GAY

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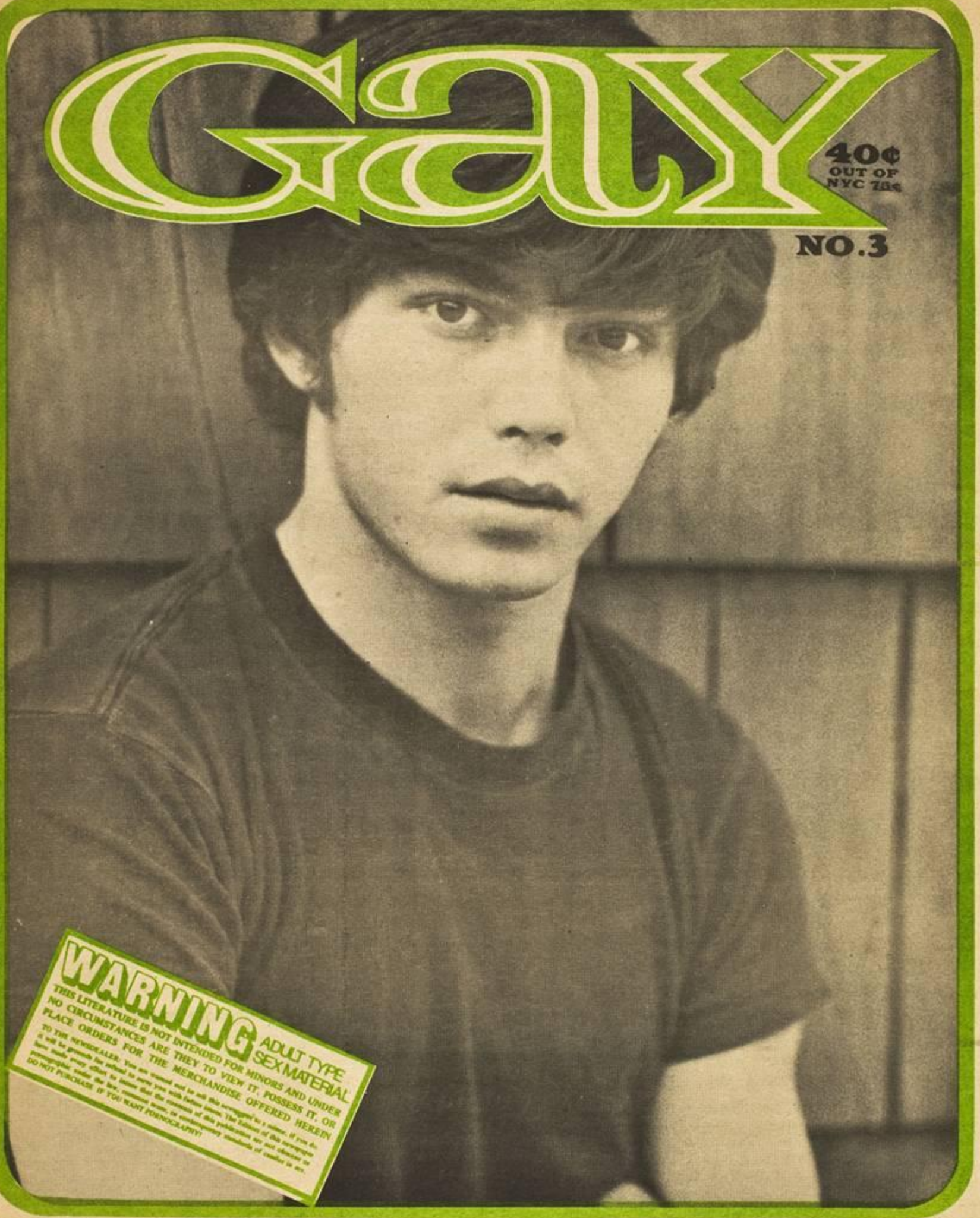

MAKE MEN: AVOID THE DRAFT! P.4

GAY MOMENTS IN RADIO P.7

CAN STRAIGHT GUYS BE NORMAL? P.8

DANCER BRIAN REYNOLDS – A PAT ROCCO STAR

The Editors Speak:

WE LIKE MAYOR LINDSAY

We hear dark rumblings from self-styled "radicals" that an embarrassing "zap" of Mayor Lindsay is planned by certain gay "liberationists" on the day he is sworn into office. It is difficult to say what form this ill-conceived "zap" may take, but this newspaper is now on record as an outspoken critic of professional "revolutionaries" who would advance their "radical" aims at the expense of the city's homosexual community.

Mayor Lindsay ended "enticement-entrapment" in New York City. His administration has made significant changes in hiring policies as they affect homosexuals in the city's Civil Service. Bar raids have been almost unheard of during his four years in office. Lindsay spokesmen were sent to address members of New York's best-known homophile organization during his election campaign. Mayor Lindsay has kept his door open to meaningful complaints from the gay community, and has listened intently to these complaints through carefully chosen officials.

If these so-called "liberationists" do indeed believe that their "zap" will amount to something, we are pleased to inform them that it won't. Mayor Lindsay must be well aware that the vast majority of homosexuals in this city support him (judging from election returns in predominantly gay sections of the city) and that this misguided crew can do no more than provide the sorry spectacle of a cut-rate freak show.

MARCHING TOWARD SUCCESS

GAY is marching rapidly toward success! Twenty-five thousand copies of the very *first* issue were printed. Twenty thousand copies were sold on newsstands. Three hundred and fifty subscriptions were received.

GAY hopes to aid in bringing about a more joyful day for homosexuals throughout this country. We welcome support and assistance from America's gay citizens. Let's make GAY a newspaper that will interest people in every corner of the U.S.A.

GAY believes that one of the ways anti-homosexual prejudice (both internal and external) can be erased is by revealing personal success stories (romantic, business, career) of homosexually-inclined people. We are interested in the values and the ideas which have been responsible for the achievements of successful people. If you know of persons who are willing to tell about attitudes which have created happy lives, ask them to write for GAY!

We are also interested in news items from around the nation! What has happened that is of interest in your town? Do you know any talented writers? People with a good sense of humor? Specialists in particular fields? If so, tell them to send their materials to Four Swords. GAY can easily become a force for good for the homosexual community. We ask of self-accepting gay people everywhere that they study the paper carefully and pitch in with their talents to help. Writers will be paid for articles upon publication. Unused articles will be promptly returned. Do your part now, and contribute to this exciting venture!

GAY

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false alarm in greenwich village

New York, N.Y., November 22, Saturday, was a *full moon* night at *The International Stud* on Greenwich Street in the Village. Shortly after 11 PM, a bartender used the public address system to interrupt the pulsating rhythms of the jukebox: "Gentlemen, will you calmly and quietly leave by the front and back doors. We believe there is a fire upstairs."

A successful evacuation took place and the streets were mobbed with men.

The fire trucks appeared with American flags flying, and were greeted by cheers from the grateful throng. After running to and fro, trying to attach hoses to the fire hydrants, disappearing and reappearing—the firemen discovered that there was no fire. Shortly before their departure, a man living two floors above *The Stud* opened his window, leaned over the ledge, waved and threw kisses to the admiring crowd below. His affection was fully returned. Everyone seemed to be having a particularly good time.

An hour later, the fire trucks were back. This time, however, patrons were not asked to leave since it was another false alarm. The story that circulated was as follows: it seems that a lone woman who was anxious to have a "good time" and was unsuccessful, (especially in that neighborhood) had pulled the alarm as an act of frustration. No one except the firemen seemed to care since the evening's entertainment was much appreciated. ■●

GAYS PICKET LOS ANGELES TIMES

Los Angeles, Calif. The Homosexual Information Center (Tangents Group) staged a demonstration before the offices of the *Los Angeles Times* in protest of the *Times'* refusal to print the word "homosexual" in *any* of its ads. The demonstration was peaceful and orderly and was covered by a large number of persons from the news media, including interviewers from at least four TV stations.

Before deciding on the public protest, leaders of the HIC met with a committee comprised of five officers from the *Times*, who claimed they were "the committee which guided the affairs of the advertising department."

During the talks, HIC spokesmen pointed out, ironically, that *Times* reporters are not so timid as is the advertising department and *often* use the word "homosexual" when writing on the subject or when reviewing plays or films with gay themes. They reiterated the fact that the rejected ad was for legitimate affairs and, obviously, not a "sex ad." The *Times* men responded by reading from a lengthy manual, a page-long list of terms that are taboo, including the word "homosexual", and emphasized repeatedly that the *Times* is a "family newspaper" read by families in the home. HIC spokesmen replied that families, in particular, need to know about homosexuality and how to deal with it.

After the meeting, another ad was prepared and submitted to the *Times*, but it also was rejected. ■●

yellow pages reject "homo phile" listing

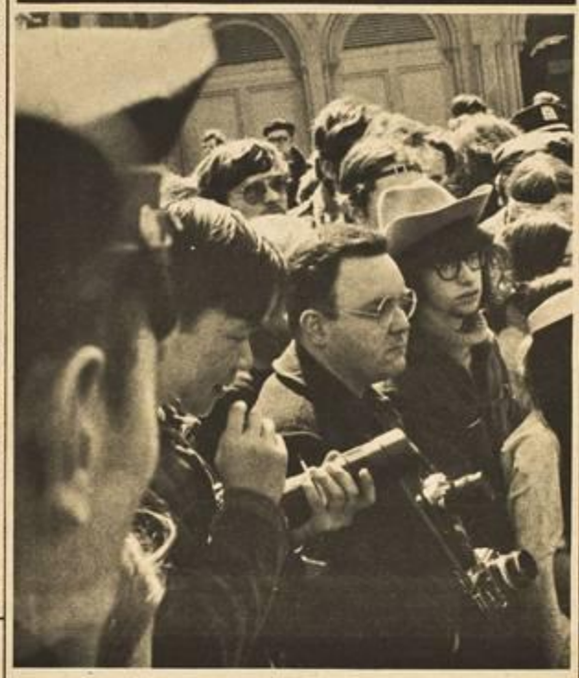
San Francisco, Dec. 2. Four homophile organizations were turned down in their quest to be listed under the heading "homophile organizations" in the San Francisco telephone directory's yellow pages.

A 3-2 majority of the State Public Utilities Commission claimed that the heading was "too limited." Moreover, they insisted, the word "homophile" does not appear in Webster's latest dictionary.

One dissenting commissioner charged that the request was rejected only because homosexuals are an unpopular minority, and said that even popcorn venders had been granted the separate heading of "Popcorn". ■●

GAY NEWS

DECEMBER 31, 1969 Volume 1, Number 3



los ANGELES CLERGYMAN leads 200 in SEX-LAW PROTEST MARCH

Los Angeles, Calif. The Reverend Troy Perry, a minister of the Metropolitan Community Church, led 200 proud marchers through downtown Los Angeles on November 16. The purpose of the march was to protest California laws that make felons of those whose sexual acts are labeled "homosexual."

The march was sponsored by the Committee for Homosexual Law Reform. Those who took part stood three abreast, creating a peaceful two-block line which moved from Olvera Street to the California State Building at First Street and Broadway. "We are not afraid any more," was heard frequently among the gay crowds.

For most of the demonstrators, the march marked their first appearance in public as homosexuals. Confidence and solidarity beamed on many faces as young men and women linked arms. Slogans on signs read, "20 million

(continued on page 10)

THE GLORY HOLERS: GAY CAVE EXPLORERS ORGANIZE

Washington, D.C. A group of gay cave explorers calling themselves "The Gloryholers" has been formed in this city and has already finished one expedition to Moler's Cave Near Harper's Ferry, West Virginia. Explorers are presently planning another trip to Whiting's Neck Cave near Williamsport, West Virginia. Members of both sexes are taking part in the expeditions, and the main requirements for entry into the club is "a love of mud, and an enjoyment of crawling on one's belly in the dark!" Those who wish to join The Gloryholers are urged to do so by telephoning 931-1272 or 270-2018 in Washington. ■●

d.c. HOMOSEXUAL LEADER ELECTED TO A.C.L.U. BOARD

Washington, D.C. For the first time, a known homosexual leader, Dr. Franklin E. Kameny, has been elected to a post on the Executive Board of the Washington, D.C. affiliate of the American Civil Liberties Union.

Accepting his post "with a feeling of great pleasure and honor," Dr. Kameny, founder and President of the Mattachine Society of Washington said, "Second only to my devotion to the Homophile Movement, and of much longer standing in my personal life, is my devotion to the implementation and safeguarding of the precepts of certain basic American documents. . . including . . . the Bill of Rights and its shining star, the First Amendment. My selection to this post will provide a basis for working with enhanced and combined effectiveness in these several not unrelated areas, and several members of the Board, as individuals, have already indicated to me their receptiveness to efforts which I might make to channeling some of the National Capital A.C.L.U.'s efforts into new directions and methods, or the intensification of effort in others." ■●

MAKE MEN



AVOID





THE DRAFT!

BY ANGELO D'ARCANGELO

LET'S LOVE OUR BOYS IN VIETNAM

Driving into Manhattan on the F.D.R. drive, I pass a low green metal building near the German loading piers. Though the building cannot be identified from the road, the legend heading this column is printed in large crude letters in bright colors on a plackard which is illuminated by colored lights. Today I noticed that a large elaborate Santacretch of some sort, deep in plastic greenery, adorned the southern corner of the roof. The Santa is seasonal, but the northern sign is constant.

