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TO THE NEWSDEALER: You are warned not to sell this newspaper to a minor. If you do it will be grounds for refusal to renew you with future issues. The Editors of this newspaper have made every effort to insure that the contents of this publication are not obscene or pornographic under the law, current court, or contemporary standards of conduct in sex.

DO NOT PURCHASE IF YOU WANT PORNOGRAPHY!

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WALL STREET B.S. P.12

MICK JAGGER, STAR OF THE WARNER BROS.–SEVEN ARTS PRODUCTION OF "PERFORMANCE."

The Editors Speak:

UNCLE SAM IS A PEEPING TOM

The United States Government is filled with official peeping toms and voyeurs. These invaders of privacy are paid by Uncle Sam to snoop in the bedrooms of American citizens while they are engaged in the most personal and private of acts: sex!

1984 is closer than we think! Big Brother is bugging pillows with every device at his command. The F.B.I. is now the Federal Bedbugging Institute.

The Federal Morals Inspectors are actively engaged in making life for this nation's homosexuals as difficult as possible. The Government sets the lead for private employers by persecuting its gay citizens. It spends great sums of the taxpayer's money to search for homosexuals in Government service.

Recently, the Department of Defense held a Field Board Re-hearing in New York City, in the now-famous, widely publicized security clearance case of Benning Wentworth, a publicly, self-acknowledged, self-proclaimed homosexual Mr. Wentworth has been deprived of his clearance on the ground that he is subject to blackmail, in spite of the fact that he has nothing to hide!



The questions which were asked by Government representatives were of the most private nature. We are compelled to ask, with outrage and indignation, WHY IN THE HELL IS THE U.S. GOVERNMENT ASKING ITS CITIZENS QUESTIONS SUCH AS THESE? What purpose is served by poking into a citizen's sexual life?

Here are the Government's questions:

For how long have you been an active practicing homosexual?

At what age did you have your first homosexual experience? What did it consist of? Was it frottage, mutual masturbation or could you give your terminology for it?

Have you ever had a heterosexual experience?

Have these (homosexual) experiences been with some regularity, or have they been periodic, sporadic things?

(With regard to a particular experience) You didn't have an emission?

Did you have homosexual experiences with some frequency while you were at college?

Were the gaps (in occurrences of homosexual relationships) more frequent than the periods of regularity or were the periods of regularity more frequent than the gaps?

With how many partners had you homosexual relations during your college years approximately?

Had you met him (a particular partner) at school or was there some other meeting place or means of meeting?

As far as your relationship with this unnamed person, could you define, or could you explain the type of relationship that you had, that is, the mechanic or tactic or technique?

(Department Councel's explanation of the preceding): Exactly, I will accept your Councel's question: Who did what with which to whom?

(With regard to a particular act): Were you the inserter or were you the receptor? Were there any other acts which you found sexually stimulating? Did you find anything sexually stimulating, whether acts which you performed, which caused you or your partner to have an arousal, for example? Did you, in concert with your partner, do anything to cause your arousal or his arousal?

And did these acts consist of petting, kissing, or what?

Was there any mutual masturbation? Was there any anal penetration? When you have a homosexual experience, is it fellatio?

Do you carry on mail correspondence with people with whom you had relationships?

Is there any American citizen who does not understand our objections to such privacy invasions on the part of our Government?

LEROI JONES

We are tired of the abuse which certain black "leaders" are heaping upon the homosexual community. We should like to ask H. Rap Brown to refrain from calling his enemies "faggots". Would he like homosexuals to call their opponents "niggers?" Does he forget that there are hundreds of thousands of homosexual blacks?

We are weary of Eldrige Cleaver's put-downs of James Baldwin on account of his homosexual leanings.

We are not surprised by the latest anti-homosexual outburst: that by Leroi Jones who offers backhanded "support" of the homosexual revolution because it weakens the hand that "holds the chain that binds black people." Mr. Jones is actually opposed to "nakedness" too, it seems, although he supports it in order to "weaken" Euro-American culture.

We do not welcome the support of Leroi Jones, and we are pleased to call him a puritanical bigot.

We support the civil liberties and social rights of all oppressed minorities, but will not back, as he does, causes we do not favor in order to gain our ends.

Gay

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ANOTHER RADICAL SEX GROUP FORMED

MATTACHINE REPUDIATES CONNECTION

New York, N.Y. A new group which claims that its purpose is to "end definition of human sexuality" has been formed by members of the War Resister's League, the Gay Liberation Front, Women's Liberation, WITCH (The Women's International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell), the Student Homophile League, and other groups. Adopting the name RASCO (Radical Sexual Coalition) these persons sponsored a November picket of TIME magazine charging that the publication has attempted to "dictate" sexual boundaries and is "narrow," "outdated," "warped," and "repressed." RASCO also demanded "equal space" in the pages of TIME magazine to represent an alternative view.

The Mattachine Society Inc. of New York and the Daughters of Bilitis Inc. strongly protested the new group's unauthorized use of their organizational names in connection with the picket. According to flyers distributed by RASCO, "members of" Mattachine and D.O.B. organized the picket. MSNY and D.O.B. spokesmen insist that this was a cleverly disguised attempt to give the impression that their organizations voted to support the TIME picket. "Members of Mattachine and D.O.B. are perfectly free to take part in any demonstration *as individuals*," said spokesmen, "but such persons have never been authorized to use our organizational names unless approved by our elected executive boards." ■■

LEROI JONES CALLS GAYS "FAKE"

New York, N.Y. Black playwright, Leroi Jones, has defined the great "deluge" in "nakedness" and "homosexuality" as a white man's weakness, but urges radicals to "support" "degenerate" changes in mores to hasten the breakdown of Euro-American culture.

Writing in the NEW YORK TIMES (November 16, 1969) Jones calls upon blacks to focus on National Liberation and to steer clear of the "vague, integrated, plastic homosexual 'rEVolUTION' . . . a conglomeration of words degeneracy, and fake pseudo 'act' " "The Nationalist does not confuse this with National Liberation," he writes. He offers "support" of changes in mores, however, "because it weakens the hand that holds the chain that binds Black people." Jones' political theory says that white equals sickness and "effeminacy" and that Black equals "masculinity" and strength. ■■

TELEPHONE COMPANY DISCRIMINATION CHARGED

New York, N.Y. A young job applicant hired by the New York Telephone Company has been discharged as unacceptable after a company examination of his draft records revealed "homosexual tendencies."

Until now there have been no cases challenging the "right" of an employer to force people to declare the reasons for their draft status, thus violating the legally-constituted secrecy of such records. New York Mattachine has indicated that the first steps are being taken to sue the telephone monopoly.

The two issues surrounding the legal action stress violations of privacy and constitutional rights. "To deny a man employment " says Dick Leitsch, "solely because he has "homosexual tendencies" subverts his constitutional rights. No one, under the law, is supposed to have access to Selective Service System records " Both the Federal Civil Service Commission and the New York City Personnel Department have been reprimanded by Federal Courts for discriminating against homosexuals in employment. "The time has come," says Mr. Leitsch, "to go after the private employers as well." ■■

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Recent articles on Homosexuality

LOOK MAGAZINE SEES PUBLIC VIEW CHANGING

New York, N.Y. Dec. 2 LOOK's senior editor, writes that "things have in fact changed" for the homosexual. He quotes Dr. Joel Fort, a social psychiatrist at the University of California, who says, "Happiness for the homosexual can be as possible as for the heterosexual when he recognizes that sexual relationships are only a small component of total relationships."

Dr. Fort, says LOOK, is puzzled by the great fear, if not contempt that many Americans have for homosexuals, because he insists in believing "that heterosexuality is quite capable of competing with homosexuality." Calling Dr. Fort "perceptive" LOOK says that his idea is to "work with the homosexual to bring him into the mainstream of society, recognizing at least temporarily, his need to band together with other homosexuals."

LOOK believes that there is "increasing tolerance among the young" and that homosexuals in San Francisco "have considerable freedom, including the freedom to congregate in more than 100 'gay' bars in the Bay area." ■■

FEDERAL CLAIMS COURT RULES AGAINST GOV'T EMPLOYEE

Washington D.C. Seven judges in The United States Court of Claims ruled against a former federal employee who was accused of having had homosexual relations. The employee, Richard L. Schlegel, was removed from government service on July 31, 1961, and had served creditably as a civilian in the Department of the Army, Office of Transportation, in Hawaii.

The judges, all of whom were in agreement, included the following comments in their decision: "Any schoolboy knows that a homosexual act is immoral, indecent, lewd, and obscene. Adult persons are even more conscious that this is true. If activities of this kind are allowed to be practiced in a government department it is inevitable that the efficiency of the service will in time be adversely affected. In our case, it was determined by the Army and the Civil Service Commission that the plaintiff was guilty of immoral and indecent conduct which impaired the efficiency of the service and that his removal would promote the efficiency of the service. We agree." ■■

POLL SHOWS DOCTORS OPPOSE ANTI-GAY LAWS

New York, N.Y. A poll taken by the publication Modern Medicine says that most American doctors believe discreet homosexual acts between consenting adults should be permitted without legal restrictions. Dr. Donald W. Hastings, professor of psychiatry at the University of Minnesota analyzed the findings. He said it appears that physicians are taking a lead in the nation by critically examining the issues. "One might predict that the views of physicians will lead by a decade or so those publicly held, that they will prevail in time and become the common attitudes of tomorrow." Seventeen percent of 27,741 physicians polled qualified their support of the legalization of homosexual acts only on the basis that "they are done in private and society is not harmed."

(continued on page 10)

NEW YORK GAY GHETTOS

UNUSUAL NEIGHBORHOODS ARE NOW "USUAL"

BY HECTOR SIMMS

The city fathers may not have planned it that way, but there are several areas of New York so heavily populated by homosexuals that they qualify in every way as gay ghettos. Times Square, Central Park, and the 7th Avenue Subway cannot be considered in this category, however, because their countless (and usually nameless) gay legions are primarily transient rather than permanent. A gay ghetto, therefore, may be defined as a particular area where a very heavy concentration of homosexuals actually live and frequently pay rent. It is a ghetto, per se, because they are not there by chance, but because they choose . . . or feel compelled to choose . . . to live in such a specific locale.

Homosexuals, unlike other minorities, are not actually *forced* to live in ghettos because of any label such as black, Puerto Rican, Jewish, or what not. The label is more often inside their heads than on their exteriors. Living in a gay ghetto is a matter of deliberate choice, which can be based on either quite valid or totally irrational reasons. It is sad, as well as senseless, to believe one *must* live there, because nowhere else would one be safe, comfortable, or welcome. On the other hand, it is perfectly true that a gay person living in a neighborhood swarming with other gay people is more likely to readily find companions, potential friends or lovers, tricks, friendly bars and restaurants, cruising places, and even compatible neighbors, and all this without leaving his own home base. It sounds almost like Nirvana, doesn't it? However, life being such a contrary bitch as well as a blessing, there have to be disadvantages, which will be dealt with in later cold douche-type paragraphs.

There are four major gay ghettos. There are also several minor ones harboring the very rich and the very poor among us, but they are too distressing to think about. For the more insistently nosy readers, who so closely resemble their shrill unpleasant mothers, the names of two minor ones will be revealed for silencing purposes: Sutton Place, and the Lower East Side.

Now for the majors. The most ancient in America and the ear-splittingly noticeably world famous star among gay ghettos is, of course, Greenwich Village. The West Village in particular, and to a much lesser and shabbier extent, the upstart East Village. The next contender is that part of the spottily smart East Side which has as boundaries Lexington Avenue on the west, First Avenue on the east, 86th on the north, and 23rd St. on the south, and with Third Avenue as its glittering whore of a focal point. The third (and most) comfortably integrated entry is the West Seventies from Riverside Drive to Central Park West and from 79th Street to 70th Street with more than a few stragglers peacefully ensconced in the Sixties, Eighties, and Nineties. The last and most forbiddingly quaint ghetto is Brooklyn Heights. A very conservative estimate would place at least *half a million* male and female homosexuals as inhabiting these four small sections in preference to the many hundreds of square miles of the metropolitan area available to them, but through which they continue to remain very thinly scattered.

There are literally tens of thousands of homosexuals sprinkled throughout the vast wasteland of Brooklyn, but only Brooklyn Heights qualifies as an authentic gay ghetto. There are two identifying characteristics about Brooklyn Heights which establish its individuality from the other three ghettos. First, it is an exceptionally attractive residential neighborhood of charmingly renovated, high rent, old town houses peacefully set along quiet tree-lined streets. Some of these remain private homes, and others are split up into exceptionally inviting apartments. Its second trademark is less inviting. A small percentage of the Heights consists of pleasant, cultured, high income people of the nicest type, many of whom are long-time lovers. However, the larger percentage is composed of the most up-tight, pretentious, closet queens this side of the Audubon Society. Closet queens, like venereal diseases, are to be found oozing about everywhere, of course; but their ratio to the total gay population is incredibly higher in Brooklyn Heights than in any other gay ghetto under consideration.



