

GAY

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NO. 4

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JIM MORRISON:

BACK DOOR MAN P.16

THE PHALLUSY OF RACISM P.19

CHRISTOPHER DENNIS, STAR OF "A SECRET YEARNING" COMING TO THE EROS I THEATRE.

The Editors Speak:

COMMUNITY SERVICES

In this issue of GAY we will list only a few of those organizations which assist homosexuals in the New York area. Future issues will give you the names of gay service groups and legal/medical referrals in other parts of the nation.

The Mattachine Society Inc., of New York has a full legal, religious, medical, and psychiatric, referral service. Mattachine may be reached by calling 799-0916 after 6 pm.

The Daughters of Bilitis has a similar referral service, including a newly formed employment service as well. D.O.B.'s number is 565-8865.

Persons who may have contracted venereal disease may go to the V.D. Health Clinic at 9th Avenue and 25th Street. The clinic's phone number is 524-2537.

Men and women who are harassed by investigators in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps or Air Force, or who work for the U.S. Government or hold security clearances granted by the Government, may present their most intricate problems to Dr. Franklin E. Kameny (202) 362-2211, a homosexual expert on Government-related matters who lives in Washington, D.C.

DANCING ANYONE?

After the publication of WEDNESDAY NIGHT DANCE-INS in Issue no. 3, we received a surprising number of phone calls asking for the exact address of the West Side Discussion Group, where after-discussion dances take place. West Side dances are held at the Community Center, 300 Ninth Avenue, on Wednesdays at 8:00 PM. The donation is \$1.

The Mattachine Society of New York will hold a dance with a swinging band and go-go boys at the Riverside Plaza Hotel on Friday, January 9th. Time: 9 PM. Dress: casual. A \$3 donation will go to the Society's legal fund. Have fun!

The Daughters of Bilitis, a national organization for women only, is also holding regular dances. Those who wish more information about D.O.B. social functions are urged to call 565-8865. We understand that some of the Daughters' dances have been quite groovy in recent months.

For those who want to know where to dance in New York bars, "Landmarks For Lushes" in this issue of GAY should be helpful.



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VILLAGE INDEPENDENT DEMOCRATS HEAR GAY SPOKESMEN

Greenwich Village, N.Y. Bob Milne, Mattachine Vice-president, and Michael Kotis, Secretary, were invited by the Human Rights Committee to their Sheridan Square Headquarters on October 27th to speak about homosexual problems.

Milne and Kotis appeared before 25 members of the Village Independent

Democrats. A great deal of interest was evidenced by listeners as the two gay spokesmen listed complaints of the gay community and made suggestions for further cooperation between homosexuals and the city's officials.

A full discussion took place of differences between homosexual and heterosexual neighbors in the Village and of difficulties which arise from activities on

the part of the Transit police, who sometimes arrest certain homosexuals in subway stations. Mr. Kotis emphasized that police should use more discretion in their handling of gay bars. The gay representatives suggested that the Village Independent Democrats take a lead in law reform on both the city and federal levels. Offers for help were forthcoming as a result, and Milne and Kotis were told

to use V.I.D. offices in order to get through to the city on any occasion that the city's official doors seemed closed to homosexual complaints.

The Mattachine Society reports that since the speeches were given, the Village Independent Democrats have called their offices twice to see if their assistance was needed.

DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS ESTABLISH GAY EMPLOYMENT AGENCY

New York, N.Y. A unique and much needed type of employment service is now available to lesbians under the guidance of DOB (Daughters of Bilitis). Eventually though, the primary aim of this service will be to provide employment for the hard to place and/or for those who wish to dress as they please, etc. Although the project is now in the pilot stage, DOB feels confident that if it progresses as expected, the service will expand into other types of related areas including career opportunities in conventional, establishment-type firms.

Facilitation of employment for gay women is considered from three important standpoints:

- (1) Will I be in a position to make constructive social protest without having to worry about losing my job?
- (2) Can I go to work dressed as I wish—even in full male attire without fear of provoking ridicule or uneasiness in fellow employees?
- (3) If neither of the above presents a problem to you, but you are tired of a "double life", then you may ask: Can I work for a concern where my employer knows before I'm interviewed that I am a lesbian?

The answer to the above questions is "Yes" and the only criteria needed for placement is the ability to do your job. It should be added however, that these are just some of the facets of the new service.

Some of the present openings through this agency include jobs for taxi drivers and light factory and office work (warehouse, etc.) For example, a current opening for a Burroughs bookkeeping machine operator—and dress is not important. For further information, call: 565-8865, the DOB answering service and leave a message where you can be reached, or contact Ros at the club.

In addition to the newly added employment counseling, DOB offers at all times, gay or otherwise, referral service concerning legal, religious, psychological and psychiatric problems with an answering service operating on a 24-hour basis. DOB does not discriminate, and is ready to be of assistance to both "straight" and lesbian women who may just simply need someone to "talk" to about a particular problem or situation.



19 JANUARY 1970 Volume 1, Number 4



FOUR SWORDS: Gay Editors: Lige and Jack and Screw Editors: Jim and Al

MORE HEARINGS ON SCREW MAGAZINE HELD

New York, N.Y., Dec. 15. The co-publishers and editors of SCREW, Al Goldstein and Jim Buckley, appeared in court with their lawyers, Ralph Schwartz and Albert Gerber, to continue a series of hearings on the alleged "obscenity" of their sex review.

Goldstein, smiling, and cracking jokes about his future in jail, admitted that the Assistant District Attorney's case against SCREW had been carefully planned. "Mr. Beckler is really a very able speaker," said the "King of Twat" while Buckley commented that the D.A. was "a sharp dresser." Both editors feel that the charges against their paper are ludicrous, and stated that the campaign by the city against SCREW had been

launched as part of a general offensive against the right to free expression and the right to dissent.

It was SCREW, originally, which financed the formation of FOUR SWORDS, INC., the publishers of GAY and produced its homosexual editors. "Al" and "Jim", although heterosexually inclined, have always supported civil liberties and social rights for homosexuals, and, in fact, favor integration of homosexuals and heterosexuals, as a perusal of their bold and controversial sex-humor paper shows. "Although I seem to be straight," says Al Goldstein, "I really hate to be classified and labeled as such. I love homosexuals but I wouldn't want one living on my block."

GAY IS GOOD AT MINNESOTA U

Minneapolis, Minn. A newly formed student homophile organization called FREE (Fight Repression of Erotic Expression), recently held a Gay social dance for its 75 members on the campus of the University of Minnesota.

The dance was a total success according to FREE president, Jack Baker who with Koreen Phelps, FREE's advisor, were given extensive and favorable publicity through interviews (with photos) by the Twin Cities' local leading newspapers, *The St. Paul Pioneer Press* and *The Minneapolis Star*. *The Washington Post* also ran a special article on the event.

Although the University recognizes FREE, it is not the same as approval. Ludwig J. Spolyar, director of Student Activities Bureau was quick to point out. There was no controversy, however, and university officials reported no objections from the citizenry at large. The only possible exceptions being a letter sent to the university-sponsored paper, *The Daily*, from a business administration junior denouncing the university for sanctioning such an activity; and Regents' Chairman Lester Malkerson, a car dealer, who after a meeting of the Republican-controlled board, told the university administration that it was the "consensus of the regents" that the recognition system needed reviewing and after a "study" of same was made, a report from the administration should be sent to the board.

Mr. Spolyar again stated that, "FREE is just one of 400 student organizations recognized by the Assembly Committee on Student Affairs," and added that "the committee is composed of both students and faculty and is only concerned that a group applying for recognition agrees to abide by university policies and the law."

By becoming an officially recognized campus organization, the group not only has access to mimeograph machines, bulletin boards and other privileges, it can also use the University's facilities for its meetings and dances.

(continued on page 20)

BOSTON HOMOPHILE GROUP SWINGS

Boston, Mass. A spokesman for the Homophile Union of Boston, reports that the newly formed organization has now attracted approximately 100 members, and that a large banquet has been planned in one of the city's major hotels. "We're having socials and dances on a regular basis and hope to be of assistance to Boston's gay community with

increasing effectiveness," he said.

For many years the city's only existing gay organization was The Demophile Society, under the chairmanship of Prescott Townsend, an elderly gentleman. Mr. Townsend's health has not permitted him to hold regular meetings for many months, and the Homophile Union was founded to meet needs in the

upcoming decade. Frank Morgan, Chairman of the Union is optimistic about H.U.B. as are members of his group. "At last," said one, "we have created an effective organization to combat prejudice and give assistance to the gay community." The address of the Homophile Union of Boston is P.O. Box 217, Dorchester, Massachusetts.

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

(New and Old Favorite Watering Places Reviewed or Mentioned in this column: The Red Head, Kansas City, Mo.; The Atlantic House, Provincetown, Mass.; The Thrush, Red Swing, Hip-O-Drome, Yukon, Candy Store, Continental Baths, Harry's Back East, Country Cousin, Hampton Wick, Tool Box, Luv Cage, Gold Bug, Christopher's End, Chez Pat, Stonewall (deceased), Royal Roost, New York.)

Where do you get the most socially for your Mafia dollar? Where do you go to meet your kind of people without guestwork? These are old questions still being asked by the so-called New Homosexual. What the gay world needs is a comprehensive periodical guide to bars and restaurants, like *Che's* for the straight. Would you "buy that"?

Minimizing the importance of gay and/or Unisexual gathering places to the health and well-being of homosexuals, particularly the genitally male, is to be at once myopic, cynical and smug. It is easy if you have a lover, easy if you are so affluent that you entertain heaps and travel lots and keep up a steady social commitment, or easy if you are simply well-disciplined and enamored enough of solitude to claim "I don't need bars." Most of us can't say that with any honesty or modicum of self-knowledge, so it's important to know where to go if we must. As long as public acknowledgement doesn't result in the untimely demise of our spas, they should be advertised like any other commercial attraction. Or like the pre-1965 homosexual and Red China—should their existence be ignored?

I was pleased that Lige and Jack, drum-beaters extraordinaire for the Lavender Left, took a tour of the bar scene and reported on it in Issue No. 38 of *SCREW*. Their cross-section was pretty representative and their observations fairly dependable considering that they don't, admittedly, make the bar scene. Why should they? I didn't either with normal frequency when my last love affair was in full flower. And, by the way, I met him in, of all places, a gay bar in Kansas City, Missouri, called the Red Head at about 5:30 on a July afternoon! The affair lasted a year and a half and my definition of a love affair is one that lasts at least a year, during which you mutually acknowledge each other as lovers, calling yourself that when you're apart.

Too many four-month, one-sided affairs are misnamed, and too many lonely people delude themselves into thinking they "have a lover" when the other person is likely to say of the claimant, "Who is she?" Neither of my other long-lived love affairs began in a bar, but that is no coincidence. Wouldn't you expect to meet an actor backstage and a fashion-conscious gigolo at a dinner party given by a phony Hungarian countess on the East Side? But where else a Kansas City businessman than in a bar? I'm glad we both went there.

I found that Kansas City bar by consulting my International Gay Guide, purchased in New York prior to a trip to the Midwest. When I anticipate going to a strange city where I have no gay friends, sack-mates or contacts I consult such an intermittently published guide. Generally I find it out-of-date or inaccurate. By inaccurate I mean the place often does not have the flavor hinted at in the

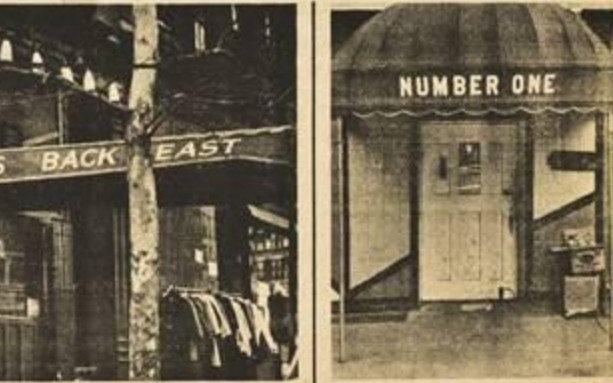
booklet or contains misinformation about a town I know well, such as Provincetown, not even listing the infamous gay hotel there. The flavor of a place, of course, is a highly subjective matter. Thus, I was astonished that Lige and Jack "hit" four out of five, and by that I mean agreed with my own evaluations of the same places.

Lige & Jack endorsed the Thrush, 24 E. 22nd; the Red Swing, 25th and Lexington; and the Hip-O-Drome, on Avenue A between 10th and 11th streets, East Village. They nixed the Yukon, at 53rd street between Lexington and Third, because tie and jacket are required. I'm certainly with them on the matter of discomfort. Besides, isn't it passe to be obliged to dress a specific way? And, after the phenomena of the Peppermint Lounge, Arthur and all of Acapulco, is it even *chic*?—Certainly your hip discotheques, singles bars and Unisexual dance spots eschew obligatory "dressing." However, in defense of the Yukon, let me say that a place where affluent out-of-towners and older males of a more conservative persuasion can meet presentable, and also conservative younger men, justifies its existence.