And so does the war seem to be. Alas, the sign seems to be pretty permanently fixed in place, and this may mean that the first slogan, along with SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL POLICE DEPARTMENT, may have become permanent phrases in The New National Cant; this short prayer, of course, may supersede The Pledge Of Allegiance To The Flag. It probably already has. It clearly supersedes God Bless etc.

May I suggest to the ardent owners of that building and others supporting similar slogans, that it is a little late to support the many thousands of dead "boys" (unless you're in the casket business) and that the best, the most moral support might simply be to bring our soldiers home. Now I realize that this is for many people, for many, many *men*, a particularly threatening idea; a revolutionary concept. It would tend to suggest that our Glorious American Arms have been defeated. Such odium strikes at the root of our Glorious American Manhood like a castrating scalpel. An important article in our National Cant has always been, "Glorious America Has Never Been Defeated." *And Cannot Be.* (My italics.) Now, when I was a kid the army was just what it was. The Army. That's all. And the Navy, and the whole bunch. Even through the Second World War. But the Cold War and our symbiotic intercourse with Russia has tainted us with the ghastly rhetoric and the muddy military sentimentalism of Russia's own National Cant; you know, "Our Glorious Five Year Plan! Glorious Red Army! Support Our Glorious Sputnick Cigarettes! Support Glorious Secret Police!" Lots of flags, weeping mothers and endlessly rumbling tanks tastefully choreographed to the bombastic garbage of Glorious Hero Composer Shostakovitch. Glorious Bullshit!

You see what I mean? It isn't any the less bullshit when we do it, but it's terribly dangerous. The danger lies in the possibility of forgetting that the function of the military is the protection of the civilian population. Nothing else. For Civilization is the business of civilians.

But we can take another tack. Save face. It's against the law to openly suggest that people avoid the draft, consequently I will suggest it privately to anyone and everyone desiring to do so. Why? Because there isn't any war. It's never been declared. According to the constitution it has to be, after due legislative process. This has never happened. This *Crise Indochinoise* (contracted like ghonorreah from the French) is being run by executive order by our national jesuitical inquisitors the C.I.A., and the F.B.I.

What to do? Be a faggot. Glorious Army does not admit faggots into its sacred ranks. (More Glorious Bullshit.) No men with homosexual tendencies in Glorious Army; result, no Glorious Army. Result? Generals will have to do it alone, hand to hand. Result? Mass resignations. Result? Glorious C.I.A. and F.B.I. will have to fight skinny yellow people in baggy pajamas. Result? Loss of Glorious Fiscal Parasites on Glorious Body Politic will mean savings of billions for the citizens, U.S.! U.S! That's what it means! America needs her faggots now more than ever in history. Boys, before you go for your first physical memorize all the words to *Alice's Restaurant*, (in four part harmony) and do what the good Arlo tells you. Sing your song and check your box. America will be glad to support you. *Live*.

And now, good people come with me through the cloacas of history for a little lesson. About three generations ago the Glorious Armies of France were defeated by those of Prussia: that was the Franco-Prussian War. The result of this defeat was the xenophobic mania of the French for their Army *as the emblem of national pride or manhood.* That army was, as are most, staffed by careerist scoundrels who would be unable to succeed in any "civilian" work. In the great tradition of christian bigotry the staff of this army perpetuated what is now called The Dreyfuss Case preferring to lie, cheat, betray and blackmail, and undertake any and every infamy in order that it's willful mistrial of a little jew should not reflect upon the Glory of the Army's Honor. Eventually, after riots and rifts which nearly amounted to Civil War, the truth was admitted and the army shown for what it was.

We now stand on the threshold of such a time. A defeated army is a danger beyond comparison, an apocalyptic monster, the vanguard of decay. Remember the atrocities, the tortures and brutalities of the French Army in Algiers! Read back into the sordid exit of the Nazis from Italy and France! Consider the barbarities of the retreating Japanese Army of the Pacific! This year in time for Christmas we will be treated to a few amusing photographs taken in Viet Nam. *Life* will print them. They will show a few heaps of bodies in the graceless postures of violent death and advancing decay. These bodies are reported to have been at one time a village. They seem to have gotten into the way of our "cautious and reasonable withdrawal" from their homeland. Well it isn't quite Auchwitz. It isn't even Biafra. But then we're only Americans and have yet to find our style in genocide.

However, this undeclared war poses an irrational threat to all your favourite flag wavers, the D.A.R., the John Birch Society, The American Legion, and the rest of that ilk. The Power Establishment would rather tear the nation to pieces than admit the possibility of an "error." They intend to tread a similar path of infamy through atrocities lies and in spite of the unrelenting face of stalemate.

In conclusion, I would like to introduce a final feminine touch to this column with my heartfelt recommendation of *"The Madame LaFarge method of getting rid of excess fat"* for Mrs. John N. Mitchell, wife of the Attorney General of the United States. She and her husband dread the peaceful Peace demonstrations and compare them to the Russian Revolution. She might as well have said French. Same threat to people like themselves. She says, "And this is the thing I worried about way before I came to Washington knowing the liberal element in th country is so, so against us. As m husband has said many times, some of th liberals in this country he'd like to tak them and change them for the Russia Communists."

There's Nixonian rhetoric for you pure cholesterol. And when she was aske whether or not the administration woul be affected by these demonstrations sh replied, "It is a very crucial time for all t them." Wrings the heart, doesn't it? Wh was it Marie Antoinette said, "Let 'e eat . . . ." what?

However, AMERICA, LOVE IT O LEAVE IT'ers, our Glorious Leader wi all the dash, flair and wit of Calv Coolidge, with oceans of self-satisfactio not seen since President Taft, refuses be affected by the hubbub of a fe hundred thousand threateningly sile peace-freaks.

Get out your knitting needles gir Tumbrel, anyone? ■









TURNING ON



WITH DOT. . . AN HONEST STRAIGHT GIRL SPEAKS HER MIND

BY DOT SMITH

Finally the first issue of Gay has hit the stands! I think this publication will appeal to many others besides homosexuals. There are horny females, like me, who dig seeing the nude bodies of sexy males and are thankful to *Gay* for beautiful photos. The two passionately embraced males on page twelve nearly floored me and on page fifteen, the shot of Brian Reynolds' (I presume it is he) beautiful face, not to mention his fantastic body . . . is so way out of sight that I've decided to add it to my collection of Dots' turn on photos.

Although my own personal sexual encounters have been exclusively with males, some straight, some bi-sexual . . I've always wondered if I could possibly be a latent bi myself.

Years ago, I made a rather clumsy and fruitless attempt to kiss another girl . . . she literally ran off shedding tears of terror. I felt so rejected. Boys never reacted that way. Then and there I decided to stay *put* within the walls of hetrosexual security. I'm a confessed man-watcher. But now, I feel, I'd like to reveal my girl-watching activities. On many occasions, I find my eyes are stiffly glued to the face of an attractive female . . . usually on a bus or in a department store.

Unfortunately, I was taught to accept the age-old adage which says a woman's "place" is in the home and a man's "place," so I was told, lies in supporting her. Together they are supposed to remain eternally within the confining realm of marital "bliss."

Well . . . I'm sorry Ma, it just doesn't work that way for everyone, particularly me. I've earnestly tried it and what it has all amounted to has been a series of ex-husbands, lovers, children and turmoil. Steady hubby-type males are just not my thing . . . most of them are boring clods who flip out at my eccentricities. I love sex . . . . . it's a lovely living form of communication . . . . . involving all the senses. But I ask you . . does this necessarily label me a straight hetro-female? I like to dress in men's apparel. (No . . . not ties and fedoras) Just sweat shirts and dungarees, except for special occasions and for divorce court appearances, I haven't worn a real dress in ages. Did you know that most courts of law do not permit a woman to appear wearing slacks? Even in the freezing winter? The purpose behind my mannish dress is; quite probably, one of my many devious but peaceful methods of waging my own little war against the silly rules of uptight society. Or perhaps my love for men has gone so deep that I sometimes wish I were one . . . (admiration for an idol?) If both or the latter guess is the correct analysis then could I be thought of as a female imitation of a male?? or how about a Female imitating a male who's in drag? Or maybe I'm casting myself as a female sort of male homosexual who digs men. Do you think that's possible? . . . Since I believe there is nothing quite like a bisexual male, maybe this means I'm a latent bi-something! Al Goldstein said in his column; "You pricks who buy 'GAY' are too fucking serious". Now I'm clearly not a prick, and I don't know about the usual "GAY" reader but I *am seriously* pondering the question of my "orientation." There must be many girls like me who are too completely confused to ever sort out the many sexual choices that confront us. I don't think it really matters. Curiously I'm able to sympathize with males who find it tough to approach anyone . . . male or female. Being turned down can be very disappointing and there's always that small possibility that my first turn down by that hysterical girl drove me to seek the more easily available hetrosexual way of life. Don't get me wrong, I love males, the same way most of you readers do, but maybe I love females too . . . I simply can't locate one who is, above all, a desirable enough creature with whom I'd like to take another blunderous chance. The most significant part of any relationship (long term) is compatibility, both sexual and otherwise. no matter which gender you are you must remember that this has nothing to do with harmonious togetherness.

It would seem to stand to reason that males might instinctively understand other males if only because they are males themselves. The same I would think is true of women. I find that satisfying a man sexually is one thing, but that once we're out of bed I'm a little lost when it comes to actually cultivating a true friendship with my bed-fellow.

"GAY", as I've already mentioned, is a really fine paper. It's making me search further into my own sexuality. It is "bringing me out" . . . . where I want to be. Since sex seems to play a tremendous role in America . . . the betterment of America could very well also depend upon the revolution in sexual attitudes. Thank you "GAY" . . . . . I only hope that it will soon be lawful for you to print more revealing and sexy photos for us horny folks ■■



THE GAY WITCH

BY DR. LEO LOUIS MARTELLO

BY DR. LEO LOUIS MARTELLO

Witchcraft, the long suppressed underground religion, is erupting to the surface. Witchcraft churches will be opening up all over the country. Anton La Vey's First Satanic Church is in San Francisco. These are a challenge to the established churches. Militant witches are on the march. Descendants of Salem, Mass. witches will sue that city and all its participating churches for one million dollars in damages and economic reparations. An International Tribunal to Try Inquisitional Crimes, Posthumously, is being set up. For full details on this read "The Witch Manifesto" in my book *The Weird Ways of Witchcraft*.

The moral-rational basis for Churches and Temples of Witchcraft is as follows: Witches have always used *mind-power* to achieve their ends. Christian (and other) churches have used *force*. As I ask in my book: "What witch or coven of witches has been responsible for the brutality, the bloodshed, the millions of deaths caused by the Inquisition, the Christian Crusades, the Holy Wars, Salem?" What Christian will dare call Witchcraft superstition and go against his own Bible? How can they call witches evil when everytime they attend "Holy Communion" they're practising spiritual cannibalism? The Catholic Church insists that the taking of the blessed wafer into the mouth is *literally* "the body and blood of Jesus Christ." Who's practising Black Magic?

In a secular society, based on the Constitutional Separation of Church and State, the government has no business to "recognize" any religion. Christian congressmen will be challenged for their give-aways of tax-free land to "Established" churches. Minority religions are discriminated against. The 1964 Civil Rights Act will be the basis for the establishment of Witchcraft Temples. If convents can have tax-free status so can covens, from which the former derived its name. Witchcraft Seminaries are not constitutionally obliged to follow the same pattern as Christian theology schools. Recognized witches, i.e., recognized by their own covens, their work, their beliefs, are entitled to the same privileges as other priests and ministers in a supposedly "free" society. Despite any Christian hogwash that witches are sinners, the truth is that they have always been *sinned against*. Even those who practice Black Magic, at their worse, can never equal in evil the black minds of white Christians who have used their own theology to treat the blackman as a scapegoat for their own black hearts. The "soul" they're all so concerned about stems from the fact that they have no "soul."

The worse thing that I can wish on fanatic, Bible-believing, fundamentalist, unthinking Christians is that they remain . . . . . Christians!

●●●●●●●●●●

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Q. Do you believe in reincarnation?

A. No, I don't. I once did . . . but that was in a past life!

Q. If there was one person who would be the enemy of Christianity today who do you think it would be?

A. Jesus Christ!

Q. How can I keep my boyfriend from playing around with others?

A. Draw a picture of the male sexual organs. Write his name on it. Take a scissors and cut it in half. This is called psychic castration. Using the power of suggestion, it will be much more effective if you do it in his presence! When he leaves for work, or goes out, slip it into his wallet or trousers! When he finds it . . . . . SURPRISE!!!

Q. I've been attracted to someone for a long time but everytime I make an approach he withdraws. Any suggestions?

A. Your first mistake is in "making an approach." You have to practice psychic seduction. You keep your distance. And you keep your eyes on him. When he makes an approach . . . retreat. Keep it up. You're "psyching" him. If there wasn't any biochemical response on his part in the first place this tactic will psychically generate the juices flowing! Start with the "evil eye" and other anatomical "evils" will follow!

Q. I'm married, black, and my wife and I haven't had sex for a long time. She's been going to some kind of voodooist and is always going around the house looking for black-headed pins. What should I do?