PHOTOS BY KEN GAUL

The closet people not withstanding, this is one of the loveliest neighborhoods in the city. Everything seems to radiate out from Montague Street or Clark Street, for unknown reasons, and The Promenade with its spectacular view of a body of water with a bunch of pretty lights on the other shore is also the wildly popular local cruising ground. There is, of course, also the St. George Hotel noted for its swimming pool and other indoor sports facilities. Most of the local fauna is



to be found frequently dining, in sedate little coveys, at a highly recommended delicatessen on Montague Street or at one or another of the vaguely charming Arab restaurants in the area, which are chiefly notable for their atrocious food and lack of interest in improving same.

For a complete contrast, the Village now pirouettes into view with the wildest dizziest, most bewildering variety of liberated, sick, enchanting, inventive, homosexuals in the city. Absolutely every possible type of gay person on record, and undoubtedly numerous ones not yet classified or understood, are to be found in the Village doing his or her own thing with an abandon which is delightful in its intensity, if not always its character. Every color, gender, religion, and national origin is found here in the fullest flower of its homosexual representation. This also holds true for shape, size, and spectrum of sexual preferences. Whatever one's most secret dreams could conjure lives somewhere in the Village, and the availability index is highly favorable. The sheer madness of the place is refreshing, distressing, appealing, and outrageous . . . and all simultaneously. Nothing is understated down here, not even heterosexuality. In fact, the gay and the straight appear so pleasantly homogenized on their public surfaces that one must look very close indeed to see that all which is white is not milk.

There is not a street in the Village which is without its share of the gay population. There is even one legally named Gay Street which runs directly into Christopher which must surely be the campiest outdoor scene since ancient Rome. On any night of the week,





including those with blizzards, heat waves or the most hostile thunderstorms the most incredible collection of male homosexuals in insane costumes (and heads to match) are to be found sauntering up and down Christopher from Seventh Avenue to the outdoor gay forum at the corner of Greenwich. Every doorway, every square inch of pavement even most of the passing cars, appear to be occupied by them. Everything from the scroungiest gay hippy type to the most elegant visiting Martian queen is to be observed here. It is amusing, more often than sordid, but very difficult to believe. Greenwich Avenue has even more gay strollers a micrometre more decorous perhaps, but very uninhibited and sociable. This avenue is also lined with many pleasant restaurants, galleries and shops, catering primarily to the gay set as well as numerous stunned tourist types.

There are gay bars gay restaurants, gay private clubs, gay boutiques and gay everything you could possibly think of all over the place. Even the determinedly intellectual VILLAGE VOICE types are to be seen drifting about in the perennial marriage of carnival and crusade which best describes the Village. Rents are rather high, for the most part but the brethren are to be found dwelling in everything from cold water flats to ultra-modern luxury apartments, not to mention remodelled carriage houses and similar charming madnesses. It is true beyond question that the Village is a gay ghetto par excellence, but there is a feeling of freedom about it which tends to disguise the ghettoization of the heads choosing to live there. It is said that Villagers loathe travelling above 14th Street, and this also clearly reveals the presence of a mental ghetto, not so amusing.

Gay ghettos, of course, could not exist without the cooperation or deliberate choice of their occupants. This compulsion to live only where surrounded with one's own kind, even if based on the most rational motives, is the syndrome of mental ghettoization. It smells of guilt, fear of the heterosexual community, self-denigration, and all sorts of sad masochistic escapes. It is a man with imaginary leprosy wearing the mask of comedy. It is also unnecessary.

The West Seventies, though a ghetto, is the most comfortable one of all. Its history as a homosexual habitat dates roughly back to the 1920's, and each year has seen its gay population growing and improving in quality. Many of the most creative gay people in the city live in these old brownstones and aging apartment houses. There has been a fantastic spurt in renovation of the neighborhood, with a corresponding spurt





upwards in rent. Innumerable artists, writers, theatre people, dancers, musicians are to be found here, along with gay neighbors who are in every known profession and economic level. The West Side is extremely friendly, lively, and unpretentious. It also has other attractions.

There are countless nice restaurants of every national cuisine, a few very relaxed gay bars, a neighborhood steam bath, and who could forget to mention Central Park West or Riverside Drive? The last named, naturally, are for nocturnal bird-watchers who hope to accidentally run across other friendly bird-watchers. The cruising has to be seen to be believed, but it is year-round, profitable, and quite sociable. Broadway, Columbus, and Amsterdam are the other main streets of this area, and they also are both friendly and cruisy. For a ghetto, this is a very pleasant place to live, and the heterosexuals are a friendly lot, too.

It is somewhat more painful to discuss the East Side. This part of town is fashionable, clean, attractive, and poisonously dull. It has a fantastic concentration of uninteresting gay bars, over-priced gay restaurants and men's shops and enormous quantities of homosexuals who are for the most part a rather tacky, pretentious, empty sort. There are some nice ones, of course, but unfortunately they rarely appear in public (and with such neighbors, who could blame them?) Third Avenue, the holy shrine of this over-rated ghetto, has among its other mixed blessings a larger army of male hustlers than 42nd Street. And far more mercenary, it has been said among the cognoscenti of such matters.

Most of the cruising is along Third, with Lexington and Madison still perennial, if elderly, favorites. The shops and dwellings are crammed with homosexuals, as befits such a ghetto, but something is noticeably missing. It is laughter. So much for the East Side. Who will lament its passing?

There are some distinct advantages to living in gay ghettos, it cannot be denied. None of them, however, are so important as the sense of personal dignity and self-esteem which disappears or fades with the ghettoization of the mind. One imprisoning himself in such places unwittingly cheats himself of the pleasures and rewards which come with living out in the larger world. This larger world contains not only homosexuals but plenty of friendly heterosexuals, laughing children, mixed community activities for all to join, and the many other things which go to making up a whole city, not merely a community of self-exiles.

All of the gay ghettos contain some kind of gay community activity which welcomes the participation of all homosexuals. Among the more interesting are the West Side Discussion Club, the Mattachine Society encounters, and the many projects of the Gay Liberation Front. There is a new freedom in the gay world, and many an old-line homosexual is stepping out unafraid into the daylight to share the nice clean air with younger ones who've never known any compulsion to hide in dark closets with mama's decaying old ballgowns.

This freedom must be encouraged and actively helped to grow to the point where gay ghettos are a useless anachronism and an affront to the pride of every free homosexual citizen. Homosexuals have the right to live wherever they can afford to, and it is not heterosexuals who are preventing this. We do it ourselves, and both the larger society and we are cheated of our participation in the community as PEOPLE.

WHAT MAKES MICK MIGHTY?

BY EVERETT HENDERSON

He's not a he-man and he's certainly not a woman, even though he has the propensity for appearing in drag and looking as cheap and as tawdry as he possibly can. He is one of the world's great exhibitionists. He likes to flounce about; he likes to capitalize on his pouty brand of good looks; he likes to make the most of his incredibly obvious sexuality. He is a true star. He is Mick Jagger and he is now in New York.

What is the reason for Mick's phenomenal appeal? Is Mick Jagger the handsomest male in the history of show business–the sexiest, the most boyish, the most appealing? No, but Mick is sexy and sex is our most powerful life force, with the ability to draw the most unbelievably disparate people together, playing havoc with rhyme and reason.

Marlene Dietrich is an actress who plays the role of goddess, abstracting and refining all the elements of fantasy this role requires. Mick is the abstracted essence of a demon sensuality; he is the symbol of our most lustful appetites; when he sings he makes you want to do every awful thing you ever felt like doing. Jagger is a consummate actor. He has chosen to play brilliantly the role of the devil's advocate of obsessive and restless sex. Can you see why he appeals to *everybody?*

No one expects a teenage sex symbol to say, "I am not a man; I am not a woman. I am all sexes to all people." The Stones and their soubrette, Mick, are a viable product. They must be commercial in order to survive. Therefore, the real nature of Mick is couched in somewhat more puzzling terms. The Stones, never telling the truth about themselves or their music, are a hostile group. Most of their hostility is directed toward woman. "Mother's Little Helper" and "Have You Seen Your Mother Baby, Standing in the Shadow?" are cases in point. Women are just holes–to be fucked recklessly with some degree of brutality if one has either the energy or the spirit. Women are to receive no respect. They pop pills to get through their boring days. They are always lifting their skirts in alley ways, getting banged and becoming pregnant. "Ruby Tuesday" is a touching tale of a girl who just wouldn't come around. The hero's heart is broken but he goes on. Ruby, as I see it, was a pretty nasty trick, one of the nastier of the one night stands. Mick's greatest song, ("I Ain't Got No) Satisfaction" is a classic rock tale of impotence. Put them all together. Dishonesty has made the boys mean. It probably has also made them brilliant. But now there is no way to judge. Forced into an arbitrary heterosexual context, they pout they whine. What Mick and the Stones need is the official sanction of their encompassing sexuality. Then, perhaps, their songs would have more love in them, their audience would be turned on by something other than hostility.

CAN HE BE ALL SEXES TO ALL PEOPLE?



THE ROLLING STONES: Sexual Ambiguity on parade.

I am wary, might I say, of hostility as a motivation anyway. Wary, mind you, is not the same as ignorant of. I am going to let Mick arouse me. I hope he does the same for you. I just want you aware of why you are responding. It's just that I am always puzzled that the most unpleasant urges can sometimes produce the most incredible states of excitement.

I want to hear your reactions to this analysis of Mick if you were fortunate enough to see the Stones at Madison Square Garden on November 27th and 28th. Their concerts were rituals. Mick was high priest of sex and the audience screamed its own version of prayer. Were you turned on? Remember though, that exciting as all of it was, it is all founded on some sort of dishonest premise. Does that stop you? Don't ask if it stops me.



THE GAY WITCH

BY DR. LEO LOUIS MARTELLO

BI-SEXUAL GODS

In the oldest records of India, China, Babylonia, Egypt and Greece the first gods are represented as bi-sexual. The Greeks often depicted Apollo as both male and female. Bacchus was similarly described. Proclus, commenting on the *Timaeus of Plato*, says: "Jupiter (Zeus) is a man, Jupiter is an immortal maid." Citing further Orphic verses it mentions that all things are contained "in the womb of Jupiter."

In Cyprus, Venus, depicted as Aphrodite, sometimes had a beard! Diana or Artemis had characteristics of both sexes. Orpheus taught that since the gods possessed the generative powers to create all things, they were, of necessity, both male and female. A Babylonian tradition described the first men as having one body and two heads one male and one female. A Hindu scholar drew a figure of Brahma, during the act of creation, making himself bisexual. The Babylonian god Tammuz was consecrated a Qedesha (prostitute–I Kings 19:24).

Jahveh, the Hebrew god, is made up of *Jah* masculine, and the second syllable from *havvah*, feminine. It comes from Yaw or Yah, the name of a prehistoric male-female moon-god venerated by South Arabian Semitic tribes. The Jews tagged on the feminine root making it Yahweh or Jahwah. The Christian Bible spells it as Jehovah because of an error in translation. The Books of Job and Isaiah depict Jahveh as having the characteristics of both sexes. In ancient Assyrian texts the name appears as Ja-u or Ja-hu. On Babylonian tablets the name appears as Ja-a-ma (pronounced Jawa). In Egypt this diety was worshipped as Y-Ha-Ho. The Gnostic Christians worshipped him as Jao, Iao or Iaw. Emperor Hadrian, writing to his consul Servianus, said that he believed that the Egyptian Christians were really worshippers of Serapis (a god in whom the attributes of Osiris and Apis were united!) Apis of course was the sacred bull. Osiris was the god of the underworld, judge of the dead, brother and husband of Isis! Well, if they *incest!*

Witchcraft is the Old Religion, if not the first. Satanism is really reverse Christianity. Satan is a Christian concept. Devil-worshippers are black Christians (however in today's context calling them "black" may be paying them an undeserved compliment!) Devil worship, Satansim, Black Magic are offshoots and deliberate reversals of Christian practices. It has nothing to do with orthodox Witchcraft. However, in many instances the two have been hybridized and bastardized, forming new cults. Future columns will show that Christianity is a plagiarized religion, borrowing and stealing from the older "pagan" religions especially Witchcraft.