I bless the Yukon myself (it was formerly the Coat of Arms, but otherwise exactly the same), for it was there I did some vital hustling in the spring of 1962. If I hadn't been able to locate the place



where men paid and hadn't known that the signals I had learned in Hollywood and San Francisco would work, I wouldn't have been able to raise the money to get to my summer stock job and survive until the first paycheck. Those signals, for those bars, are the forthright return cruise by a younger, confidently attractive man of an older man's intent stare. You pointedly ignore every other young and attractive man near you or who passes, never letting your eye appraise a peer lovingly, or watching the door for more. There are men who want you because you're desired by many, true, but generally if they are out to buy they want to entertain the feeling you are encouraging them and them alone. O.K., so it's just one way of hustling, it's the hustling of equals (except for age), not the sadistic taking advantage of an abject lonely person or sickie as hustlers do in a tough



bar or along 42nd street. This is the kind of stately hustling your aspiring piss-elegants used to do at the Oak Room of the Plaza or in the hotel men's bars in all the big cities. It's done in an ambience of coats and ties, and if it doesn't sound like as much fun as the Thrush, it works for those who patronize the place.

The venerable Candy Store, on 56th street between Sixth and Fifth, is similar to the Yukon in its restrictions, clientele and personality, although it's much larger. This bordello with its winding staircase and crystal chandeliers (oh...how the queens love to sweep down that staircase!) has been around since Lindsay first came into office and lifted the ban on homosexual congregating which had been ardently imposed during the campaign and ensuing period of adjustment (it's fondly known as the C.S. for Cock Sucker, Uncle Felix. Because of its longevity you meet

some very humpy out-of-towners in the C.S. It's been around and is dependable and they haven't caught on to the newer scene.

As my recent love affair was coming to a predicted close, I wandered in to the C.S. hoping to meet an out-of-towner who wasn't abrasively up-to-the-minute so I could relax. Figured he'd be awfully grateful to find a warm, real, chatty trick in "cold" New York, one eager to make love, not just have sex. The number who picked me up was smashing looking and tan, which spelled California rather than vacation in Florida. You see, a local boy just back from vacation would be in a younger milieu—or at the Continental Baths west of 73rd and Broadway—showing off his tan and not in a so-called Wrinkle Room hiding it under a bushel (of low, low lights and plush). He was in town on a buying trip, staying nearby at the Gotham, and his lover had gone on to

FOR LUSHES



Europe for a week. Lovely set-up and precisely what I wanted except that his sense of humor was a little Angelo: when we walked into his suite and I encountered rack after rack of gowns, frocks, negligees and assorted ladies' finery, I quipped, "Oh, I thought you were just staying a week!" and he didn't think it was funny. Which also told me he was going to find it necessary to fuck me to prove his masculinity, what with the maribou and chiffon everywhere. (We did it with butter left over by room service!)

Lige & Jack's response to Harry's Back East, on Third between 80th and 81st, (east side of the avenue) I take exception to. It is not that "nice"; the pants are usually not that "tight" nor are the brains. On weekends it draws a little bit of everything, with a concentration of bores, as does the Village, but during the week it's where the brighter, more attractive and humper thirty-to-fifty

group hangs out casually because it's the upper East Side's neighborhood gay bar. It is the apex of the popular triangle which includes the Country Cousin restaurant and Hampton Wick, now the "In" dance bar which is the mecca of the butcher young lovelies who bathe and the plastic hippies and mature men who want them. (As opposed to the Stonewall, now deceased, which attracted screamers and authentics, though they displayed formidable guts during the July riots, didn't they? and so what's wrong with a queen or an unwashed hippie? I'm simply trying to be specific about "flavor.") The mentality described by Hector Simms in "New York's Gay Ghettos" (*GAY*, Issue No. 2) as being typical to the upper East Side generally conventional, money-conscious, rather closet (my paraphrasing) does generally prevail at Harry's, it's true. But you are likely to find less bizarre or less fucked-up types

there on a Tuesday or Wednesday than you are, say, in the Tool Box in the West Village. I am writing this article to try to pin places down and provide what I think is an essential service to our readership.

I propose *GAY*'s listing would consist of entries reading something as follows: LUV CAGE, upstairs at the old Showplace, west of Sixth Ave. on 4th St. Lesbians, genital males admitted on scrutiny or with friends private and friendly bartenders Elaines and Jiggs—beer \$1.

Prior to a *GAY* listing, one of us would check out the spot, inquire of the management whether they would cooperate by "phoning in changes, give it a detailed review, then add it to the regular gay dining out and cruising roster.

We would expand from N.Y. to major cities and resorts, with an occasional feature on smaller towns whenever possible. Of course, *GAY* would have to



couldn't even have changed mine when I needed to be changed. That type is as boring and declassé as the girl who thinks "a fuck can cure a fag."

I've checked out the Luv Cage twice and endorse it. It's a spot where anything can happen to anybody—but play it cool. I went in once with a straight buddy, one of New York's great beauties. Herb is at home in any group—and always ready for action. We were enjoying the company of two groovy chicks and agreed to leave with them together when who should materialize but the husband of one of them eager to get in on the plans. (He was all right until we got to their apartment and discovered he wears red bikini underwear.) Don't try too hard in the Luv Cage unless you are a confident, handsome butch genitally female or you might get knocked on your ass!

Fellow *GAY* columnist Angelo D'Arcangelo, the how-to author of the Lavender Left, has given his o.k. to the Gold Bug (*GAY* No. 1) and described it as only a writer of his rare gifts of perception can. I hope to do my modest bit for another equally to each his own dive—Christopher's End—next issue. Also the perennial, dependable melting pot Royal Roost and the new Unisexual bistro, together. Nor will I overlook to rap about the menu at the Country Cousin and Chez Pat. Anyone who wishes to advance the notoriety of his favorite gay bar or restaurant for the greater weal of the Lavender Left throughout metropolitan New York, drop me a line, and I'll get to it when I can. Meanwhile, how about preparatory advice from out Hollywood way?

role-playing). Also, there are fewer lesbians in our population. So a spot like the Luv Cage is valuable and amusing to a gay guy. He finds himself understanding the awe with which a sympathetic straight man views a gay male bar. I mean, it seems exotic, and to one of my sophisticated bar tastes (meaning I've been around, not that I'm jaded, obviously) that is saying a mouthful.

To appreciate the sparkling-eyed, wholesome, gamine Elaine behind the bar, for instance, I had to conjure up Joe and Victor, the celebrated charmers who run Provincetown's Atlantic House, and then could appraise her drawing power among the dykes and femmes at the Luv Cage. She does not cruise, but courts in a professional way; she is gallant, lighting cigarettes and remembering previous drink orders. She is not afraid of smiling at a male, like a buddy—and was quick to tell me someone wanted to buy me a drink. That, of course, made my evening—being sent over a drink in a lesbian bar! And one of the gals said, as she spun off with her partner to the dance floor, "You look like Tony Curtis in this light!" Who says gay gals are unfriendly! It's up to you, Bozo.

Just don't be like the straight dude who wandered in somehow, with his benighted advertisement of himself: "Get one of those chicks in bed with me, and I could change her ways." Really! He

SHOWERED WITH KISSES

BY ROBEY CONWAY

You hear all sorts of things. Like, for a long time, friends and people who weren't so friendly, have been advising that I give in, break down, lose what closeted inhibitions I have and finally make the scene at the baths. Still, it's always been my fierce contention that Sex is a Personal Thing (attention all you horny songwriters!) and community orgies were a little like leaping out of my own cup of tea.

Or so I thought.

It was coming to pass rather quickly that I was getting a reputation as something of a Professional Virgin, genus The Last of the Red Hots, whatever that was. Innocently, I admit, the charges hurled at me were untrue though I later learned that a Professional Virgin is one that doesn't do it in Public, whatever "it" is. Still, I was determined to break my "Frigid Bardot" image and do it—or have it done with—once and for all.

Seeking advice on the subject, I approached one of San Francisco's leading bartenders, a young man of dubious reputation who wetly moonlighted his off hours as towel boy at the tubs down the street right here in The Tenderloin. He forthwith told me that Maude's was the place to go for my initiation, if that was (shyly) what it was to be, the neighborhood watering place being a bit too much for an ingenu, debutante, or whatever role I was playing that day. I was toasted on my way by a horde of well-wishers and asked to report back when or if anything came up.

It behooved me to be cautious, dubious and all out of sorts. Actually, I was certain that were I to make an appearance anywhere of that sort, VD would take on epidemic proportions just as the cops arrived with a warrant for everyone's arrest, something my erstwhile analyst calls a "hesitation complex with fear syndromes."

Someone had given me a benmie laced lightly with LSD and sugar-coated with methedrine and Milltown and so absolutely nothing was going to stop me now. Or not much. I defied the gilded glass entrance of Maude's and stalked with unbridled confidence towards the muscle-bound attendant.

"Can I have a guided tour?" I braved. He looked at me like I was *that* kind of nut and said, "What?" like he didn't hear me right the first time. I repeated my request while his stare became a bit manic.

"No," I assured him. "I'm not the fuzz, no matter how chic and debonaire I look. This is my maiden voyage to any sort of steam bath and I'd sort of like a tour, first. I mean," I admitted shyly, crossing my legs and batting him about the room with lowered lashes, "I sort of wanted to go to the Tenderloin Tubs first but..."

"That place," he growled with friendly animosity. "Hell, fellah, I'm glad you came here because I got the definite impression you're a closet queen out for kicks, and don't look at me like you're



gonna cry, huh? because I gotta hear like a rock and cryin' turns me on, like... anyway, I think it's kinda nice you came here instead of THAT place."

"Golly, you speak of THAT place like it's some sort of pen of depravity."

"You ever hear of that little dark room up there with the wall-to-wall mattress and color TV what don't work?"

"Not lately. What kind of people come here?"

"Male people, the cream of the crop, you might say, and all well-behaved," he said with a kind of non-sectarian, ecumenical, come-home-with-papa ease. "I'll get someone to take over here and show you around."

Several hours later, I staggered from the place, my mind, not to mention several other working parts, in something of a quandary. I bounced, as well as I could into the Pink Patio and was greeted by several of my earlier well-wishers.

"My, you look clean. Doesn't he look like a shiny new penny? Mercy, I've never looked that good after a day's session with those dreadful harridans up at Liz Arden's." And words to that effect. "Tell us what happened."

What happened was that I was told not to take notes.

"You don't take notes in here, fellah, you pass 'em out," my guide rebuked, cracking me sharply across the knuckles with a damp towel. "Like, for a start, you can give me your name, address and

phone number because I suspect that, beneath your kooky exterior, there beats the heart of a frustrated closet queen just panting to get turned loose. C'mon..."

He led me to a little room, unlocked the door and had the audacity to drag me in.

"First you gotta take off your clothes and put on this towel."

"Oh, no!" I cried in horror. "I only want to take a tour, not get involved... I think."

"See, you're not sure. Anyhow, have you ever taken any sort of tour where you stayed on the bus?" He grinned. "You ever been anywhere?"

"Does going around the world once count?"

"Shit, does it! And you never even sent me a postcard. Look, you can't go bumblin' around here with your clothes on; people get suspicious. Just do as I say—trust me," mumbling "damn closet-queen!" somewhere between my T-shirt and whatever else he was removing.

I'd always had the impression that the steam room would literally curl my hair since it's prone to kink even in dampish weather. That morning, however, after a session with my overzealous barber, and what amounted to half a can of hairspray, nothing was going to wreck my wave short of fingers fighting to get through.

"Now cut that out!" I told him. "You are supposed to be a guide!" I rebuked. "What guide?" a strange voice asked.

"I'm in here to seduce anyone I can get my horny hands on." And, before I could even work up a sweat about it, he'd done just that. I'd have loved to see who, if not what, was going on but for some odd reason the lighting was dreadfully dim. My guide was waiting for me in the hall.

"Now wasn't that interesting?" he asked, grinning lewdly.

"Very," I assured him, asking for my notebook. Why, he wanted to know, and I told him I thought I'd keep score...

This guy was kissing me beneath the shower and since I'd never been kissed under a shower before, I was enjoying it immensely until I noticed several disinterested onlookers looking on with interest.

"I don't think this is the place," I said coyly, or however one phrases such things at self-conscious moments like that.

"You got a better place?"

My little room down the hall...

"You ever been assaulted?" someone asked a bit later. Never, I replied cordially, adding that, since this was a day for going all out, why not give it a try.

We gave it a try and I can't say that again!

In fact, I've never been so assaulted in my life.

Three naked drag queens came in and requested, lipingly, for my aid. They needed a fourth to bridge the gap from here to an orgy on what amounted to a black marble pedestal centered somewhere in the steam room. That out of the way, I let myself be raped by a perfect stranger while I did the same for a passing person who, while feigning surprise, appeared willing enough.

Then there was the nut with a thing about ears: "You ever hear anyone come?" he hissed. "Up close?" he whimpered, putting a hand over my free ear so I could listen to the splat of something warm squishing where no Q-tip would be able to remove it.

I was dressing to leave, after a steamy session with a libidinous lad with a foot fetish, and the three aforementioned naked drag queens, when my vanished guide made a reappearance, using his key to get into my validated parking area.

"How'dja like that," he asked with all kinds of couth and good diction, replacing his cock and zipping everything up inside his white trousers.

"It came as a surprise," I capered, trying not to show I wanted more.

"It always comes as a surprise," he grinned. "You wanna 'nother surprise?"