A. You've furnished your own solution, though unwittingly. The "black-headed pins" that your wife is looking for is a substitute for your own "black-headed pin." It's as simple as that. If you've made sexual advances and your wife has refused it's probably because you weren't aggressive enough. A woman often says "no" when she means "yes." Take your clue from her!

Q Why are you called the Gay Witch?

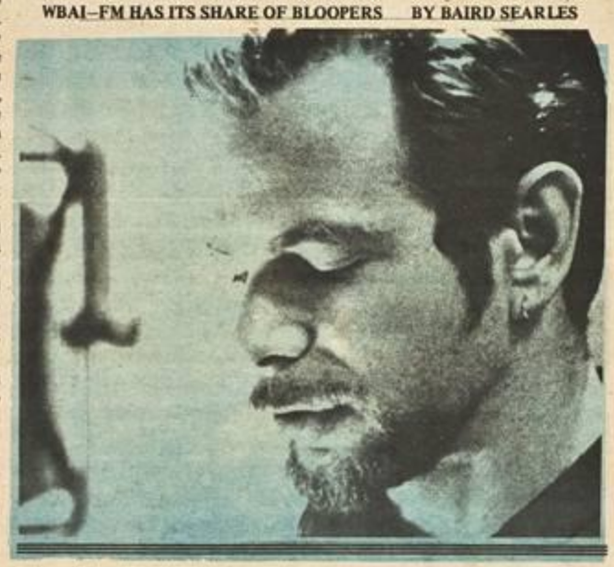
A. Because I'm a HAPPY MEDIUM!

Q. Do you know of any witches' covens that I can join?

A. No. The ones I personally know of are all closed. They don't seek recruits, are not public witches, want no publicity. However, in future columns I'll discuss open covens. Interested readers who would like to join a coven or set one up should write to me. Address all questions on any phase of the occult and Witchcraft to Dr. Leo Louis Martello, c/o GAY, P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Sta., NYC, NY 10011. ■■

GAY MOMENTS IN RADIO

WBAI–FM HAS ITS SHARE OF BLOOPERS BY BAIRD SEARLES



There is so much that's really funny in the day-to-day maneuvering of one's way through a "straight" world, some of which is worthy of mention. I found this to be particularly true when I set out to produce a by-and-for-the-homosexual radio series on WBAI-FM.

Working for this station is a surrealistic experience in any case, as anyone who has had anything to do with it knows, and though the station, with its customary *laissez-faire* policy, gave me a total go-ahead, I felt somehow that it wasn't going to be easy.

The program really got going in the most likely spot possible. . . I was walking up Greenwich Ave. (going from somewhere *to* somewhere, if you must know) and all but fell over a young engineer who had just started working for the station. I'm usually pretty good at spotting my fellow preverts (sic), but this one took me by surprise. "I didn't expect to see *you* here," was my well-phrased reaction, whereas he came all over being defensive about being on Greenwich rather than some other more *fashionable* spot. Explaining carefully that I didn't know he was gay (a reaction most people don't know whether to take as a compliment or as a put-down, I've discovered), I settled my butt on the jaguar on which he was leaning and we commenced to discuss the scene. I liked Charles' attitude that all heterosexuals are guilty until proven innocent, and suggested the idea of a series. So, in front of *Tor's*, a new program, The New Symposium was born.

Obviously, the main problem was to get participants. I wanted a basic group covering a wide spectrum of gay life, and I had the mad idea that people would do it under their own names. All of *my* friends considered me ripe for commitment, and some informed me that if I didn't change *my* name, they would be forced to change theirs and retire to New Jersey. Ah, there's nothing like strong moral support, I thought. I must sat that my lover was sanguine about it. "All that can happen is that mobs of heterosexuals can stone the house," he said cheerfully.

Word *must* have gotten around, however, because one young man appeared out of nowhere and offered to be on the show. Davey was bright (a college drop-out), a damn good photographer, who lived with his parents in Connecticut. I spent one Sunday up there with him, not knowing that his parents knew his situation and were not necessarily sympathetic. His mother was dandy about contending with a New York degenerate, but soon after I arrived, his father had an attack of the masculine equivalent of the vapors and took to his bed for the duration of my visit. Well, it was a nice day in the country.

After Davey, absolutely no one emerged until one of my volunteer assistants, Judy, had the bright idea of telling Howard Smith at the *Voice* about our need. He gave it some space, and things got very busy for a while. A great many people called in for interviews, in fact so many that our switchboard girl who was just around the corner from my office, got into the habit of yelling, 'Hey, Bay, there's another fairy on the phone." She was a dear girl, but a bit square, and I could but hope she hadn't left the key open. Finally, I had to take her aside and patiently explain that "fairy" had not really been used in the Best Circles for several years. She took this news well, and the next time a phone call came in, she yelled, "Hey Bay, there's another pansy on the phone."

With the end in view of getting a wide spectrum of types, we did, eventually, acquire some good people, ranging from Kermit, who was an authentically nice guy, to Leon, a very handsome boy who tended to reticence, but when he did drop a remark, it would lie there ticking for a second and then explode.

There was Del, a true Southern belle, who was the first to admit he wasn't the butchest guy in town. His lively sense of the absurd did not preclude a certain vagueness and, one time when he had missed a taping session, he said, "I did have a notice pinned up on my front door, but I didn't see it, " which made me wonder about his means of access to the apartment.

The lesbians were slower to surface. My acquaintanceship with the lesbian community had been minimal since my early days in New York, at which time I was seeing quite a bit of one couple. One of them was employed by the GSA, and one of my better entrances was the day we set out for Cherry Grove. Arriving late at the Sayville dock, before the fascinated eyes of a ferry load of weekenders, I tumbled bag and baggage out of a station wagon boldly emblazoned "GIRL SCOUTS OF AMERICA". For the program, however, I nearly despaired of finding even one (lesbian, not Girl Scout). One dizzy lady wandered through, who was a bit undecided as to whether or not she was homosexual, and thought the first discussion session of the group would be a fine time to have a drink. I thought, somehow, we could do without her.

Finally, one day an unmistakably feminine voice asked for an appointment. When the time came, I was alone in the office save for Karen, a pretty young thing who handles poetry programming for WBAI. Not one, but two, absolutely formidable young ladies sailed in. Karen, not usually easily rattled, took one look and went under the desk in a flurry of stanzas.

Of the two, Marie was more formidable, extremely handsome, and just *big*–one of those girls, broad but not tall, whom you would never describe as fat. She reminded me of one of those Neolithic clay goddesses of fertility, a word she'll never forgive me for using in any connection with her. Jane, by contrast, had the look of a grown-up elf with a Ph.D. in germ warfare, not inconsistent, as I found out later, with an ICBM mind that never lets go. All in all, I was extremely glad I had the solid desk between us, particulary when they took over the interview in short order, making damn sure of my motives, attitudes and general outlook. For a while, I deliriously wondered if I was trying out for their radio show. . . Verbally wrestling to a general peace treaty, we agreed that they would flip a coin as to which one would do the show. As it turned out, they were the only girls for the first series. So, much to the show's benefit, they both appeared and added articulate, intelligent voices thereto.

All Karen could say, emerging from under her desk, was "Wow!"

Well, the show got on the road, or the air, and it was controversial, listened to, meaningful, scandalous and all those things one is supposed to be these days. And the mail started to come in. I was quite taken aback by the lack of hate mail, a certain amount of which I had steeled myself to face. It made me wonder if we'd failed.

However, just enough did come in to keep our spirits up. The first was the funniest. Anonymous, as was most of the negative mail, it was obviously from a lady–or woman, I should say–who had an extremely simplistic approach. All homosexuals were queer because, she said, it was obvious they were impotent. Simple, eh, what? What she thought all those guys and girls did in all those beds is beyond me. But then Gide flubbed that question in Corydon, *n'est-ce pas?*

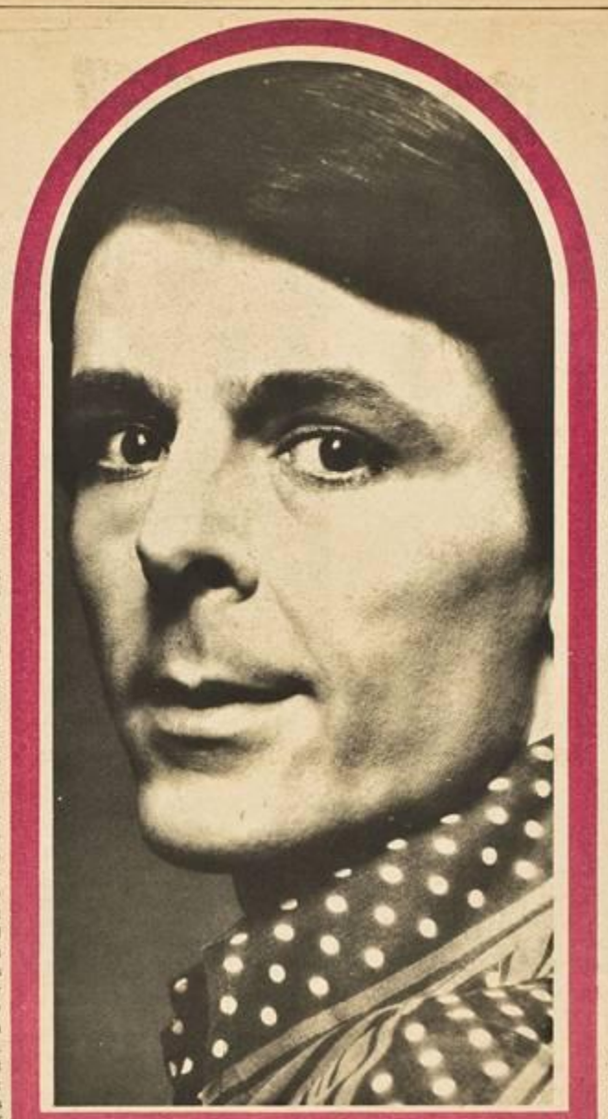
We also heard from that gentlemen in Brooklyn who spends a great deal of time and money trying to convince the straight crowd of the great "homosexual conspiracy". We, aware of our responsibility of equal time, read his communication on the air and solemnly agreed that "yes, there was a homosexual conspiracy." However, this didn't please him because he filed a complaint with the FCC.

While I feel the FCC wrote him off as an overpersistant gadfly, we were worried about that august body. Too many complaints, and it has the power to fail to renew a station's license, which I feel would be a poor way to repay WBAI's openmindedness. So we had to tread a fine line–I mean the basic fact of homosexuality *is* sex, but we had to be a bit careful about how we phrased it. Instead of beeping the verbatim words, I preferred, when possible, to take that one word section of tape out and reverse it, which results in a nonsense syllable perfectly comprehensible to everyone. This, unfortunately, does *not* work with "cock", but the station has a remarkable selection of expressive beeps, useful beeps for any occasion.

Most of the mail was positive, and much of that, touching, edifying or downright horrifying. The amount of misery brought on by conflicts caused in the individual by society's attitude *is* a terrifying thing to face.

By far the majority of our listeners were those outside of Manhattan, isolated from the gay community for one reason or another. And the majority of these were the adolescents, aware and even adjusted to being gay, and yet with no place to go and no one to talk to. Those that included a return address, and who seemed to need an ear to pour their frustrations into, I invited to the station to chat. Lou, a college freshman who was the first of these to emerge way back at the beginning, looks with a jaundiced eye on those that followed his footsteps in beating their way to my office. "It's like, 'Good Morning, Miss Dove'" he remarked. "Every time I turn around, you've sent another class out into the world, and are bravely facing a new group of shining, innocent faces." Jennifer Jones never had it so good. ■■

Baird Searles is WBAI's FM drama and literature director. He organized "The New Symposium", a program for and by the homosexual community which may now be heard on Thursdays at 9 PM and Fridays at 11:45 AM.



Can Straight Guys Be Normal?

A FINE ACTOR PROVES IT'S POSSIBLE

BY JOHN PAUL HUDSON

It's that exciting season when readers all over the country step up the submissions to TIME of their unheeded nominations for that rag's Man-of-the-Year, and we're not to be outdone. We assume the TIME (LIFE and FORTUNE) hacks peruse GAY with a certain amount of care and may be impressed by this reporter's suggestion. Sure.

Our nominee is *not* one of the straight-world predictables: Ho Chi Minh, respectable old warhorse of a revolutionary and venerable now that he's dead; the Moon Men, who *do* deserve honorable mention, certainly; Teddy Kennedy, of "I've Got a Secret" fame; Tricia Nixon, who represented us so cleanly at the Prince of Wales' investiture. All that crowd. No, our candidate, an artist is one of the more anonymous, less spectacular groundbreakers of modern history, but no less a giant in terms of the collateral revolutions now advancing mankind by leaps. We doubt, so modest yet far-reaching is his achievement, that he even *knows* what a unique contribution he's made. He surely doesn't know we are proposing his name.

