Gay

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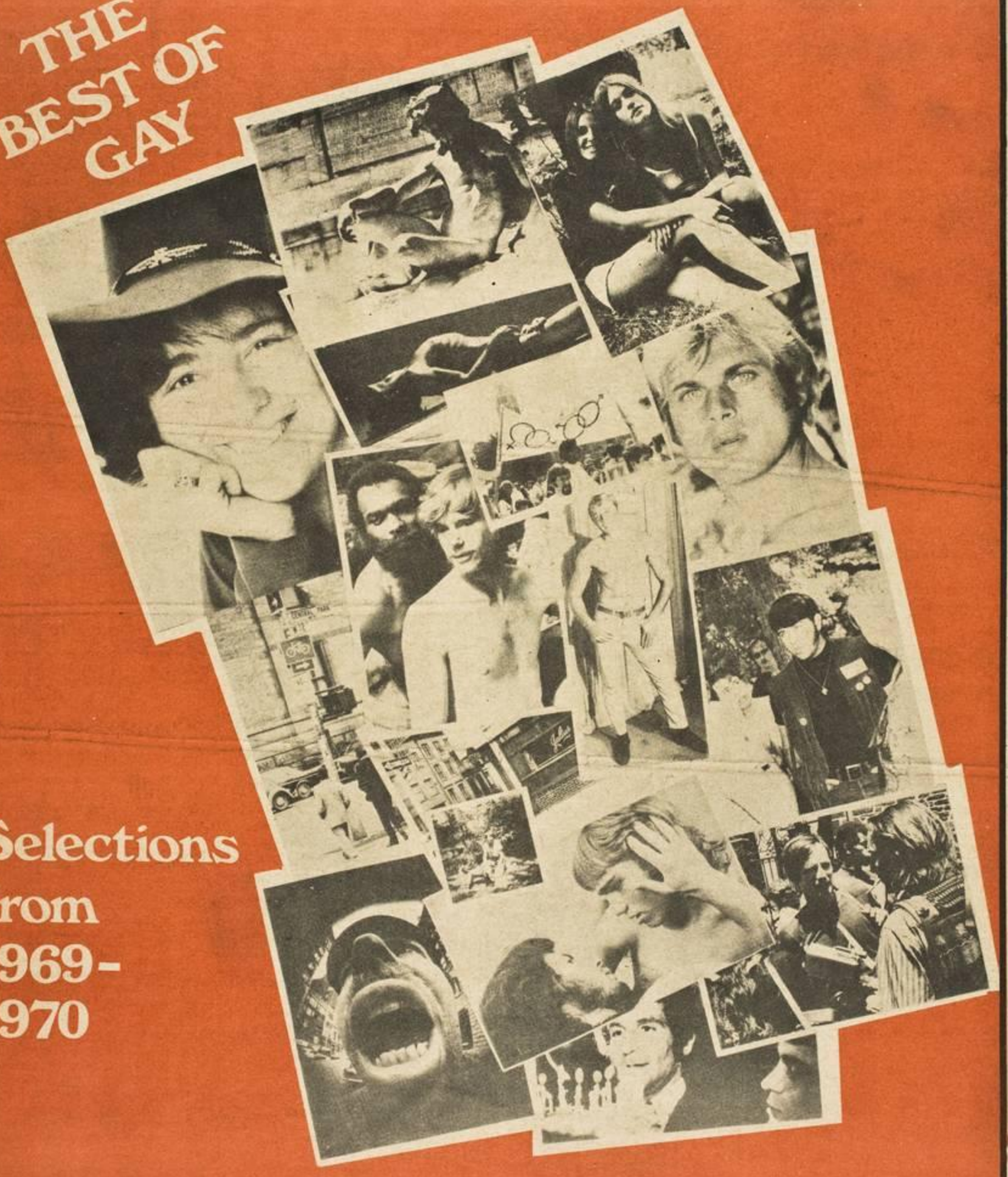
Vol.2 Issue 41

THE BEST OF GAY



Selections from 1969-1970

WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT?
A Directory for Discriminating Dispositions

GAY CALENDAR

GAY COMMUNITY
CELEBRATION
OF
LOVE AND LIFE

THURSDAY

December 24th

Assemble at Sheridan
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BEST BETS

(Symbols include GM for genital males, GF for genital females, Int. for integrated straight and gay. It is suggested that you telephone certain bars on Friday and Saturday nights to determine minimum or cover, since policies fluctuate.)

Let's turn MANHATTAN into an Isle of Joy:

A Woman's Place, 29½ Cornelia St., Village. Fri. & Sat. Coffeehouse from 6:00 p.m. till midnight. Womens' books, crafts. GF

Barn, 26 Ninth Ave.; back room policy. GM

Barrell Inn, 568 9th Ave. (btwn 41st & 42nd). The old "Kelly's" of 45th St. reopened on 9th Ave. Need we say more? GM

Beaded Bag, 1st Ave. btwn 52nd & 53rd Sts. Chubby Chasers GM

Brother Moe's, 1643 1st Ave. (btwn 85th & 86th). Old fashioned, quaint surroundings. A pool table. Friendly. GM

Candy Store, 44 W 56th; jackets and tie exc. Sun. GM

***Carnival**, 507 West St. at Jane, above Tool Box; back room GM

Carr's, 104 W. 10th St. GM

***Christopher's End**, 180 Christopher; you never know what to expect at the door these days—or in the back room GM

Cinderella, 82 W. 3rd; dancing GF, GM

Country Cousin 1313 Third Ave.; restaurant

Danny's 139 Christopher; a little leathery GM

Danny's of Palisades, 771 Palisade Ave., Cliffside Park, N.J. Open till 3 a.m., 4 a.m. Saturdays. GM

Den, Little W. 12th & Washington; a lot leathery GM

Fabulous, 177 East 84th St. Large discotheque, games. Movies. Open 9 p.m. till 9 a.m. GM

Fedora, 239 W. 4th; restaurant; Int.

Finale, 48 Barrow; restaurant; uptight about the idea of advertising in gay press, but very gay, though. Int.

Five Oaks 49 Grove; restaurant GF, GM

Four Seasons 99 E. 52nd; restaurant; bar cruisy at cocktail hr. especially now that the season begins; Int.

GLF Coffee House, 210 W. 82nd; rapping from 4:00 p.m. to 1:00 a.m. Sundays GF, GM

Gianni's, 53 W. 19th; restaurant GF

Ginger Man, 51 W. 64th; restaurant to the Lincoln Center trade; Int.

Gold Bug, 85 W. 3rd; dancing in black light GM

Goldfarb, T. 7th Ave. at Bleecker; restaurant GM

Good Table, 45 Lexington Ave.; restaurant, Int.

Harry's Back East, 1422 3rd Ave.; out-of-towner's spa GM

***Hades** Jane St. at West, downstairs; private after hours with back room GM

Haven, 1 Sheridan Sq.; private, after hours, fruit juice and dancing club where the young gather; advertised as Unisex.

Hippadrome, Ave A btwn 10th & 11th Sts.; GM

Keller's, 384 West St. near Barrow; rather leathery GM

Kookie's, 149 W. 14th GF

Luv Cage, 4th W. of 6th Ave., upstairs; private, after hours GF

Magic Garbage Can, 400 W. 14th St., Back room elevatorbar, roomy. Dancing GM

Mary Dugan's, 240 W. 72nd St. Plastic flowers set the tone of a new atmosphere. GM

Piccadilly Pub, 324 Amsterdam Ave. (btwn W. 75th & 76th). Open from 4 p.m. till 4 a.m. A new bar with your host, Munch. Cocktail hour: 4 p.m. to 7 p.m. GM

Roundtable, 151 E. 50th; mad dancing to wild rock and the best cruising south of **Harry's**, probably the most representative cross section of gays in town GF, GM

Royal Roost, Cornelia nr. Bleecker; restaurant GM

Scotland Yard, 146 West 4th St. Dancing, pool, BYOB. Private membership. 8 p.m. till 7 a.m. Int.