Amateur occultists and would-be witches, in their attempt to appear knowledgeable, usually correct "witch" when referring to a male and pompously say "It's warlock." Technically they're correct. They're also "out of it." The "in" term is witch for both sexes. Meetings are called "circles." Nudity is called "skyclad."

Vampirism is substitutional oral gratification, displaced fellatio or cunnilingus. Love-bites and "hickeys" modified vampirism. Werewolves are projections of sexual aggressions, repressed, animal-lust set free by the full moon! The fact that vampires cast no reflections in mirrors is just another way of saying that they have no consciences; no guilty kick-backs! Thus they can suck to their heart's content!

Easter Sunday, the Ressurrection, Astral Projections and bodily Levitation may have all originated with primitive man's awe over the rise and fall of his own organ! Seemingly "having a mind of its own", bringing so much pleasure and a sense of power . . . of being "uplifted" . . . and this accompanied by dreams in which he saw himself flying, later evolved into religious beliefs. Freud and other psychiatrists, including modern sleep laboratories, have pointed out the connection between beautiful dreams of flying and erections in men and sexual arousal in women. Unable to accept the sexual part of these dreams modern man "spiritualizes" them. Primitive man attributed them to the gods, beliefs in life after death, complicated rituals. Man, whether Stone Age, Stonehenge or Stonewall Inn, has always been fascinated by and preoccupied with "the Resurrection Of the Body!" After sexual relations the man may say "It's dead!" Then, once again, it's resurrected and he's "flying high!"

I've often been asked if I put curses on people. Yes. There's one curse that always works: I wish everyone on . . . HIMSELF! Address all questions to Dr. Leo Louis Martello, c/o GAY.

The hallmark of a people who have lost the ability to compose new thoughts and ideas, is the obsessive invention and use of catchy slogans and phrases: one is almost as good as another, or so it would seem. Con Edison has *Clean Energy*, the mayor has *Fun City*, and we have *Gay Power*. Terribly meaningful, of course. Our cups runneth over.

A few months ago *Gay Power* was invented, and a few months later, printed. The first event, which I intend to chat about was authentic, spontaneous, valuable; the reaction of a body of people to an insupportable situation which called for action. The second event, which I do not intend to go into at this time, but will consider a little later and in detail, was the creation *a la* Frankenstein, (dead cliche by dead cliche) of a weekly of more than unusual stupidity and tastelessness in an era marked by the appearance of weeklies of similar worth. In other words, before the *Gay Power Movement* attained its full growth or bore any seed or fruit, it was marked, scarred, and nearly killed by the bright fungus of commercial parasitism. That publication and the mentality behind it is an insidious blight on the body of the homosexual community.

And speaking of insidiousness and of the events of the summer, let me note here as it has been noted elsewhere, that the Mafia runs New York City. That is interesting if only because New York City boasts a government second only to the Federal Government in size. Common knowledge . . . More importantly here, that venerable brotherhood runs the police department. But badly. That's obvious, because this summer, by mistake, the cops raided one of the most famous, most heavily patronized and heavily "protected" gay bars, The Stone wall. Well, look what that can do to business. To bribe money. The Stonewall is closed now, but the incident in question gave us our rallying point and cry.

Now when I say the Police Department is "badly run" I am not referring to the recruitment of street-corner goons and such; I find it commendable that the department should take onto its bosom many "rejects" who otherwise would not be able to obtain honest employment. The winner in this year's political mirth-marathon was the Procaccino proposal to put fleets of these men into the public schools. Hopefully this exposure to education would have served to raise the requirements for the force as a whole, or have you ever waited twenty minutes for a cop to make out a traffic ticket? Or checked his spelling? By "badly run" I mean, Gentlemen of The Black Hand, that if you're going to run the police try to make sure that while you're vacationing, they do not ruin business.

Now that we have just finished the elections here . . . our northern Mardi Gras . . . and the forces of order and accomplishment are once again in place, let's just think back to the primaries, the candidates, and the issue which wasn't: police corruption. This was not a "clean up" campaign despite all the dope gibberish. Nobody could suppose that such an assortment of drearies could or would have taken on this perrennial issue. It was beside the point, really. This was more clearly than most, a "greed" election.

Briefly, the threatened return of Wagner and his accommodating pork barrel didn't enthuse anybody. We all know it would have meant more water scandals and the like. But the Wagners, Procaccinos, Marchis and such have this in common fag-wise: they have been identified with those forces of coercion which, under the guise of surpressing vice, make gay hi-life difficult. That means fewer bars, bigger pay-offs.

Only the entry of Mailer and Breslin threw any humor into the murk of the situation. Mayoral candidate Mailer who at one time thought of himself as a novelist, revealed not only one of his literary shortcomings, but his attitude toward this "gay" issue when he said, "I recently discovered they (homosexuals) were people too." Congratulations Mr. Mailer! Any comment Mr. Baldwin?

Incidentally, W.B.A.I. played wonderful, marvellous Procaccino camp songs. Classic! We must beg them to play them again, and often.

But, thankfully, Mr. Lindsay is with us once again, and his regime has been liberal as everybody knows, and fairly enlightened and conservative in the true, the best sense. There is no doubt in the minds of many people that the re-election of Lindsay is a go ahead sign to Gay Power in the broadest sense, to the possibility of a rational, open and gratifying exploration of that power and its responsibilities. It is for the many men and women in this city alone who enjoy a homosexual life-style a significant and daring mandate. That means for the many homosexuals who enjoy patronizing more-or-less exclusively gay bars and establishments a confrontation with the traditional exploiters of wicked and unconstitutional laws, the Mafia and the police.

Summer will come again. Will there be other raids? The forcible and unjust removal of monies and properties from the premises by the police? Will there be revolts, street demonstrations, overturned automobiles as there was over the Stone wall incident? I remember I saw something like panic in the faces of the boys in blue last season. Working over a queen is not as safe as it once was, not as safe, say, as bludgeoning junkies in Harlem or skinny hippy boys and girls at Columbia. It's fashionable to be hard and muscular now. It takes a bit more stamina to bring a weightlifter to earth. Anyway, look at all the cocksuckers on the force! Should I tell you an amusing story . . .? But no. No time. Perhaps those statistics later. You can see, however the reason for a certain ambivalence in the cops' attitude, for many are indeed "Leather Queens" themselves.



WHAT SORT OF SLO-GAN IS THIS?

BY ANGELO D'ARCANGELO

But let's not ever forget the resistance shown at the Stonewall incident. It was beautiful! *Aux barricades!* And now that we have that example . . . and a brave one it is too . . . let's not forget or abandon it. Gentlemen, citizens whenever the cops raid your place throw the motherfuckers out. Make it impossible for them to close you. Force them to bring tanks! Remember, there are not paddy-wagons enough, cells, courts, jails or handcuffs enough to imprison every homosexual as defined by law in Metropolitan New York. Remember, when you go where you please, you are using your god-given rights of free assembly. Or in other words, friends, let the city and the world know that Sheridan Square and its environs is free turf.

As to the politics of the situation, why, they are clearly the politics of revolt. Revolutionary politics are very much called for at this time. The execution of these politics rightfully belongs somewhere between *Lysistrata* and *Marat-Sade*. (Good choice Angelo: good art works as good instruction.) I'll have more to say about that subsequently. First, let me finish with the Mafia or the more important business end of the problem at hand.

Now gentlemen, since the motto in New York City for every bar owner is always "business as usual" and as often as possible, and that due to the very high licensing and pay-offs involved in opening a bar, certain parties have been quick to recognize the economic folly of the mini-crackdown. *Gay Power* like any power, is money power. Within a couple of days after the incident the owners of the Electric Circus were reportedly soliciting homosexual business. Smart thinking. Fliers were passed out inviting all who might consider themselves in *that* category to come to the Circus and dance merrily, freely, and presumably endlessly, without fear of rebuke or reprisal. Now that's good business and good sense. And you see, you Syndicate people can lose money if more people follow this example. Protect yourselves. Control the police. Try to arrange for the periodic arrest of various free-lance criminals. I mean by that not, of course, members of your own club. Arrange to publicize these captures. These harmless entertainments will give the public both the illusion of personal safety and that of a tax dollar well spent. Then, under cover, you can more easily devote your valuable time to expanding the Gay Bar Industry; yours almost exclusively anyway. Actually it's a sort of wayward branch of the inn-keeping trade, no?

For the rest of it, and for us I'm going to try to persuade all of you to recognize the common bond; it's value. This homosexual identity, *Gay Power*, like the soft and silly balloon over a comic figure's head, now needs its appropriate legend, needs to be filled with meaning. This meaning will have to be created unless we are content to settle for beaver shots and horoscopical teen-tips So often thought of as a drag, a clumsy amorphous anchor, this tie unites across the largest segment of the population the greatest reservoir of political and cultural power in the nation. It's my duty to at least explore, with you, from time to time, some of the more probable possibilities of the *Gay Power* situation. Not humorlessly, or from an ivory tower.

For those of you who have been persuaded that power is a bad word, that it corrupts utterly, remember that Thomas Jefferson (a redhead!) felt that power in the hands of an informed, enlightened majority was the supreme goal of a democratic government. And remember too that those who would profit most from your apathy in the future, are those who do so now. Try to bear this in mind; the possibility of doing good is not diminished at any time or in any situation by anything but the disbelief in that possibility.

In a forthcoming column I'm going to tell you an amazing and very true story about a high-powered Cuban drag queen named Jose who led a *Gay Power* revolution in San Francisco about ten years ago. It worked.

Meanwhile, what is it the Beatles say, good people? "Come Together"? Then let's do it.



THE WELL OF POSSIBILITY

BY DR. STEPHEN KAISO

A column of counsel to our troubled brothers and sisters who seek meaningful positive guidance, not the further imposition of heterosexual or homosexual myths, hang-ups, 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 25¢ for handling.)

Q. I am very mad about something I heard last night. Maybe you can answer this question for me. I was out with this regular john of mine, a very smart professor from NYU I've been seeing once a week for the last four months. I am a hustler, and I know I am straight. Anybody can tell by looking at me that I am a perfectly normal 17 year old boy, but I've got a very big joint and I sell it to anybody who digs up my price. Everybody wants it, so I don't see nothing wrong in making them pay for it. I'm not gay, and the only reason I go with men is for money. My john was telling me last night that all hustlers are gay. He said if I have sex with guys all the time, even if I keep balling chicks like I do almost every day, then I am just as gay as he is. I wanted to smack him in the mouth, but I like him even if he is a queer, so I agreed to write this letter to you like he asks me. Who is right?

100% STRAIGHT

A. Sorry, my little meat merchant, you lose. By 100%, too. The money is just an excuse, a piece of artificial candy you feed your guilty mind, to cover up the fact that you really go with men because you enjoy having sex with them. A handful of typical kid experiments is quite a different thing, but a continuous pattern of homosexual sex life (regardless of your thing with chicks) would indicate that you are exactly what your professor told you you were. Doing it for money, medals or favors, no matter; if you keep doing it over and over, you do it because you like it. Otherwise, you probably wouldn't even be able to get a hard-on so easily with your johns. Try it for free someday.

Q. I have a problem which is so upsetting to me, I am almost ashamed to write about it. I need help, and maybe you can figure this thing out. I'm 24, a city employee, and an unmarried male of a deeply devout Catholic background. I'm neither heterosexual nor homosexual; in fact, I have so little interest in sex that I consider myself to be asexual or a freak of some kind. For the last year something horrible has been happening to me. Everytime I walk into a church and see a handsome priest, I immediately get an erection. This not only embarrasses me, but it sickens and disgusts me beyond words. I am a religious, decent man, and cannot understand how such a filthy thing could be happening to me. Am I losing my mind?

ASHAMED

A. No. What you are losing is the unhealthy ability to overcontrol your sexual desires. Yours is admittedly an unusual case at first glance, but there is nothing filthy, sacreligious, or hopeless in it. The props and trappings of the surface situation are only clues to the real drama being played out in your subconscious. You are horrified by your seemingly inexplicable reaction to the sight of a priestly figure in your religion, but you are even more horrified at the prospect of your subconscious revealing to your conscious self your true sexual desires.