And later, after another shower and a bilingual bit of oral cupulation with a Peruvian exchange student with a sadly depressing overbite, I attempted to leave again, assuring my guide that yes, indeed, I would return provided I recovered from this little journey to the unknown. He gave me another damn-closet-queen look, though this one was tinged with a bit of admiration; obviously I hadn't acted like one when he pulled that parking stunt a bit earlier.

So I staggered into a twilight city, having just missed the cocktail crowd, to be certain, though not missing a thing. I mean, if nothing else, my sinuses were cleared.



Pat Noonan

A Secret Yearning

A new film star, Christopher Dennis, will thrill audiences in gay movie houses from coast to coast when he appears in "A Secret Yearning" scheduled to be shown at the Eros Theatre (732 Eighth Ave., bet. 45th & 46th) in the spring of 1970.

The film concerns a young married man who "comes out," meets Adam (played by Christopher) and has a ball with him on a together-tour of New York.

"A Secret Yearning" ends on an optimistic note, and it shows gay life simply as a relationship between two men.

Christopher is sure to be one of the most popular of the new genre of film stars. A well-rounded young man, (as you can see) he also has many interests as well as being an astute businessman whose vibes are those of "success."





HAPPINESS CAN BE A HABIT

BY LILY HANSEN

Love has often thought that you have to learn to live in a happy state. That is, if you weren't trained for it as you were growing up, you had to acquire it—or else you'd be in bad shape. Well, I had to learn, but late and successfully I might add. I mean, when you finally find someone or something that really makes you happy, it doesn't automatically enable you to cope with the situation. Years of fruitless searching, of loneliness, of doubt about whether a love relationship can really exist for you may leave you ill prepared. You can get awfully used to being unfulfilled, and thus run a real risk of missing out when your lucky number does turn up.

One of the bad things prejudice has done to the homosexual is to lead him to expect an unhappy life. In spite of much homophile progress, he is an outcast still and during his lifetime cannot hope to be cheered on by society in his pursuit of happiness. Heterosexuals get more encouragement than they need; homosexuals get nothing but discouragement, to put it mildly. Is it any wonder then, that many of us get the feeling that we had better equip ourselves in order to bear loneliness? Rumor has it that this is our fate. So, we get used to the idea, seeing ourselves as loners who will probably never find someone to love or be loved by.

Hope always lives, of course, but we have formed an attitude of no expectations, or at least of always expecting the worst. Explicitly or implicitly, there is a resignation to loneliness. That doesn't mean that the search for happiness doesn't continue—no, it may become all

the more frantic as we begin to fear permanent deprivation. The ability to offer love and to respond when it is offered, is what I'm talking about.

Some of us search and search, some of us sit back and give up the chase, dedicating ourselves to other pursuits. But we all have one thing in common: we are used to being sad or disappointed. This attitude can give birth to a tragic self-image, making isolation tolerable, possibly even a bit romantic. Loneliness becomes poignant and may be regarded even as beautiful. Literature is just full of beautiful sadness. To be unrequited, despairing, etc., can be an intense experience. It makes us more conscious of our individuality, sharpens our awareness of being strangers in this world, makes us think about why things are the way they are. We become thoughtful, slightly melancholy perhaps, accepting what we consider to be our fated lonely road. Ugh!

We have fallen victim to a romantic illusion which is consoling, yes, but which may also cripple us by setting the stage for inner isolation rather than ushering in a wholesome orientation toward self-assertion and self-fulfillment. By learning to make do with less, we miss out on opportunities for more. Let's not cooperate in this conspiracy to keep the homosexual unhappy!

Ok, suddenly fate reverses itself and brings us someone to love. Can we rise to the occasion? Can we make it survive? There we are, faced by happiness.

After the initial ecstasy, there is the doubt that it's for real. "Where's the hitch? Can she really love me? Does she know what she is doing? I mean... this is too good to be true!" It's so marvelous, in fact, that we can't come to terms with it. Our lives are altered. Our (sad) identity

is slipping away. Are we capable of making the major change of redefining ourselves in a happier light?

Several things can happen. We can go on a romantic binge and do a complete turnabout in expectations. Expecting nothing before, we now expect everything. All is rosy, and the exaltation is never supposed to end! But, at the first sign of flagging passion, irritability, or tiredness, the old suspicions arise and resignation sets in. Why? Because some people don't look at each other (or themselves) seriously and—most important—as whole human beings deserving of respect and honesty and a bit of forbearance. Giving up in a relationship as soon as the first burst of passion is gone prevents the two people from finding out whether or not they could love each other.

What is love? What is happiness? If love is only passion or fascination, then it is superficial. And so is a happiness that is comprised mainly of ecstasy or oblivion. It's fool's gold.

Another reaction to the advent of good luck is the ostrich attitude of not wanting to accept it. Fear of failure is so great that no serious attempt is made to grasp the love offered. "It can't work, it won't work," is the response of the hard-core pessimist, and if he is really convinced, then nothing can help him. Filled with feelings of insecurity, he may even try to persuade himself that there's something wrong with the other person. If the other person were in his right mind, he wouldn't love someone like him, now would he?

I once heard of a case where a girl told someone who held her in high regard, "You must be sick to love someone as sick as I am." Admittedly, this reaction is extreme, and anyone who thinks he is

sick probably is. But the statement exemplifies how someone who doesn't value himself enough cannot value another person either—in any event, or will always be suspicious of the other person's motives. If you don't take yourself seriously, you can't take anyone else seriously either; and if you don't think you're worth loving, then you won't believe someone who tells you he does.

The failings of the optimist and those of the pessimist both result from unrealistic expectations and evaluations. These people either throw good fortune out of the window or never really grab it hard enough to test whether it's good or not. They just can't believe they will ever be recipients of happiness. How many people like that do you know? And not only homosexuals either!

Now for the objective view of happiness—as I see it. (Please feel free to send me your objections and/or amendments.)

Happiness has arrived and left you breathless. "Wow! Me? I'm one of the lucky ones?" Temporary confusion sets in, as you flounder around trying to re-adjust your self-image. After all, a dream has just come true! Life is different. Here's someone solid, who actually means it. And you know she/he is for you. The picture of the loner has dissolved. Scrap the tragic pose! Who needs it?

How are you different from the facile optimist? Well, love is recognized as something more than constant passion. The everyday realities of a relationship are part of the expectations: the changes of mood, the discovery of differences and likenesses, the continuous learning experience. The initial excitement over having found someone to share your life with turns into a feeling of warmth that suffuses the routine of daily living. Do passion and ecstasy subside? No, but they are only part of a larger picture. Two separate personalities are intertwining, two people striving for self-fulfillment interdependently—like two trees growing side by side, with roots enmeshed.

What I am talking about is marriage, the "marriage of true minds." Heterosexuals aren't excluded. The issue confronting two people in love, straight or gay, is the same: the harmony (or discord) between two individuals, each playing his "own kind of music." If there's harmony, then all conflicts are unimportant and, at worst, minor nuisances that can be accommodated. If there's basic discord, then minor obstacles become insurmountable, and it's no go.

But how many people give it an honest try? How many actually are willing to discover whether or not harmony truly exists with a certain person? It takes a commitment, a kind of trust in human relationships, and a confidence in the ability to uphold one's own end of it. In short, one needs a serious and positive attitude toward self and the other person in order to assess compatibility—and talent—for a love relationship.

Love may happen your way, or you may direct it there. But either/or, it won't stay unless you're willing to defend it and to prepare yourself mentally for a happy state of being. It includes not only sweeping out your lonely self-image, but helping the other person do the same, so that self-doubt, negativism, and suspicion gradually disappear.

For all you girls and guys who never heard of these problems, congratulations! You're part of the new breed, with an innate trust in love, life, and self—and therefore, with a wholesome approach to happiness. Soon, I hope, most people will be equally liberated. ■

Should Psychiatrists Run Loose?

BY GEORGE WEINBERG, Ph. D.



We are pleased to introduce Dr. George Weinberg, Ph.D., outstanding therapist and author of a new and excellent book, *The Action Approach*—published by World. This article is the first in a series of three by Dr. Weinberg which were written exclusively for GAY.

The great majority of therapists take an attitude toward homosexuals which is clear cut: "Don't laugh at them because they are sick". This attitude has begun to replace American-Gothic contempt, for the simple reason that it brings its own reward, the feeling of being considerate and sage, in contrast with some imagined bigots, hostile to homosexuals, because they themselves are troubled.

Among serious researchers there is little illusion that the homosexual has been studied and found to be a freak. He is assumed to be one. "Look at him (if you can); see what he is doing. Isn't this enough?" The essence of the argument is this, no matter how it is presented.

Proof is not needed here, for as Irving Bieber, the psychoanalyst put it succinctly, "All psychoanalytic theories assume that adult homosexuality is psychopathological and assign differing weights to constitutional and experimental determinants." Though this top expert may not have the unanimity he claims, there can be little doubt that he is speaking for the great majority of psychoanalysts, and of therapists in general.

For a time I thought I understood why the typical psychoanalyst felt this way. He had never known a homosexual except those who went to him for help, so naturally he thought they were all incapacitated and wanted to change. As I went down the list, I saw that none of my psychoanalyst acquaintances had homosexuals as intimate friends (except of course for those who were themselves homosexuals, and they were a tiny minority). To convince the typical psychoanalyst that even one functioning homosexual existed, it seemed to me, would be to defeat any logical argument that the homosexual must be unable to make

his adjustment and therefore be discontented with his lot. And so, naively, I arranged to juxtapose members of these two groups in the confines of my living room. Following the practice of Kinsey, who, I had heard, once tried a similar experiment, I picked educated and gracious homosexuals, whose professional and personal lives were above nearly any sort of reproach and whom I admire greatly.

But my experiment failed and badly at that. The psychoanalysts were for the most part unduly and inhumanely polite all evening. No matter how well the dinners went they either had specific complaints about the homosexuals or said nothing and simply withdrew from contact. Though I fought against the conclusion, since several of the homosexuals involved are very good friends of mine, I could not escape it: Once an attitude is formed, in some cases at least, it may not be dislodged by evidence alone. Or, since I am talking about professionals of the highest rank, here it is appropriate to say: You can lead an expert to the source of his fear and disgust, but you cannot make him drink of his observations; you cannot, as I have found, make him suspend his disbelief long enough to get him to learn from what he sees.

A main reason for our determined pessimism about the homosexual is the Victorian ethic which most of us hold. Judging him even in his own time, Freud was anything but permissive in his attitudes or in his life. If an adult sexual practice was found acceptable by his social class, Freud was more than likely to consider it healthy. On the other hand, many of the taboo practices of his day—not just homosexuality, but what Freud pejoratively called the perversions, for example—were, he concluded, manifestations of faulty character growth.

The coinciding of what Freud considered healthy adult sexual behavior with what was socially accepted in his day is hardly a chance phenomenon. His Viennese culture manifestly and powerfully influenced Freud; what was unacceptable in his neighborhood became, in nearly every case, "neurotic" according to his theory of psychoanalysis. Had Freud lived in another neighborhood, his theory of sexuality—codified and copied after him—would not have been the same.

Then, as now, is trying to establish themselves in the market place, psychoanalysts could hardly afford to take the position that homosexuality may be an instance of healthy behavior. The fact is, and everyone knows it, that condoning homosexuality benefits no one's status. It rather identifies the advocate with the homosexual himself, as a depraved and menacing character. To disparage the homosexual and to provide a clinical language that trounces him, on the other

hand, commends the psychoanalyst as sober and as a friend; and among its rewards, this position helps convince the public at large that psychoanalytic principles and language are sensible.

Still another reason why many psychoanalysts insist that the homosexual is sick, at first, eluded my search. Scarcely better educated than the man in the street about the true nature of homosexual life, psychoanalysts often envy his existence as they envision it to be. The question arises of how anyone can covet the life of an outcast, who must hide to keep his job; who looks piteously lonely walking down Central Park West; and who in too many cases has few if any friends because he himself doesn't think he deserves them. The answer is that despite their knowledge of the misery of their homosexual patients, they tend, as do heterosexuals in general, to perceive homosexuals as stealing pleasures for which others must sacrifice.

Where good works are so often justified as payment for sex or family pleasures, where courtship is considered the minimum cost of sex, and where sex itself is sanctioned only as a means to propagate the race, it vexes us to see someone apparently matching our profits without having to pay as dearly as we do. The laws branding homosexuality

as a crime are felt to restore the balance somewhat, but for some people, apparently, not enough.

The pressure tends to be great where the burden of social expectations on men is great. Remember that millions of men feel that to succeed personally they must go on conveying an impression of themselves which is so far from the fact that they cannot possibly sustain it. A respectable man is tall, to begin with, and he dresses well and appropriately; he makes a living and commands thorough respect from his wife; and he knows why and where he is going. Neither his boss nor the gangs that prowl the streets at night are supposed to frighten him and his bearing is expected to make all these facts instantly clear. Without respite, the would-be American man must toil to appear as what he knows he is not; and since he himself often believes that lapses should disqualify him from enjoying the culture's rewards and even from love, he is particularly disturbed by the sight of someone who apparently feels no need to assert himself in the same ways. Puritanism was once defined by Mencken as "the lurking fear that someone somewhere is happy"—and the psychoanalyst regarding the homosexual is often plagued by precisely this fear. ■

(to be continued)



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BY BOB AMSEL

When Mae West filmed *The Heat's On* in 1943, one bitchy critic wrote, "The heat is definitely off." But he was naively unaware of the fact that you can't put a good woman down—or at least, an almost-good woman: "I used to be Snow White, but I drifted." But twenty-seven years later, in 1970, that particular reviewer has long since hit the proverbial dust. The same is not true of La West, star of the soon-to-be released *Myra Breckenridge*. "I want you to remember that this picture is a return, not a comeback. I've never been away, just busy. I play the role of this fabulous booking agent, Letitia Van Allen. I can tell you that in the course of the picture, I have affairs with all the leading men and I finish up owning everything. My fans would be disappointed otherwise."