The gentleman is George Reeder, star of the Off-Broadway domestic comedy AND PUPPY DOG TAILS. This gentle little play is about homosexuals in their own milieu, honestly presented if now and then a little pontificating and trite. It ends happily—in fact, with a traditional Hollywood or Broadway drawing room comedy stage-center kiss. The switch is that the principals are both men (Reeder and Horton Willis, both formidably attractive), and one of them is naked as a Chinese crested terrier. So what? you ask. Didn't BOYS IN THE BAND do all that at least a year and a half ago? In a word: no. But we are weary of the comparisons between the two, just as we are weary of the debate over the artistic merits of OH! CALCUTTA! The fact is that both BOYS and CALCUTTA! were firsts in this country with its puritanical Silent Majority, and it takes a certain genius to be truly avant garde in America—also a sense of timing, or serendipity, to surmise when you can cash in on a new wave. The important thing now is that pieces like AND PUPPY DOG TAILS are coming along to outdistance their generidic forerunners—in candor, fun and honesty. AND PUPPY DOG TAILS is candid, fun and honest, while BOYS is a bitch-in presenting stereotype neurotics acceptable to the press and public. The press and straight public have not taken kindly to PUPPY DOG TAILS because fifty per cent of its personnel (it's a four-character play) are on to themselves and able to grope (perhaps an unfortunate choice of verbs) toward constructive mutual fulfillment. Homosexuals, as if you didn't know, must always wail, fail and "pay" for their "aberrations." But, like the blacks in America, homosexuals are waking up to the potential of their existence under a system that truly allows all men to be equal and privately *free*.

So what is Mr. Reeder's role in all this? The urbane, sleek, husky-voiced, virile Mr. Reeder—as John so agonizingly pulled between desiring to maintain his healthy love affair with a young man with whom he has everything in common and lusting nostalgically after the body of a closet queen from high school suck-ins—is straight. Heterosexually straight. That's what we hear on awfully good authority. The fact that he's married to former dancer Christy Peterson (a Genital Female, we presume) and has two children doesn't, of course, mean a thing. Tony Jones is wed to Princess Margaret, for God's sake, and with royal approval. We could enumerate ad nauseum great lovers, leaders, masculine sex symbols past and present who have had quite successful marriages and swelled the population. And we are in favor of mixed marriages based on mutual understanding (though who needs the babies these days?). However, we accept the word from trustworthy gay "spokesmen" in a position to "know" that Mr. Reeder is calmly and unaggressively heterosexual. Also that he is, as a thorough-going professional, easy to work with, consistent and giving. His stage deportment is obviously laudable.

Mr. Reeder, when he strips off his jockies in the first act, fluffs up his balls like any Genital Male shedding the vestiges of the workaday world, but he does it naturally and gingerly, neither seeming to wish to tantalize the majority of homosexuals in the audience nor reassure himself that they're (his balls) there. He never seems intimidated nor castrated by the demands of his role—which, as has been noted, entails contact with and tactile response to other naked men in the company.

In case you aren't yet on the Reeder bandwagon simply because he handles his balls with aplomb, may we point out that probably not since the days of Elizabethan England, when men played women's roles, has a straight actor in the Occident been obliged to make serious love to another man! You certainly don't "see it happen" in BOYS IN THE BAND, where there is a coy fade-out in an upstairs bedroom.

It takes a real man like George Reeder to risk public opprobium and professional pariah—regardless of the present climate of the theatre with homosexuality "in" and where the Burtons and Harrisons have endowed the portrayal of homosexuals with an aura of legitimacy.

Mr. Reeder, according to the PUPPY DOG TAILS program notes, played the ballsy Nick Arnstein in FUNNY GIRL on Broadway (well, the *real* Arnstein was said to be ballsy, if that's what it took to hump Fanny Brice), along with other "recognizable" heterosexual males in such standards as A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM and DESTRY RIDES AGAIN. He has graced numerous TV shows as a "presentable" male animal. While we do not remember him as Miles Gloriosus in FORUM nor recall seeing him on the tube, it's likely not because he wasn't as smooth, credible and charming as he is in PUPPY DOG TAILS. On the contrary, he was probably so "regular" that we took no special note. It's this low-key, warm, relaxed and *virile* performance in a delicate—for a confirmed straight—situation that we shall never forget. If he were a confirmed gay we might not mark him at all beyond a hearty and well-deserved "Well done!" That, of course, is the ultimate compliment, the one we are sure he would most appreciate. Whether he gets anywhere as Man-of-the-Year or not, we are sure he's going to go very far as an actor in whatever vehicle he finds himself. But wouldn't it be a pity not to erect some little monument to the straight actor who was not afraid of what "people will say" or, more significantly, of what his wife "might think"? We'll just bet she's as groovey as he is. Una Sex, of "Sex Advice for Failures," in SCREW, would probably like to ball them both. Who needs Luce Publications when you have such folks hovering lovingly behind you, George? ■■



BY BOB AMSEL

I realize that with the Manhattan apartment shortage being what it is, some people have no other choice than to live in closets. Yet, many others voluntarily live in the closets of their minds. Some "closet queens" seem rather content and function adequately. Others are truly miserable, but feel that they have no other alternatives. Their basic motivation seems to be fear; fear that their bosses should discover their homosexual proclivities, fear that their families may find out, fear that their friends will abandon them

But is closet-living the only answer? Are people who subject themselves to a hidden life ever able to become fulfilled, well-functioning human beings? Can they entirely satisfy their own desires if they must spend such unwarranted energy on establishing a fantasy world for the benefit of their bosses, families, and friends? Must they continue to perpetrate and live a lie? And finally, are they able to learn to accept responsibility for their own actions instead of placing the blame on a "hostile society?"

These are questions that many homosexuals must, at one time in their lives, come to grips with. When a person first discovers that he is gay, he often finds himself in the position of a black man who can pass for white. Will he or won't he? Today, when so many sexual barriers seem to be breaking down, many young people never have to experience the traumatic times that their elders knew. Harmful environmental factors such as police harassment are also minimal compared to what used to be. In many ways, being a card-carrying homosexual is simply much easier.

But there are many gay men and women who for various reasons made the choice to pass for straight. And what has been the result? Can they not help but feel inferior to the heterosexual community around them? Have they not admitted that there is something immoral, sick, or unnatural about their inclinations? Can they not help but hate themselves for living such a deception?

Such people often claim that it takes a great deal of courage to be an admitted homosexual. From my viewpoint, it takes much more courage to live the masochistic day-to-day existence of a closet queen. Are they ever to really lose the fear that someday, somehow, somewhere they will be found out and exposed? Must they always be extremely careful of the few homosexuals they choose for friends? Are they not subject to blackmail? Can they refrain from becoming paranoids? Courage? It takes a great deal of courage to live such a life, and I, for one, do not subscribe to that particular brand of courage.

Ironically, it is so easy to step out of one's closet, but only people who have successfully done so will believe me. The first step, naturally enough, is learning to accept one's role as a homosexual (or bi-sexual). This can best be done by understanding human sexuality. After all, is it really important why one becomes a homosexual? So what if one had a strong, possessive mother and a weak, timid father? There are homosexuals who know the causes of their sexual patterns (at least, they think they do) and those who do not. But whether or not an apple is green or re, it's still an apple. Most modern psychiatrists (and this does not include most of the old-time Freudians who are still preaching outmoded dogma) believe that a human child at birth is simply sexual. This means that he has no sexual direction toward either men or women or cows or sheep. Because of man's advanced state of evolution, he does not possess the so-called "instincts" of the lowest animals. But instead, man has acquired the gift of thinking. He has the amazing ability to learn and continue learning all the wonders of the world and the universe. But he must also learn his sexual preferences. Because of his environment and upbringing, he may find himself sexually attracted to carrot-topped octogenarians or thirteen-year-old schoolboys. He may like twenty-year-old flat-chested blonde girls, or forty-year-old bosomy ladies. He may be attracted to a leather jacket or a tutu. If he's a farmboy, he may learn to love the local sheep or if he's a more advanced farmboy, he may prefer an electric milking machine. He may even find himself masturbating over a lady's galoshes. The choices are infinite, and the word "normal" just doesn't exist, except in statistical reports. (But if the average man and wife has 2½ children, there is something terribly abnormal about that one-half of a child to my way of thinking.)



SOME FOLKS ARE STILL HUNG UP IN THEM!

Nonetheless, the closet queen must learn to accept that he is a homosexual, that there is nothing abnormal about being a homosexual, and that as a homosexual, he can live a fulfilled, well-adjusted life. It is not easy, and those unfortunates who continue to grasp for so-called "cures" are never going to accept themselves.

The next step of closet-emerging stems naturally enough from the first. As soon as the closet queen discovers that there is nothing wrong with him, he will start wondering why many people are prejudicial in their dealings with homosexuals. He will then realize that there is something wrong with *them*. But if the closet queen wishes to understand *why* some people are intolerant, he should begin by studying himself. Is *he* prejudiced toward a certain minority group? Does he dislike members of a certain race or religion or nationality? Why does he feel this way? If he is intolerant in his dealings with a certain group, can he expect other people to be more tolerant to *his* group? If he is terribly studious, he might find a number of answers in Gordon Allport's classic volumn of the subject, *The Nature of Prejudice*.

Or, he might approach the problem from an historical angle. He might learn of the acceptance of homosexuality by many of the early religions. He may discover that only in the Judeo-Christian theology did homosexuality become an "abomination" from fear of contamination by other religious bodies who practiced it. He might also discover that a small religious state of 2,000 years ago could only survive if enough children were being born, and the one thing a homosexual act does not accomplish is pregnancy.

He may soon observe that among the early Christians, homosexuality was considered a "heresy" because of its associations with pagan worship. He may see the progression from Church law into civil law at the time of Henry VIII. He will ultimately realize that the laws on the books today are throwbacks to those earlier times.

But most importantly, he will learn that homosexuality was never seriously considered a "sickness" until the advent of an Austrian doctor named Sigmund Freud. Homosexuality successfully changed from a religious dogma to a psychological one. It is wrong to blame poor Siggie for the so-called Freudian shrinks who followed him with their promises of "cures" for the "sickness." And then, too, some of Siggie's own problems with his Jewish middle-class background found their way into the new "science." And also, other doctors of his time advocated this theory.

But thankfully, many psychiatrists have progressed a long way since Siggie's day (many, but not all). And with the exception of a few outspoken advocates of the "sickness" theory (i.e. Bieber and Socarides), the concepts are quickly being buried.

And finally, the closet queen may wish to think in sociological terms. He may attempt to understand the male and female role-playing that has for years been accepted in this country and is only now breaking down. He may discover that the heterosexual male who is insecure regarding his own sense of masculinity may feel threatened by homosexuality and thus, react against it.

The ways of approach are endless, and I have suggested only a few. But once the closet queen has learned all there is to know that is necessary for his own feeling of equality, he will find it much easier to relate to his family *as a homosexual*, to his friends *as a homosexual*, and to his boss *as a homosexual*. But he must remember that these people are often as ignorant as he himself used to be. It will take his family a while to accept, but if they love *him* and not a phoney *image* of him, they will continue to love him. For they are not involved with an inclination, they are involved with a human being. If he is scorned by certain members of his family, it will be painful to discover that he was never really loved in the first place. Or, is that what he has always been initially afraid of? But the pain will pass, and a burden will be lifted; the closet door will start to open.

If he has chosen his friends well, the same will apply. If he has not, he will find out who his friends really are, and ten years from that moment, I... have those same friends. The closet ... will open a little more.

The most difficult part of closet-emerging deals with employment. In certain jobs, discovery would mean instant dismissal. But in actuality, this is more often the exception than the rule. At any rate, one's sexual life should have nothing to do with one's business anyway, for there is usually no reason to talk about it. We have progressed to a point, however, that if a person can prove that he has been fired because of his homosexuality, lawsuits can be and have been successfully brought against his employer. This is still not true if you work for Federal Government agencies, and certain other restricted work, but ultimately, such barriers will also come tumbling down. For law cases are going before the courts every day, and ultimately, the challenge will be met. I, for one, have never had any desire to work under discriminatory conditions, but many people have no other choice than to work under such duress. But before the closet door can swing completely open, this problem will have to be dealt with. But if one feel that the freedom to live as a human being is worth it, that to walk upright without looking down or back, but ahead is worth it, then maybe anything is possible. ■■

(continued from page 3)

Americans do it differently," "Gay is Groovy," and "The Lord is My Shepherd and He Knows I'm Gay."

Only one newsman (a representative of KFWB radio) came forward to cover this unusual event, and although spectators along the route appeared to be curious, there were no evidences of violence or disorder.

The California State Building was chosen as the final site of the protest because it is the building where the California Supreme Court meets. During the same week the Court was scheduled to consider a request by a Los Angeles attorney to grant a hearing on the constitutionality of California's sex laws.

On the steps of the State Building, marchers (still holding their signs) sat and listened to speeches by clergymen, homosexual spokesmen, civil rights leaders and attorneys.

The opening prayer was led by the Reverend Clay Colwell, one of the founders of the Council on Religion and the Homosexual. The Rev. Colwell had been fired two weeks before the protest march by his Southern California congregation, in Manhattan Beach, because of his support for homosexual civil rights. Although heterosexually inclined, the Rev. Colwell has chaired past meetings of the North American Conference of Homophile Organizations with acclaim for his fair approach to differences between homophile groups.

State Assemblymen Willy Brown of San Francisco and Los Angeles Councilman Robert Stevenson both sent regrets that they were unable to attend the rally. Two officials, State Assemblyman Roberti and L.A. City Councilman Bradley were invited, but failed to respond. The Reverend Perry underscored their failure.