Stage Forty-Five, 305 E. 45th; dancing, where Black *is* Beautiful GM

Stud, Greenwich St. at Perry. Fifty cent beers, crowds, roomy GM

Tenth of Always, 82 W. 3rd; private and after hours GM

The Eagle 11th Ave. & 21st St. The latest word in Leather-Western bars GM

Tool Box, 507 West St. at Jane GM

Tor, 21 Greenwich Ave.; sidewalk cafe; Int.

Triangle, 34 9th Ave. GM

Troubador btwn 58th & 59th on 1st Ave. GM

Uncle Charlie's, 1049 Lexington GM

Victor's Quarters, 984 2nd Ave. GM

Willie's West Side, 224 W. 82nd (off B'dwy.). Dancing. Free buffet supper at cocktail hour late Sunday afternoon GM

Wine Cellar, 531 Hudson; restaurant; Int.

Yukon, 140 E. 53rd; restaurant resumes serving sometime in Sept.; jacket required, no tie GM

***Zodiac Downtown**, upstairs above **Den**; one up on the back room bar. It provides orgy facilities with windows wide open onto warehouse rooftops! GM

Zodiac Uptown, 1487 1st Ave.; dancing GF, GM

***Zoo**, 421 W. 13th; the original bar-with-back room and cause celebre of the spring now seems to be in the autumn of its existence GM

As Winter winds blow, to N.Y. steambaths go:

Beacon Baths, 227 E. 45th; go in the main entrance and take the elevator to the 11th floor; still a best buy GM (see ad)

The Club North, 49 Broadway, Newark, N.J. (telephone 201-484-4848). Clean. Modern. Cozy dorm. GM (see ad)

Continental Baths, 230 W. 74th; first tubs in N.Y. to have any class, they are now so with it that they present "lounge acts" on weekends! GM (see ad)

Everard, 28 W. 28th; For those who like dingy chicken coops. A fine steamroom tho GM

St. Mark's Baths, St. Mark's Pl. Cleanups and paint have made a difference. On the upswing. Longhaired East Villagers GM

Sauna Baths and Health Club, 300 W. 58th; between 4:30 and 5:30 in the afternoon, this is where you'll find the businessmen coming in to knock off a piece before going home to Scarsdale GM

In WASHINGTON, D.C.
avoid White House socials and go to the:

Caroll's Tavern 9th St. btwn E & F Sts., N.W. A little bit of Wheeling, West Virgina in the nation's capital. GM

Club Baths East II, 20 "O" St., S.E. Telephone (202) 547-9631. Clean, modern, healthy atmosphere. GM

1832, at 1832 Columbia Rd., N.W. GM

Georgetown Grill, Wisconsin Ave. near O St., N.W. Intimate seating arrangements. GM

Hideaway, 9th St. & Penna. Ave., N.W. Dancing. A large rathskeller under the Hickory House restaurant. **GAY**'s editors met here in 1964. GM

Johnny's, 8th St., S.E. 1½ blks. south of Penna. Ave. Famous for maintaining elaborate Xmas decorations year-round. A congenial spot. Piano; singalongs. GM

JoAnna's, 8th St., S.E. 1½ blks. south of Penna. Ave. A swinging place for women. GF

Loon's, 1720 H St., N.W. Used to be "The Chicken Hut." One of the nation's oldest bars, where Howard, the pianist (who died two years ago) made himself a legend as a bridge between generations. Today there is still a pianist. A place for lovers. GM

Louis', 9th St. & Penna. Ave., N.W. Park your motorcycle at the door. GM

Naples Cafe, N.Y. Ave. & 13th St. Bus station crowd. Hustlers. Trade. Hillbilly juke box. GM

Pier 9, 1824 Half St., S.W. Dancing under strobes. Telephones for communication btwn tables. Off the beaten track, but worth the hunt. Washington's largest bar, whose 70's splendor few spots can match! Cover on weekends. GM

Plus One, 529 8th St., S.E. Dancing. Fine food. One of the city's largest and most tastefully decorated night spots. Not to be missed. GM

Victoria Station, 14th & 1, N.W. Where black is beautiful. A swinging spot. Cruisy. GM

Mr. Z's Lounge, 407 11th St., N.W., Intimate atmosphere, dancing. Free fried chicken every Tues. Spaghetti & salad, $1.00 on Thurs. GM

NEW BATH TO OPEN

BY JOHN P. LeROY

A new bath-house will be opening late in January or early February called the Club Baths at 24 First Avenue in Manhattan. It promises luxury, opulence, comfort, convenience and safety. Tucked between a funeral parlor and a grocery store on New York's lower east side, the building has been a bath-house since the turn of the century. It was remodeled after world War II and known as Gordon's baths. Bill, Nick, and Ritchie, the owners, have invested over $300,000 and three years of hard work, bought the four-story building and restructured the interior completely. When completed, the Club Baths will have a capacity of 250, including 50 private rooms, 50 walk-in lockers, and 50 gym lockers.

As one enters the freshly painted green building with black shutters, stained wood letters on brass-studded front doors will inform the most experienced bathhound that this is no ordinary place. The front registration office is to be enclosed in a bullet-proof shatter-proof glass, similar to that used by large banks, making it virtually impossible for any intruder to get at the cash or valuables.

As you enter the main lobby, an aura of quiet tasteful elegance will welcome you. Brick walls, earth-colored deluxe carpeting, a tremendous brass antique chandelier, tropical plants, male statuary, U.S. Plywood's finest paneling, and several shades of marble are only a few of the features. Complete air conditioning throughout and a Seeberg music system will further enhance the over-all sense of luxury.

But it won't stop there. When you get to your room, you'll find a walnut fixture instead of the usual naked light bulb, a marble table, a walnut headboard, a foam-rubber mattress, a pillow stuffed with goose-down, and extra heavy-duty partitioning to assure greater privacy. In addition to the usual towel, you will be given a specially designed sarong made of a stain-resistant fabric and lined with terry cloth, with a print of an orgy scene which will also be The Club's trademark.

Should you wish to take a shower, steam bath, or sauna, you will find in the basement an octagonal carousel shower with one shower head on each face of the octagon, behind which is to be located a two-chambered steam room, one for hot, the other for very hot, each with multi-tiers. High grade tile, plexiglass, black marble, and earth-colored ceramics will make up the decor, and the most up-to-date plumbing will keep everything continuously operating. To my knowledge, the only whirlpool bath swimming pool fed by natural springs from an underground artesian well will assure a steady supply of pure preheated water in which to bathe with maximum refreshment. A carpeted sauna with cedar paneling completes the bathing facilities.

Upstairs, a T.V. room with a color set, adjoined by a dormitory section done up in futuristic arches out of "2001" with silver mylar walls will be available for those who feel so inclined. In the late spring and summer, a backyard patio will be opened up for outdoor relaxation, together with a fine restaurant. Meanwhile, refreshments on vending machines will always be offered. Bill, Nick, and Ritchie have taken care to locate their baths in a neighborhood where the relationship between the police and the gay community is generally good. In addition, the building is completely fireproof and the standards of construction have been on so high a level that the most gratt-hungry inspectors will be powerless. Furthermore, because the building has been used as a bath-house for over fifty years, and has been licensed as such, multiple licensing is unnecessary. The place cannot be closed down if people stay overnight and it is not licensed as a hotel, nor can it be closed because it serves food, but does not have a restaurant permit. And since there is no landlord, a high rental overhead is avoided. The savings obtained from this arrangement have made possible the hiring of separate attendants and maintenance people. Your room attendant will not be doing the heavy cleaning, giving him more time to serve you.