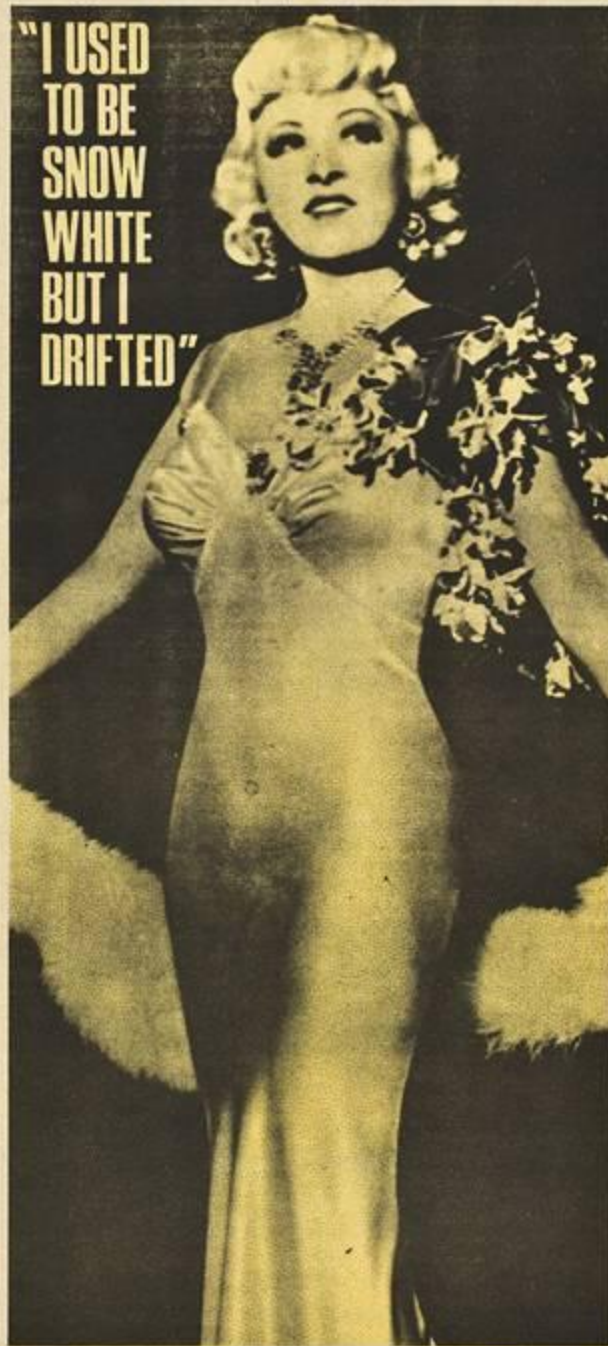
Needless to say, many of Mae's greatest supporters have been homosexuals. There are the drags who have benefited from Mae's queenly advice: "I'm the regal type—that's not a posture you learn in school, dearie. It's the way you look at the world." There are the religious types who have fervently attempted to follow Mae's golden rule: "Love thy neighbor—and if he happens to be tall, debonair and devastating, it will be that much easier." The elegant connoisseurs have also followed Mae's lead: "personally, I like two types of men—domestic and foreign." But Mae's sagely advice is not restricted to any one group. When it comes to the art of love, she is a perennially blonde Earth Mother, always willing to instruct her flock: "I like a man who's good, but not too good—for the good die young, and I hate a dead one."

But up until now, the world was not quite ready for Mae West. If a human being can be anachronistic, Mae's enlightened spirit landed in the wrong decade—the repressive Thirties. She found herself to be the target of countless censorial attacks, but she was forced to use humor to cope with it: "There were a lot of things censors wouldn't let me do in the movies that I had done on the stage. They wouldn't even let me sit on a guy's lap—and I'd been on more laps than a napkin. I had to do something different, so I put in some humor. That way I could get away with more things. I never meant 'Come up and see me sometime' to be so sexy, but I guess I was thinking about sex all the time. I wasn't really conscious of being sexy until the censors got after me. It was always natural for me; it was never a strain. I guess that's why it goes over so well. And after all, sex and I have a lot in common. I don't want to take any credit for inventing it—but I may say, in my own modest way, and in a manner of speaking, that I have rediscovered it."

Many suppressed people simply

could not forgive La West for that. Up until the Westian Age, sex-goddesses had always been associated with the evil, dark side of life. "Vamps" like Theda Bara sucked the blood out of their men and served as a warning not to play with the fires of hell. But Mae took sex into the open air and laughed at it: "Good women are no fun," she once quipped. "The only good woman I can recall in history was Betsy Ross. And all she ever made was a flag."

This revolutionary idea, that sex might be healthy, appealed to a great many people, both straight and gay. But H.L. Mencken's definition of Puritanism still ruled the country: too many others had "the haunting feat that someone, somewhere, may be happy." Mae was just too happy to last in those early films. One of her most vehement critics was newspaper owner, William Randolph



Hearst who denounced her in an editorial as a "monster of lubricity" and a "menace to the sacred institution of the American family." And oddly enough, Hearst was the last person in a position to throw the first stone, not after playing house for all those years with actress Marion Davies while the wife and kiddies stayed quietly in the background. Mae, on the other hand, has led a completely discreet, non-scandalous life.

But Mae's time had come. She became the unwitting "founding mother" of the National League of Decency, the Catholic film board which began as a direct reaction to her films. The influence of this organization helped to browbeat Hollywood into putting the lid on Mae's antics. A new code was set up by the then ruling Hays Office in Hollywood for the sole purpose of emasculating movies, the effect from which Holly-

wood is just now recuperating.

While working on *It Ain't No Sin*, a censorial "watchdog" was sent over by the studio to keep an eye on Mae, an act which made her furious: "I resent a type of censorship that quibbles over every line as if a devil were hidden in every word. The most harmless of lines, when I speak them, become suddenly suspect."

During the late thirties and forties, Hollywood progressed into an Andy-Hardy-Goes-to-College type entertainment medium. Sex was relegated to snide innuendos and married people slept in twin beds. The industry adhered to the Hays Code, until Hollywood was almost destroyed by the advent of television—a media that provided sugar 'n' spice on a free basis. And so, after Mae's 1943 film, her contract with the studio was not renewed.

However, over the years, her fans didn't forget her (nor she them). New generations viewed castrated versions of her films, relegated as they were, to the television graveyard. The Late Late Show, and her followers—old and new—soon demanded a return to the Westian Age. They wanted Mae back, and now that the time is finally ripe; the ageless actress—a legend in her own lifetime, is giving her fans what they want.

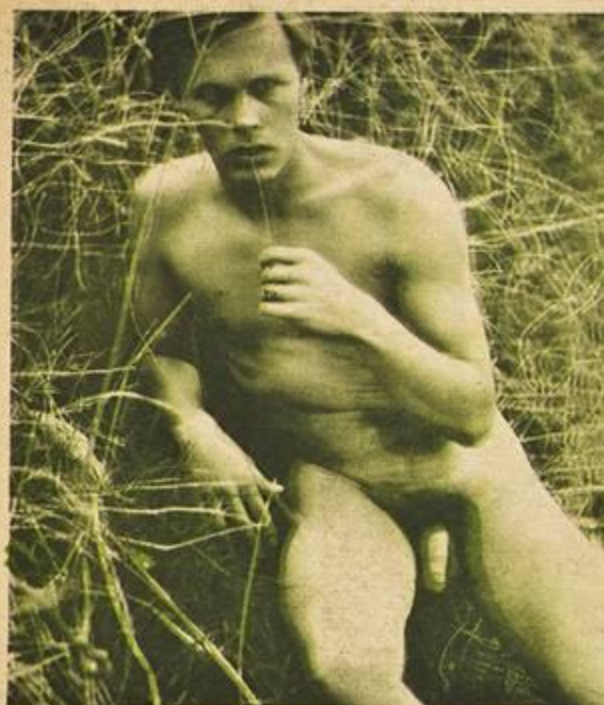
After filming *Myra*, Mae had planned on a film version of an early play entitled, *Sexret*, but Warner Brothers recently canned the idea. But she still has hopes for her second play, written in the late 1920's. It was one of the first (if not the first) of modern homosexual plays that was too controversial for popular theatre at the time she wrote it. "I wrote a screen version of *The Drag*, she remarked. "They're ready for it now. I was always ahead of my time."

The mutual love that Mae and the homosexual community share is quite well-known: "They're crazy about me because I'm so flamboyant." The original *Drag* opened in Patterson, New Jersey, and people came from Philadelphia, New York, and Boston to see it, paying as much as \$50 a seat for the two-week run. It contained a party scene with forty men singing and dancing in drag. In fact, Mae herself has been accused of being "the greatest female impersonator of all time." It is possible that during Mae's early days, one of her greatest influences might have been the famous impersonator, Julian Eltinge. The speculation regarding Mae's sex continues, but we tend to suspect that she is all woman or better yet, all women rolled into one.

But times and standards have changed since Mae first conquered Hollywood in 1932: "I'm not a little girl from a little town making good in a big town. I'm a big girl from a big town making good in a little town." Now, the little town has grown up and welcomes La West in her triumphant return.

During those early Depression years, critic Douglas Gilbert once paid tribute to Mae: "No argument can dislodge her present position... against Mae's ample bosom figuratively rest the modest aspirations of our girls. Her well-rounded arms encircle a nation's desire for escape from a synthetic life to one of substance and color." The years may have passed, but this tribute to Mae's influence remains intact. But her own recipe is far more simple: "It isn't what I do; but how I do it. It isn't what I say, but how I say it and how I look when I do it and say it."

Out there in the Tri-State area of southern Ohio, Indiana and northern Kentucky, nobody lectures me about homosexuality by reciting old dogmas and stereotypes. Instead, they ask intelligent, often highly perceptive questions and show a sincere desire to learn. Perhaps they haven't heard the stereotypes yet, because there, open discussion of



MEMORIES OF A MIDWESTERN HAYLOFT

BY DICK LEITSCH

This column is being written in flight between Indianapolis and New York City. I'd gone to Indianapolis for a television show on homosexuality as part of a series of such appearances which included Cleveland, Columbus and Dayton, among others. Everytime I'm out there I am amazed all over again at the high quality of gay life and gay institutions there. Just as impressive there, is the wonderful attitude of most heterosexual people towards homosexuals.

People is the key word in describing that part of the country. Out there, they think of people as people, rather than as group members or objects. This is true, for the most part, of the police and civic leaders, as well as of the ordinary citizen.

Most of the television shows I'm doing this year are of the "contact" variety. These are shows wherein the host interviews the guest, then viewers call in and ask questions and make comments, are the latest fashion. The calls that I get in those appearances are invariably from civilized, interested people who sincerely want to know about homosexuality and homosexuals. There are few—in fact usually none—of the crank calls that this kind of show draws on the East Coast, where weirdos call up to read St. Paul to me, or tell me that all homosexuals are sick, perverted and horrible.

Out there in the Tri-State area of southern Ohio, Indiana and northern Kentucky, nobody lectures me about homosexuality by reciting old dogmas and stereotypes. Instead, they ask intelligent, often highly perceptive questions and show a sincere desire to learn. Perhaps they haven't heard the stereotypes yet, because there, open discussion of

homosexuality is still a new and somewhat daring thing.

One of my favorite calls came to me from Montgomery, Alabama, a place according to New Yorkers, that has a very nasty reputation for uptightness. I was told by the caller about a homosexual in his army unit in Korea who was publicly embarrassed before the other men by being taken out to a parade field and publicly ridiculed, before being thrown out of the service. "That man was the bravest and certainly the nicest man in our unit," the caller said. "Everyone of us liked him, and we didn't know he was queer. We all hated that (bleeped out) captain who made us line up and embarrass him. I get sick everytime I think of that day, and by god, I think homosexuals deserve a better break than they get in this world." A good 95% of the other callers from that Alabama show agreed.

I was warned by my orthodox "liberal" and leftist friends not to accept the engagement in Indianapolis. "That town is national headquarters, for both the Daughters of the American Revolution and the American Legion," they warned. "You'll get a hard time, and you'll be lucky if you aren't run out of town on a rail." The prediction was just the opposite of the truth. I couldn't have been better treated if I had been the Commander of the American Legion himself. The callers were interested and interesting. One of them was even an official of the American Legion who talked briefly with me on the show and later, when I was taking more of the hundreds of phone calls after the show in the producer's office, he called back and we talked at length. He had met his lover in the Army and now they worked together in the Legion Headquarters. He was a nice

guy—a hawk, but a nice guy.