James Colton (Homosexual Information Center), Cliff Lettieri (HELP), John Dexter (HIM Magazine), Jerry Joachim (former President of PRIDE), Mike Steele (another PRIDE President) and Jim Kepner (from the ADVOCATE) drew applause from marchers with remarks, comments and fiery speeches as leaders of the homosexual community.

Other speakers included a bar owner, whose place of business had twice sustained raids in recent weeks, and Pat Rocco, well-know film director. The loudest cheers were reserved for the Reverend Troy Perry, a handsome dark-haired minister who has drawn large support from Los Angeles' homosexual community, and under whose banner the 200 persons had marched. "People said it couldn't be done!", he told the rally's supporters, "I'm proud today because you've made liars out of some people." There were shouts of "Amen!" "We're not afraid anymore," he told the cheering group, who echoed his sentiments.

The Los Angeles Advocate, a newspaper of the homophile community, reports that few heterosexuals witnessed the event, but that the day's events had a pronounced effect on the homosexuals who took part. Observers are said to have noticed a new sense of pride and determination. Many had come out of their "closets" and it was felt that this time something "had started that would not die." ■●

ACCUSED TEACHER KEEPS CALIFORNIA CREDENTIALS

Los Angeles, Calif. In a landmark decision, the California Supreme Court ruled that the State Board of Education must restore the teaching credentials of an instructor accused of homosexual conduct. In an opinion by Justice Mathew Tobriner and supported by two other Justices and a Chief Justice, the majority held that homosexuality *per se* does not constitute sufficient grounds for disqualifying a teacher.

UCLA Law Professor Melville Nimmer, who acted as the defense counsel for the teacher, Marc Morrison, said in his brief to the State Supreme Court, that there is no greater risk to school children from homosexual teachers than from heterosexual teachers. The appellate court's opinion, he argued, holds that sexual conduct outside marriage–homosexual or heterosexual–is grounds for revocation. "If this be the law of California, it places in jeopardy a great proportion of teacher who are unmarried, but who may be presumed are not necessarily thereby devoid of outlets for sexual expression."

It was not a clear victory, however. In reversing the ouster, the Supreme Court suggested that the Board of Education might reopen the case and dismiss Morrison if they could prove that his conduct was such as to affect future classroom performance and overall impact on his students. One of the dissenting judges, Justice Sullivan, said: "I cannot say there is no rational connection between the petioner's homosexual acts and his fitness to teach."

Apparently, this ruling does not clear the path for all homosexual teachers who get into difficulties with the Board. But it does show that the Board in the future must show *how* the specific charges against a teacher will affect his ability to teach. ■●

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHMEN URGE HOMOSEXUAL UNDERSTANDING

By Elliot Wright, Religious News Service

New York, N.Y. Trends showing willingness to reassess traditional views and frankly to probe homosexuality were boldly, sketched in an unprecedented appeal, made in November to local congregations of the United Church of Christ by the head of the denomination's Board for Homeland Ministries.

Simultaneous with the publication of *The Same Sex* a book from the UCC's Pilgrim Press, Dr. Howard E. Spragg asked United Church members to study homosexuality and review the attitudes toward it in local communities.

The book, edited by the Rev. Ralph Weltge, is a primer for such study. Citing the need for church understanding of homosexuality, Mr. Weltge says the church is second only to the military in mistreatment of homosexuals.

"I am not sure that congregations are now ready to make decisions on homosexuality but we hope *The Same Sex* will open the subject for discussion and reconsideration," said Dr. Spragg, a man dedicated to serious and thorough sex education.

Dr. Spragg and others are convinced that homosexuals deserve the help and understanding of the church. The UCC executive is not happy that "church groups often look upon homosexuals as outcasts. . . "

It is not possible to predict extensive religious advocacy of liberalized U.S. state laws on sexual activities between members of the same sex. Such shifts, however, were made in Britain and Canada with considerable religious sanction despite the age-old church condemnation of homosexuality.

Nor are there substantial indications that churches will agree to perform "homosexual marriages" as some homsexual groups suggest. But it is safe to say that homosexuality will not in the future be so much "undercover" as religious concern. Development of a generally more sympathetic outlook seems likely.

Individuals and religious groups working in the field are infrequently publicized in church circles. This is not surprising in light of frequent reactions, such as the criticism leveled against the organizer of educational sessions on homosexuality for Episcopal clergy in a large Eastern city last year. Episcopalians on many levels have been particularly open to research on the issue.

The United Church of Christ request for study appeared shortly after the National Institute for Mental Health asked that laws permit homosexual relations between consenting adults, currently legal only in Illinois. ■●



"Tio Bao" by David Louis at the Gallery of Erotic Art, 1240 Park Avenue, N.Y.C.

DRAG QUEEN FATALLY STABBED

Los Angeles, Calif. Morris Flores, known as "The Little Flower" was fatally stabbed in a fight which broke out in a Los Angeles bar. The fight began, according to local accounts, when someone attempted to cut in on a pair who were on the dance floor. Another drag, Gregario Garcia was reported "near death". Both transvestites were well-known in the neighborhood they frequented, where they often wore fancy drag outfits.

"The Little Flower", dressed in a lavish velvet and satin costume, was dancing with a man when Nathaniel Williams cut in. Flores called to Garcia, and the two men went to a table occupied by Williams and his twin brother, Lee Daniels Williams. Both men were 23.

A violent argument erupted and Nathaniel drew a knife, purportedly sinking it into Flore's heart. Garcia, also fancily dressed, fled, pursued by Lee Williams. (Witnesses were confused by the striking similarities between the twins.) Garcia was knifed several times in the back, and the blade missed vital organs by a narrow margin. ■●

LONG HAIR NOW LEGAL IN FIVE STATES

Milwaukee, Wisc. Federal courts in Wisconsin, Illinois, Massachusetts, Alabama and Indiana have ruled that students cannot be excluded from schools because of their hair length.

Favorable decisions on "long hair" cases have come after several years of unsuccessful efforts by affilitates of the ACLU, to convince schools and courts that long hair is a type of expression, protected by constitutional guarantees of free speech and privacy.

School officials in Wisconsin are presently appealing the decision handed down by the Wisconsin Supreme Court. ACLU Attorney Sander N. Karp, argues that the short hair requirement is "discipline purely for the sake of discipline. . . the first step on the road to absolute conformity." The attorney contends that the student's hair grooming did not disturb the school's "discipline, decorum or learning atmosphere," and that the schools therefore had no business interfering in an "intimately personal matter." ■●



GAY GIRLS WITH GAY BLADES

GOOD GRIEF– WE'RE EVERYWHERE!

BY LILY HANSEN



The time: a Sunday evening in October; the place: Washington, D.C.: the setting: a restaurant/pub catering to college types. My girlfriend and I were there by invitation of her guitar teacher, who was to perform. It was still early.

We ordered beer and looked around. Nobody gay in sight, or so we thought. Too bad. Next to us a table with two boys. Hmm, maybe. On my jacket lapel glowed the Gay Is Good button in purple and white. I pulled out a "Gay Blade" (a news sheet we'd just finished mimeographing a few hours earlier) and placed it provocatively on the table. Would anybody bite?

The guy next to us leaned over. "May I read that?" "Be my guest." He squinted in the poor light but read all. To show how hip he was, he said he had "been both," and proceeded to pump me about my homosexuality. Bored, but patient and forbearing–in accordance with my homophile image–I talked to him and his buddy about the movement, playing P.R. woman.

But my heart wasn't in it. Why was I doing this? We had come to hear someone sing and play guitar, right? Or was I just growing impatient with heterosexual ignorance? My Salvation Army bonnet was slipping. Then we were rescued, for the show was about to begin.

In came Marguerite, the guitar teacher–sweet Southern belle, with long, flowing hair, black mini dress with puffy sleeves. She recognized my friend and waved. Beautiful teacher; too bad she didn't dig girls. We sat and enjoyed with eyes and ears.

After the first set, and after circulating among some of her fans, she approached our table. "Take the 'Gay Blade' away!" I was admonished in a whisper, and I quickly removed it. Marguerite appeared with her drink, and we were introduced. Unfortunately she had eagle eyes and immediately spotted the button–whoops! "Hmm, very interesting," was her nonchalant remark. There was no follow-up.

She settled down for a chat with us, and we ordered sandwiches. Her sweet and vivacious personality totally engaged us. Then suddenly she said, "You know, you have guts to wear that button." I remained cool. No more long discussions and explanations, thank you. So I said kind of mechanically that everybody was doing his thing these days and expressing his convictions. So why not? And the conversation turned to other topics.

Marguerite left for her second set, and the straight boy turned to me. "Is she a friend of yours??" His question, so obviously full of implications, made me anxious to defend her. "I don't know her. Didn't you notice that I took the 'Gay Blade' away?" "Aw, shucks," he countered. "And I thought you were a real crusader!" All right, all right–touche!

After the second set, teacher came to visit again. Was my girlfriend one of her favorite students maybe?? I'm guerite hadn't been in Washington long, and it turned out that she didn't like it here particularly. New York had caught her fancy. She had had such a good time there recently with some friends. Much more fun than Washington. Oh? Why? Well, it was the night life . . .

Slightly mystified–because she wasn't talking about the cultural scene–we questioned on. "What do you mean? What kind of night life?" She leaned back in her chair and said innocently, casually, "Oh, you know . . . the good ol' D.O.B. and the Corduroy Club . . ."

A bomb had dropped. Oh, wow! No kidding . . . who would have thought . . . Blushing, my girlfriend leaned back in *her* chair. I was grinning. Nothing like stumbling on hidden treasure! "My, my, my!" Marguerite kept saying over and over in her Southern accent.

Now we found out why Washington didn't rate: she didn't know a soul who was gay, or any of the bars. Beautiful! We could solve her problem. Plenty of gay people and bars *in this* town, too.

Marguerite waltzed back to the mike and sang better than before.

Afterwards, walking to the car in the cold night air, my friend tucked her arm under mine and uttered in amazement "Good grief–we're everywhere!"

"GAY BLADE" A HAPPY SUCCESS

Once upon a time last summer, a fellow named Art suggested that what the homophile movement in Washington needed to do was to establish contact with the gay community at large. Few homosexuals join homophile organizations. And let's face it, few people, straight or gay, care to work for controversial causes. People in general are too afraid or too indifferent. Ok, that's the human condition. How, then, to reach the average homosexual? The one who goes to bars but not to Mattachine meetings? How to inform him or her of rights, privileges, opportunities sources of assistance?

To bridge this communication gap, members of the Community Services Committee of Washington Mattachine agreed to mimeograph a monthly one-page sheet called "The Gay Blade–An Independent Publication Serving the Gay Community," to be distributed free at local gay bars or other establishments. It's not a Mattachine-affiliated paper, but, of course, it's definitely Mattachine-supportive.

It tells the gay person where to go for legal help; tells him what gay activities are going on around town; contains a roommate referral service; pushes a gay blood drive; carries important homophile news; accepts classified ads; encourages businesses to advertise (free); lists gay movies and plays; and throws in some gay humor.

At this stage–we've just put out issue number 3–the process of writing and distributing the "Blade" is still pretty casual. About ten interested people convene in a basement one Sunday a month, working all day. In a group effort we write, stencil and mimeograph the sheet.

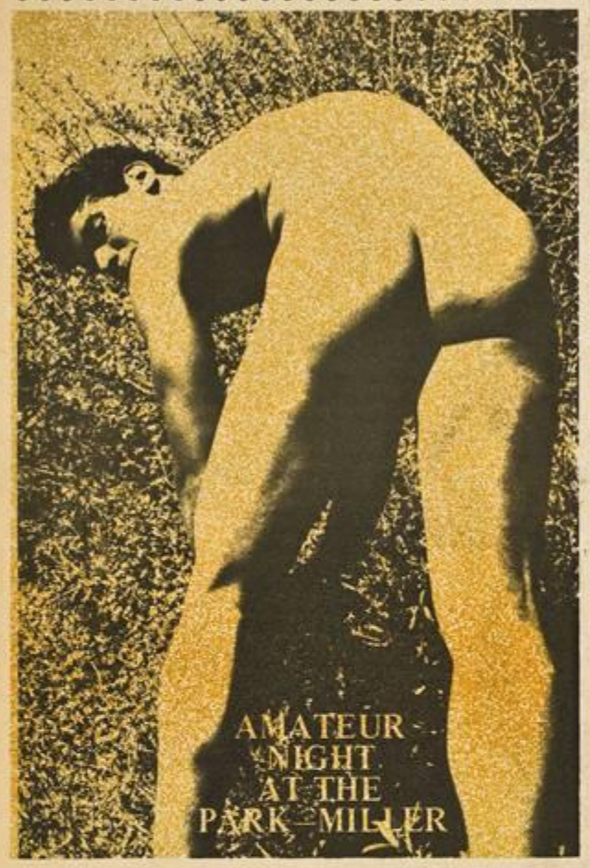
In October we ran off 500 copies and placed them in five bars and one clothing store. A manpower shortage and an insufficient supply of the "Blade" limited the number of establishments we approached. In November we placed 1000 copies in eight locations. The December issue will hopefully receive an even wider distribution.