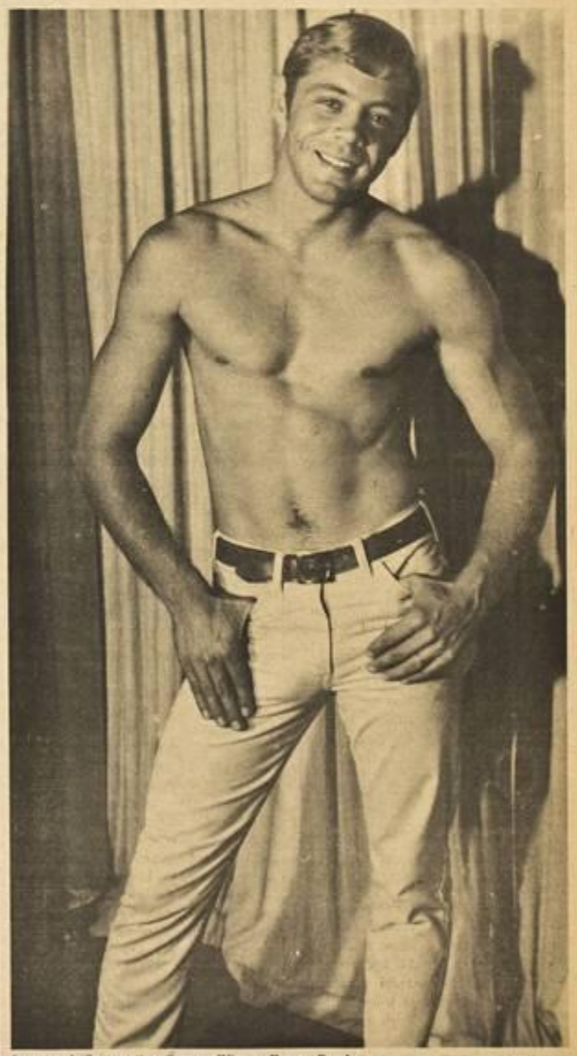
Your penis isn't interested in religion; it responds to whatever stimulus your brain signals send it. Your confessor might not agree, but I suggest intimate physical contact with a live human being, plenty of whom would be delighted to help 24 year old city employees. By the way, asexuals don't usually get erections as easily as you do. You need not feel hopelessly trapped. Any qualified analyst could successfully treat your problem, if you find my diagnosis and prescription too difficult to handle yourself.

Q. I am a rather famous high fashion model who also happens to be a 22 year old lesbian. I live with a butch who has been my lover for eight months, but I am terribly unhappy over our sex life. She is an editor, highly intelligent, and treats me magnificently everywhere but in bed. This is what is bothering me so much. She has been trying to force me to permit her to use a dildo on me. I have told her over and over that if I wanted my body to be penetrated by anything so large and hideous, I would choose a man. I love her, but I refuse to submit to such indignity. Why can't she understand?

A. Of course, she understands. Whenever one partner in any sex act tries to force the other to submit to *anything* feared or hated or degrading, that partner's motives are malevolent. The key word is *degrading*. This is always a sadistic act, and the partner who submits to it, complies . . . not out of love . . . but out of a wish to be put down in this fashion. Intelligence has nothing to do with this. It is the old power struggle to prove one's superiority to the other. An ugly game, honey, and if she can't understand your healthy desire, which is really for equality; get rid of her. No one who wishes to degrade you can genuinely love you.

Q. I don't like other homosexuals. They are so flamboyant and obnoxious that it makes everybody else ridicule and despise them. All of my friends are heterosexual, and they know nothing of my private life. Other gay people make me uncomfortable or angry. Why do I feel this way?

A. Sorry, sweetie. You are a classic closet queen, no matter how superior you try to convince yourself you are. If you really believed it, you wouldn't feel so guilty about being homosexual and try to camouflage yourself in a completely heterosexual setting where you hope no one will notice you. Do you really think there are no other homosexuals except the flamboyant ones? How about the many thousands like you? Could you pick them out more easily than they could find you in your carefully straight milieu? I am not trying to ridicule you. You are doing that to yourself all the time. You need neither be flamboyant nor constantly hide because you happen to be homosexual. Homosexuals are *people* first, and homosexuals incidentally. They come in every possible variety of appearance and personality. You don't like any of them, because you are afraid someone will discover you are one of them. In actuality, probably no other person but yourself would be interested in what you are, unless they wanted to be intimately involved with you. They do have interests of their own, you know. Come on out of the closet. Nobody is going to crucify you unless you help them do it. Not all heterosexuals are monsters.



Last year's Groovy Guy Contest Winner, Danny Combs.



BY DICK LEITSCH

Tuesday, November 4 will go down in history for more reasons than it was the night that John V. Lindsay, underdog, rejected leader of the City of New York, and political scapegoat, won the election to another four years as Mayor. The more surprising thing was that it was also the night many gay bars in New York gave away free drinks to customers. Veteran bar goers say that this has not happened here since the night the Second World War ended.

Most of the bars had large television sets on the premises for the election returns. Cruising was at a standstill, and conversation was at a minimum. Down at Keller's, the pool table stood idle while all eyes watched the numbers changing on the television screen. The second room at the Stud was dubbed, for the one evening, "The Re-Elect John Lindsay Room", and posters and photos of New York's most handsome Mayor covered the walls in many bars around town.

When Big John made his victory speech while Mary Lindsay smiled behind his shoulder many gay voices sighed, "I wonder if that woman realizes how lucky she is? Oh, for a man like John Lindsay!" More serious people had remembered the pre-Lindsay days when homosexuals were treated like outcasts rather than citizens, taxpayers and human beings. Thousands of gay men remembered how they had been entrapped by plainclothes cops during the Wagner Administration and fretted that Procaccino might win and bring back those days. Bar owners and employees thought about the days prior to 1965 when, despite their paying small fortunes for licenses, scrupulously obeying every law, and doing their damndest to run an orderly place, the cops would come in and close the place up on some technicality. At least one bar owner recalled the year that he got fourteen tickets for having no soap in the men's room, and how each summons had been issued after the cops had gone into the men's room and flushed the existing soap down the toilet. Finally, he called the precinct, and the Captain suggested nailing a bar of soap to the ceiling, as the law only says there has to be soap in the washroom, but doesn't say *where* in the washroom.

There was no doubt where the loyalties of the gay voters were in this election. Even those who belong to, and work for, the Conservative Party (and they are numerous) talked of splitting their tickets to vote for Lindsay–and often Garelik. Sure, some few homosexuals did promote the election of Marchi, but there was no perceivable gay vote for Procaccino whatsoever. Never, throughout the long and even tedious campaign, did one see a Procaccino button or poster in a gay place. Mattachine got calls from homosexuals about the Newsletter giving so much space to Lindsay, and the callers frequently identified themselves as Marchi supporters, but never as Procaccino supporters.

Informal polls taken before the election by Mattachine showed gay voters supporting Lindsay by about 80-20, with the 20 going to Marchi, and none to Procaccino. The Marchi supporters claimed that conservative issues, such as "welfare giveaways", "high taxes", or "Negroes and Puerto Ricans are taking over the town" were larger issues than the Lindsay Administration's record for fair treatment of homosexuals.

Most surprising to Mattachine was the fact that nearly every homosexual polled had some interest in the election and some candidate to back. In past years, New York's homosexuals have been split between those who hoped that a candidate might make real changes in our lives, but didn't expect very much, and those who felt that it makes no difference who wins an election as no politician would protect the rights of homosexuals anyway. This year, everyone was committed. Gay social events were peopled by men and women wearing campaign buttons. Male and female homosexuals manned street-corner tables, worked as volunteers at headquarters and canvassed neighborhoods for Lindsay. Lindsay posters appeared in nearly every gay bar, and several bars closed each night with the cry, "Closing time. Everyone out and vote for Lindsay!".

Politicians like actors, live on applause and public acclaim. To a politician, this reinforcement must come in the form of votes. Many of the homosexuals who worked in the Lindsay campaign were too young to vote. Others weren't registered–a hold-over from the old days when homosexuals felt that nothing they might do in the ballot box would change how they were treated by society. But registered homosexual voters came through for Lindsay, the man who stopped police entrapment, whose administration stopped government employment discrimination against with 25,894 to Procaccino's 4,842 and Marchi's 2,735.

The Greenwich Village-Chelsea area was Lindsay's by 30,696, Marchi squeezed merely 5,736 and Procaccino (the Weeper) whined up 8,794 votes for himself. The fashionable East Side, home of the more elegant gay crowd, gave the "Little People's" spokesman only 7,641, scraped up a few more, 8,690, for the altar boy from Staten Island, and socked 29,029 votes to its former Congressman, John Lindsay.

The Lowest East Side, where many of those dubbed by *Esquire* Magazine "The New Homosexuals" live side-by-side with anti-political "revolutionaries" and the drug set, Lindsay got a bare majority. The conservatively-oriented second-generation Middle-European immigrants gave the two conservative candidates 10,859 votes (2,611 to Marchi and 8,284 to Procaccino) and only 11,853 to Lindsay. Presumably, the "revolutionaries" feel that it makes no difference who wins as, when the revolution comes, John Lindsay, Mario Procaccino, John Marchi, or whoever is in power, will have to go before the firing squad anyway.

If there is such a thing as a homosexual suburbia, it is Brooklyn Heights. That's where middle- and upper-middle class homosexual couples tend to gravitate. The Assembly District went to Lindsay 11,337 votes to Procaccino's 6,273 and Marchi's 4,315. The figures are deceptive, as the Brooklyn Heights-South Brooklyn votes are combined in these figures. The numbers for the Heights alone are not at hand yet, but will doubtlessly show a Lindsay landslide.

In the Bronx, the only large concentrations of homosexuals are in a section of Riverdale. That area (combined in these figures with Williamsbridge) went to Lindsay by only 25,310 to Mario's 22,762 and Marchi's 11,040. When the precinct figures are available, it will probably be found that the two precincts representing the two almost all-gay apartment buildings in Riverdale will be Lindsay strongholds.

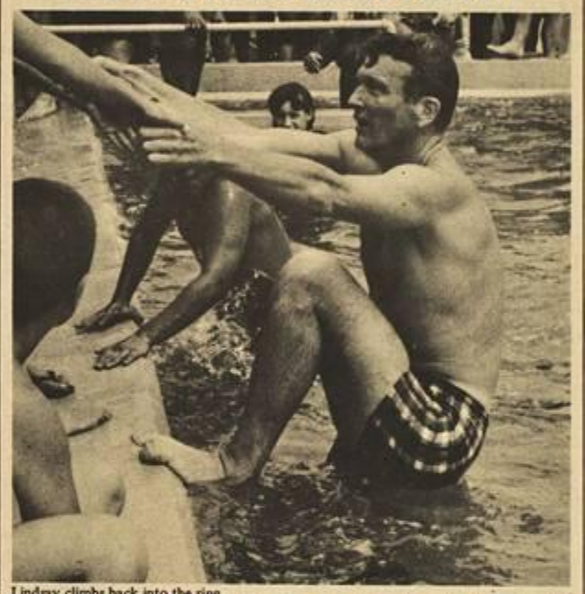
In Queens, where many middle-class homosexuals, like middle-class heterosexuals, have moved to evade the high rents of Manhattan, the largest concentrations of homosexuals reside in several Election Districts in the 25th Assembly District, which comprises Flushing-Kew Gardens. Here, too, are several almost all-gay apartment buildings, some of them nearly large enough to be Election Districts by themselves. In the larger Assembly District, Lindsay managed to garner 24,843 votes to Marchi's 9,321 and Procaccino's 15,319. In the 25th A.D., as in the Brooklyn-Heights-South Brooklyn area, the break-down of voting within the Assembly District will reveal more details of the gay vote and where it went.

Of particular interest to me and to the Mattachine Society was the results of the election for Councilman in the 13th District of Queens. The Republican-Conservative candidate, Sheldon Farber, made homosexuality an issue in the campaign. His people handed out a circular which called for a stop to "coddling of homosexuals". The West Side Discussion Group reprinted the circular and mailed it to their friends and members in that area, which includes parts of Kew Gardens, Flushing and Jamaica, which, in turn, include many gay voters.

The leaflet came to the attention of the Mattachine Society the day before the election, and a "telephone tree" was started. More than 100 phone calls were placed to homosexuals in the 13th Councilmanic District, and residents of the area were requested to call ten friends and tell them about Farber's leaflet and ask them to vote for his opponent, A.J. Katzman. Katzman won by 70,509 votes to Farber's 48,272. Had the homophile organization discovered this campaign position of Farber's earlier, and had there been more time to mobilize gay voters, Katzman's victory might have been even more overwhelming.

Back in 1964, a homosexual law reform bill failed to pass the Legislature, presumably because the legislators feared the reaction from the voters back home. With the growing politicalization of the homosexual community and the continuing influx of homosexuals to New York from suburban and rural areas, it appears that New York politicians may face a bigger danger from not working for homosexuals than in appearing to "coddle" homosexuals. Not every homosexual can support the homophile movement or commit himself in public, but the voting booth is a very private place and smart politicians are going to find ways to be remembered by homosexuals behind the green curtains of voting machines in the future.