The best news of all is that, for New York at least, the prices will be low to moderate: $7.50 for private room, $5.50 for walk-in locker, and $3.50 for half-locker. Students can get in for half price. The only limit is the time, eight hours with $1 surcharge for each hour overdue. The subway entrance is only half a block away, thereby making it easy to return again and again.

EDITORIAL



Lige & Jack

GAY wishes for all of its subscribers and readers the very happiest holiday season.

After all of the darts we've aimed at organized religion, it may seem peculiar that we should now ignore consistency to say some kind words about the Christmas spirit. But if those of us who are labeled "homosexuals" don't stand up for Christmas, who will?

We shouldn't be too eager to put the "X" back into Xmas. Madison Avenue and Wall Street have been trying to do so for many years. To follow their lead is to "sheepin" ourselves. After all, its too easy to put Christmastime down, particularly if you're inclined as we are to Zen Buddhism. It's easy, after you've gotten bumped around in a Macy's crowd to say "Piss on Christmas," just as it's easy to confuse Scrooge with Nixon, or to get fuckered out when you've got an armfull of packages and there's not one taxi in sight.

But there's another side to Christmastime. Once a year it calls to you to think about others—your friends—your closest relatives. It may be asking too much of frail mankind that everyone should think of them all-year round. Generally speaking, the human race isn't quite up to such splendid feats. Too many of us groan under the "strain" of this yearly "obligation."

How can you invest your heart this year? How can you recapture the oldtime joy? By assuring those who have enriched your life that they do have a special meaning for you; let them know how very much they are appreciated.

We live for only a few short years on this cold, confusing, and squalid little planet. Human comradeship is one of the few bright fires at which we may warm ourselves.

You don't have to believe the Christian dogmas to dig the Christmas spirit. We take turns celebrating the birth of the Sun God (a festival celebrated in Ancient Rome on which Christmas was originally based) with the birth of Lao Tzu, a suave Chinese philosopher born 600 years before Christ. Lao Tzu was conceived by a shooting star and carried for 62 years in his mother's womb before he saw the light of day. He was born with grey hair. If you can believe that, you can accept the "virgin" birth too! Humbug.

THIS ISSUE OF GAY

This issue of GAY *contains selections of the newspaper's most provocative writings during its first year of publishing. We hope that it will recall for you some of 1970's highlights, and remind you, perhaps, to tell friends and acquaintences about* GAY.

May 1971 bring you increased enlightenment, joy, friendships, and serenity.

Lige & Jack

GAY

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Dec. 20—3 pm—2 CHRISTMAS PLAYS. "The 2nd Shepard," "Christmas"

Dec 24—Christmas Eve MIDNIGHT SERVICE "Blessing of the Crib"

Dec. 26—(pm—Combined Christmas-Chanukah Dance in the Parish Hall

Jan 3—1:30 pm—Cycle Week Blessing of Motor Bike Club

BOSTON'S BOHEMIAN BLUEBLOOD

BY RANDOLFE WICKER

AN IMMODEST INTERVIEW WITH A HAPPY OLD MAN



At the foot of Boston's fashionable Beacon Hill, not far from the Massachusetts State House, lives Prescott Townsend, an elderly Boston blueblood who happens to be both a homosexual and a bohemian.

Prescott's home, a narrow brick building dating back to 1810, snuggles between three or four equally ancient structures clustered together at the terminus of a block-long, car-cluttered 'private way' called Lindall Place. His house, like those of his neighbors, has seen better days. Once a four story family residence, it has long since been converted into a rooming house.

Prescott's car can usually be found parked among the dozen or so vehicles which sometimes completely fill the narrow street that passes beneath a train tressle just a few feet from his door. It's a battered 1951 Buick, its mashed-in trunk held shut with wire, its upholstery ragged and soiled, its seats and floorboards obscured by auto parts, dirty rags, gasoline cans, rumpled maps, yellowing newspapers and similar items of value.

As a young man, P.T. (as his friends address him) was one of Boston's most dashing figures. In *Boston and the Boston Legend*, Lucius Beebe describes him as "a rangy youth" who was "a constant associate" of Elliot Paul, "the Hill's most authentic Bohemian." "Townsend," Beebe wrote, "was, perhaps, the only strictly solvent member of the early Bohemians of '22 and '23. He emerged from Harvard Law School, possessed and wore a raccoon skin coat that was the envy of Cedar Street, and could talk informatively on any given subject for the space it required his auditor to consume precisely a quart of gin."

Since graduating from Harvard in 1918, P.T.'s life has been both varied and unusual. He was one of the founders of the Barn Theater, second outdoor theater in America, where playwrights such as Eugene O'Neill first presented their works.

On a trip to Mexico he uncovered some huge toltic stone heads in the forests of Rio Blanco and a new species of salamander which was subsequently named after him, 'Oedipus Townsendentis.'

Prescott has always enjoyed building things and during the past fifteen years has built three bungalows on his property in Provincetown with driftwood, ship beams and other materials he salvaged from the sea.

During one of his recent visits to New York City, we cornered P.T. and taped an interview on the anxiety-provoking subject of facing old age as a homosexual. The highlights of our talk follow. Prescott Townsend, despite his age and eccentricities, has something important to say to each of us.

R.W.

WICKER: Let's talk about being gay, growing older and still staying happy. Tell me, Mr. Townsend, how old are you and how long have you been gay?

TOWNSEND: I'm 75 years old. I was born on June 24, 1894, within five hours of King Edward VIII, in a horse & buggy age.

WICKER: How long have you been involved in the so-called "gay" life?

TOWNSEND: I came out at the age of nineteen.

WICKER: Let's see, that was around 1913. Did gay life in those days resemble homosexual society of today? For instance, where there gay clubs and the like?

TOWNSEND: Oh no, there were no such things. Everything was very much undercover. 'Homosexuality' was unmentionable, nobody ever mentioned it. They even avoided saying the word. In those days, even in colleges they were just beginning to read Freud and discuss things like the Oedipus complex.

There were no gay bars at all. The first gay bar was in the back of the Waldorf during Prohibition. It wasn't even a bar, it was just a place where we congregated. The first real gay bar came into existence during the middle thirties in Scollay Square. I remember it well. We all started to dance together and everything, and I thought it was wonderful.

Prohibition was still in effect of course, so we always had someone posted at the door. One night while I was working the door, I looked out and there, to my amazement, stood both the Governor and the Mayor.

"Stillpalm! No more moving!" I yelled. That meant "put the liquor away" and "no more dancing."

Then the Governor and the Mayor came in. It was wonderful. They said: "Never mind us boys. Go on, we just wanted to see what it was like." Then, a couple of minutes later, they thanked us for letting them watch and left.

After repeal, Boston's first 'public' gay bar was opened by a fellow and his wife. He was an influential member of the Liquor Dealers' Association and he educated the liquor dealers on the subject generally. I think that is one of the main reasons why we don't have any real harassment of gay bars in Boston even today. He and his wife are still in business, by the way, and their original gay bar is still in business.

After that, a few more clubs opened—including one for girls and a private social club for students and younger people. At the private club, you had to sign up at the door and take out a so-called membership at the door.

WICKER: During the nineteen-teens and the nineteen-twenties, did there seem to be as many gay people, percentagewise, as there are today?

TOWNSEND: I think there were very few gay fellows at Harvard during the time I attended school there. I only knew one other fellow in my class, he and I came out together. But that was probably because I didn't recognize them.

WICKER: Were homosexuals more guilt laden during those days than they are today?

TOWNSEND: I don't know. I didn't ever feel guilty. I wasn't guilt laden but I was very frightened. I wanted so much to meet someone, and I still regret one time when a very attractive fellow tried to pick me up and because I was scared, I didn't take him home.