Will we get really organized one of these days and plan ahead and have meetings and make assignments and have a treasurer? Maybe we will . . . but maybe not. The casualness of it all has so far been one of the most desirable attributes of "Gay Blade" production. We're all busy people, many of us involved in other activities. This little news sheet, eagerly read by gay bar patrons has no pretentions to being anything but a humble communication tool. Because it makes so few demands on our time, we will probably be able to keep publishing it (and want to keep financing it out of our own pockets) for a long time.

Reception of the "Blade" has been good. Frank Kameny of the Mattachine Society of Washington has received several calls from homosexuals in need of legal assistance. People wanting to meet people can find the names of gay bars listed or can participate in a gay discussion group. Attached to the November issue was a flyer containing information on how to deal with blackmail. Previously, Mattachine had been receiving a number of calls from frightened men, who were being blackmailed by a certain operator, who was taking down license plate numbers and contacting their owners. Since the flyers appeared, Mattachine has gotten no more calls. Pure coincidence? Probably not.

So keep infdemed! When you're in Washington, pick up a "Gay Blade" or look up MSW in the phone book and ask where you can get your copy. ■●

"A HAND IN THE BUSH..."



BY IAN J. TREE

That's what it was oh gentle reader–nothing pretentious or glamorous–just plain folk there to view the latest (?) in home-movie skinflicks. It was billed as an amateur film competition, and being a movie critic (at least part of the time) I figured that you gotta start somewhere. So this year it's a male nude film festival–next year, Cannes for sure.

Before getting into the meat (whince) of the film competition, an aside. The festival was to begin at 8 PM but the regular show ran over and was just finishing up. I managed to figure out (smart ass that I am) that the film in progress was one called "Les Boys"–a paraphrase (parafilm?) of "Les Girls", I craftily suspected. If the film was to represent or rather depict the state of the art with regard to professional female impersonation, then I must admit it was damn good. Represented (?) were Phyllis Diller, Judy Garland, the Supremes (Diana Ross) and Pearl Bailey. Actually it was a bit eerie–almost too good. So much for female impersonation and the state of the art thereof. *On* to the film competition.

The judges for this film competition were Dick Leitsch, the executive director of the Mattachine Society, as well as a Mattachine columnist, Dick Griffo, and none other than our own beloved (see the latest SHITLIST in SCREW no. 41) Bob Amsel.

There were five entries with the following titles: "Woods Hole", "Real Soul", "This Too Shall Pass Away"(?) "The Magnificent One", and "The Job".

I've never been noted for my brevity, he noted with a wry grin, which is why this sentence is going to be much longer than is really necessary, especially when you consider that I'm trying to put in as many words as possible to prove my point about never being noted for my brevity, even. I shall attempt to lay on you (really!) a terse summary of each of the films: "Woods Hole" was shown first and it concerned a lad whose VW convertible had broken down on a country road and a second lad, who was hitchhiking, happened along and they proceeded to pool their knowledge about things (VW) and then decided that there were better things to do like going for a nice, cool dip in a nearby lake (in the buff for all you flesh merchants out there). Refreshed, they find a small clearing in the woods and dry off, then stretch out to relax and sleep. Slowly the plot (and guess what else) begins to thicken. Their love-making begins quietly and tenderly and seems to remain on that level even through their 69 scene. I found it both sensual and erotic. It didn't seem like they had to fake any of it. Viva realism! Refreshed again, they pick up their clothes and walk through the woods (some nice, though abrupt, lap dissolves) and come upon an abandoned house. They make themselves at home, shower with one another and make love again–with a tenderness and concern that is only present in a meaningful relationship. Technically the film had some nice touches–the music for instance was Debussy's "La Mer", and it was quite appropriate (romantic, stupid!) and seemed to me to be an indication of where the film's creator, Ashe Brown's head was (is) at. Other technical shit included some nice slow motion shots when they were swimming, interesting lap dissolves as noted above. The only bad shit, technically, was because about a third of the film was underexposed. To sensitive souls like myself (and being something of an amateur photographer), it was damned annoying and had I been able to accost Mr. Brown I would have taken him to task for it.

Two of the other entries, "Real Soul", and "This Too Shall Pass Away"(?) were submitted by a cat from "Fun City". The former was of the single participant on the bed variety where the guy undresses and proceeds to gyrate for the cameraman. He did have a nice body and was well-hung (a term which originated in the south during Reconstruction) and it was in color, even. The latter film gave my frowning muscles quite a workout. It involved a rather ugly, overweight guy calling up his friend (a tall, slender, bespectacled younger man) to come over for fun and games. What left me frowning was the dicotomy of their confrontation–the younger man's almost total passivity, and the older man's lecherous grins and tongue slurpings–very much of the "dirty old man" syndrome. Yecch! I had a feeling I was going to be embarrassed. Yup! I was embarrassed. The fuckee was not even in the ball park and the fucker was just unattractive and piggish. The only thing worse than one ugly fucking is two or more unglies fucking. Love-making must go on but somehow it loses it's potential sense of beauty whenever it gets lecherous and all that. The film's title left me totally nonplused until I found myself wishing that this too (the film, i.e.) should pass away.

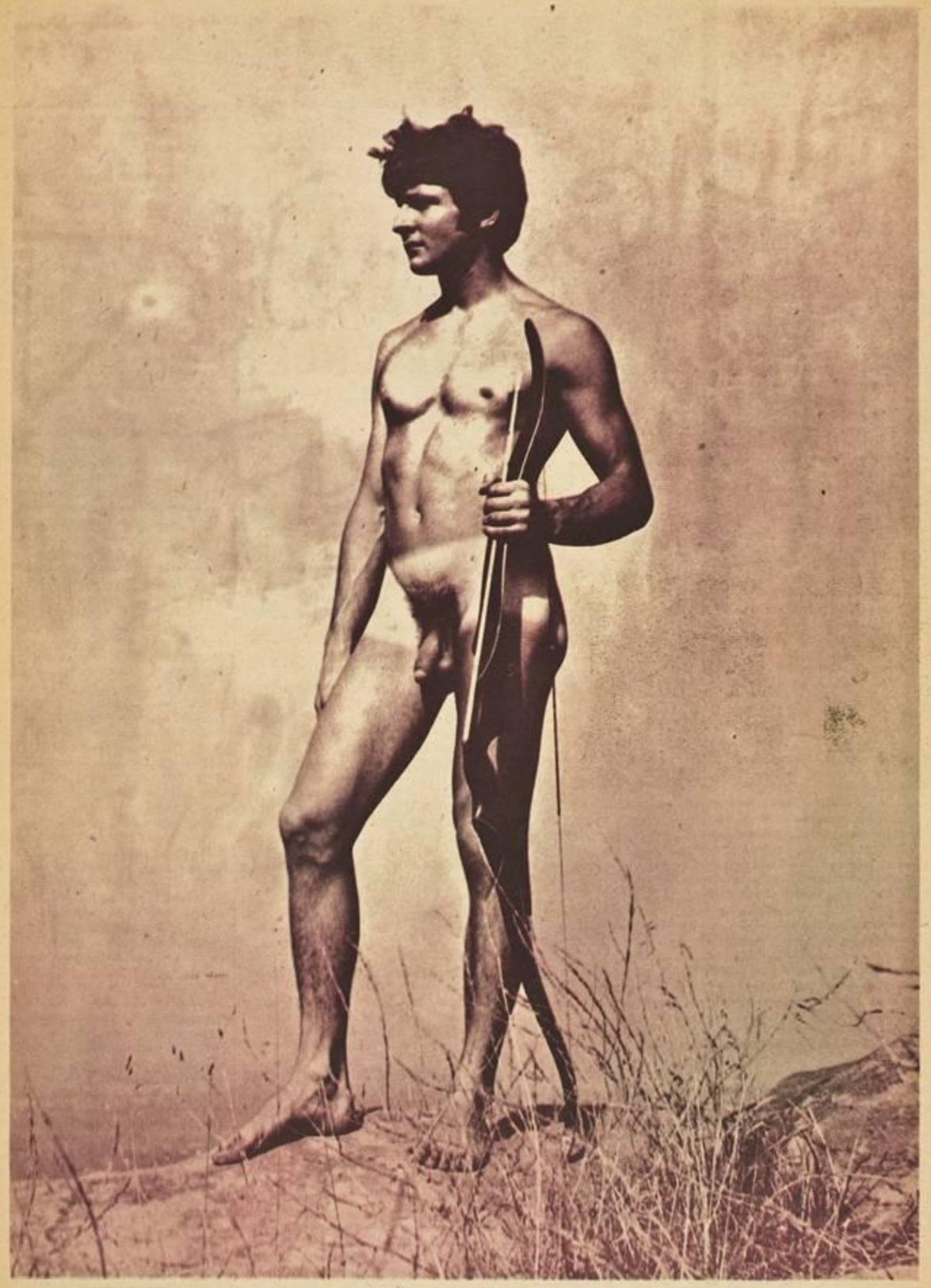
"The Magnificent One", concerned a transvestite, a bitchy one as I recall who is fucking around on the side (and in the back and front as well) and when our drag queen calls her man to come over for some loving he confronts "her" with her extracurricular activities, they fight–"she" cries, and he leaves. A few days later they get together again, make up and proceed to the business at (in?) hand. There's some good soul kissing, although what this black, muscular beauty sees in this draggy transvestite escapes me. I admit though I don't understand the transvestite syndrome. The love-making was fair to middlin' though.

The final home skinflick was called "The Job". It was a bit of a fake-out to this reviewer for I was given the distinct impression that two guys were going to rob a house (oh Ian, naive sopwith that you are). The flick opened with one of the guys casing the place which belonged to a young, single-type guy. The picture was in color and had sound and it gave more credence to what was going on, although the dialogue was quite strained (ad-libbed, maybe?) and empty. The next night they returned to the house and enter through a window and it turns out that the "job" they had in mine was raping the young guy that owned the place. O.K! Everything was fine until the fuzz, who had beenlurking in the area on the previous night, decided to give in to his peeping tom fetish and Eureka!!, came upon our trio of nekkid man/children and arrested the lot of them (for disturbing the piece, no doubt). End of flick and the festival.

Needless to say, I should have been one of the judges for there was no questions in my own mind as to which of the films was the best entry. And knowing how smart all of you are out there, you've guessed by now that the winning entry ($300 first prize) was Ashe Brown's "Woods Hole". It clearly was in the Pat Rocco vein, although by no means in the same class. It had sincerity and artful touches and except for the underexposed portions, was head and shoulders (one lad had dandruff) above the other films that were entered. The second prize was $100 and had I been one of the judges I would not have cast a vote for I did not think any of the others were deserving of it (it was won by "Real Soul"), which all goes to prove, I suppose, that basically I'm really an intellectual snob (you intellectual snob, you) and admit to it freely. At any rate, should "Woods Hole" show up on the male skinflick circuit do go and see it. I recommend it.

I would also like to recommend "Les Boys", the flick I mentioned at the beginning of this review. It's really quite entertaining and as I said does an excellent job of depicting the state of the art with regard to female impersonation. The other flicks on the regular Park-Miller program were the usual fuck-to-make-a-buck drivel. However, don't let my rantings ever deter you from going to view whatever is current. I would never forgive myself if I thought I was stopping you from getting your rocks off. What do you think I am, anyway. Anyhow, I leave you with this pithy epistle: A HAND IN THE BUSH IS WORTH AS MANY BIRDS AS YOU CAN GET. Later, gang!

Ciao.



Facts Your History Teacher "Forgot" To Mention



BY DICK LEITSCH

In the last days of the 19th Century, Prince Maximilian Egon zu Fustenberg gave a party for the other notables of the Second Reich. While the Kaiser sat in the seat of honor and watched, General Count Dietrich von Hulsen-Haeseler, chief of the Reich's military cabinet, danced into the room wearing a pink tutu and a rose garland in his har. He pirouetted and swirled several times around the room to tremendous applause. Then, while taking his bows before the Kaiser's chair, he dropped to the floor, dead of a heart attack. Concerned "sisters" carried him to his bedroom, where his body was left while the party continued downstairs.

The next morning the thought occurred to his friends that it just wouldn't be appropriate to bury a general of Max's rank in a pink tutu. Rigor mortis had already set in and it was reportedly quite a chore to get him out of the tutu and into his uniform. Everyone did agree, however, that he had danced "divinely".

At that time, the whole Second Reich was being run by a gay circle. They may not have run it very well, but they did a bit better than the predominately heterosexual Third Reich. The Kaiser was straight (though some say not), but his best friend, Prince Phillip zu Eulenberg, was sleeping with Count von Moltke, the military commandant of Berlin. Three Counts, all of the Kaiser's aides-de-camp, the Kaiser's private secretary and the court chamberlain were all gay. So were the King of Wuttenberg (whose lover was a mechanic), the King of Bavaria (in love with a coachman), and Ludwig Vicktor, the brother of the Emperor Franz Joseph, whose death helped start World War I. Ludwig was madly in love with a masseur from Vienna who called him "Luzi-Wuzi".

Unless the school you went to taught history much differently than my school did, you probably weren't told all of this, and maybe even now you don't think it's very important. Maybe not, but it's no less important than information you were given, such as Catherine the Great's promiscuity, Louis XV's affairs, and the gossip of historians about whether or not Elizabeth I deserved the title "The Virgin Queen". Rather than arguing over whether Lizzie had affairs with her men friends or not, it might be worthwhile to investigage whether she might have been a draq queen or a lesbian.