After talking to more people, including a lady now happily married with children, who had had two lesbian love affairs in school, I headed for the airport. In the restaurant there I got into conversation with a local cop on his lunch hour. The conversation naturally got around to the TV show and to homosexuality. "There's a lot of them (homosexuals) here," the cop said. "They've got some nice bars and some of them hang out in some of the restaurants, but they don't bother anybody and nobody bothers them. The ones I know seem real nice."

I talked about entrapment and bar raids. "I don't hold with that," the friendly cop said. "If they don't bother anybody, nobody ought to bother them. Everybody's got a right to live."

That probably sums up the average man's attitude in the Tri-State area toward homosexuality. Although, there are probably trouble-making citizens, they don't seem to have much effect on public opinion. Most people hold a live-and-let-live attitude so prevalent among people close to their rural roots.

I once managed an art-film theatre in Cincinnati. My boss called me aside one night and told me to keep an eye on the men's room. "A lot of homosexuals go in there and suck each other off," he said. "We can't have that because it bothers the other customers. I think you might be queer yourself, and if you want to let your friends use your office, it's your business, but don't let anything go on in the toilets." That always struck me as one of the most civilized comments a heterosexual has ever made to me, and is the major reason why I can't fall into that bag of considering every heterosexual my "enemy." Sure, some straights cause trouble for gays, but irresponsible, selfish, homosexuals bring down more hostility on our group than any anti-gay straight person.

Gay bars and gay life in general, seem to me to be more civilized in those middle-sized cities. There, the bars are truly social places and the patrons really enjoy themselves. There's very little of that sullen posturing and few of the haunted faces that dominates so much of New York's gay scene.

In Cleveland, Louisville or Indianapolis, everyone is fresh-faced and healthy looking. The bars are like huge gay parties, where everyone chats, laughs and seems to be enjoying himself. There's less pretense and role-playing, which is a welcomed change from New York. In Danny's or the Stud, everyone tries to look unapproachable (then wonders why no one approaches him), and uptown there's all of that over-dressing and posturing. The customers walk in the door with an expression of futility on their faces as though they've already decided that this is going to be another night when "Mr. Right" isn't going to materialize to carry them off into the sunrise. In Indianapolis they enter the bar with an expression that says "I'm going to have a good time tonight, and maybe I'll even find a trick."

The gay community—that of overt, non-closet homosexuals—is mixed, which gives its members a good perspective. Males and females, older people and younger ones, couples and singles, all mingle and form interlocking friendships. The "in" gay circle is very small, and friendships and love affairs are well-built and maintained for years.

The long-term "marriages" that are so common out there most noticeably differentiate from, say, New York's "scene."

The cities themselves are family-oriented which probably encourages coupling, and the number of potential tricks is such that long-term promiscuity is an impossibility. After a year or two in the scene, one has had everybody worth having. They give up looking for "Mr. Right"—that idealized figure who appears primarily in masturbatory fantasies—and find an acceptable compromise. Perhaps he's a little heavier, a little older or not quite so well-built as the ideal, but he's alive and available, and through compromise with reality and hard work on both sides, the partners usually build a fine relationship that lasts.

Often, it seems, New Yorkers just won't face reality. Since every second man on the streets of Manhattan seems to be available, many go on thinking "Mr. Right" will appear around the next corner. There's too much sex available, and that supplies an alternative to love. The New Yorker tends to jump from bed to bed, or perhaps from dock to bath, auditioning potential lovers or trying to forget the empty half of the bed at home. By the time anyone approaching "Mr. Right" happens along, most New Yorkers are too habitually promiscuous, or too worn out, to be a good enough lover to keep a partner.

New York, Chicago, or Los Angeles offers a surfeit of gay opportunities. Being gay often becomes a full-time career, leading to jadedness. In smaller cities, homosexuality, and sexuality in general, is less of a career and only a pleasurable part of a fuller and richer life with wider horizons. Gay bars are not just places to go when you aren't working, anymore than gay films or the baths are. Instead, they are places where one relaxes with friends and has fun. When things start to get dull, one hops in a car with friends, or alone, and drives to a nearby city to sample the gay life there. Despite the fact that gay life there is really swinging and easily accessible to anyone with a car, it is seldom overdone to the point where it becomes a bore. People are able to keep a sense of proportion.

The entire gay community of Northern Kentucky, Southern Indiana and Ohio, can best be compared with New York's lesbian community. Neither are the objects of any particular social pressure or hostility, and neither are oppressed to any great extent by police or public officials.

Both communities feel the need to be better understood by the public and both want more recognition from the community. They want their needs and problems—which are more individual than group problems—better understood and served.

To achieve this, Mattachine Societies are multiplying and gaining followings in the area. Local radio and television stations are being pressured by homosexuals in the community to invite me and others to come and talk openly about homosexuality.

The organizations out there aren't very political or "gay power" oriented. They aren't anti-police, anti-government, or anti-heterosexual, probably because the police, government and straight world treat them fairly and don't give them trouble. The prime goals of these organizations is to provide better communication to the homosexual community, to help homosexuals with personal problems and to help those just "coming out" find a niche in the gay community. Fine gay communities they are, too, and ones that could well serve as models for the gay world of the future.

BY ANGELO D'ARCANGELO

I was told last night that the nearly-young man who shared my home and fortunes for so many years described me to a third party as, "an essentially sadistic personality." Knowing both conversationalists and, in varying degrees, their tastes, this remark and the inquiry which caused it must have represented the crest of an interview singularly barren of interest, value, or truth. My sense of humor knows a bound or two: I was not, and am not, amused.

To be sure, there is in every accusation some grain of truth—that's the power of slander. And I am in at least one way guilty. I confess to guilt through ignorance for I did not, during those years, realize that to make someone happy, comfortable, financially and emotionally secure, can be excruciatingly frustrating if, dear readers, if that someone prefers to be unhappy, uncomfortable, emotionally and financially insecure. Goodness can take on a sadistic color. You remember, do you not, that old joke of the fiendish sadist who refused to beat the masochist?

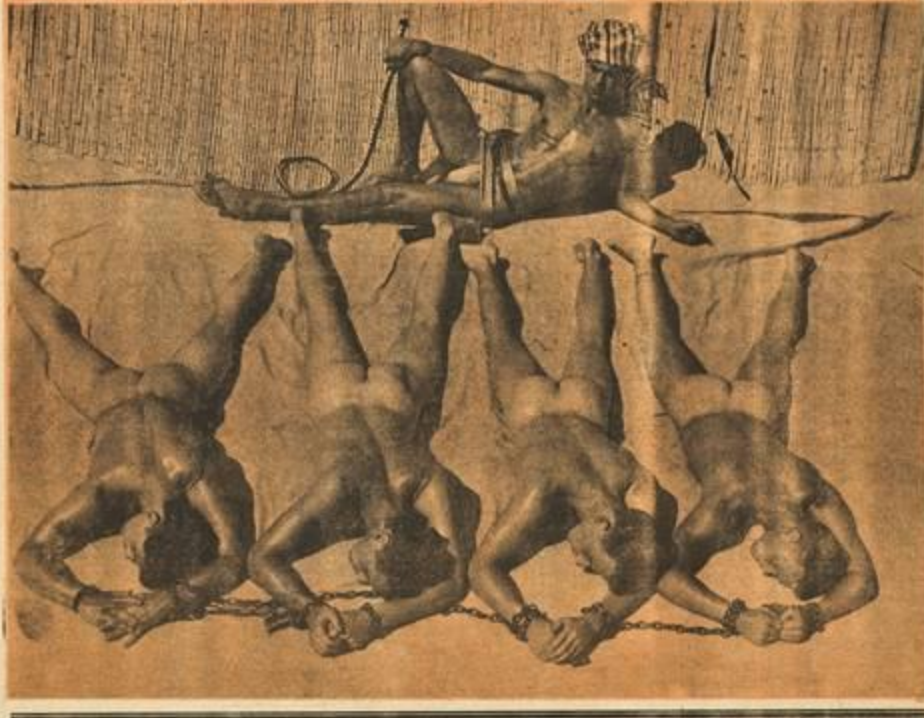
Well, one would have to be stone not to notice and to understand this newest "kink" in the national character. The new wave of clothing design with its belts, buckle mailheads, spikes and chains, its epaulets and endless leather straps and thongs means something. We have become a nation of fetishists. What in more stable times used to be considered the taste of the emotionally and physically exhausted, and the final refuge of the depraved, has become a popular game and style with both sexes and most classes. Sitting with one of the local D.B. publishers recently, we talked at length about this new "craze", this taste which was for so long thought of as, more or less, exclusively British. Naturally the curves of our talk were dollar-sign shaped. But in all fairness to him I must say he does his best to "fill the need" for novels of degradation and pain-love stories for people who cannot love. And there's the point.

I used to keep around the house a copy of 9 *Short Stories* by Salinger, which I used as a poultice against creeping psychedeliousness and that execrable amateurism which parades under the banner of the American Avant Garde. In one of the stories a soldier is on the verge of nervous collapse due to the horrors of the second world war, as well as the stupidity of those around him. He was in occupied Germany, as I recall, and had found somewhere during the course of his duties a certain book. Scrawled somewhere in it he found these words, "Hell is not being able to love," which he changed to, "Hell is the fear of not being able to love."

Certainly Salinger's work will bear my clumsy paraphrase, but the image is so apt one can't ignore it, particularly if you received a Halloween invitation to a party which said, "Leather, military, or discipline outfits required!" My first impulse was to go in armor and dash out the brains of those silly queens with a mace. But that would probably have made me the sensation of the season. (Are you with me? It's a tricky little game.)

What can I say of my friend, striding about the Village in vinyl bloomers,

ODE TO A LEATHER LOVER



buckled into his denim? That he's an emotional Armadillo? That his friends and accomplices are in need of armor out of their fear of love? That there is nothing more to expect from a generation weaned upon the factual and fictional weekly homicides of TV? That the glamor of force, be it for the celluloid Nazis of yesteryear, and today's taste for gore has poisoned the hearts and loins of millions?

Like most of my friends I'm more apt to wink and say of the whole business, if it makes you hot, do it. But that too is to the point. The fear of being unable to love—that is, to get up and keep it up is the backbone of this strange beast. I suppose it's because, out of our 30-year-war image, we have manufactured a synthetic male prototype which nobody, short of lunacy, can live up to. For a child there can be no desirable alternative to the goal shown him on every side but emasculation. So in order to avoid that, he plays the game of the warrior. He becomes General Patton, General Westmoreland, John Wayne, and saves his masculinity with voluptuous dreams of murder, attack, torture, horror and blood. Marshall Dillon doesn't kiss, he kills.

But for all practical purposes it doesn't help, help keep it up, that is. Even though the bank teller may race home after work to get into his menace outfit in order to

stand about in a dive and snarl at a florist similarly dressed, it is true that in young children fear can and often does cause erections. Voila! But fear will not sustain them. "Surprise and violence can excite infants, but we are not infants—are we? The act of love and the process of loving is not the exertion of the will and power of one individual upon another; that is the masturbatory phantasy of a child. Remember that when next time you're tempted to invite home the armored stranger. If you remember a joke phrase: "We'd rather fight than swish," you can translate that into: "we'd rather fight than fuck."

At any rate, as I told my former friend who insists he's only dabbling in S & M, and who appalled a mutual friend and me with a story of a smart cocktail party he'd attended during which he was given a choice of whips with which to beat the "dave" of the afternoon. It's like saying, "I've simply a touch of leprosy, or I'm toying with drunkenness, spoofing drug addiction." I know as does everyone else who is acquainted with his particularly sweet, rather forced charm, and his feverish gaiety, that he was simply doing unto another that which he wished were being done unto him.

But the harm has already been done TO MILLIONS. I envision the day when persons with such tastes will tear each other to bits in private places designated

for the purpose. Not coliseum, precisely, they will be sanitary, private, and governmentally regulated spas. So be it. You pick your idols, America, and you pays your price.

For those of you on the threshold of such rigorous stimulation, may I offer this little quiz for would-be masochists? Remember, it doesn't do to get into this kind of thing without adequate mental, not to say physical, preparation. 1. Do you seek the friendship of people who do not respect you? People who take every opportunity to slander and revile you?

2. Do you increasingly enjoy "games" of a sexual nature which increasingly take precedence over the act itself? Are these games "stern" in nature? 3. Do you find yourself giving your body to men in order to gratify their passions at the expense of your own?

4. Do you enjoy it? 5. Do you do it even though you don't enjoy it?

6. Are you contemptuous of those who are good to you?

7. Do you pose for ugly photographs under the pretext of "physique art" and permit them to be shown about?

8. Do you find this article unfair, unjust, untrue?

SCORE YOURSELF (and hurry)

*THE SAME CAN BE SAID OF A FULL BLADDER.

BY KEN GAUL

Until quite recently most of the social contact that I'd ever had with homosexuals had been via letting rather sad, middle-aged men buy me drinks in exchange for my conversation, or talking to cunty, model agency guys about my portfolio, or glowering at "taggots" who had the audacity to cruise me in subway stations—"Stop staring at me, mother-fucker." Now, however, I have actually acquired some homosexual friends—guys I drink with, smoke with, have dinner with, rap with into the wee hours of the morning, and really like as good friends. Admittedly, much of the new-found ease that I feel around these "strange creatures" is directly attributable to this having been a good year for my head anyway; but a good part of this ease also stems from these guys having gotten their heads together too—no more of that wounded expression on their faces, no more pathetic propositions, and no more apologies for being "that way."