I had my first experience at nineteen but after that I really didn't have any more contacts during the World War. Becoming involved in gay life was a slow process for me because I was so busy going out to dances with girls and working hard on my studies. My brothers before me had been very active with girls socially. Because of this and because I was in the social register, I was always being drawn into things.

WICKER: Getting back to the subject of aging, at what age did you realize that you were really getting to be an older person?

TOWNSEND: Well, when I turned sixty, I said to myself, "I must be getting older even though I still feel the same as I did at twenty. I think I'll join the age center and find out how older people feel." I was questioned for 30 hrs. on my life and habits.

And so, I began to become interested in older people even though I didn't consider myself old. Even now, I don't consider myself old, because I believe in intergenerational contacts.

WICKER: Did you notice any changes earlier. For instance, around thirty-five or forty did you find making out was harder, or that your potency or sexual urges were very much on the decline?

TOWNSEND: I've always had a hard time making out because I am so conservative. I've generally had one friend who I kept for a long time. One friend lived with me for twenty-five years. We agreed never to be jealous of one another and we never were. He still comes around to see me oc[illegible].

WICKER: You had a friend for twenty-five years. Did you find him attractive right on through middle age? Do you still find him attractive today?

TOWNSEND: Yes, oh yes. But I don't see him too much these days because he moved out of the city and he's been sick lately.

WICKER: You say you're interested in intergenerational sex.

TOWNSEND: Intergenerational "contacts," that's the correct sociological term.

continued on page 16



BY LIGE AND JACK

Are you the *jealous* type? If so, you're a jerk. Only first-class morons think they should have exclusive rights to their lover's body. Sensible people don't go around asking, "Has anybody besides me been seeing, touching, or making use of your genitals?" Sane folks don't freak out when they discover that their loved one's prick, cunt or ass has received pleasures from others. The term "unfaithful" has nothing to do with the use of the sexual organs. Enjoying sex outside of a contracted relationship has no degrading effect on a "marriage" unless the two people aren't getting along in more important ways. If they're good friends, full of laughter, convivial, trusting, and comfortable with each other, then there's nothing that either of them should fear.

Ironically, when *real* sexual freedom exists, it is seldom used to excess. As the *Tao Teh King* (translated as *The Way of Life* [Lao Tzu] by Witter Bynner. Paperback 95 cents) says, *things which go together naturally don't need to be tied.* Marriages on paper mean nothing. Legal bonds won't guarantee happiness. Love, trust and togetherness are the outcome of a rhythmic, unfettered, spontaneous dance to life in which the partners are close, but not clinging. In some cases lovers need time separately. There's no getting away from the fact that people sometimes *must* get away in order to come back to themselves more fully. Giant redwood trees each stand in their own sphere. To appreciate the incredible beauty of a great mountain, you must sometimes allow yourself distance so that you can turn around for a fuller view.

Jealousy is natural to human beasts and selfish dogs. Anyone who owns a dog or a cat knows it craves exclusive attention. Where a dog is concerned, such craving is somewhat justified because, after all, *it is owned*, even if it doesn't realize it. But humans don't own each other, or at least they're not supposed to. Thus, jealousy is based on pure self-interest. There's no concern for the *loved one's* joy or happiness. That he or she is having a good time makes no difference. In fact, the more joy *enjoyed*, the worse it seems to the jealous partner. He visualizes in his mind's eye all of the sensual and erotic pumping taking place and turns livid with rage. He can't bear the thought that pleasure exists outside of his own experience. He doesn't stop to think that his lover's widened experience may, in fact, contribute to his own pleasure and excitement. After all we must have times when we are *outgoing* in order to enjoy our life at home. Whether we talk with others, fuck with others, read books by others or whatever, all of it helps to make us more exciting company for those who are closest to us.

If you're stung by jealousy, try looking at things from another viewpoint. If you try to hold onto your lover too tightly while you're dancing, your dance will be clumsy. If you are tense and tight, rather than loose and free, you'll step all over your partner's feet. At the same time, if you *are* good company, your lover won't want to dance too far away from you. He won't get lost in the crowd. He'll be lingering nearby, always eager to touch you, happiest when he sees the smile of pleasure he's capable of evoking in your face.

He loves you, and is happiest when you're happy. He wants you to be happy *first and foremost*. And, of course, you want the same for him. Your own selfish interests are not nearly as important. Your own silly ego is forgotten simply because your exclusive pride in *ownership* is dead—or should be! You don't own his body. He doesn't own yours. Let him do with his prick whatever he wishes and you'll find, if you don't press the issues, that he's likely to prefer you to any other. That's why he's your lover, isn't it?

It's important to keep in mind, however, that sexual freedom, like any freedom, can be misused. In the name of *sexual liberation* many unfortunates are unkind and hateful to each other. Sexual adventures outside are not used to enhance the quality of home life, but rather to "get back" or retaliate sexually. A dolt who does this is the sort who says, "You had a fling last night, so I'm going to have one tonight." Or, "You fucked Bill, now I'm going to fuck John, the handsome guy you couldn't get your paws on."

A dimwit with attitudes like these is *anti-sexual*. He looks at sex as forbidden and lascivious. It becomes a power tool by which such poor folks slam away at each other and release their hostilities and insecurities. Unfortunately, many so-called libertarians have hangups like these and as a result, they give *real* libertarians a bad name.

The *Tao Teh King* also says that *there is no reason to go outside for better seeing*. How true. Exploration inside the home is the most exciting venture imaginable. If you are adventurous, you'll find plenty that you and your lover can do in your own bed to quicken the deepest passions. If you learn to *relax* and explore . . . slowly, leisurely, and if you give yourselves time to kiss lingeringly, starting with the lips (or the stomach) and working your way around every curve of your lover's body, there's no experience that will bring you greater joy or pleasure. Lovers have the capacity to experience profound joy in ways that no outsider can match. Sexual freedom should not be used as an *excuse* to nullify or make dull a sexual union that can be known in the deepest and most meaningful ways at home. Those who wander on the outside without consideration for essentials—that is, for the person who is nearest and dearest to them—are creeps of the worst sort. They're getting away from things closest to them, important things. Make your own bed first before you climb into someone else's. Otherwise you'll mess up both beds.

If you and your spouse are going to dig pleasure from everywhere, make damned sure that neither of you is insecure, unhappy or fearful. Face life in similar directions—*together*. Sex should be a happy, outgoing, positive experience, and a stiff cock should plunge into joy when it's attached to a happy guy. Be careful, *always*, that you give your loved one every tender consideration, however. Remember . . . charity starts at home.

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TO SEEK BEAUTY AND PLEASURE

I resolve not to rely upon that triumph of slick vicarious pulp, *LIFE*, to find out whether I'm alive, or *TIME* to see if I'm "with it".

I resolve to be bored with all reportage of murders, mass and mini, no matter who the stars are who kill, or are killed, whether in the legitimate theatre, or the illegitimate theatre of politics. Blood lust is too yawn-making.

(continued on page 14)

BY ANGELO d'ARCANGELO

HAPPY 1971!

This year is going to be different: it will herald in a new decade, a decade already heavily counted upon for certain effects, not the least of which is constant and significant change. How nice!

The kind of chance I'm talking about may be considered as slightly more important than the new designs for "threads". That means lots of phrase-planning, as well as party-do. What shall we call this new decade? How will it look in History? On the yellowing pages of the *Times*? In *Life*? *The Moody Bible Institute News*? We've had the Flatulent Fifties, and the Bloody Sixities. What now? The Intergalactic Seventies? The Scatological Seventies? The Tricky-Dicky Der ie?