Homosexuals have been treated poorly by historians and hero-makers. The only thing most historians seem to be willing to admit about homosexuality is that it caused the destruction of Sodom, and even that's in doubt since Biblical scholars decided that the sin of Sodom was more likely to have been inhospitality than "sodomy".

We, as homosexuals, have a glorious history which starts long before the glory that was Greece was even a glimmer on the horizon and extends to today. Nobody else seems to care, but we should. Nobody wants to study our history and many would like to completely ignore it, but homosexual leaders, organizations, and publications should pay more attention to it.

There is more reason for such studies than mere curiosity or pedantical pedagogy. Members of groups, particularly members of "out groups", need their history and their heroes to help bind them together. Why else do Cathlolics have saints, Christians have martyrs and nations have national heroes?

All Americans, even the most alienated, must have felt a twinge of patriotism when the first men to reach the moon were American men. Every black man in the nation gained a bit of glory when the first Negro won the Nobel Peace Prize or gained a seat in the Senate. Probably every "revolutionary" shared in



the victory of Castro's take-over of Cuba and the sorrow of Che's death.

Homosexuals, like everyone else, need people to identify with. We need heroes, homosexuals who have "made it", to show what we can do if we try. We are doubly handicapped in the search: first, many of those who could qualify as gay heroes cop out by being closet queens, and secondly, when a homosexual does make it, the world that has accepted him prefers to ignore or deny his homosexuality. Gertrude Stein is an example. She lived openly with her lover, Alice B. Toklas, for many years. She had many admirable traits. She practically discovered Picasso and most of the other greats of modern art, and she almost invented modern American writing. While she did write and publish a not very good lesbian novel, her later poetry, plays, novels and short works directly or indirectly influenced every great American writer of the last thirty or forty years.

Now she and Alice are both dead. The Museum of Modern Art wants their fabulous collection of paintings and Miss Stein's writing is constantly coming back into vogue. Books and articles about these two groovy girls are constantly being published, but most of them ignore the central facts of their lives; their homosexuality and their love for one another. Poor Alice, devoted lover, has been relegated to various roles by these biographers, roles ranging from "secretary" to "companion" to "housekeeper".

We need heroes to show what members of our group can achieve and to serve as models for the young. Increased interest in homosexual heroes and homosexual history would help solve the identity crisis so many homosexuals feel by bringing home the realization that we are not "freaks", but part of a group that has always existed and contributed its bit toward civilization and culture.

But such an interest would do far more than just help homosexuals make a better adjustment. Many in the straight world like to believe that we are some sort of strange eruption on the face of the earth that will just vanish if they close their eyes and wish hard enough. Others think they can solve the "problem" of our existence with more laws, more police, more harassment.

A study of history would show them that their approach has been tried since the Jews first got back from the Babylonian Captivity and it hasn't worked yet. The Chicago cops think the way to deal with homosexuals is to constantly raid gay bars. The first such raid I ever heard of was staged in London in 1820, and those arrested were paraded through the streets and pelted with garbage. Over the years, the means of raiding bars and the punishments have changed, but gay bars have outlasted all of the laws and enforcers of the law.

The French cops raided a male whorehouse in the Rue Basse des Ramparts in 1847, and a gay turkish bath house decades before that. The cops who led the raids are dead and gone, and dozens of French governments have come and gone, but there are still gay brothels and baths in France.

Voltaire lived near a cruisy street in Paris, and was curious about the homosexuals he saw. He and a friend decided to get blow jobs one night, and did, later comparing notes. A few weeks later, Voltaire met his friend, who said he had tried it once again. Voltaire cautioned him: "Careful, my friend. One time, a searcher for knowledge; twice, a sodomist!" If street cruising has been going on that long, can anyone believe a little more harassment now will make any difference?

Straights point with scorn at drag queens and flamboyant types, and they seem to love to ridicule homosexual in-fighting. What if they knew that one of the first governors of New Amsterdam was a full-fledged drag queen (his portrait, in drag, hangs in the N.Y. Historical Society Museum). Who could be more flamboyant than Jean Cocteau, Oscar Wilde or poor Richard II? And as far as bitch-fights are concerned, Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo carried on one that would put "The Boys In The Band" to shame!

Promiscuity and "trade" are nothing new, either. Giovanni Bazzi was so lecherous that history has almost lost his real name, and even the most uptight scholars and art historians refer to him as "Il Sodoma", a nickname he picked up because of his favorite pastime. Richard Wagner was happy enough to play "trade" to Ludwig of Bavaria, who helped him get started in the music business.

Not all gay historical figures have been praiseworthy. Some of the gay Popes were particularly awful, and it is rumored that Goering was gay. As straights have to acknowledge Hitler, Stalin, Eichmann and other unpleasant types, so I suppose we can afford to admit to the skeltons in *our* closets.

Schools offer courses in American History, parochial schools provide religious history, and there are courses for Negroes to learn of their backgrounds and traditions. But nobody could teach homosexual history, even if Yale wanted to offer a course and William Buckley would permit it. There simply are no books and no experts. Homosexual organizations and the gay press must encourage such studies. Until we find our past, we won't have much future. ■■

WEDNESDAY NIGHT DANCE-INS

THE WEST SIDE DISCUSSION GROUP SWINGS BY RICHARD FLYNN

Of the three known homosexual organizations presently working in New York, one of the most effective, within the context of its avowed purpose is the West Side Discussion Group. Its aim is a social one, rather than one of counselling or political activism: Instead of educating the straight community, West Side prefers to enlighten gay people ... about gay people. No easy feat. There are just as many misconceptions about gayety (?!) among gay people as there are among the "civilian" population (I dislike the word "straight" because it implies that we're bent.).

I am a Host at West Side, and will begin by giving a brief history of the Group; then, what it is like now, and finally, where it seems to be going. Rather than attempting an exact history, I'll recount what the average member would probably know about the Group's origin.

Originally, Mattachine Society of New York set up a number of informal neighborhood discussion groups in private homes around the city; for example, one in Queens, the Village-Chelsea area, the East Side, and the West Side. Although interest in the others dwindled, and they eventually folded, West Side expanded. As the meetings became too large for individual apartments, other quarters were sought: Freedom House, where Mattachine now gives its monthly lectures; the Daughters of Bilitis; the Courdoroy Club, which is a legitimate private bottle club; most recently, the Community Center, 300 Ninth Avenue (at 28th).

At first, donations were accepted in order to reimburse the individual (in whose apartment the meetings occurred) for refreshments, meaning coffee and cake; any money left over was to be given to Mattachine, which at the time of the Group's inception, was responsible for announcements, etc., regarding the meetings. As time went on, the Group





elected to separate from Mattachine, publish its own newsletter, and accept responsibility for the announcements.

Since 1956, West Side's official date of establishment, the structure of the Group has changed little—except for its size—undoubtedly because the original system was so effective. Any changes which have occurred are due to a sort of evolution, rather than any arbitrary alterations in the original concepts.

Anyone who attends the meetings (every Wednesday at 8) is a "member." The requested one dollar donation is still used to purchase refreshments, to publish the monthly 12-page newsletter (sent free to members who sign a confidential mailing list), for rent, and so on (West Side is non-profit.). A different topic is discussed each week such as gay humor, cruising, gayety and religion, bisexuality, and once, two S&M's moderated a particularly informative discussion on their life style. Also, one meeting a month is devoted to Topics From the Floor, at which members write down their own topics or questions for the moderator to read to the Group. In this way, West Side is able to learn which topics would probably interest the membership to the extent that an entire meeting might be accorded an item suggested by one of the members. The topics are discussed by the general membership, with a moderator to call on individuals, rather than lectured on by an acknowledged authority in a particular field, who answers questions from the floor after giving a prepared speech. The idea is not so much to convey a voluminous amount of data, with which the membership may either agree or disagree; instead, it is the medium, meaning the opinions of the members, who represent a cross-section of the gay community, which is considered important. Attendance averages 125 people at each meeting, and within this group, there are students, lawyers, truck drivers, psychologists, clerks, teachers; people of all ages, from all walks of life, who simply—and effectively—demonstrate to the newcomer that there are an awful lot of people just like himself—or herself (There is an increasing number of gay chicks at the meetings.). The old cliche that gays can pick each other out crumbles when one views the people at West Side. There are campy queens, yummy butches, Afroed (?) blacks, groovy hippies, yarmulked Jews, mini-skirted secretaries, Joe College types, all simply itching for humpy you to grace our portals with your presence. Incidentally, during the early part of the evening, there is a representative from the Department of Health available to give free anonymous blood tests for VD (If you wish, give a false name and the Center as your address.). Results are available at the following meeting. Because the man donates his services, and because he gives an occasional talk on VD, illustrated with color slides, West Side made him an honorary member (There is some dispute as to whether this means he's an honorary homosexual.). (Footnote—or perhaps, Cocknote: Health Department statistics indicate that the average VD vector (that means carrier) is aged 28, white, male—and homosexual. Remember, kiddies: "Clean" tricks and "unloaded" guns do a lot of damage.)

After the discussion ends, about 10:00, one floor is used for socializing, with refreshments, a piano, comfortable couches, while downstairs, the floor is cleared, the lights lowered, and the juke box is turned on for dancing.

The operating structure of West Side consists of three groups. The Host Group sets up chairs, prepares the refreshments, mingles with the membership, dances with the wall flowers, and generally, tries to keep things bubbly and moving along. The Publications Group is responsible for the Newsletter, and welcomes contributions, in the form of articles, poems, or drawings from anyone interested. The Leadership Group oversees the other two groups, moderates the meetings, keeps the books, and generally administrates the whole bit. Anyone who shows a genuine interest in West Side can become a member of any—or all—of these groups.

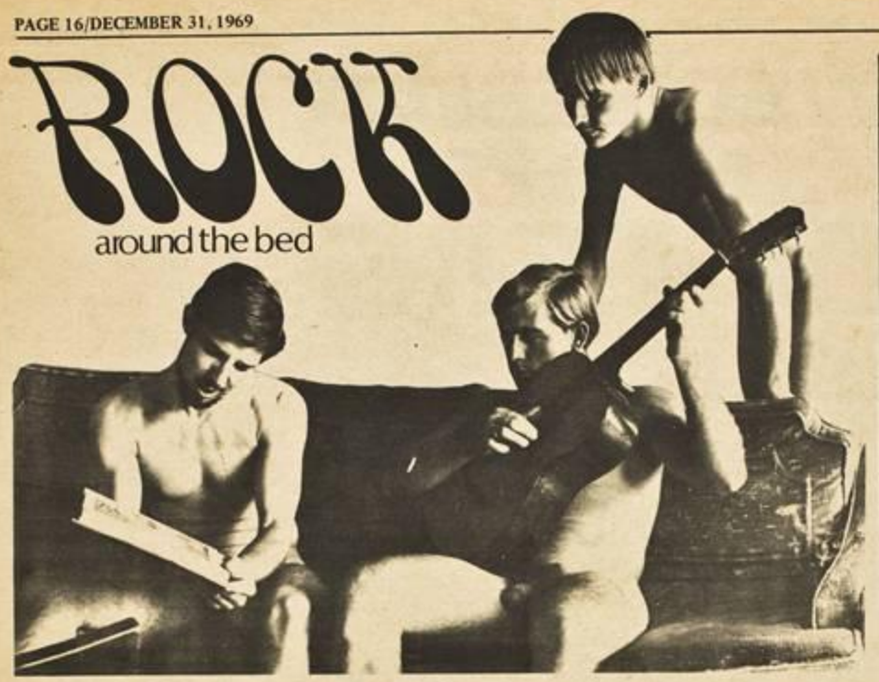
As for the future, West Side expects to do more than simply continue expansion. We intend to organize more social outings, similar to the Boat Ride up the Hudson, which we had this summer; additional theatre parties, since our first, to see *And Puppy Dog Tails*, was such a success. Plus, West Side will eventually dispatch a few of its more articulate members (that means me, assholes) either singly or in pairs (for protection, maybe) to speak to church groups as individuals from—instead of, representatives of—the gay community. Recently, two members taped an appearance on a television talk show in such a capacity. In this way, a lot of the misconceptions—and actual myths—of the civilian population can be directly assaulted, and thereby destroyed.

The nicest thing about the West Side Discussion Group is that the unpleasant aspects of cruising have been conveniently removed, so one can get right down to the meat of the number—I mean problem!—which is getting to know our brothers and sisters better. We are able to do this *first*, for a change, and then, later on, comes the inevitable question: "You got a place? ..." I know of a number of couples who first became acquainted at West Side. You owe it to yourself to try West Side, at least a few times, before putting it down. You never know what, or who, you might find. Blondes born under Scorpio, see me.

Incidentally, not to change the subject but ... I haven't met Jack and Lige yet (I hope I'm not too late) but I think Jack should know: Earl Wilson says that a noted psychiatrist (all psychiatrists are noted these days) says that men with beards or moustaches have sex problems. (I shaved mine off!) So watch your moustache, Jack. We don't want to lose you. And don't take my word for it; if you want more evidence—just look at Al Goldstein's goatee! ■■



ROCK
around the bed



BY EVERETT HENDERSON

There was an ad in the Village Voice a few weeks back for a new record entitled "Zebedy Sings." It featured an artist named Zebedy Colt. Zebedy was billed as "the first gay Super-Star." Among his selections was his own rendition of "I'm in Love with a Wonderful Guy."