In short, they've accepted themselves and where their heads are at; they've accepted that I dig chicks and I've accepted that they dig guys, so it's all together. Get the nonessential battles out of the way and it's a little easier to relate. Granted, a couple of these guys have expressed an interest in making it with me, but I'm sure as hell not going to let that make me crazy. I take it as a compliment. "Thanks anyway man, but my glands only seem to secrete for the feminine gender." You can't argue with your glands, can you? So we have a nice friendly relationship because neither I nor they see any reason for basing a friendship on where each of us happens to prefer dipping his wick.

I'm not sure if I'm ready to become an apologist for homosexuality, but certainly there should be more of this kind of relationship between the straight and the gay worlds. But, from my observations of both sides, things look pretty bleak. The average straight guy these days is still terrified to be seen with a homosexual—"guilt" by association, I suppose. And the average gay guy still comes on as if being gay is the only way to be a guise which serves to mask his own omnipresent insecurities. So we have a melange of dual paranoia, where everybody's talking at and nobody's listening to.

Enter (no pun intended) Ken Gaul, noted heterosexual, who will attempt to offer some enlightenment as to why the channels of communication between the two camps are still pretty much closed, and threaten to remain so. Since I rather doubt that many straight guys read GAY, I will address my comments to the homosexual community. Some of the things I say here might piss you off. Good. Some of the things gay guys say piss straight guys off, too. See, we've got a dialogue going already.

First off, let me say that I've never made love to a male. I let a guy give me head once, but that was solely for money. I was in college then, and \$20 meant being able to dine on something besides peanut butter and canned ravioli. Frankly, I really didn't dig the experience. After the first ten seconds my curiosity was satisfied and I had to get into fantasizing about every fantastic chick I'd ever balled in order to keep my part of the bargain. The reader, of

STRAIGHT FROM A FRIENDLY CAMP



KEN GAUL

course, will say that this is no basis on which to judge homosexuality—"just because the first time was bad, etc., etc." Well, dear reader, my first teen-aged attempt at fucking a chick was pretty disastorous too, but I'm still fucking chicks. Any more questions?

So I tried it and didn't dig it. But that doesn't mean I can't understand guys who do. Most straight guys, however, cannot understand homosexuality and let me give you a few of the reasons

why this is true.

Number one, hetero guys have a definite image of a homosexual as a faggot: a slim-waisted, taping little sweetie with a definite proclivity for wearing bulky pink sweaters while walking his two adorable poodles. And they're not entirely wrong in this judgement, because this is the type of homosexual that they most often see. So you can't expect these guys to change their opinions until they're shown a different

picture. Which means that the "silent majority" of homosexuals has got to get off its ass and start admitting to the world (and to themselves, I suppose) where they're at and get themselves the fuck into the Revolution.

Number two, nearly every straight American male is totally paranoid about anyone thinking that he may have homosexual tendencies—you know, the whole "masculinity" thing. Like when was the last time that you saw two American guys walking with their arms around each other? Puerto Rican guys? Sure. Greek guys? All the time. But not good red-blooded Americans. Not on your life. So what do you think these poor paranoids feel when some gay guy cruises them with that cocky "gay is the only way" look? There's bound to be a pretty negative reaction, which of course carries over and reinforces the old "fucking faggot" attitude. I have no idea how you should cruise a straight guy, but that's certainly one way that you shouldn't.

Number three, most homosexual guys, as far as I can see, don't really seem to want to mix with straight guys on a purely social level. They either want to just cop some joint, or they remain aloof and simply retreat into their own bitchy little cliques and admit no one who doesn't share their little secret. Fight prejudice with prejudice. Brilliant. Yeah, I know, a good part of this conduct is merely a protective mechanism. Well, it's obviously not working very well, so why don't gay guys take the initiative and try some new tactics, like not presupposing that they'll be rejected every time. I mean I know of a couple of jobs that I didn't get solely because I wasn't a homosexual and I'm not exactly ready to burn every gay editor or copy chief at the stake because of it.

And number four, in this series of overgeneralized complaints, most homosexuals that I meet are into preaching bisexuality as the ideal state of man. Love is love, regardless of the bestower or the recipient. Fine. Intellectually, I probably agree, and some day I might even get into it. The only drawback to their argument, which considerably weakens it, is that few (if any) of these bisexuality propagandists are making it with females themselves—"making it" meaning fucking them. So, without any value judgement as to what is or isn't the proper state of man, most straights like myself would prefer to listen to spokesmen with a little more empirical validity to support their arguments.

Let's do a lecture for today. I started off this "shoot" piece talking about how glad I was that homosexuals are finally starting to dig themselves and thus relate to others and allow others to relate to them. Well, I'm still glad, but it's pretty obvious that the homosexual friends I mentioned earlier are definitely in the minority. Most gay guys are still uptight, overly defensive and hardly the type of people that I would want to spend time with socially—I mean, I'm having enough hassles with females.

So, I hope I've provided some enlightenment from the "enemy camp", or, as Richard... what's his name... uh... Nixon would say, "Helped to bring us together." I'm not saying that he inspired this piece but wouldn't it be nice to know that we all came together for dick?

BACK DOOR MAN



JIM MORRISON

by EVERETT HENDERSON

he eyes and ears of the homosexual community perked up when The Doors arrived on the scene. Their first album (Elektra) was

a sensation. When they weren't asking you to light their fire, The Doors were busy saluting their Back Door Man—a pretty wild subject for a national rock group. Here was quite an unusual song and it was sung by quite an unusual boy, Jim Morrison. One hell of a sexy-looking character, he possesses a voice once described in print as "the sound of a moist cock if a cock could sing." Morrison spells SEX and when he sang, "I eat more 'chicken' than any man ever seen," those who got the reference could not help drooling.

But the more perceptive members of The Doors' audience allowed their eyes to stray past Jim and noticed Ray Manzarek, the organ playing composer. Ray looked more wicked, more urbane, more evil, and probably more free and easy than the star who stood center stage. The Doors were definitely a total turn-on.

A lot has happened since the beginning. The Doors have gotten to be a super-group—perhaps America's greatest super-group. And everywhere they went they seemed to create their own special brand of havoc. No, they were not peddling their "back door" philosophy anymore; they were into a special kind of revolution. They called themselves "erotic politicians" (one of the most clever copy lines a press agent ever thought up), and they used their obvious sexuality to bring audiences close to riot. At first, everyone legitimately became aroused by the group's sexual hyper-sensitiveness, which finally became plastic.

The Doors began to have dates cancelled. Chambers of Commerce did not want them back. And the climax occurred in Florida when Morrison was accused of exposing himself and masturbating on stage. The need to present greater and greater sexual magic had taken over his mind. Being an erotic

politician seems to do something to your head.

My favorite Doors lyric goes like this: People are strange when you're a stranger, Faces look ugly when you're alone. Women seem wicked when you're unwanted, Streets are uneven when you're down... When you're strange, No one remembers your name.

There is no need to be a stranger anymore. One can now be part of a community that revels in the special nature of its participants. I am writing this piece after attending the Broadway opening of a positively dreadful play called "The Mundy Scheme." (It will have probably closed by the time you read this column.) Anyone who has ever thought about the theatre realizes that it is a unit art consisting of the individual artistic contributions of many, many people. What makes the theatre attractive is the fact that idealistically, it is a community of people working toward similar goals. But, going to Broadway gave me no sense of community. I could not relate to the play and most of the audience arbitrarily forced themselves to dig the evening. In order to participate in this sad mechanical manner the Broadway crowd has given up its uniqueness. They have programmed themselves to be part of a non-existent, so-called Broadway community.

"How can all these kids go to rock concerts and sit a mile away and not even hear anything?" people ask me. And I tell them that the concert is an opportunity to be part of a community; that the mechanical, jaded, meaningless old-fashioned forms of entertainment have defied one to have any sense of participation; but that finally, an entertainment form has broken through.

The Doors realize that sex is the force that makes most of us move. They have

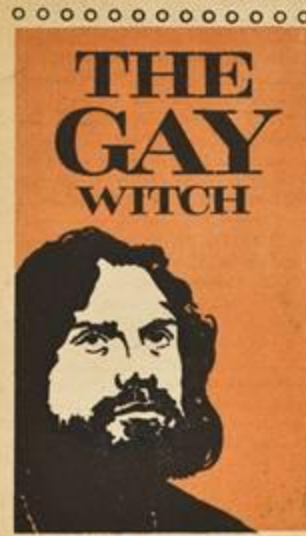
celebrated that fact with their songs and rhythms. They invite you to parade your special self with the special selves of thousands and thousands of others. They are trailblazers and they are functioning in a hostile environment. These are the transitional years and as your tastes change and your fears disappear and you become open and free, you become part of the spiritual history of this nation.

I say this is wonderful. The boldness of the design has made many of us solemn. That is a shame. It has made The Doors arbitrary and a little foolish, but that, too, may have passed. We must support them, no matter what. We should go to the Doors' concert at the Felt Forum on January 17 and 18, joyfully, taking pride in our own erotic natures, feeling pleased that we will be joined by multitudes who feel the same way. Then, we will need no more erotic politicians. For we will do our own campaigning and our own electing, and we will have elected ourselves to the offices that we ourselves deserve.

I have been asked to list a basic discography for newcomers to rock. At the end of each column, I shall list five albums that you should have, so that, as your social circle enlarges and you meet younger, more interesting and more exciting friends, you will have music to share in common. I am going to start with recent recordings and work backwards, for as we become educated we might as well be fashionable. Here are four beautiful and groovy albums plus a fifth one to get particularly stoned by:

- The Beatles—Abbey Road (Apple)
- Crosby, Stills and Nash (Atlantic)
- Blood, Sweat and Tears (Columbia)
- The Band (Capitol)
- Santana (Columbia)

Happy listening and let me know how you make out.



BY DR. LEO LOUIS MARTELLO

In the Middle Ages the witch was the only truly liberated woman. All others were forced into roles as wife, mother, mistress, nun, etc. The witch was usually single and she had sex with whom she pleased. She was respected, envied, feared and somewhat held in awe. But because she was anti-establishment, she represented a threat to male chauvinists. Yet, her independent free spirit prevented them from having any real hold on her.

Her male counterpart, called warlock, wizard or sorcerer (depending on who

was doing the "calling") was equally feared and dangerous. The church knew that "knowledge is power" and they did everything to suppress it.

The female witch was the first suffragette, the forerunner of today's Women's Liberation Front, and the Women's International Terrorists Corps from Hell (W.I.T.C.H.). The latter are political witches using street and guerrilla theatre, as have the Hippies, the Yippies, the Crazies and many other radical groups. Combining the profound, the profane and the put-on modern political witches are using the same techniques the Medieval Mattachines (Court Jesters who cleverly told the truth in disguised, playacting form—and usually homosexual). This technique is effective because it uses other people's ammunition against them. For centuries the church and society has ruled by guilt and fear. One of its chief weapons was sex. Today modern witches are using liberated sex as a hex to "blow the minds" of the Establishment. Revolutionary witches can properly be called WIT-CHES (Wit plus Che, from Che Guevara).

Q. Do you pray?
A. Each day when I awaken I have one small three-word prayer: FUCK YOU WORLD!

Q. Can hypnotism be used to develop one's psychic power?

A. Yes it can. However, this doesn't mean that hypnotism can make you psychic or a professional prophet. For a full understanding of hypnotism, and especially the use of suggestion, read the chapter "The Power In Positive Suggestion" in my new book *The Hidden Worlds Of Hypnotism*. Too much to go into here.

Q. Isn't the belief in witchcraft irrational? I think it's nothing but superstition.

A. The belief in witchcraft as defined by the church, society and in our law books is irrational. It is superstition. It's just as stupid as all those who believe in an unseen God, religious dogma, unquestioned faith in our "leaders," etc. Far from being a mystical mindless practice, true witchcraft doesn't go against the rational, the natural, or the mind; but rather uses them, works with them and cultivates all those latent powers that lie in the reservoir of the human psychic. Modern hypnotism and psychiatry, evolved from the practices of witchcraft... MIND POWER.

Q. What do you think about Nixon's claim that the "silent majority" is on his side?

A. First I question it. Second, if true, it's one of the most evil statements ever made. The "silent majority"—the so-called "good" people—were the ones who said nothing, did nothing, while the Nazis murdered millions. As a practicing witch I can assure you that evil cannot feed on itself. In nature it's the sick plant that's attacked by insects. Healthy plants aren't bothered. Evil can only exist by the sanction of silence. Evil is a vampiric leech that can only sustain itself by sucking the good blood of its living victims. And the worst part of all this is that these "good" people, this "silent majority" have always been the bad man's best friend: mediocre middle-class monkeys who "see no evil, speak no evil, hear no evil." If the "silent majority" is on Nixon's side I prefer to be part of the vocal minority. Since when is MIGHT a substitute for RIGHT?
Q. I've read a great deal about a Sa-

tanic Church. Do you know where it is and how I can contact it?

A. Write to Anton La Vey, High Priest, Church of Satan, 6114 California Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94121. Enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope and mention this column when writing.