POLITICIANS CAN NO LONGER IGNORE IT



Lindsay climbs back into the ring.

THE GAY VOTE

WAR RESISTER ANNOUNCES HE'S "QUEER"

New York, N.Y. In a "peace movement" publication called WIN, former Greenwich Village candidate and war-resister David McReynolds has bared his homosexuality "for reasons that remains as mysterious . . . as the seasons." Describing his homosexuality as a "bed of nails" McReynolds gives lurid details of his encounter with a knife-wielding Marine and a goodlooking black fellow both of whom meant to "roll" him.

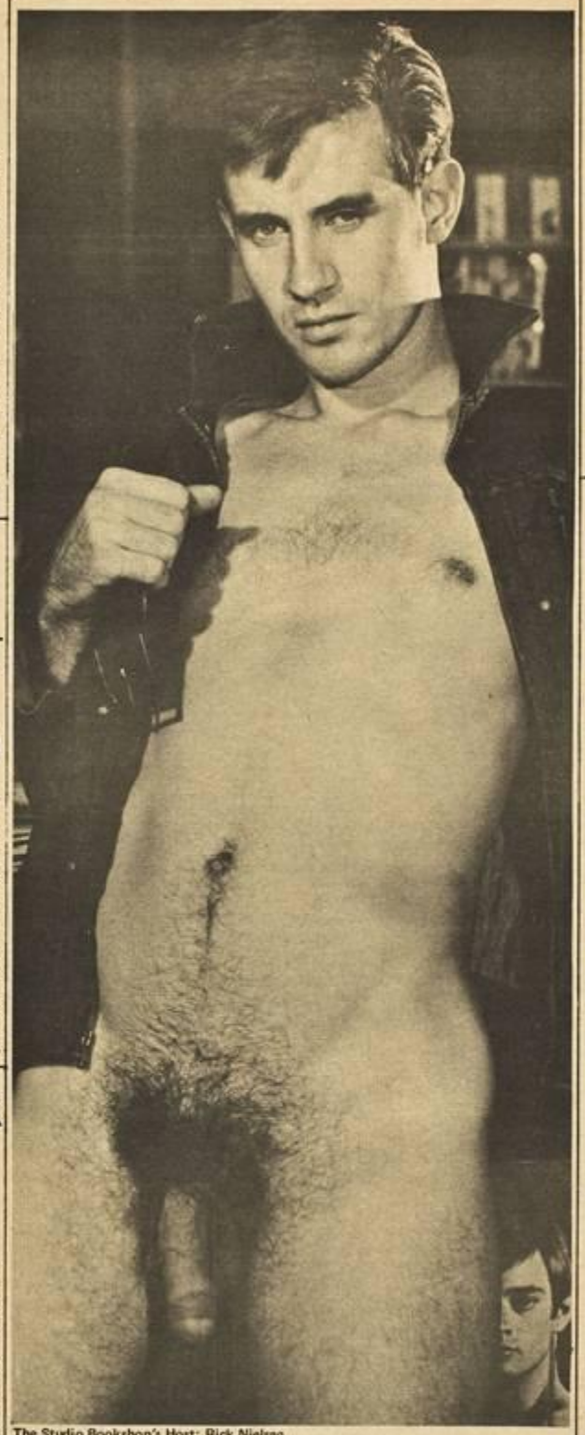
"Gay is not good," says McReynolds, "It is boring." "I know faggot eyes too well," he continues, "tragic cows seated on bar chairs with smooth vacant faces." McReynolds expresses deep concern for persons who may be "driven into" homosexuality because they "groove on a certain guy."

CORDUROY CLUB ASKS SUPPORT AGAINST POLICE ACTION

New York, NY. The Corduroy Club, a private 3-story social club at 240 West 38th Street, is asking for financial support from its members to cover legal expenses in its current court defense action against the city. Harrassed unnecessarily by police several months ago, the club, which was founded by prominent homosexual spokesmen, has provided its members with a variety of social outlets, including dances, card parties, movies, plays, and dinners. It is estimated that between $500 and $1000 will be required to cover legal fees.

STUDENTS SEEK SPOT FOR GAY DANCE

New York, NY. The Student Homophile Leagues of New York University and Columbia University are exploring the possibility of sponsoring another All-College Gay Mixer. The last of such dances attracted an overflow crowd to The Church of the Holy Apostles (28th Street and 9th Avenue) where clergymen acted as chaperones for hundreds of young men and women. People of all sexual orientations were invited, and many were encouraged by the well-rounded turnout. "The first College Mixer was an historic occasion," said the Reverend Robert W. Wood, a Congregationalist pastor. The major problem now facing organizers is finding a dance hall large enough to accomodate the crowds that are sure to flock from colleges throughout the nation. "Last time," said one college student, "there were visitors from as far away as California."



The Studio Bookshop's Host: Rick Nielsen

BOOKSHOP EMPLOYEES ARRESTED

PLAINCLOTHESMEN CHARGE SALE OF PORNOGRAPHY

Greenwich Village, N.Y. The Studio Bookshop, 500 Hudson Street one of the city's largest and most popular "beefcake" shops has sustained arrests by two plainclothesmen who seized what they called "pornography" portraying homosexual activities "the largest haul of 'pornographic' materials here in many years." Magazines, color films, and 15,000 slides were included in the seizure, and two employees and a part-owner were charged with "sale and possession" of the materials. Sales of regular photos have not been hurt by the seizures, however, and customers are frequenting the shop as usual.

DOCTOR SAYS HOMOSEXUAL EYES GROW LARGE

Las Vegas, Nev. Dr. Eckard H. Hess told a convention of the American College of Medical Hypnotists that the pupils of homosexuals and overweight persons say something about their "condition." "The pupils grow larger," says Hess, a University of Chicago professor, "when the eye beholds something pleasant." He states that pupils provide a window to the brain so that "all the world is able to see it." Hess also stated that a "normal" man's eyes may grow to twice their usual size when the eye registers a picture of a nude woman.

PAUL GOODMAN SAYS: MY HOMOSEXUAL NEEDS HAVE MADE ME A NIGGER

New York, N.Y. Well-known writer and educator, Paul Goodman, has once more clarified the fact that he is homsexually inclined. "Allen Ginsberg and I once pointted out to Stokely Carmichael, how we were niggers," writes Ginsberg in the November issue of WIN magazine, "but he blandly put us down by saying that we could always conceal our dispositions and pass. That is, he accorded to us the same lack of imagination that one accords to niggers; we did not really exist for him."

Goodman's explicit avowal of his homosexual feelings has seemed to cause little stir among the educational circles in which he moves. "I say what I think right," he points out, "I make passes if there is occasion - I have even made out, which is more than I can say for conferences of SDS or Resistance."

Goodman admits that becoming a "celebrity" in the past few years has hurt him sexually rather than helped him. "For instance, " he writes, "decent young collegians who might like me and used to seek me out, now keep a respectful distance.....perhaps they are now sure that I must be interested in their skin, not in them."

Goodman quotes gingerly from HAWKWEED, his book of poems in which his life style is often evidenced. "The ban on homosexuality," he states, "damages and depersonalizes the educational system. The student-teacher relationship is almost always erotic; if there is a fear and to-do that it might turn into overt sex, it either lapses or becomes sick and cruel.....Needless to say, a functional sexuality is incompatible with our mass school systems. This is one among many reasons why they should be dismantled."

HOMOSEXUALS WEEP WHILE ★★ HOLLYWOOD ★★ SUCKS!

"THE BEST WAY TO GET RID OF AN UNWANTED 'DYKE' IS TO LET A TREE FALL ON HER!"



BY ROBERT AMSEL

Unlike some GOOD FAIRIES of my acquaintance, I am not in favor of a Disneyland production in glorious technicolor on the joy and fun of being gay. After all, heterosexuals are being depicted today in pretty sleazy terms as well, but of course, this is not an excuse. I realize that NORMALCY (whatever the hell that is) would probably be pretty dull unless exceptionally handled. Stereotypes, caricatures, and assorted freaks are easiest to represent and provide the greatest shock value for your money. And believe me, baby, when you go to see some of these so-called REAL LIFE gay films, your two or three bucks indicate your approval.

Besides, Harry, Mildred, and the kids are forced to look at each other over the breakfast table each morning somewhere in the wilds of Queens. They NEED a more exciting type of entertainment, no matter how much they officially bitch to the contrary, to forget such familial bliss. And don't forget that televisionland has such a rigid sexual censorship that it monopolizes everything "clean, decent, and all-American," i.e. bloody, but patriotic war movies, shoot 'em-up westerns, football games, and virginal situation comedies. How much crap can even Harry, Mildred and the kids stand? They have to get out to see a nice sexy flick or they'll all go berserk and start shooting each other.

So, when the motion picture code broke down for obviously economical reasons, film studios went wild to see who could give Mr. and Mrs. America what they wanted and were willing to pay for at the box-office. The problem was this–how tasteless could they get without getting raided? The best way, of course, was to connect sex and guilt, thereby maintaining the status quo for the sake of the septuagenarians who set the national Presbyterian tone.

For a short while it seemed that homosexuals would be spared the deluge, but we were not so fortunate. To the uptight straights and the masochistic gays, what could be more enlightening than a movie like THE SERGEANT (with the suicidal ending which unhappily did not influence everyone involved with the production)? Or, THE DETECTIVE (with its crazy closet queen who also does himself in, plus a dock-scene with twenty guys on a truck, fully clothed, no doubt taking knitting lessons)?

For the lovely lesbians, we were given THE FOX, that overly Freudian drama about two broads who get screwed-up (figuratively) by a walking male sex-symbol (with no other character development deemed necessary). Of course, this flick had a moral–the best way to get rid of an unwanted dyke is to let a tree fall on her. Other so-called LESBIAN films were mostly for the weird, jerk-off-type straight guy who dug that sort of thing.

The one exception was THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE, a powerfully acted, well-conceived script which offended some of the girls because the relationship depicted was more shit than sugar'n'spice. Tough titty! The main thing that SISTER GEORGE had going for it was the fact that its characters were depicted as human beings for a change. Their homosexual proclivities were secondary, in the sense that a man-woman triangle could have worked just as successfully.

And so we get to the crux of the matter. Homosexuality should be merely a characteristic of a person's role and not the role itself. Who needs a walking inclination? In the same way that whites can identify with blacks in RAISIN IN THE SUN, straights should be able to identify with gays. ALL human beings have problems, and since we have experienced many of these problems ourselves, we should be able to relate to a truthful presentation on the screen. After all, what difference does it make whether you're gay or straight if you have a toothache? It hurts just the same, doesn't it?

And so it should be with films. But unfortunately, that day is far away. Soon we will be presented with a movie version of BOYS IN THE BAND. If homosexuality as a motivating force had to be censored from the production, we'd be left with a handful of stick figures at a party. And what of GIOVANNI'S ROOM, that early 50's gay novel about the closet queen who couldn't make up his mind? That, too, is in movie production to show all the wonderful people of America exactly what is wrong with homosexuality as depicted in the "arts."

But I shouldn't be too harsh. All minority groups seem to get stuck in one bag or another. The poor black man has progressed in filmland from a tap-dancing Uncle Tom to a persecuted symbol of paranoia. He is rarely conceived as a man. If movies think of us as weeping Aunt Marys, it could have been worse.

I do not wish to say that being black or gay elevates all problems. Sure, we suffer employment discrimination, legal castigation, and a certain amount of social ostracism. But most of us are still able to function quite nicely even so. We are still able to think about politics, art, sports, the theatre, basket-weaving, philosophy, etc. We are still able to express love, hatred, friendship, and animosity. In short, we are able to function as human beings.

And for those unfortunates, whose homosexuality relates extensively to every part of their lives and is on their fretful minds twenty-four hours a day, I suggest that you buy a ticket to Los Angeles. Hollywood is very interested in making movies about you.





Wicker answers questions about homosexuals on TV.

A Businessman Sounds Off!

MONEY OFFERS A KEY TO HOMOSEXUAL FREEDOM

HOMOSEXUAL FREEDOM THROUGH FREE ENTERPRISE BY RANDOLFE WICKER

Many homosexuals spend frightened lives hiding their natures for fear of losing their jobs. They are the sad mattachines, court jesters hiding their true feelings while pandering to the tyrannical intolerance of the heterosexual mass.

They become bankrupt characters, feigning interest in women, and they may even mouth cliche anti-homosexualisms believing this makes them less suspect to others.

