the U.S., is a 48-page bi-monthly.

Subscriptions are \$7.50/yr. Samples \$1.00. Available from DOB in San Francisco.

Gay Activists Alliance P.O. Box 2, Village Station, NYC 10014. Telephone (212) 691-2748 or (212) 673-5633.

Gay Liberation Front c/o Come Out, P.O. Box 92, Village Station, NYC 10014. Telephone (212) 243-2437.

Homosexual Information Center (The Tangents Group) 3473 1/2 Cahuenga Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

Mattachine Society, Inc. of New York 243 West End Avenue, NYC 10023. Telephone (212) 799-0916.

Mattachine Midwest - P.O. Box 924 Chicago, Ill. 60690. Telephone (312) 334-2244.

Mattachine Society of Washington P.O. Box 1032, Washington, D.C. 20013. Telephone (202) EM 2-2211.

## GAY NEWS

### CONGRESSMAN KOCH (continued from page 3)

At the outset it must be made clear that the policy of the Police Commissioner, originally announced to you at the Village Gate, remains unaltered. There has been no retrogression to practices which may have existed previously.

Since January 1, 1969 there were six occasions where police action was taken at the "Snake Pit." In five of these actions persons connected with the operation of the premises were arrested for violation of the Alcoholic Beverage Control Law. However, on March 8, 1970 in addition to persons operating the premises, 167 patrons were issued summonses at the 6th Precinct Station House and released. The issuance of the summonses had nothing whatever to do with the homosexual or

heterosexual persuasions of the patrons. The incident involving Diego Vinales was indeed most unfortunate.

A review of department records for the period from January 1, 1969 to date indicates that the following police action was taken at the other four premises:

**Stonewall** - on two occasions persons connected with the operation of the premises were arrested for violations of the Alcoholic Beverage Control Law. Patrons were not arrested or summonsed on either occasion

**Zoo** - on one occasion persons connected with the operation of the premises were arrested for violations of the Alcoholic Beverage Control Law. Patrons were not arrested or summonsed on this occasion

**Zodiac** - on one occasion persons connected with the operation of the premises, were arrested for violations of the

Alcoholic Beverage Control Law. Patrons were not arrested or summonsed on this occasion

**17 Barrow Street** - on three occasions persons connected with the operation of the premises were arrested for violations of the Alcoholic Beverage Control Law. Patrons were not arrested or summonsed on any of these occasions.

It is significant to note that in twelve of the thirteen actions only management personnel were arrested.

In summary, there has been no change in the Police Commissioner's enforcement policy. The issuance of summonses to the patrons of the Snake Pit was not based upon their sexual persuasion.

Please be assured of this department's continued cooperation in matters of community concern, I remain,  
Respectfully,  
John F. Walsh  
FIRST DEPUTY COMMISSIONER

him. What I'm trying to tell you is this: if you, let's say, had a very serious security question, a homosexual could be readily susceptible to blackmail.

**GAY:** There's no law against it. How can he be blackmailed?

**RAO:** He could be blackmailed; I would prefer not to have someone who has any type of idiosyncratic trait that can be easily exploited to perform a task that would entail the maximum amount of security.

**GAY:** How about regular civil service?

**RAO:** Why not?

**GAY:** What about homosexuals in the armed services, they're banned from there, do you think that's fair?

**RAO:** They're not banned from there. They're not banned from there -

**GAY:** If you get called for your draft and you say you're a homosexual you're not accepted.

**RAO:** I think you understand why, don't you? Do you want me to explain to you why?

**GAY:** Yes!

**RAO:** I mean I can't very well understand having an army of individuals that have any sort of propensities not conducive toward regimentation. Army regimentation is tough, and if they have problems whether they be homosexual problems, whether they be slight problems -

**GAY:** Well, if it is not a problem to the man involved, why should he be discriminated against because of his sexual tastes? Why should a man be discriminated against because he has no legs? Why should a man be discriminated against because he can't hear?

**RAO:** Those are handicaps. No one is being discriminated, that's a conclusion. One is not being discriminated. There are certain rules and regulations, and they have found out through the years and years that it is preferable not to have individuals who have certain given traits, no matter what they be. They might be psychotic liars, they could be neurotic kleptomaniacs, they don't want them in the army.

**GAY:** But you're assuming that homosexuality is one of those undesirable things.

**RAO:** No I'm not. I'm saying the army assumes this.

(continued on page 17)

## N.Y. RIGHTS COMMISSIONER backs EMPLOYMENT DEMANDS

New York, N.Y. - On April 23, Mrs. Eleanor Holmes Norton, newly appointed Chairman of the New York City Human Rights Commission, indicated that she hopes for affirmative official action to provide homosexuals with fair employment protection.

Mrs. Norton met for over an hour with members of Gay Activists Alliance in a conference initiated by that group. She said that she would have her staff research the matter of job discrimination against homosexuals, and would look into existing and proposed legislation in this area, as well as present the subject to the other members of the commission.

GAA members explained that statistically speaking, most homosexuals do not experience loss of employment because of their homosexuality, but are forced to be on their guard and in effect to lead double lives for fear that their employers might discover their sexual orientation and fire them. They contended, however, that there were instances where homosexuals were actually fired because of sexual orientation alone.

Asked for a statement for GAY, Mrs. Norton explained that she could not

speak for the Commission as a whole before consulting with them on the subject. Speaking only for herself, however, she said: "From my background in the American Civil Liberties Union, I know something of the unfair practices that homosexuals encounter, and I would want to study the area to see which of these could be corrected through actions of this Commission."

Mrs. Norton added that she has a desire to pursue the data on discrimination against homosexuals. "It would be very good if New York led the way in doing something affirmative in areas such as discrimination against homosexuals in employment. Other cities, at least a dozen in the U.S. with large homosexual populations, should also be ready for such action soon. We ought to be looking at problems homosexuals face to see if the government could alleviate them. This is an area of the law that is ripe for legislation."

Despite Mrs. Norton's hopes that New York City might actually lead the way in such reform, GAY has since learned that the Human Rights Commission of San Francisco recently

passed a strong resolution supporting equal and fair employment rights for homosexuals. This Commission took action after receiving a petition from the Society for Individual Rights (SIR), a homosexual organization. The resolution was passed by a vote of 11 to 1 after a stormy debate that included SIR members. Police had to be called in to maintain order.

The San Francisco Commission called upon that city's Board of Supervisors (comparable to New York's City Council) to investigate possible discrimination and to act to prevent it. Dean C. Julian Bartlett of the San Francisco Commission maintained that "we are in a position to know that discrimination exists."

### RAO TALKS TO GAY

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individual, then I would have voted for abortion reform.

**GAY:** How do you feel about homosexuals in government, by the way? Do you think they should be in civil service?

**RAO:** Let me answer this way. If I had a male nymphomaniac, a male nymphomaniac, and I wanted him to collect money that was owed me in a house of ill repute, I would never send