Q. You've called the witch's broom a phallic symbol. Can you tell me more?

A. Its phallic symbolism is obvious. What is not generally mentioned is that the witch's broom was a precursor of our modern dildoes. Some had the tip carved into a male organ, or wax-coated into this shape, and in combination with phantasy, served as a sex substitute when there was "no man around the house."

Q. I'd like to know how to figure out my Destiny number from my birthday and my name. Can you help me?

A. This is easy. Your birthdate is June 24, 1930. June = 6th (month); 24 = 6 (add 2 & 4); 1930 = 4 (add 1 & 9 = 10; drop the 0, 1 and 3 = 4). The 4 add up these three numbers: 6 & 6 = 12; 2 & 1 = 3; 3 & 4 = 7. The number 644 is added to get your natal number of 7.

Numerological Name Chart

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I
J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R
S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	

Each letter of your name corresponds to the number in the above chart. If your name is Alan Jones it comes out: (A) = 1; (n) = 5; (J) = 1; (o) = 7; (e) = 5; (s) = 1; (e) = 5; (n) = 5; (J) = 1; (o) = 7; (n) = 5; (e) = 5; (s) = 1; (e) = 5; (n) = 5. More in future columns. Address all correspondence to: Dr. Leo Louis Martello, c/o GAY, P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Station, N.Y. 10011.

SILENT MINORITY

Dear GAY:

Here's my six dollars for the first 13 issues of GAY.

Keep up the good work and we'll all be free one of these days.

How about an article now and then on how we of the "silent minority" can help support the gay community and back the cause?
Sincerely, J.W.
Arlington, Va. 22204

STOMP THOSE HIGH HEELS!

Ref: "Time's photo selector is incompetent. He came up with an already used photo from LIFE (1964) as a lead. A scene from STAIRCASE shows Harrison and Burton doing a freak dance, and an unnecessary photo plug for transvestites helps perpetuate the same tired old stereotypes."
... Lige and Jack

Gentlemen:

Your recent article about the TIME magazine coverage on homosexuality did to the transvestite, EXACTLY what you complained TIME has done to the "faggot"... pretending they did not exist, or should I say, hoping they did not exist.

Your objection to the pictures of drags being used as "an unnecessary plug for the transvestite", is typical of the "gay faggot's" attitude. That is one reason the homophile movement is so loosely held together. All you "piss-elegant" pseudo-intellectuals feel that ONLY you deserve the right to freedom

of expression, forgetting, or not caring that there are others of different persuasions.

To date the movement has done nothing for the "drag". We are no longer going to sit back and wait for you "faggots" to give US a little attention. We're going out and let people SEE us and Hear us! In Drag! Explaining to the public that we're not like the "gay faggot" anymore than you are like us!

You think you are being stereotyped! Well, so is the 'drag'. Not all drag Queens are the "loud" effeminate boys you see on 42nd street. (I'm not putting them down for flaunting their existence to the world to see, as it takes "guts" to do that!) Most drags are as masculine as you, and hold very good positions... with high salaries. We need good jobs to finance 3 wardrobes (straight, gay and drag). Your type is just as offensive, as those mentioned earlier, to the general public. When you walk down the street with your COCKS outlined by your tight trousers, or when you're sitting on "tearoom" toilet bowls wiggling your tongue, don't tell me you're not offending anyone. But I guess, YOU don't find that offensive.

I am now in the process of organizing the drags to help themselves and stop waiting for you faggots (incidentally, I AM using the term "faggot" in its most derogative definition, as I feel that those who feel superior to their own kind deserve the title!) I hope I have more success than the other organizations have had in the past. But, I have

no intention of sitting back and waiting for handouts from YOU or the straight society. WE DO EXIST! SO LIKE IT OR NOT... WE'RE GOING TO LIVE, TOO! You of all people should understand what prejudice is all about and stop dividing the movement by your lack of understanding of human nature.
Thank you.

Very truly yours,
Leo G. Brewster

[Ed. Note: We think the drag Queen doth protest too much. All we said was what you said in your third paragraph: "we're not like you anymore than you are like us!" —J.N.]

COLUMNIST COMPLIMENT

Dear Editors:

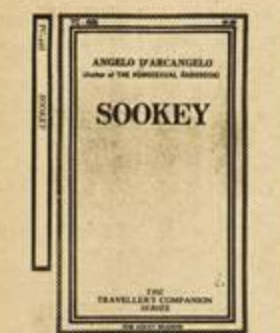
I wish to take this opportunity to compliment you on a job well done. Your newspaper GAY is just what the homosexual world has needed for quite sometime. You have gotten off to a good start. I hope that you continue along in the same way.

I intend to recommend your publication to my homosexual readers in my own column.

Yours sincerely,
Frank Dale

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.

SOOKEY IS SUPURB



BY HECTER SIMMS

SOOKEY (Traveller's Companion Series, \$1.95) is a short novel by Angelo D'Arcangelo, who also wrote THE HOMOSEXUAL HANDBOOK. The first adjective leaping into one's mind when trying to describe this book is beautiful. A beautiful book from a beautiful head.

This is a remarkable man. His talent is abundant and unmistakable. His way with words is the way of a more genteel lapidary than Laurence Durrell. His wit is sly, audacious, malevolent, and compassionate—and all with unerring accuracy. His evocation of color, feel, sound and fragrance, dwarfs even Pierre Louys. He is a superb craftsman.

SOOKEY is a treasure of unforgettable

portraits. This is not a mere tapestry or mosaic of intricately fitted pieces; it is a moving experience so kinetic and living that it more closely resembles a film than a book. One is reminded of other books, of other times and places and people in one's own life. One thinks of THE GALLERY, that wonderful book by John Horne Burns; of Paul Elek, Rimbaud, Mary Renault—and even Genet. D'Arcangelo resembles none of these, but he evokes cobweb memories of them. He is his own man all the way, but he is curious brother to them all.

One would not expect Fire Island to be the setting for anything of value, but here it is in all its incredible reality. Its ugliness, its beauty, its schizophrenic personality, its full spectrum of restless fauna. D'Arcangelo treats his reader to the sad, the loathsome, the touching, the hilarious, the everything of the types who inundate this homosexual resort each summer.

His Fire Island is both fascinating and repulsive, depicted with the graceful accuracy of a Florentine dagger. He neither condones nor condemns but simply allows the Island and its people to speak for themselves. That is devastating enough.

A gleaming but slender thread of story weaves through all the colorful fragments growing slowly and inexorably, exactly as it does in life. Whoever you are, you know one of these characters. The author tells you only enough to identify them as someone you know, or as you.

This collection of portraits is no less

than superb. It will not be easy to forget Bagley, Joyner and McClelland, Issak and General Gordon, Hadrian, or the lost and searching Sookiey. These portraits are not done with brush or charcoal; they are deeply etched with a diamond stylus to penetrate far below the subcutaneous tissue of fiction. These are not mere characters; they are people.

This reviewer has never met D'Arcangelo, but he has now learned enough about his head to be certain that it is together. However, not all his wit or occasional venom can hide the compassion, tenderness, and warmth which dwells there. He can pose as anything he wishes. He cannot hide his real self after having produced this book because nobody will ever again believe him. He is too beautiful to hide.

There is so much more one can say about SOOKEY, but it would be outrageous to deprive anyone of the pleasure of reading this book for himself. You are urged to rush right out and buy copies for yourself and anyone you really like. There is no possibility you will regret doing so. Unless your hearts are fashioned of chrome and your loins of granite, you will love this book. You might even start making reservations on Fire Island for next summer in the tender hope of finding your own Sookiey. You might even find this reviewer there doing the same thing.

One last word. Angelo D'Arcangelo, bravo for a fine book! It is hard to conceive that your next one will be even better, but it probably will be.

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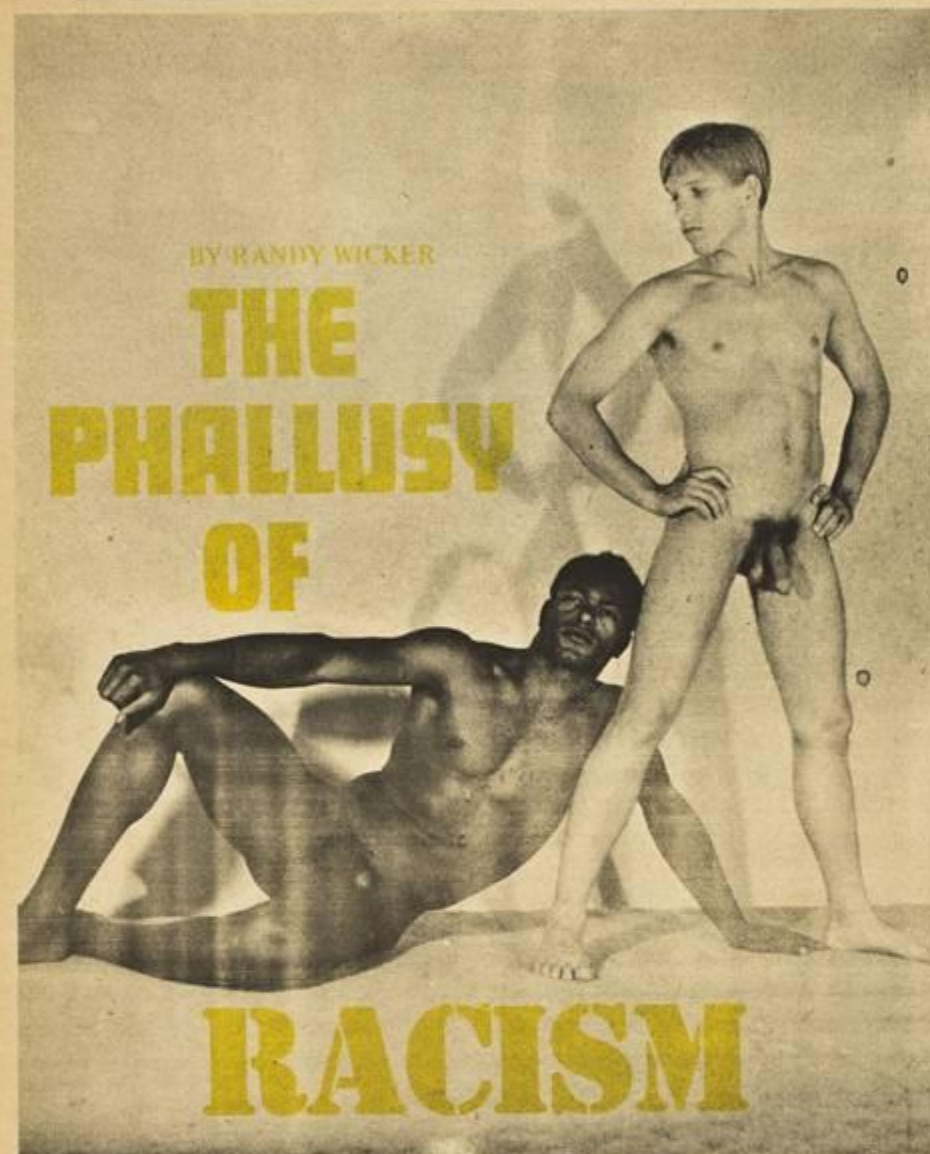
CATERING - Gentleman, 40, would like to hear from well to do gentleman with taste for fine food and a gay friend after 12:30 midnight. Manhattan, East Side. 690

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BY RANDY WICKER

THE PHALLUSY OF RACISM

RACISM

We're not going through a racial crisis today, just a sexual one. Let's face it, our minds may rest between our ears but our truer selves sit on that arch over our thighs. So, for just this once, let's talk honestly and frankly about our sweetmeat desires, frustrations and fears. Does the Ku Klux Klan take up arms against black men or against the imagined or threatened transgressions of black cock? Does the suburban housewife fear integration or penetration by the larger, darker phallus? Do white heterosexual males feel threatened by the black man's larger cock? After all, even heterosexual males share that homosexual mystique of "the bigger, the better."

However, such may not be the case with women, since a little cock properly applied can set any clit to singing. And since neither sex has a sensitive clit at either opening to insure satisfaction, Mother Nature should be reprimanded.

Let's face it, size is more important in oral and anal intercourse. Orally, you just have to have something to get excited about, all choked up on, to shed tears of joy over. Anally, size insures a better massage for the prostate and other vitals.

The psychologist Jung postulated a theory that mankind shared a "collective memory of the species" and that this provided the basis for much of what was considered instinctual. Such a theory would explain the universal male mythology of "the bigger, the better." Subconsciously every male knows how penetration orally or anally feels. Therefore, most straight males, especially very rigid non-swinging types, feel threatened by better endowed males. The southern racist assuages this fear by castrating his Negro victims.

Now, I'm not saying George Wallace wants to take it up the ass from Cassius Clay, I'm just suggesting he's suppressing his innate subconscious desire to do so.

Actually, sexual attraction between the races should be considered a positive force in an otherwise sordid social situation. Because of a cultivated taste for black pussy rampant among our slave-owning forefathers, it's nearly impossible to find a pureblooded black today. Another twenty generations of increasing civil rights and this nation will look great year round without cooptone.

Blonds used to be my romantic ideal but experience has helped me liberate my tastes. I've crossed the color line so often

in bed that sometimes I feel part white liberal, part Zebra.