Their lives are split into two worlds. Two distinct personalities emerge. Their "straight" personality cannot be discarded until five o'clock along with "straight" clothes, "straight" friends, "straight" life. At day's end they have only a few fleeting hours to be with others like themselves. They are hypocrites by day and social refugees by night.

I had to live that way for several years. I don't any more, and I'd like to tell you how I escaped.

Ten years ago, during my college years, I was a political firebrand, a rabble rouser, and a radical. Some even called me a "revolutionary."

I organized political marches, sit-ins, and investigations into the student owned co-op. But that was during the late 50's and no one even suggested seizing the dean's office or occupying a building.

Although my father, a lower echelon chemical company executive, was a staunch Taft republican, I considered myself a democratic socialist.

Until Castro welched on his promised free elections, I supported him and for a short period was a member of "Fair Play for Cuba". On a couple occasions I joined demonstrators across from the United Nations Building chanting "HANDS OFF CUBA! HANDS OFF CUBA!"

A few years later, when Castro began sending Cuban homosexuals to "fresh air farms" to "straighten them out" and declined to liquidate Cuba's gay set solely because "they could still do work for the state," I organized this country's first homosexual picket line. Once again I was picketing at the U.N. but this time I was demonstrating 'against' Cuba. The specter of Cuba's totalitarian regime creating concentration camps for homosexuals made me appreciate my own country's verbal commitment to freedom, democracy, civil rights and human dignity.

The U.S. Government may refuse to hire us and often discharges us from the armed services with a less than honorable discharge. We may be branded as undesirables in the public press and called "sick" by psychiatrists. Technically we may be classified as criminals everywhere except in Illinois, but this "land of the free" has not yet rounded us up or sent us to fresh air farms to work the soil and harvest crops for the glory of the heterosexual proletariat.

I'd be an early arrival at any such concentration camp established in this country. And don't think it "couldn't happen." Hitler gassed German homosexuals right along with the Jews and gypsies.

Hypocrisy is an ugly blot on any person's life. I decided a long time ago to try not to be dishonest, in my associations with others. If someone doesn't like me because I'm homosexual, that's his problem. I don't want to waste my time with such drearies anyway. They're sexual Wallacites!

After graduation I moved to NYC and for many years spent most of my free time working with The League for Sexual Freedom, The Homosexual League of New York, and the New York Mattachine Society.

During my "straight" working hours I relocated tenants, worked in an ad agency, sold business machines and edited a series of men's magazines for a schlock publishing house. I wore black suits & paisley ties, and worked under my given name, Charles Gervin Hayden, Jr.

Evenings and weekends, I filled speaking engagements at universities and church socials for the Mattachine as Randolfe Wicker. Since I was one of the few Mattachine members willing to step forward and speak out, I also made several television and radio appearances for the Society. I assumed the name Randolfe Wicker at the request of my father (Charles Sr.) and because I worked for others. But Randolfe Wicker was the real me; my given name was simply a nine to five social security card.

My insistance on self integrity as a homosexual had already shut doors for me. After one semester in law school I realized as a lawyer I would have to be an imposter a public-mouthing synthetic heterosexual. If my homosexuality became known I would be disbarred, my career ended. I dropped out of law school. No career was worth such personal degregation.

Although a college graduate, I was barred from working for N.Y. State as an employment compensation claims adjuster and from acquiring a teaching license because I had declared myself to Uncle Sam and received a 4-F draft deferment.

To secure any state employment or licensing, you must sign a release allowing your selective service file to be examined to ascertain the reason for your 4-F classification. So, I tried private employers. I went through two weeks of intensive interviewing and almost landed a job as an insurance claims adjuster. The company sent an investigator around and discovered via my apartment building's superintendent that I sometimes gave weekend parties–'all boys no girls." That was it, I didn't get the job.

I sold a few articles to various men's magazines and eventually became an editorial director for Countrywide Publications, a low grade pulp publishing company. Because I was a spokesman for Mattachine, public relations director for the N.Y. Sexual Freedom League and Editor of the Marijuana Newsletter I could only work for second rate outfits.

I was too well known to join the establishment working press. I couldn't pass the microscopic social scrutiny of most major publishing companies.

Despite my qualifications and abilities, I would never have been considered. My homosexual inclination eliminated me from consideration. To the bureaucratic, heterosexually-dominated corporate world, my talent for writing, my willingness to work, my honesty, everything that was genuinely relevant was disregarded.

I met my first homosexual businessmen through the Mattachine Society. One officer owned his own import-export company. Another published business reference directories. They had thriving businesses, lived comfortably, were secure and had the good things in life.

Their homosexuality presented no problem because they were answerable to no one but themselves. Their success depended on their abilities and their business acumen, not on other people's approval of their sexual preferences They made money. I knew then that I had to be self-employed, to own my own business.

Many Americans take up hobbies which eventually grow into lucrative businesses. I stumbled onto a great opportunity through my interest in slogans and lapel buttons.

I helped foster the button fad which raged during 1966-67 with an initial investment of $3000. I produced the best product at the best price. I cornered a lion's share of all production facilities and developed nationwide mailorder distribution. My first year in business I grossed $125,000.

Finally I was able to be myself all day, every day, 24 hours a day. Everyone knew me as Randy Wicker by now anyway, so I legally changed my name to Randolfe Hayden Wicker.

As the button boom faded, I diversified. My shop Underground, Uplift, Unlimited (incorporated as Free Speech Incorporated) 28 St. Marks Place is just opposite the Electric Circus and specializes in posters boutique items and smoking accessories. It is one of the few really successful psychedelic shops in the country and is rated by Dunn & Bradstreet.

I usually work twenty hours a week and net twenty to twenty-five thousand dollars a year for myself. I'm not rich but I'm doing well and know many gay businessmen who are doing better.

I don't make a big point of the fact that I'm homosexual to strangers on first encounters but I make no bones about it when it becomes germaine.

For instance, when someone asks why I like Lindsay, I tell them his administration has removed some of the bars to employment facing homosexuals, allowed us our clubs, stopped entrapment, ended censorship and freed the arts. I don't have to base my support on "acceptable" issues.

My lover and I have enjoyed socializing with both homosexual and heterosexual couples. We have an honest and open relationship with all of them–not phony associations based on deception. We refuse to be Uncle Toms.

Although I have not been such an activist lately, many writers still seek me out when they are researching stories. Two recent writers were heterosexual radicals working on the assumption that homosexuals are an "oppressed minority group" ripe for radicalization and recruitment into "the revolution" which they believe will herald better treatment for all. But only a couple of homophile organizations, fringe groups like San Francisco's and New York's Gay Liberation Fronts, seem to be heeding their call.

Why should homosexuals be expected to support a system under which all jobs would be controlled by a socialist civil service when today civil service totally bans homosexuals from employment? Have personal freedom and individual rights ever been the bedfellows of government bureaucracy?

I am free today because I had the opportunity to work, to compete, to participate and to prosper or perish on the merits of my own sweat, intelligence and business ability. I succeeded. The public's sexual prejudices didn't interfere.

A chill runs through my bones when an acquaintance calls during working hours and confesses nervously, "I'm at the office, I can't speak freely." I pity the tenured University professor who puts on his colleagues by lunching with a sexy lesbian, or a knowing straight girl in the faculty dining room.

My employees know I'm homosexual. If they have prejudice, they wisely hide their bias–most of my employees have been heterosexual. I didn't plan it that way; it's just happened. Finding competent assistants is extremely difficult. I look for willingness to work hard, honesty and intelligence: the truly important qualities. I practice what I preach. Sexual preferences are not germaine. Eating pussy is no bar to employment in my shop.

That doesn't mean I don't hire homosexuals. About a quarter of my staff is gay. But there's never any hanky pank between us. Our relationships are strictly a business affair.

All employees are judged by one set of standards. Each is promoted or replaced on the basis of how he works. I've found gays collectively to be no better and no worse as workers than straights.

But freedom consists of more than financial independence. Some homosexual businessmen are still needlessly trapped in mental "straight-jackets." They are immune from economic reprisals but are still intimidated by "what people will think" of them as homosexuals.

The Business world is not free of discrimination. I might have trouble getting a large bank loan, a liquor license, or some other business accomodations given without question to heterosexual applicants with the same qualifications.

I ended up as an assigned risk on car insurance and have to pay an annual premium of $400 because of my corporation name, my Village address and the fact that I am over twenty-five and still single. My insurance agent confessed that when my insurer saw the name and address, "they envisioned a bunch of guys running around nude and smoking pot."

Also, my lover and I paid $2000 more in income taxes last year because we had to file separate returns as single males. If we could have filed jointly, our tax load would have been reduced by nearly one-third.

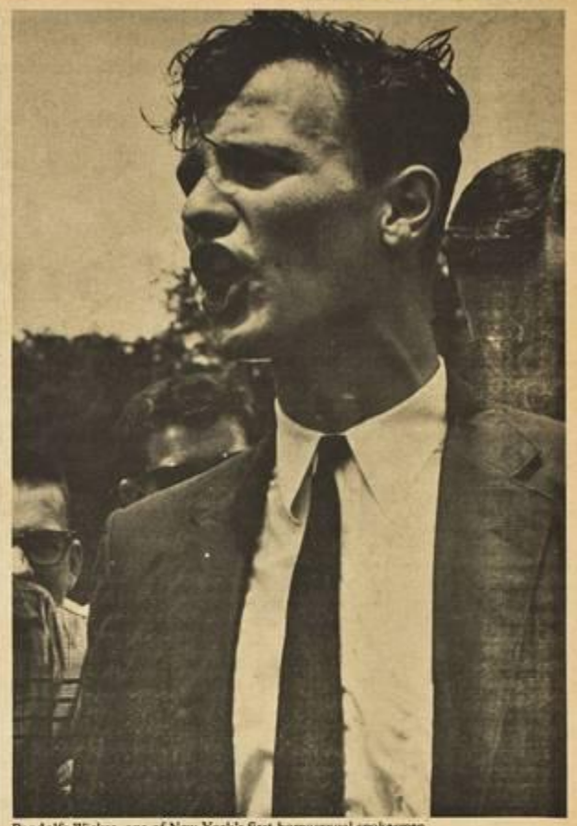
Success, the saying goes, justifies everything. If you make more, have more, accomplish more–the other guy respects you regardless.

Self employment has been my passport to freedom. Today's young and naive gay 'radicals' and 'revolutionaries' should see how well they can live as self-employed small businessmen. They don't have to spend their lives trying to tear down the system; they can just *put it to work for them.*

Do you want to become a whole person? A free man? Are you sick and tired of pandering to the prejudices of those fat-headed bigoted heterosexual bureaucrats? Then try going into business for yourself. If you fail the first time, try harder the second.

Self-employment in this great nation's free enterprise system can be your path to dignity, security, prosperity. Freedom is not given, it's achieved. Once you have tasted it, you'll never go back to being a fearful, self-effacing social refugee again.

Other homosexuals have succeeded. You can too!



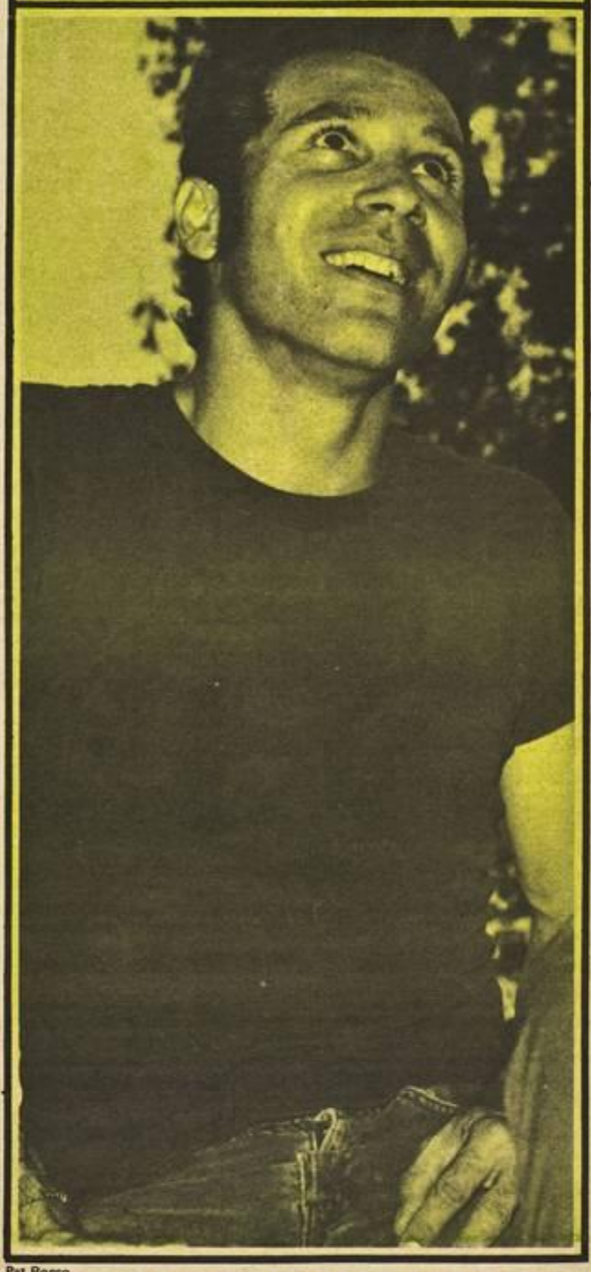
Randolfe Wicker, one of New York's first homosexual spokesmen.