I dare to imagine all the smart designers of smart, smart Hallmark Cards, scheming out new places for flitter on their bunny-infested rocket ships which pop out, spring up, and say (in Spencerian Modern) *Hi! Guy! Tune in, Turn on, and HEAD for the ultimate intercolonic blastoff! Wheeeeeeee!*

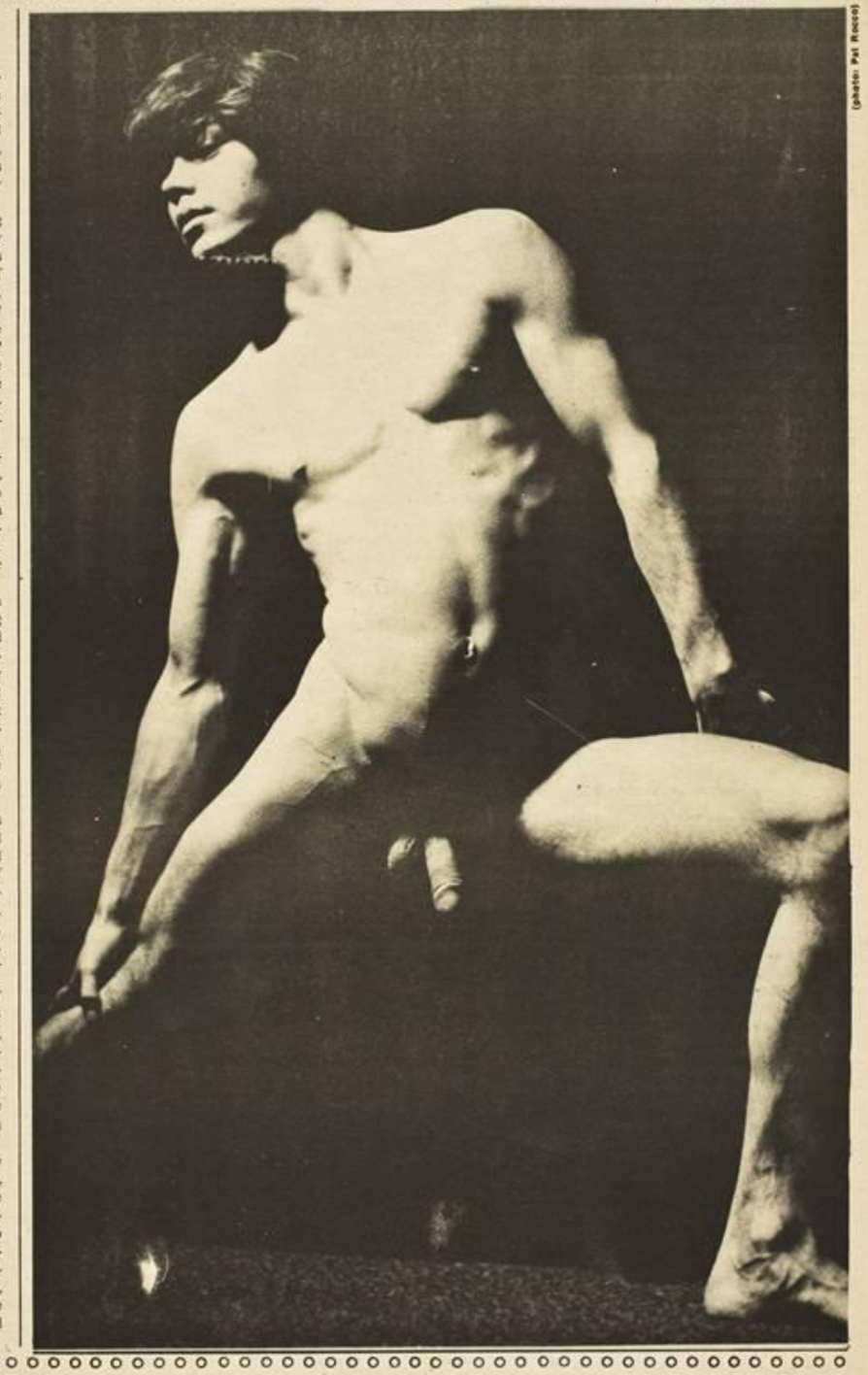
It's alright to amuse ourselves for a kiss-smeared evening with all that Ring out the Old, Ring in the New, Auld Lang Syne and the rest of thatabladder-churning *merde*, but for the remainder of the month, let's face-to-face the fact that if we're going to survive without becoming a soon-to-be-extinct subspecies, we've got to jettison more than half the pseudo-intellectual garbage that's weighing us down–not to mention sex hang-ups.

We need a new life. Those of us over twenty-five need it now and all NEW. The speed of our technological advance has not only outmoded most of our customs, but it has made the retention of those customs deadly, insidious.

I need a new life, and a face-lift. My surgeon will take care of the latter. And for the former, here are my resolutions–or some of them:

I resolve to keep alive within myself a sense of adventure and a love of daring. I want it to lead me into sports, and pastimes, incredible situations. Danger! And this sense of adventure will encourage me to perform twice or three times the amount of work I've done, the sex I've had, the chances I've taken, in any given year so far.

I resolve to take advantage of the media in any and all capacities possible, in order to revitalize and re-personalize art, to proselytize my own view–political, cultural, sexual–and to use media to defend myself against conservative backlash, which is only culture-lag. I will attempt to make my work so seductive, and amusing it will infuse all who come in contact with it, with an air of cynical joy, and sexual exuberance.


(photo: Pat Rocco)

the liberation of the head

BY STEFEN VERK



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

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

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

the head, so that makes it an even more logical place to begin the revolution.

We are always our own greatest enemies. *THEY* is a wretched placebo we conveniently use instead of real medicine. It is so much easier to blame *them* than to realistically look at the way we are fucking up our own chances for happiness and fulfillment. It is quite true that we did not plant most of the maggot-ridden garbage in our own heads, but we have the responsibility of shoveling it out, if we wish to be free, whole, happy, human beings. We do not have to believe something we know is not true, just because someone else insists it is. We do not have to hide like medieval lepers, because someone else tells us that's what we are, nor do we have to hate and

It is really a question of priorities. All of the things I have listed are important. We must participate in all efforts to enrich the *human community*, but our *first priority* must be *homosexual liberation*, and that starts with the head. Indeed, homosexuality itself starts with punish ourselves for imaginary crimes and guilts. Our most serious crime is against ourselves and that is failing to allow ourselves to see us as we really are: *human beings who happen to prefer our own gender as sex objects but in NO OTHER WAY different from other human beings!*

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

So much for religion. If your religion has no dignified compassionate place for you, then it should have no place in your life. The same is true for your family and the same is true for any traditional roles or values or beliefs or opinions you have felt *compelled* to accept even though they have made you feel inferior, guilty, and unhappy. Tradition is not infallible. Mother is not infallible. Heterosexual opinion is not infallible. Neither, for that matter, is homosexual opinion.

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

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

The sadists and the masochists are opposite sides of the same ugly coin, the name of which is self-hatred. They are busy seeking and dealing out punishment instead of happiness, and the roots lie in their inability to understand or accept that the word *different* is not synonymous with *inferior*! In that semantic failure lies the poisonous roots of guilt and self-hatred. The revolution should start in the leather bars, in the bushes of Fire Island, in the subway tearooms, in the closet cases leading Boy Scout troops or cruising Christian Science reading rooms. There is nothing immoral about sex. There is something very immoral in considering it dirty and feeling guilty because it gives you pleasure. There is something very immoral in denying yourself happiness, love, self-respect, and meaningful human relationships. There is something very immoral in refusing to believe you are a human being first and a homosexual second. There is also something very immoral in nailing yourself on a cross.

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

WHERE HAVE ALL THE LOVERS GONE?