Zebedy may be first and foremost in the field he created but he is obviously not one of the so-called 'new' homosexuals. Zebedy has never heard of the Beatles, the Stones, Otis Redding or any of the other new writers because he does not do any of their material on his album. I also do not think he is the first gay Super-Star. From Socrates on down, there have been many Super-Stars, too numerous to mention. They just did not need to tell anyone in order to justify their art.

The new music is basically a sexual music. It does not need a specific sexual label in order to justify its existence. It is not heterosexual music; it is not homosexual music. It is just plain sexual music. A straight press agent, after viewing Mick Jagger at Madison Square Garden, said to me, "How could I turn him down if he asked me. He *is* so damned sexy."

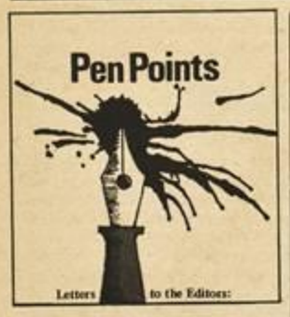
And that's the point. If there is a new homosexual, there is also a new music, a music that turns you on, that makes you feel passionate and alive, that makes you want to dance and ball and get stoned and have a great time and it does not depend upon sitting around the piano trilling dear old Cole's tunes or Dick and Larry's greatest. Not that I don't adore the Mabel Mercer Songbook. But Man is basically a feeling animal and not a living fossil and ritual loses all purpose once its manner obscures its meaning. The new homosexual thinks of himself as a person first, a person whose music is an extension of himself, his feelings and sexuality. This is a good place to stop reading if you're one of the militant Gays who thinks that President Nixon is eventually going to give you three states in which to set up an independent shop. *You* can just curl up with your Zebedy Colt record. For the others, I would like to make a few recommendations.

It is difficult to talk about the new without sounding contemptuous of the old. However, I would like to make a suggestion about a singer who spans the so-called gap between the standard thirty-two bar song and the world of rock. Are you familiar with Harry Nilsson? He composed and performed the songs in *Midnight Cowboy*. He is a songwriter of rare artistry and he possesses an unusual and dynamic singing delivery. I like to think of him as a rock Bobby Short and that is not a put-down. Nilsson is a good place to begin if you are exploring the new music for the first time. Have you ever been to the Fillmore East Theatre to witness a rock concert? Perhaps you may have caught the concert on Sunday evening, December 14th. That was a good night on which to begin an introduction to rock. The Incredible String Band was appearing. They are a gentle and fascinating group, composing their own mystical, enchanted songs, playing a horde of strange and mysterious instruments. A really good bet. Nilsson, by the way, has two albums on the RCA-Victor label and the String Band records for Electra.

If you are into heavier sounds, I'll deal with that in a later column. I *would* like to hear from you. Tell me how you feel about rock as a life force. What are your preferences in music? Drop me a line c/o GAY. I am especially interested in doing a piece about drugs and homosexuality but I need your experiences for that.

By the way, did you know that Janis Joplin is being called "the Judy Garland of rock." I think a cult that contains that many admirers can't be a cult. A cult must be a private thing. If you want a cult to turn into a national rage, tell me who your favorite unknown singer is. I'll do my best. ●●

Pen Points



Letters to the Editors:

SUGGESTIONS ARE WELCOMED

Dear Editors:

Sure, GAY is Good, and enjoying sex without guilt is great. However, I'd like to make a suggestion for an addition to your new sheet, which seems to be headed in the right direction toward joining the Gay community in terms other than meeting in bars, etc.

Of the countless homosexuals living in New York, there are a great many who have hang-ups and problems that cannot be solved solely by open discussion and basically non-professional advice.

I'd like to suggest that you publish in a box-column the numbers of the more than two dozen agencies and institutions of use to the Community. For instance, the phone numbers of the Suicide Preventive Center, A.A., Mattachine Society, City Drug Emergency Centers, etc. Having the number of the A.C.L.U. and Legal Aid Society close at hand alone would be awfully handy in an emergency.

As an added incentive, I'd like to point out that the inclusion of such a column in each issue would surely be a step in letting the cops know that you are sincerely interested in the welfare of the Community and really *are* 'of redeeming social value,' or whatever the hell that bust loophole is.

Unfortunately, I'm in one of those uptight professions that necessitate my remaining anonymous. And super-concerned with the coming of the day when this will no longer be important.

Peace.
Gay and Positive. . .

Ed. Note: Thank you. We do intend to publish just such a list.

FIRST ISSUE

Dear GAY:

Thank you for your newest brain child, **GAY**. I not only enjoy reading it, but when I do, I get a very strong feeling from my innards which is hard to explain, but nevertheless a VERY GOOD THING!

I am very slowly becoming a "free agent." I am beginning to appreciate myself as the being I am. I feel the mousy, scared "nobody" dying and something new beginning to emerge from its ruins. I am not ready (nor will I ever be I hope) to jump on anyone's bandwagon, flag any banners, (down with the "causes"–which so often become like pancake make-up–a lousy cover up). However, if I sound ecstatic, it is because what has heretofore been nebulous and abstract is taking a more concrete form.

Your article on "Creeping Heterosexuality" is satire in its better form. It portrays all the little innuendos and stereotyped idiosyncrasies which are put upon the gay crowd. In fact, I would say it was so good that it will probably go over the heads of many of the "straits." The article is balanced by the levelheaded writing of the "Is Homosexuality Catching" article. I, of course, won't bore you with my reactions to all of your articles, except to say that I thought they were all well-written and meaningful. I particularly enjoyed your interview with Prescott Townsend–the man sounds like a very beautiful person–and extremely unpretentious–a trait most highly valued. To use an over-used word, the word I would use to describe my feelings about the article would be "inspiring." Your reviewer of the "skin flicks" has some very good ideas also–although it is apparently an initial attempt at movie criticism. He portrays some very thoughtful ideas which you all would do well to encourage.

G.K.
Washington, D.C.

DONE YOURSELVES PROUD?

Dear Editors:

I think your first issue of **GAY** fantastic. Great articles, columns and photos. I know it will get better.

I especially liked the columns "The Well of Possibility" and "The Gay Witch." My friends and I got a lot of fun and facts out of the witch column. That Dr. Martello is something else!

Since I live with my parents I can't subscribe. I'm looking forward to each issue of **GAY** on the newsstands. **GAY** is very well done (I work in publishing myself) unlike that shitrag, GAY POWER.

Keep up the good work. You've done yourselves proud.

Cordially yours,
Max C.,.....

N.Y. TIMES WRITER SAYS:

Dear Editors:

My congratulations on your positively beautiful publication, **GAY**! New York now has its *Advocate!* Much better, too, I might add–the L.A. paper always seemed a bit too political to me.

Lots of luck on future issues.

Donn Teal

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



THE WELL OF POSSIBILITY

BY DR. STEPHEN KAISO

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

Q. At a party last night I met the strangest case I've ever heard of in gay life. One of the guests was a boy who had gone through sex-change surgery to become a woman, but this person is now a lesbian only interested in other women. How in the world could you explain this?

ASTONISHED

A. Well, it won't be easy, but there may be an explanation. Perhaps we have here a rare example of such extraordinary homosexual guilt combined with a fear of women, that this boy actually had to *become* a woman *physically* (not mentally, of course) in order to relate sexually to women. His self-hatred as a homosexual may have been so great, and his sexual attraction to other males may have made him feel so guilty, that he had to change his sex in order to accept himself. Supposing himself to be a woman now, he has less fear of them, for he mistakenly believes that all women consider *men* the *enemy*. Thus, he can rationalize his avoidance of men on these grounds, instead of on the actual guilt basis. The one great flaw in all this fantasy is that he seems to have forgotten that lesbians are homosexuals too.

Q. I recently read a book on witchcraft by one of the columnists in your paper, who said that all through history medicine men, warlocks, sorcerers and witch doctors, have been overwhelmingly gay. He states that not only have most of them been gay, but that they were often accorded *holy* status. What do you think?

SKEPTICAL

A. If my esteemed colleague, Dr. Leo Martello, is an example of his own assertions; he could not be more correct.

Q. I am a teenager who has been gay since I was eleven. Recently my 19 year old straight brother discovered this, and now every night he tries to force me to go down on him. We share the same bed, and it is an awful problem. I don't want my parents to find out about me, and I don't want to carry on with him either. What shall I do?

YOUNG

A. Tell him to jerk-off! Don't help him to degrade you. If there were genuine affection and sexual attraction behind his attentions, he would not be using force and making you do something against your will. Like many misinformed people, he mistakenly assumes that all homosexuals are in hot pursuit of every person who walks. This is a vicious put-down of you. If he is so determined to have homosexual relations, let him find them somewhere else. You are entitled to the dignity of choice. You don't have to submit to anyone if they don't interest you. Don't let him blackmail you; beat him to the punch by threatening to inform your parents of his homosexual attentions to *you*.

Q. I am a 24 year old bartender, who has been very swishy as far back as I can remember. I have always enjoyed carrying on like mad in public, but occasionally I have been terribly embarrassed and humiliated by my own behavior and the unpleasant situations it has caused. I think I am now getting too old for my swishiness to be very attractive. Is there anything I can do about it?

FLAMING

A. Yes, I can think of at least two suggestions that might be of help. It's no crime to be swishy, but it *is* a silly waste of time that might be spent more profitably. . . either in bed doing your thing, or concentrating on a career or something equally useful. First, it may help if you remember that each time you act swishily, you are aping those whom you have probably had little contact with: *WOMEN*. That doesn't make very much sense, does it? By the way, most women are not particularly swishy (only whores and actresses, as a rule), but your crude caricature reveals an unnecessary hatred of them, for there is nothing flattering about your imitation. Second, it might help if you permit yourself to be attracted to the type of homosexual man who could not possibly be interested in a swish. This includes the vast majority of male homosexuals, most of whom choose others very much like themselves. And for very sensible reasons. You must admit you have seen many a man who really attracted you, but whom you avoided because you knew in advance he would not wish to be with anyone who behaved in such a swishy manner. Try one weekend without being an actress. Forget the make-up, keep your hands in your pockets, comb your hair instead of teasing it, and go to a strange bar where you are a new face. Don't be afraid to look directly at anyone who attracts you, and smile at him if he returns your interested look. You may be very pleasantly surprised. What have you to lose by trying?

Q. I recently returned from Vietnam where I lost a leg. I am only 22, very good-looking, and was always very popular. I also think I'm a pretty nice guy and make a good friend. However, losing that leg has completely destroyed my confidence as far as my love life is concerned. I'm afraid that I not only will never find a lover now but not ever a trick for one night. What the hell will they think when I have to take off that artificial leg before climbing in bed? Who will want me? The future looks so empty. Is there any hope for me?

EX-MARINE

A. Of course. But it would be cruel of me to tell you that you will not face difficulties. Naturally, you will. There may be embarrassing moments, disappointments, frustrations, and even deliberate viciousness. If you can survive a war, you can survive these. A leg is lost, but all the rest of you is till there: good looks, self-respect, decent character, and a lusty body. Do you really believe nobody values these? You might find things easier, if you seek out other veterans who are familiar with war injuries and not turned off by them. Not every civilian is, of course, but veterans will be more understanding and the country is overflowing with them. Look for your equals. ●●



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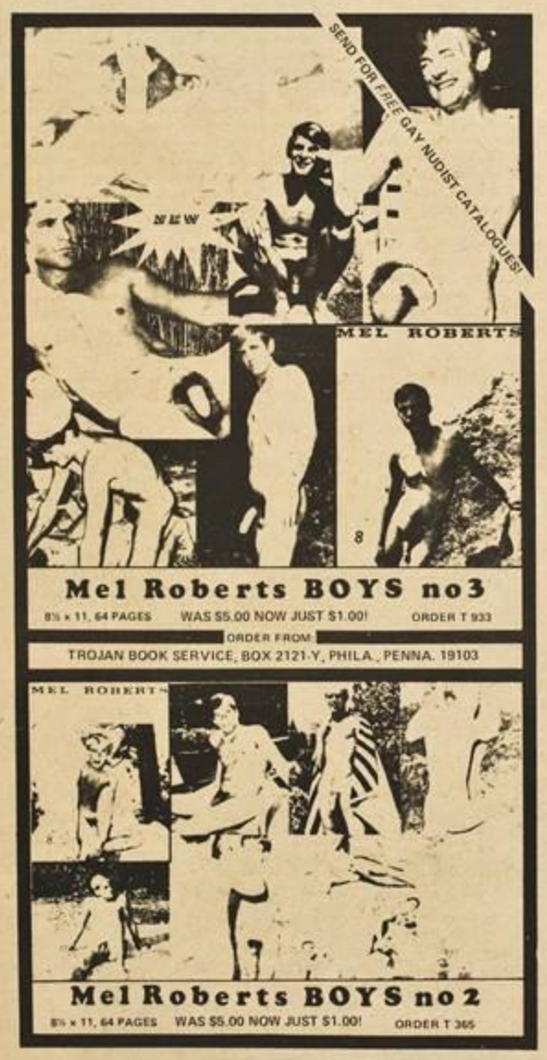
MALE NEGRO, 43, desires meeting discreet males for companionship. Age and race unimportant. No hustlers. 348-6911. Harry





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