Wicker assists ABC–TV for program on Homosexuality.

ROCCO the Romantic

SOMETHING DIFFERENT. . . . BY IAN J. TREE



Pat Rocco.

Several years ago I had an interesting revelation–discovering (with consummate glee) that with regard to many aspects of life, especially the arts, my head was and remains definitely ensconced in the 15th and 16th centuries that is (or id est if you prefer) of a renaissancian bend with romantic overtones. Virtues such as honesty, sincerity, sensitivity, etc. seemed a great deal less fettered then, than they do now even though they had become very victorian by the 19th century (hoo ha!)

If you're beginning to wonder what all of the above has to do with my reviewing the early cinematic efforts of Pat Rocco, perhaps you can help me unclutter my own head, oh gentle reader and answer me this query. What has all of the above got to do with my reviewing early Pat Rocco stuff? Well, to answer your (my) question, it has to do with those redeeming virtues I spoke of above–as corny as they may be considered nowadays. I had heard much of Rocco's work but until I had viewed even his early works I didn't know what he was trying to accomplish. I was pleasantly surprised, in this day of "almighty buckism/screw you buddy", to find that Pat Rocco was trying to express those self-same out-of-date (but nevertheless valid) virtues mentioned, as well as others. In my own 'um le (I'm an Anglophile) opinion he succeeded rather nicely–in short, it was something different.

To assault my senses there were some 15 films. All, save two, were from his earliest works–the two exceptions being from his later and more sophisticated film festivals. Rocco was there on film to introduce many of them and he remarked how "painfully obvious" some of his first efforts were to him.

Without being particularly clinical about it I would divide those films that I did view into three categories; those which were light (fun-flick), those which were erotic and those which were on the serious side. The fun-flicks consisted mostly of a single participant and some trick photographic effects which had limited entertainment appeal. A few had a trio of nature-loving lads doing fun things like riding on pogo sticks and just general horsing around. In one of these films called "Wheee . . ." there were some really nice touches–slow motion sequences combined with angled camera shots. It could have been arty-smarty but it wasn't. The one obvious touch, during the slow motionscenes on the pogo sticks, was the camera occasionally zeroing in on the trio (no there were four of them) quartet of flapping cocks–my point being if you've seen one flapping cock you've seen them all. Right! A third fun flick, Fanny's Hill, had another quartet. All seemed appealing, especially a black lad paired with a young and naive-looking blonde lad–again some nice sequences with both of them in a swing under a huge oak tree. The film ended in a horrendous (are there any other kind) pie-throwing contest and the final coup de grace was an assault on the cameraman–none other than Rocco himself.

Of the two films that I considered erotic (see GAY number one) only one seems worth mentioning. It was called "Wanted" a film that was cut from one of his later film festivals only because the program was over 3 hours long as it stood and they (?) felt that asking the viewing audience to sustain a hard-on for longer than this would really be a bit much–Rather! It involved two young lads, one a track athelete, going through his paces and the other watching him from the empty stands. They meet and there is an air of sensitivity and painful honesty about the film. They shower together–dry off and our track star goes down on his new-found friend. I must admit it was the most convincing scene of its type that I've seen to date. There was even a real looking erection. It was both erotic and sensual–without a trace of saccharine (or cyclamates even) and it proved to me that Rocco really has substance, and, for want of a better word–style.

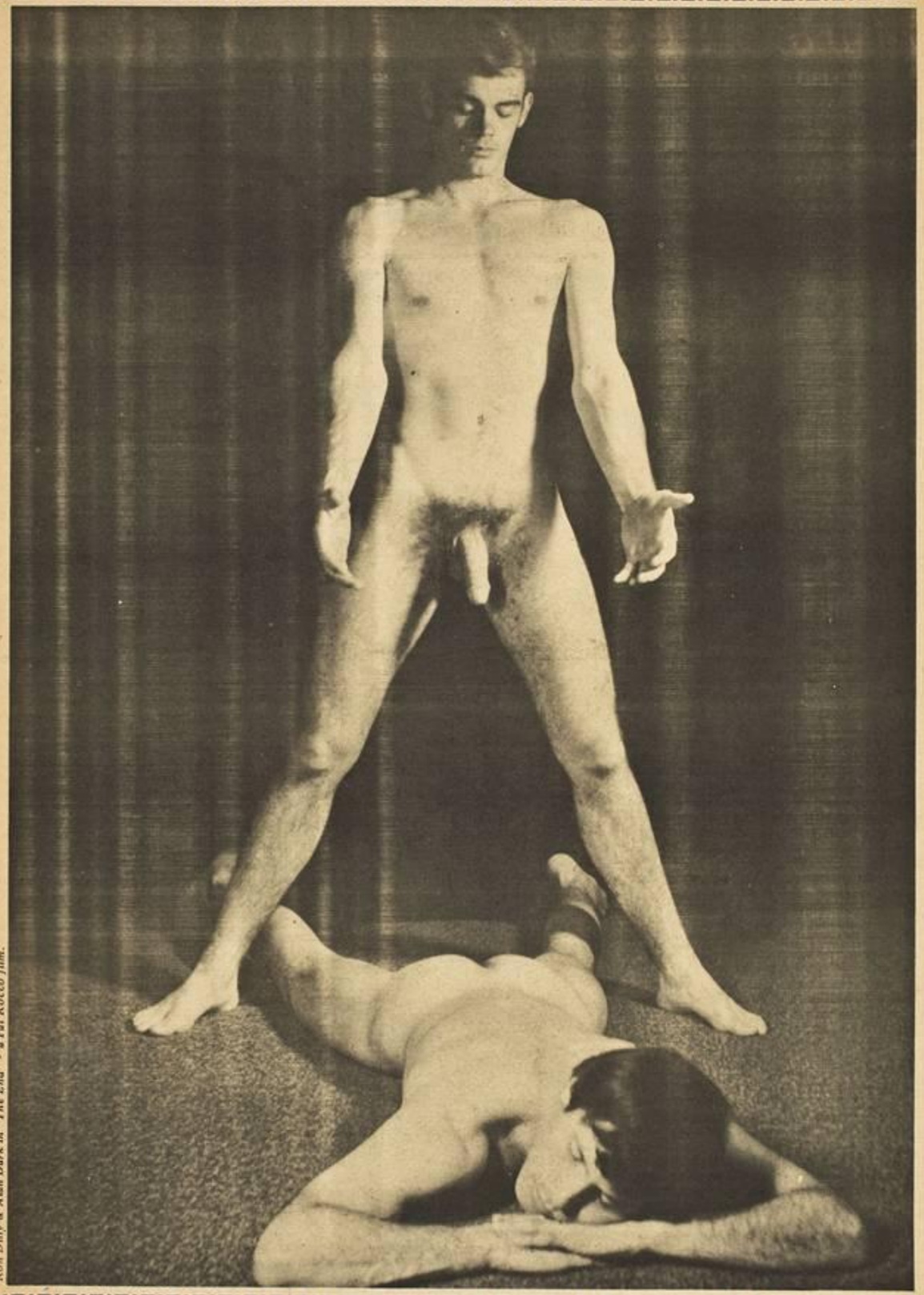
The film that really made me sit up and take notice (as film critics are wont to say) was one called "Mid-Boy (Matt–A Boy and his Dog)"–sound hokey–perhaps! Its innocence was quite refreshing. It concerns a lad, Matt (Frank Russell) romping with his pregnant bitch in the countryside–having lunch–removing his clothes to bask in the sun–then back to his apartment–shower for all you pecker peekers out there, to bed and fade-out.

At first I thought it was over–but it was just beginning to develop. Fade-in–about 3 am, he's awakened by a moaning noise–you guessed it K-9 fans, the lad's dog is giving birth. It was here that I saw the unmistakable touch of an emerging creative and sensitive artist. Matt watched and assisted as his dog gave birth and suddenly seemed as if the beauty and awe of birth and life was dawning on him–and Rocco was there to capture on film the incredibly sensitive look of wonderment that settled on Matt's face. It struck me as being incredibly genuine, rather than posed or conjured up. This idyllic moment was made even more pregnant (very punny!)with appropriate music–for all you post WW-2 Disney fans–it was the main theme from his forest epic "Bambi". Now if that isn't unabashedly romantic my name isn't Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. Somehow it was just the needed touch to grab you by the scrods sports fans.

Although I haven't seen his later film programs, Rocco's early works give definite if not too often, evidence of his talents which I suspect have matured with time. It is quite refreshing to see someone who has not forgotten those renaissancian/romantic virtues which for the most part, have succumbed to the almighty dollar when drawn into a direct confrontation. My only negative criticism was Rocco seemed to dwell overly long on many of his scenes, coming perilously close to boredom.

On the whole may I 'umbly suggest you check out Rocco's works be they early or late. Unless your ass is where your nose should be and vica versa, I think you'll be favorably impressed. Surely with the egregiously obvious hand holding going on between Hollywood and the hard/core dollar Pat Rocco is offering something different.

Ciao



Ron Diffy & Alan Dark in "The End" - a Pat Rocco film.

Camping Out With Aunti Butch

That a Murray-Go-Round life in the upper echelons of Gay Society is! I say "Murray" because it's so tres masculine, and so many of the Wet Set Lezzes after reading my last column objected to the exclusivity implied in *Mary*-Go-Round. "Murray" should catch just about everyone of you. But look, dears, blue blood is blue blood, money is money, power is power, chic is chic, and that's Society to me, whether you're sucking cock or pussy. And Society always does, of course.

Everyone we know among the Too-Beautiful People got stuffed over Thanksgiving. Some of them even over-ate. But wasn't it fun, Roddy?

Lotta Thighs and her femme de la femme Boobs Hutton started everything off with a bang, among other things, at their imitation hunting lodge done in chamois and modess in the great estate country of New Jersey the night before Thanksgiving, featuring Turkey a la Dyke. Flo Gentry sat through dinner with her bejewelled finger up the bird's asshole. Not so far that you couldn't make out her emerald baguette by David Webb. Everyone drank champagne from Lucy Morales' slipper–which got us crocked, as you can imagine, what with those size twelve G.I.'s. Lucy was a sergeant in the WAC during the Big One, and she made us all nostalgic with her reminiscences of military life. Several of the girls got up to drill, and what a dazzling sight that was: earrings and ankle I.D.'s, minis and muscles, titties and tattoos. This crowd really knows how to have a swinging time. But you knew that.

Three station wagons full whipped into town Thanksgiving morning for a pre-parade Bloody Murray brunch at Polly Sake' charming walk-up in the Lighties. It's done in early softball, with base bags at intervals around the enormous living room and a full-sized statue of Lizabeth Scott in umpire drag just behind home base. Ina Ray Hutton records were played while Polly doled out the Murrays from a wooden bucket, wearing catcher's mitts and shin-guards. The guards were a precaution against a possible flare-up of hostilities between herself and Joan "Dill" Doe, who hasn't quite gotten over the fact that petite German import Fifi Fuchs has moved in with Polly. Fifi's mama was involved at Buchenwald during the, Big One, though she was cleared years ago, and Fifi has an income from that book mama wrote, A BITCH IN TIME, in which she enumerates how she saved nine lovely (femme) Jewesses from deportation by hiding them among the lampshades. Polly looks a bit like Fifi's mama, according to Fifi's locket photo, except that Polly doesn't clip her moustache.

All being quite tiddly, the girls missed the parade, and I had to run uptown for a mid-afternoon oyster luncheon at Elaine's. It looked as though every teaching couple at the smart girls' schools from Barnard to Bryn Mawr were in town for the weekend. All from such good families, too, which seem to breed gym instructors and music teachers, if you ask me. And I know you want to. Don't you just adore seeing a handsome, broad-shouldered woman in tweeds as a sort of cuntrapoint to a stunner in a frilly Molly Parniss?