BY LILLI VINCENZ

The article "Twenty Years After: Reflections of a Long-Time Lover" (GAY No. 20) was positively thrilling. How delightful to read about one person's dedication to another! Consequently I felt inspired to say a word or two about a topic that is of interest to most people (whether they admit it or not): permanent relationships. William West explains that the requirement for making a long relationship work "is that you have to want it and keep it *more than anything*." Everything else is secondary. The lover must be the most important person in the world. Mr. West has seen other people claim to want a steady lover "but not enough to change the pattern of their lives."

How crucial that last quote is! How many people want to have their cake and eat it too? "You'll have to take me as I am," they say to their lovers. If anyone has to adapt, it's always the *other* one. "For if you don't accept me as I am, you don't love me, and our relationship won't work"—this, implicit or explicit, is their attitude. I've run across it—and, in the past, have even experienced these feelings myself—this defiance, which testifies to a lack of faith in being able to uphold one's own end of the relationship and, consequently, demonstrates a lack of commitment. "If you really love me, you'll come to *me*," we say.

The author's observation that most long relationships started when the lovers were "at a young age . . . before their lives were solidified into a pattern, or, less ambiguously, they got together early enough to plan their lives around each other" is interesting. It implies that older persons lose their flexibility in adapting to someone else because they are already too set in their ways. Is this true? Someone should do research on the importance of the age factor in love relationships.

The intriguing thesis of the author's friend that "the solidity of the affair depends on its establishment soon after one's self-acceptance as a homosexual . . . before one becomes programmed totally into 'the gay life'" suggests that "the gay life" diminishes (or at least doesn't develop) one's ability and/or desire to sustain a permanent relationship. I wonder how most male homosexuals react to this hypothesis. Do gays get addicted to cruis extent that this type of contact becomes all they want? Does this sociable love-making, this camaraderie, obliterate their needs as an individual to relate to another individual in depth and try to build a communications network with that person? Or does it simply decrease their ability to successfully carry through such an undertaking by making them dependent on easy and superficial conquests and pleasures?

I'm not knocking the gay life of single swingers, but I wish there were more emphasis in these pages on ... to get to know people?

These two men want more than just the usual fascinating sexual encounter. They want to find someone to share their personalities, interests, and lives with. Perhaps they should skip the bars and try to cultivate friends/lovers in the more personal, less competitive setting of gay social clubs or homophile organizations, where the process of getting acquainted is more leisurely and more defined in human, rather than purely sexual, terms.

There are too many ways to go out looking for a mate, but it seems to me that all we can do is help luck along, for



homosexual love. Sex there is, for any and all—but how often is love mentioned? Have people become cynical, or is love not worth writing about, not *interesting* enough? Or are the lovers too busy with their private lives to write for GAY?

Personally, I think readers would like to hear more on the topic of permanent relationships: their establishment and maintenance. And I don't believe my opinion derives purely from the fact that I am a woman and am naturally (supposedly) drawn to marriage and home-making. I have heard a man wondering how to go about looking for "husband material." Are lovers to be discovered in bars? How can one tell whose friendship and love might be worth cultivating? Is it all a matter of trial and error? Should bars be ruled out and other means of meeting potential mates be chosen?

Another man is trying to decide whether tricking is necessary to find a lover, even though his interests are not primarily sexual. Should he expose himself to the ritual of going to bed in the hope that he will find a lover? Should he expose himself to the ritual of going to bed in the hope that he will find a lover? Should he expose himself to the ritual of going to bed in the hope that he will find a lover?



(photo: Pat Rocco)

"I Now Pronounce You Man And Husband!"

BY DICK LEITSCH

I am continually appalled at how anxious humans are to give up their freedoms, and for what cheap prices they sell their liberty. There is no amazement, for did not Siggie Freud once remark "Man is an irrational animal"?

Most of us cannot cope with liberty, and seek someone—anyone—to remove from us the responsibility that freedom involves. If you doubt that, look around you, observe political movements, and, if you still miss the point, re-read Erich Fromm's *Escape From Freedom* or "The Grand Inquisitor" chapter of *The Brothers Karamazov*.

In many ways, homosexuals are the freest people in our society, precisely because society puts us, as a group, outside the pale. Nothing is expected of us, and we are not bound by society's rules and conventions. The achievers in our group are looked upon almost with awe: "Wow, he made it, despite being a homosexual!" Those who screw up are forgiven with, "Well, what can you expect of a homosexual?"

When you examine what society expects of its heterosexuals, it becomes apparent how well off we are. Picture yourself a heterosexual man, expected to live up to the John Wayne image—without the lisp, of course. Imagine being a woman, expected to be "the girl next door" (Doris Day), "the sex godess" (Raquel Welch) or "the mother" (Greer Garson). Consider being Jewish and having to go to medical school or, failing that, becoming an Upper West Side intellectual.

Look at the Black heterosexual man. He must have a big cock and be a stud. If he does, so what? "Everybody knows" all spades have big cocks and are oversexed. If one happens to have small meat or be impotent, it's nervous breakdown time.

Heterosexuals of all races, creeds, colors and national origins have saddled themselves with silly rules, conventions and institutions. The most obvious and the most heterosexual is marriage. What an utterly anachronistic institution! A man and woman must go to an office and buy what amounts to a screwing license. If they are religious, they must find a preacher to give his o.k. The license, and permission, is nontransferable. When John Doe marries Mary Smith, he is entitled to screw her—and no other.

In most states, screwing without a license (fornication) is a crime. In all states, it is criminal for a licensed screwer to screw one other than the licensed partner (adultery). If the two licensees don't like one another, or find they are not compatible (and you're not supposed to find that out before you get the license) they may apply to the State for a revocation of the license. That's called "divorce," and it is expensive, embarassing (as the state makes one party play the villian's role), and causes a loss of status.

All of this rigamarole probably had some meaning at one time. In these days of Planned Parenthood, the Pill, and Urban Society, it is all about as relevant as a cutty stool. This is evidenced by the fact that four out of five marriages end up in divorce. The percentage would probably be more like 4.9 out of every five were it not for the penalties for divorce in trouble, expense, loss of face, and, worst of all, alimony.

Heterosexuals are more aware of the ridiculousness of marriage than we are—after all, they are the ones oppressed by that system. They are experimenting with the sort of arrangement we've always used, and claim to find it more satisfying and rewarding. Like us, heterosexuals now move in with someone they love, like, or find attractive. So long as the arrangement is mutually pleasant, they stay together. When things go sour, one moves out. They don't involve the church, state and society. The arrangements are simple, decent, private, dignified and very practical.

At a time when straights are abandoning the system of marriage, some of those supposedly free spirits—homosexuals—are trying desperately to become involved in the system. In California, Michigan, Kentucky and elsewhere, male couples and female couples are seeking marriage licenses. Not a week goes past but at least two couples call Mattachine seeking a clergyman to perform marriage ceremonies over them.

I've seen friends adopt Christianity, Marxism, what might be called "the hard-hat philosophy" and other codes which involve sacrificing individuality and freedom to a system. I'm used to watching people give up freedom, and it doesn't freak me out anymore to watch people walk out of frying pans into fires. The only thing that does surprise me is that the preachers and purveyors of marriage licenses are evidently not eager to involve us in their dying system. Their business must be hurting, and it's not good economics to discourage a whole new market.

At this writing, no gay couple has obtained a marriage license or, so far as I know, a church wedding. I would defend a person's right to either, though I approve of neither. As someone once said, "I have a friend who believes that all of the waters of the earth are gathered into the armpit of a giant frog. He has a right to believe that, but I'm not sure I'd die for his right to believe it."

There is always a danger that those in the wedding business will recognize this new market and exploit it by making gay marriages obligatory and bringing us, like the straights, under the fornication, adultery, divorce and other marriage-related laws. That danger threatens my right to be left alone, and my preference for free arrangements which last as long as they are pleasant and convenient to my partner and myself (and not necessarily in that order).