It may be my hybrid, hi-fellating ways which cause me to prefer white and brown boys to black ones. Romantically, I suspect I usually end up hung up on a caucasian cutie because there are fewer social barriers, fewer hang-ups.

But when I go scouting, I try to leave no desirable trick unturned. Trouble is, occasionally I meet a groovy black boy who really is great in the sack but before we're through getting acquainted as individuals, society's racial hang-ups intrude.

We'd probably understand society at large a little better, if we'd only examine our own racial and sexual fantasies a little more carefully.

One accomplished and talented cocknocker told me that every time he went down on a spade he felt he was doing his small part to alleviate the injustices of discrimination. Another acquaintance confessed that every time he got blown by a black number, he fantasized he was just a southern planter laying back and "collecting his due" from his servant boy. Another friend insists that blacks are more passionate, more erotic, have better throat control and deeper mouths.

The latter reminds me of one black boy I balled who couldn't wait to dispell the idea that "all white men like to be fucked by black guys" by telling me: "A lot of batch caucasians like to be on the giving end." Maybe there aren't any consistent racial sexual fantasies, just hodgepodes of opinionated personal projections.

While cavorting with homosexual blacks, I've only been really offended once. Once when I popped into a locker at a turkish bath with a handsome Negro fella and was doing my humble best to please, he put a real damper on the event by becoming verbally racist and commanding: "Suck that big black cock."

Of course, people's sexual problems can't always be categorized into such simple black and white definitions. One heterosexual acquaintance was very repressed sexually. He was attracted only to black girls, usually prostitutes, whom he looked down on as "real filth" for balling with him. It was hard to tell where his repression ended and his racism began.

Ugly situations can sometimes involve elements of both race and sex. In prison, forcible male rape between heterosexual whites and heterosexual blacks becomes a way of putting each other down, a type of sexual sadism. Some racial folklore may be worldwide. For instance, in Trinidad, a nearby all black island, all white men are suspected of being "bullas", the local term for homosexual.

American black racists the uptight heterosexual variety like to make the same allegations. But apparently, racial sexual myths sometimes work both ways. For instance, in *DOWN THESE MEAN STREETS* by Phil Thomas, our real life recollection goes like this:

"Ah was about sixteen years old. Ah was coming down the bus and heading home and two motherfucking crackers were comin' toward me. One yelled out 'Hey nigger, what yo' ass you?' An' Ah smiled and smiled clear down to my ass, jus' like Momma said Ah should. Man, Ah almost tore my ass off. Ah wagged it so hard."

"One of the white boys," he continued, "put his hand on my hair and rubbed it ju' like he musta done a thousand times to one of his dogs, an' then he winked at the other white boy and said, 'You know, John, I bet heah's one of them good nigras. Ain't you boy?'"

"Ah said through a smile, 'Yassul.'"

"'An' bein' a good nigma, you-all won't mind doin' a favor for us...'"

"Guess not, suh."

"Fine, fine. Jus' take your pants down an' we Jus' do a li' corn-holin' with you all."

The incident concludes with Brew refusing "Cose Ah'm a man." He beats up his propositioners and then flees North Carolina for Newark, New Jersey.

Those who become unduly pessimistic about the future of racial and sexual relations, however, may be letting the local newscasts run away with them. Take a spin to a racially-mixed environment like Puerto Rico where there are fifty shades of people and no one draws a line sharply because they realize there isn't much of one to draw.

For that matter, take a trip to Puerto Rico, period! You'll find a sex-obsessed island abounding with big cocks (most of which are available in one fashion or another) and sunny dispositions. It's a nice retreat from the cold sterile anti-sexual racist environment of our northern latitudes. Down there even the darkest boys smile more.

Smile back and you're on your way!!

un, do not walk, away from whatever theatre may be playing COMING APART. Awarded the famous Brass Bidet by the Society for Intercolonic Joy, this bit of highly touted hackwork astounds all with its artistic aridity and pretentious malarkey.

Rip Torn, who gives the best performance of his thoroughly undistinguished career, impersonates a bitter, aging, weightlifting, old queen, with an abiding loathing for women. (So fat so bad.) Motivated by nothing more than boredom and badly-filled jockey shorts, he pretends to psychoanalyze a series of actresses.

These actresses improvise a great many "scenes". Various emotions are touched upon, but avoided in favor of incessant improvisation. Torn too, improvises, from time to time.

As a real buffo, super-whammo idea-thing, the camera which records the improvisations of the actors, is supposed to be concealed in a "kinetic art-work". Where? On the cocktail table, teenagers! Can't that be? God! And when those actors get down to improvising not knowing it's there, why, it's hair-raising. It isn't entertainment, but it's hair-raising.

Lowlights include Viveca Lindfors the Nazimova of the two-day run stalling about improvising. She and Torn scream a lot and improvise "relating".

Another lowlight must be the debut of Billy Kirkland. Known in New York for the virtuoso shrimping, S.K. gambled her life for this appearance in this film in which she pantomimes various sexual acts. Between pantomimes she talks, "Volates" and spits. Unfortunately for her there was neither time nor money, or possibly no "motivation" to take care of her obvious dry-cleaning needs.

Eventually, this unattractive homosexual with a yen for yenta actresses, invites some other actors and

COMING APART IS NOT TOGETHER



actresses over, and they improvise his idea of a heterosexual orgy. I must simply say of these unsanitary "Improvs", no! no! Heterosexuality is not that dull. Groucho Marx, had he been cast as the psychoanalyst—one of his stock impersonations—could have elevated the tone of the proceedings. Instead of a ludicrous little bedroom farce, which would have been preferable, we have instead (due to bad casting) freudian tapia.

I almost forgot: there was a female impersonator at the orgy. Alas, he was so good or so bad?—There was some difficulty in distinguishing which of the actors or actresses he or she was.

But I noted with some interest a curious resemblance between Rip Torn and Morris Charnovski. Not only do they strikingly resemble one another physically, they share the same, aesthetic shortsighted squint. Charnovski's malady can be defined as the inability to recognize the intent of an author's script. He plays Shylock as though Shakespear's play was *Shylock* and not *The Merchant of Venice*. He does not realize that the play is a comedy and Shylock is a comic figure not unlike one of Groucho Marx's mad doctors.

And Torn, too, has misread his script. If indeed there was a written script for this film, the character he misinterpreted was mediocre, but perennial; the classic monomaniacal charm boy, with impotency fears. Mama's boy massaging his salami in the closet, too afraid to enjoy women because they are all like mother and too inhibited to turn to men. Ergo the pseudo sex; ergo the big female humiliation bit. A subject suited to comedy. For the best examples of this role, check Moliere, Shaw and Lope de Vega.

Verdict? Well, it might be interesting provided it were dubbed in Slavonic.

Joseph Bush

(continued from page 3)

"Gay is Good, and we should be free to enjoy the rights of 'straight' society," stated Koreen Phelps, FREE's advisor in an interview to *The Minneapolis Star*. We want to educate the people. We encourage our members to tell their parents—not to lash out at them, but to help parents understand the problem." Miss Phelps believes that homosexual students would find it easier to disclose homosexuality to parents with a group behind them. "If parents really love their children, they will accept them as they are," she added.

Jack Baker, 27, a first-year law student and president of FREE, said that the purpose of the group was not to recruit people to be gay, but "to help gay people live with themselves as they are." The FREE spokesman also added that, "A lot of us are tired of the bar scene, and pointed out that "gay bar mentality" led up to the formation of FREE. "It's strictly liquor and sex. We need a place where homosexuals and lesbians could meet as people with the lights on and no alcohol involved."

FREE will continue to sponsor gatherings and intends to bring homosexual dancing to campus-wide dances.

SOCIOLOGISTS VOTE YES ON HOMOSEXUAL RIGHTS

San Francisco, Calif. "Whereas members of the homosexual minority constitute an oppressed people in academic as well as non-academic environs, insofar as when their sexual preferences are discovered by university officials, faculty and students suffer economic

reprisals by the loss of tenure, scholarships, etc., as well as suffering other reprisals in the form of arrests, blacklisting and other forms of intimidation; and Whereas these reprisals constitute direct oppression of this minority group and violate all rights—professional, academic and human—and freedoms; Be it resolved that the American Sociological Association condemns the firing, taking economic sanctions and other oppressive action against any persons for reasons of sexual preference."

This resolution was passed and adopted by an overwhelming majority of the membership of the business meeting of the American Sociological Association at the Hilton Hotel. And thus, history (and progress) was made in the struggle for the rights of Sexual Freedom. It was the first time in the history of American scholarship that such a professional association has taken a stand in favor of homosexual rights, and the right of all persons to freedom of choice in sexual matters.

The presentation of the resolution was made with the endorsement of the Sociology Liberation Movement and the Ad-Hoc Committee for Homosexual Rights of the S. L. M. by the Right Reverend Michael F. Itkin, Ph. D. Dr. Itkin is Bishop of the Evangelical Catholic Communion and Fellow of the Society for Social Psychology.

STRAIGHT COUPLE CHALLENGES sodomy law

Dallas, Texas. In a direct response to a suit filed by Alvin Leon Buchanan, a homosexual, who asserts that the sodomy law of the state of Texas is unconstitutional (and therefore unlawful), the

Federal Court in Dallas decided that in Buchanan's case there were not sufficient grounds to declare the law invalid. The three-judge panel concluded its decision by strongly indicating that there could only be a valid case provided that a heterosexual married couple challenged the statute. It has been reported that following upon the heels of the Buchanan case, a husband and wife have filed an injunction against the statute.

But what will ensue as a result of this couple's action is anybody's guess at this time. Whatever the proceedings, it's almost certain they will be just less than spectacular considering the statements of Attorney General Charles Parrett who told the Federal Court that, "We have a problem if a married person challenges the state law," and Judge Irving Goldberg, (one of the presiding judges), who said that the state law may have an "unconstitutional statute which no one is going to come in and ask to declare unconstitutional."

Attorney Henry McCluskey, Jr., who represented Buchanan, argues that the state's sodomy law "denies homosexuals their rights to be treated as their heterosexual equals, a violation of the right of equal protection under the 14th Amendment of the U.S. Constitution." This point, no doubt, referred to the district attorney's office who claimed that the statute "does not confine itself to homosexuals, but operated with equal force to all persons..."

Indicted twice this year for sodomy and convicted and sentenced to a five-year prison term, Buchanan is seeking to enjoin the Dallas police force from harassment of homosexuals. The suit alleged unlawful police surveillance of certain men's rooms in Dallas, and named as defendants: Police Chief Charles Batchelor; District Attorney Henry Wade; and vice-squad officers Delm Cole and Earl Gage. The suit also states that nothing in the state law excludes it from applying to private sexual acts between all consenting adults, including married couples.

SEX LAW REFORMS PROPOSED IN HAWAII

Honolulu, Hawaii. Although Hawaii was one of the last states admitted to the Union, it seems very likely that it will soon become the third (Illinois and Connecticut are the first two) to reform anti-homosexual laws. The American Law Institute formula—that homosexuality practiced in private by adults no longer be against the law—has been recommended for adoption by Judge Masato Doi, head of the Penal Revision Project in Hawaii.

The trend in American law is definitely toward removing such statutes prohibiting freedom of sexual practices, feels Don Gelber, principal draftsman for the project. Mr. Gelber went on to say that, "For those who feel that the conduct (homosexuality) represents an abnormality or sickness, there are other community influences such as medicine and religion which should be more appropriate."

Presently a felony in Hawaii, sodomy can bring up to 20 years and a \$1,000 fine if the defendant is found guilty. However, two misdemeanor statutes, lewd and lascivious conduct, and dressing to deceive, are the ones most commonly used in homosexual prosecutions. "I am a Boy" buttons are now being worn by transvestites in compliance with the "dressing to deceive" law which requires men dressed as women to wear a sign declaring that they are male. However, the proposed code would omit such a provision, unless the purpose was for prostitution.

Members of the Penal Revision Project noted that the present laws encourage blackmail in a percentage equal to that of homosexual arrests.

GAY IS GREAT



Last year, John Doe was so paranoid about being gay that he refused to sing, "Don we now our GAY apparel. Tra la la la la la la la." But this year he's a new man! He not only sings this carol, but he shouts GAY especially loud so that everyone gets his message. What is his message? No, not that gay, stupid, but that GAY'S gay. It's full of joy, success, and dignity. It's crammed with lots of news on fronts from here to Amsterdam. Its got the nation's best gay writers on its staff, and a few hip straight ones too, and it's full of fine vibrations for 1970! If you are one of the "new" homosexuals, the sort of fellow who'll stand up and be counted in the war

against sloppy old-fashioned thinking, you'll want to subscribe to GAY right away. And don't forget that some of your friends will dig it as your season's gift, too! It's the most thoughtful present you can give if you really like'em!

Edited by Lige and Jack, GAY includes such notables as Dick Leitsch, Angelo d'Arcangelo, Robert Amsel, Randolph Wicker, Stephen Kaiso, Ian J. Tree, Lily Hansen, Dr. Leo Louis Martello, Aunti Butch, and many others. Paranoids will be relieved to know that it arrives in a plain brown envelope, first class. Step into the 70's with a shiny new outlook. Subscribe now! GAY is good!

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