Among those grousing and giggling over Oyster a la Dyke (Flo Gentry sat through luncheon with her finger up an oyster's asshole, wearing, of course, pearls) were "Doc" and Francine, "Moose" and Antoinette, "Speed" and Esmerelda–last names utterly unnecessary. It's just so marvy that the Wet Set (which is what I call the more "mature" and therefore sloppier Muff Divers from coast-to-coast) don't have to hide out any more, weeping over Dietrich albums and envying George Sand's balls.

For a change of pace I dashed over to Harry's for the Thanksgiving buffet, having been urged to do so by Ronnie Ronny and others of his coterie who had decided to skip the home entertaining–servant conflicts and all that–and get their light meat *out*. Ayer Loeb was there just back from a fortnight in Acapulco, looking *pale*. Not done. His center vent jacket was Howard's of Broadway, just a two-inch slit, and shirt by Cy DeVore. Everyone avoided Ayer. His idea of a chic dinner partner is Mrs. Mario Procacciono. (And though all *that* is over, did you hear what Mario had to say just before the Showdown? Well, he was so confident of winning he had ordered City Hall measured for wall-to-wall linoleum!) Of course, I do know those who wouldn't mind a little belly rub with Fiovocante Perotta, whatever his political persuasion. You just can't be a bachelor and that good-looking without causing a ripple in certain ponds.

Topper of the week, of course, was Harry Quinn's drag ball, if you like that sort of thing. I never got to the ball, but I did make the rounds of a few little "Preparation Parties" where some of your better-known names trotted out their Formicatas, Labias, and other designer originals. Just too darling, from micro to maxi my favorite being the mooncheese green number donned by "Spur" Matta (of the Very Important Mattas being so brave forgetting Richter von Dingus after their break-up of last week). The skirt length, Spur revealed, was what they now call Airline–just a hair below the cockpit. In this case there was a lot of cock concealing necessary. But you know Spur.

Skipping the ball was required due to a previous commitment to whisk up Boston way for an all-day-Sunday Do-in at Headly Cabot-Kennedy's (on the Cabot side he's scotch whiskey, and on the Kennedy he's Back Bay, of course, and none of them speaks to anyone except maybe Prescott Townsend. My dears, those Boston queans (Old English spelling) can put even Gramercy Square in the shade for elegance. As it was strictly a mixed affair, Headly served Coque a la Dyke. You guessed it, Flo Gentry was there with her finger up a rooster's asshole. Rings by Big Ben (an old girlfriend who's mademe). Headly wore California designer Jim-Sox new paisley dinner jacket with vents cut up to just below the shoulder blade, revealing fishnet drop-leaf trousers tricked up just for the occasion by Jim-Sox and named, you guessed it Back Bay. When you have as much bread as they have up Boston way, my dears you could have your silver cuff-link bag made of scrotums! Maybe even Anglo-Saxon.

Everyone was there, including Prince Alexi Jergoff, Fuller Koch and Pud Pullman; Hardin Cox and Jam Zipper (of the Seventh Avenue Zippers, who along with threads have holdings in junk and antiques, take your pick); Lotta Thighs and her Boobs–all in funereal black suits, except for Boobs of course. She wore a replica of Sharmian Douglas' wedding gown. Tailored hopsacking.

I could go on and on, but space won't permit, so do watch for me two weeks from now when I'll be reporting on the pre-Christmas orgies among the Too-Beautiful People. What a Murray and Mary-Go-Round life is in the upper echelons of Gay Society. But you knew that.



SAD FACES ARE ON THE WAY OUT!



BY LILY HANSEN

GAY IS GOOD

You've seen the button. The October 25 *Washington Post* carried a large photo of it with a first-rate write-up on the plight and progress of the homosexual citizen. The button has been around for about a year and is quite popular in many gay bars. It serves as a morale and group-image booster.

Sometimes I wear mine in a straight environment, too. It's becoming easier and easier to do, as my noncholance increases. Because gay really can be good. Why shouldn't the public be made aware of its goodness? Who will convince them, if not the gay community? If we think gay is good, then sooner or later the straight world will have to agree that it's not so bad after all, and that gaiety is no threat to a heterosexual life style. Let's tell it like it is!

Over the past five years I've noticed a change in the expressions on faces in the gay bars. The tragic homosexual is on his way out. Customers were once frequently seen drooped over their beers, lonely and sad, worrying about themselves and about whether they were sick, or about to be "found out" by someone, or arrested.

But nowadays a carefree mood seems to prevail in many of the bars. Maybe it's the dancing, which makes the place more lively. But it's also the faces. They express a greater ease, genuine friendliness, self-confidence, and self-respect. It seems to me that the homosexual is coming into his own as a whole person and is acquiring the inner strength needed to affirm himself. His genuine cheer–as distinguished from forced gaiety–testifies to a disappearing anxiety about himself.

GENERATION GAP IN OUR MIDST

Post-war babies have grown up, and are doing their thing on a large scale, heedless of old-fashioned taboos. Young gay kids, being of the same breed, are following suit. Some of them are even raising eyebrows on the older "respectable" members of the homophile movement.

The July 4th Annual Reminder Day Picket in front of Independence Hall, Philadelphia, was such an occasion. About fifty homosexuals peacefully marched in a circle, holding neatly lettered signs. Some unconventionality in dress was evident, because several boys wore blue jeans instead of slacks or suit, and a few girls donned bell bottoms instead of skirts. "Why bother with dress regulations?" their attire seemed to say.

It wasn't till picketers started holding hands in line, that the generations really gapped. Two boys began to walk proudly hand-in-hand, with picket signs aloft. Two pairs of girls did the same–one of them even toting a baby on her arm. It was a confrontation between young and old ideas, and gave bystanders a look back stage. Dismayed, a few picket leaders tried to dissuade the innovators from being so–*blatant*. But their resolve remained unshakable, and without hypocrisy they marched on.

Most picketers smiled, but didn't join in; others frowned. In back of me, an older and a younger boy were debating furiously: Was it better to ask for public acceptance of the homosexual by meeting straight society on its own terms, i.e., by being "respectable," or by challenging it to acknowledge homosexuals as they are? I don't think the boys arrived at a true meeting of minds.

THEN AND NOW

Within the established homophile organizations, people have also changed. The last Eastern Regional Conference of Homophile Organizations which I looked in on in Washington, 1968, looked like an assembly of typical college students. Participants were serious, dedicated, and self-assured.

Working for the movement no longer seemed a clandestine and thrilling adventure, romantic and risky, as it was when I joined the Mattachine Society of Washington six years ago. At that time a few idealistic individuals met in private homes (not college classrooms or churches, etc., as now). Working in a close-knit group, they felt the glow (but also the trepidation) of belonging to a fellowship of people engaged in a pioneer effort–whose success was by no means even probable. Members shied away from public contact and often used pseydonyms, even among themselves. Timid and sometimes self-doubting attempts were made to awaken the establishment to injustices heaped on homosexuals. For a time, many of us still seriously entertained the notion that we might be sick *because* we were gay!

Now we have a positive self-image. The homophile movement is still doing pioneer work, and has achieved a certain respectability. Homosexuals, encouraged by the successes of the Negro rights movement, feel more confident in labeling their cause one of civil rights. They step forward with poise and openly claim these rights. They're no longer scared of myths.

WANTON ★ADS★



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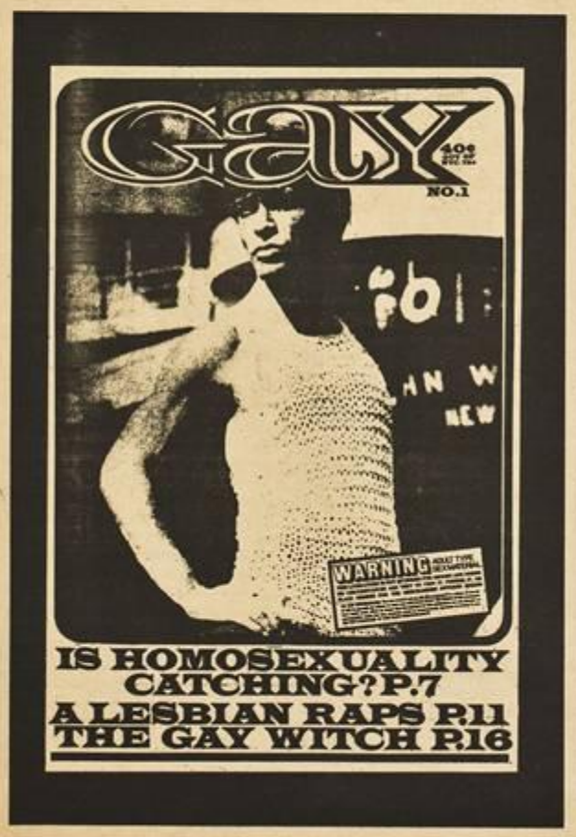

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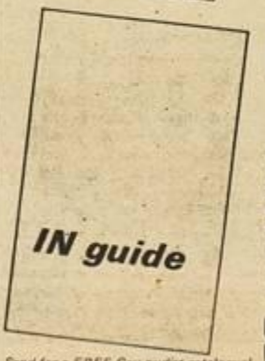

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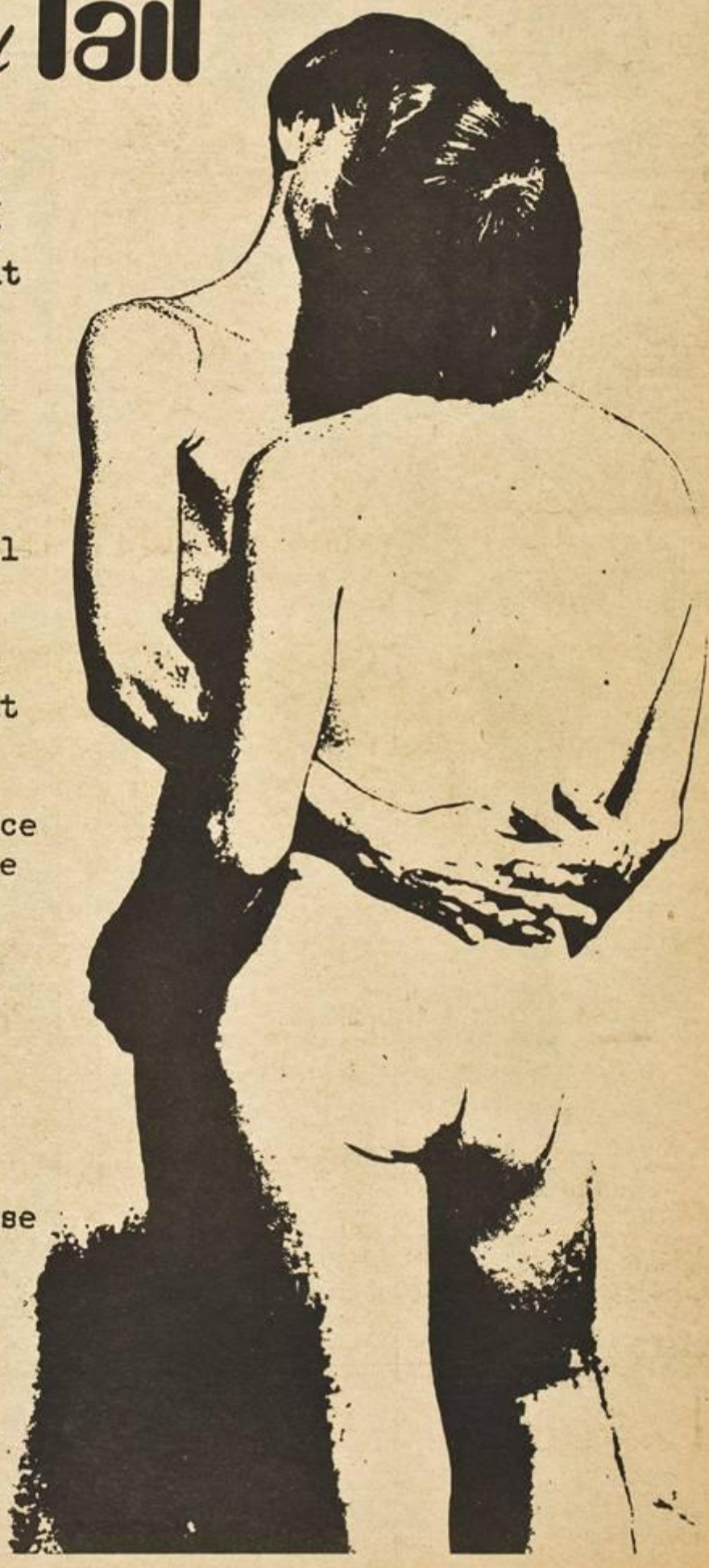

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