When God was newly dead a few years ago, gay groups in California, Washington, D.C., and elsewhere started councils on religion and the homosexual. Their intention may not have been to pump new life into the dying churches, but that is the apparent result. Gay churches are proliferating, and homosexuals are flocking to the Metropolitan Community Church in L.A. and its imitators elsewhere. At least three gay groups in New York meet in a church hall, paying rent to help support that establishment which has traditionally been the worst oppressor of homosexuals.

Homosexuals are trying to take over marriage and the church while heterosexuals, who have been deeply involved in both for centuries, are abandoning them as oppressive. Is this progress for our group? What do we take over next? The Vietnam War? How about getting ourselves a dictator? That's a surer way to give up our freedom.

The whole gay lib movement is taking a turn that I find threatening. Thank goodness I'm an "old homosexual" (not so much in age as in opposition to the "New Homosexual" (see *Esquire*, December 1969), and am not expected to be a part of all of this madness.

MISPLACED IN MIDDLE AMERICA

A Return to the Heartland

BY THANE HAMPTEN

Recently I returned from vacation, a "duty visit" to see various relatives in a minor town of a nondescript midwestern state. I played my first pinball machine in over ten years, and watched with near mindless stupefaction as the local teams bowled. I was taken to every gargantuan, labyrinthine shopping center. (One for each person within a hundred mile radius. Total plastic; planned obsolescence; calculated pollution; consumer overkill.)

I went to see my ninety-eight year old grandmother who lives with a long-widowed daughter. Absolutely nothing has changed in that house since I was a little boy. Frozen in time: recorded selections from *"The Student Prince"*; the oak credenza with family china; my aunt's pearl hatpin stuck precisely in the center of the small strawberry cushion; the grocery lists written in tiny script on the back of grocery receipts. ("Waste not; want not.") The sepia photos of great-great grandchild. Fulton Oursler and Billy Graham on the coffee table, along with *Reader's Digest* and copies of *Ideals*. (In case you've forgotten, these are the magazines that have illustrations of primroses at dusk, and feature the latest James Whitcomb Riley poem.) There is a crab apple tree in the back yard. They make quite a bit of jelly in September. They go to church every Sunday morning and Wednesday evening. They vote straight Republican, always, and proudly. Their only problems seem to be increased traffic on their street and the roar of jet planes overhead. And I received the distinct impression that the Good Lord and President Nixon would soon take care of things. No, I am not making this up or exaggerating in order to force a point. It is all true.

One evening, the only remaining "young" relatives came to visit. The rest of us had fled years ago. My cousin, his wife, the four boys, (ages ten to seventeen). The father and all four kids wore *bow ties*. I really hesitate to include this information on the ties. Now you're positive I'm making it all up as the last bow tie was manufactured in 1948. (At least they have finally abandoned crew cuts.) At 6:30 p.m., on the dot, we had supper. (Not dinner; *supper*. Dinner is 4:30 on Sunday.) Afterward, the wistful, yearning reminiscences of and for the past. And I though of what poet Hollis Summers wrote: *"The yellow gravy congeals on the sideboard. We breathe. We finger the antimacassars and carefully count the dead."*

There is an uncomfortable silence. Finally Junior's wife—(Don't you just love forty-five year old men labeled "Junior," "Buddy," "Sonny," into eternity?)—turns to me and asks That Question; the one I have been awaiting for days; the one I know has been corroding their intestines: *"But when are* YOU *getting* MARRIED?" (Eyes wide, brows arched, breath baited. Silence. . . What an enigma I am. What a vague yet disturbing intrusion into their Way of Life. How strange. How sad! At my age, no wife, no children, no comfort, no security, no happiness, no beef stew simmering on the stove when I get home from the office on a winter's eve. Only a cold bowl of porridge. How and *why* do I exist? *"I only hope he doesn't end up like Uncle George. You do remember what happened to Uncle George?"* Nervous whispers....clucking of sorrowful tongues....the pity...) That Question.

I stand to speak. "But, Polly, *dear*. I *can't* marry. I'm sure by now you know from her face. I could have also told her, quite truthfully, that I *have* been happily married for the last eight years. But to what avail? And so, with the creeping paralysis of terminal ennui, I gave the stock answer: "Oh, just-waiting-for-the-Right-Girl-to-come-along. Heh-heh."



I'm a professional child molester at kiddie matinees. At this very moment I covet your succulent youngest!" Maniacal laugh and foam-flecked lips. Yes, you bet your sweet arse that's what I would have liked to have said, if only to wipe the simperingly smug and complacent smile (Now, can we put the dear subject beddy-bye for another five years, hmmm?) Sure it stuck in my craw; also my crotch and armpits. Verbal prostitution at its most glittering. But what would you have done? What *have* you done? Is there anything sadder or more frustrating than trying to communicate with relatives that you have left so far behind, so long ago? The consequence of embellishing the family tree with lavish expositions of your faggotry is one of the most self-defeating acts imaginable. To my sixteen-to-twenty-year-old gay guerrilla brothers, a word of advice: move with grave caution. A strike for revolution and freedom on the familial front will result only in stagnant embarrassment at best. They cannot be objective, nor can you. Only one out of a thousand of us is armed with enough ammunition to face the berserk reactions.

You remain not "different," but "sick." (You flee into the gathering dusk of permanent exile as Dad either bellows: "That's not *my* son!" or hides in the upstairs john until it all blows over. Mama frantically calls your baby doctor for the name of a reliable Super-Shrink. "Doctor, where did we go wrong?" Dr. Gillespie replies: "Mrs. Smith, don't blame yourselves for the presence of hereditary taint.")

That entire evening was an eternity for me. I walked a tightrope of the most fragile and disintegrating cobwebs and had to keep reminding myself that only a few weeks before, I had marched ebulliently up 6th Avenue in the Gay Pride Parade. New York to the Midwest. Hop, skip and jump. Just entire cultures apart. Light years apart. Eons apart. I came from this? What a few light years can do to a body, I swear!

I sat, trying to keep my mind on the inane conversation: "Aphids are attacking my azaleas again." (I did delight in the alliteration and spent many happy moments repeating the sentence to myself.) "Harmon True moved back from St. Louis. Still as...*odd* as ever." (*"You do remember what happened to Uncle George?"*) My eyes kept wandering from the February *Reader's Digest*—("200 Ways to Save Your Marriage and Fight Multiple Sclerosis and Smut")—back to those goddamn bow ties. Then, further back, to our parade, that surge into Sheep Meadow, and the resulting bacchannal. Am I really only 1:22 minutes from my relatives by jet? How far is it by revolution? What kind of revolution would make any impact on them, any sense to them, any change in them? Industrial? Racial? Economic? Gay? Political? Detergent-Enzyme?

Distantly, I still have affection for them. They are genuinely good in many ways. (Pause to ponder my tap roots.) They are stable as hell (and that's part of the problem, of course). They are industrious and often creative. My great-grandfather was a well-known orchestral conductor, and it's nice to know my grandmother still bakes scrumptious coffee cake every Saturday. But this is the same women who thanked God my sister didn't marry a Catholic, is pathetically and laboriously tolerant of *good* Negroes, and was righteously satisfied when the assistant pastor of her church was fired because he grew a beard and long hair (even though the diffuse pastel of a rampantly Protestant Christ above her bed is liberally garnished with facial vegetation).

I suppose I'm stating the obvious when I say I feel those of us in larger cities are sadly seduced into feeling that our gay missionary work is going to have

continued on page 16

THE HOMOGOBLINS ARE COMING

Dr. George Weinberg (Ph.D.) is an outstanding psychotherapist, and author of a new and excellent book, THE ACTION APPROACH: How Your Personality Developed and How You Can Change It, published by Signet pocketbooks. It is now available at your local bookstore. The editors of GAY are pleased to recommend it.

BY GEORGE WEINBERG, Ph.D

I would never consider a patient healthy unless he had overcome his prejudice against homosexuality. Of course if the person is himself homosexual, the prejudice he holds is barring the way to easy expression of his own desires. But even if he is heterosexual, his repugnance at homosexuality is certain to be harmful to him. In my experience, such a prejudice is more rife among heterosexual men than among heterosexual women.

The person who belittles homosexuals with evident enjoyment is at the very least telling me that he wants to establish his own sense of importance through contrast with other people—a tenuous business. He says with revulsion that someone he knows is "a faggot," or he lowers his voice when describing a sexual advance that a man once made to him.

It would be wrong to conclude that such people have lurking homosexual urges themselves. This has long been the easy method of interpretation. Accuse a person of harboring whatever desire he condemns in others. Say he is merely seeing his own desire and reacting to it as if he caught it in himself. Sometimes this is true. But one need not range into such speculations to make the case that there is real difficulty here.

Do you know how certain female impersonation spots survive? Nonhomosexual men, who want to convince themselves and their wives or girl friends of their masculinity, throng them.

They sit at ringside—or pay one of the transvestites to come over and sit with them. They pinch the lesbians and ask jocularly "Are you a boy or a girl?" Some of them chew fat cigars. When the stage show begins and the drag queens come out, they whistle. The lion is allowing the lamb to live and bleat.

At three o'clock in the morning our so-called head of the household says raucously, "Check please!" and overtips the waitress. On the stairway he puts his arm around his woman's waist. He is assuring her by his firm hold that he is with her, that the time has come when he is to take her away from this sordid atmosphere.

On the street he mutters something to the effect that the people below are sick and "really sad." He finds a cab immediately, since the customers in such places are known to be showoffs with money, and a line of cabs is waiting for people like him. In the cab he smooches with his woman and they feel like a normal couple.

This is the identity that the patient who slurs homosexuality assumes in my



mind while he is talking. He is bracing himself and trying to bolster his relationship by presenting it against a contrast. But in so doing, he is increasing his fear of sordidness—and heightening his fear of witnessing human variety.

Moreover, he is inhibiting himself. He is depriving himself not of homosexual experiences, which he truthfully does not want, but of all else that he connects with homosexuality. For instance, he makes it impossible to have friends who are homosexual, and thus loses the possible benefit of a viewpoint that would have widened his. And if he regards even so natural an attitude as passivity as homosexual, he has sentenced himself to renouncing receptivity as an attitude for himself.

This last is a very severe loss. A fellow looked at Michelangelo's painting of Adam, and turning from the reproduction on the wall of my office, told me he hated it. "Why?" I asked. "He's too passive. He's not doing anything." "Well he was just created, seconds ago. He's got a good excuse," I said. "That doesn't matter," he said bluntly, and he turned away from perhaps the finest nude ever drawn, in disgust because the character was delicate and lolling, doing nothing more than absorbing experience.

Most men who loathe homosexuals have a deathly fear of abandonment in the direction of passivity. The surrender of control signifies to them a loss of masculinity, and their demand for control produces narrowness. To condemn passivity is like condemning your eyeballs. We need passivity to see, to discover, to learn.

The person I am describing usually feels under tremendous pressure to be the aggressor in sex, and he expects conformity and passivity on the part of his woman. He is easily undone when he does not find it. He inflicts ludicrous role expectations on his children. In some cases the fear of being in any way womanish has so invaded the crannies of the person's mind that it affects his attitudes toward the use of color in his home and in his clothing. He has almost defined himself out of existence by the very contrast he is fighting so hard to establish.

If a son is gay, he goes berserk. To reassure himself that he himself has not also succumbed, and is still tough, he might take a punch at the boy. "That fellow is never coming into this house again" he shouts at his wife, his eyes popping, after the boy has stormed out. It seems unmanning to him to have given birth to an unmanly son.

I am describing a clear-cut but prevalent form of hysteria. It has not been identified as such by the experts because the sufferer's viewpoint jibes with most experts' opinions that homosexuals are disturbed. If we liken homosexuality to an illness, the father's reaction looks reasonable. We expect despair and hair pulling when someone close to us is desperately ill.

Naturally, the sort of attitude I am describing makes the man less attractive to the woman of his choice. If she is dutiful, she works hard to bolster her man in what appears to her as a masculine identity he needs desperately. She does not tell him of her enjoyment in talking about life to her gay hairdresser, or of her real attitudes toward homosexuality, which are closer to indifference or curiosity than his. Perhaps she does not yearn for another sort of life, but she goes on sensing sporadically that things could be easier for her if only her man could relax. Actually, she is sensing that life would be better for her if only he were less susceptible to threat.

Invariably, the two go on expecting the man to sustain his role—always to be forceful and to make major decisions boldly. Because of his rigidity, they do not reconsider their roles, or add new touches to them.

Why are homosexuals loathsome to them? It is a terrible strain to go through life feeling that others can disrupt your system. Homosexuals remain a serious source of threat to such people.

The "homosexual problem," as I have described it here, is the problem of condemning variety in human existence. If one cannot enjoy the fact of this variety, at the very least one must learn to become indifferent to it, since obviously it is here to stay.

This is why I say no therapist ought to consider a patient cured until he has fully overcome his misgivings about peoples' homosexuality. ■



I sometimes think that early hours
Of morning's dark beginning
Are preludes to the century
Of years beyond when memory
Will not recall
The troubles small
Which bring you tears today.

And when your lips are pale with age
Your heart will still beat quickly
While in the hours before the sun
Has put grim darkness on the run
And you are cold
My arms will fold
Around your wrinkled form.

Then you will search my eyes once more
Still looking as you do today
For signs of morning's first bright rays
To warm you till the end of days
And in my face
Find noble grace
The years with you have wrought.

Jack Nichols

The love that dare not speak its name
and wallows in a mire of shame
The love that hides its skulking head
With trembling limbs and hopeless dread
Such love is fit for Oscar Wilde
Who thought his famous name defiled
By reference to Sodom's sin
Made by Lord Alfred's closet kin.
In court he sued the old Marquis
Denying what he knew to be
The truth whereof he feared to tell.
To clear his name he wished to sell
His soul: once honest, strong and brave;
Now doomed to fill a coward's grave.
Wilde was a victim of his day
Of generations passed away
Whose twisted views still seek to bind
Men living now, poor Oscar's kind
Who stand like skeletons interred
In closets, scared to hear the word
Of love that dares to speak its name
Who flee until their legs are lame
From social scorn, a weakling foe
To whom strong men can deal death's blow.
But all too late weak men arrive
At selfhood's doorstep, half alive
Their weary steps of flight in vain
Have wrecked their lives, ensconced in pain
And when, like Wilde, from Reading Gaol
They stand quite free, their strength will fail.
Death claims their hearts and numbs their souls
While strangling all their finest goals
And on their tombs these words proclaim:
"He lived, but dared not speak love's name."

Lige and Jack

We two odd birds
Who fly as mates
While circling round the block
Quite unaware
While high we soar
Of neighbors whom we shock;
We two who stroll
On city greens
And sit beneath a tree
While passing folk
Give us the eye,
What species do they see?
We two whose world
Revolves around
Just being who we are
While wing in wing
In close embrace
We travel to a star.
We two have found
A secret place
Beyond the hunter's bow
Where we have left
The arrows cruel
That shoot from far below.

Lige Clarke

Photo by Roy Leigh

BEAUTY & PLEASURE

(continued from page 7)

I resolve to take an even greater interest in the essentials of my appearance. I will be doubly, aggressively body-conscious, and gloriously narcissistic in order that others may be encouraged to do the same. I will not buy or wear anything which does not reveal and or enhance my body, and weather permitting, I will be as naked as possible as often as possible in as many places as possible, and encourage the same in others. I will direct energy to the dedication of an already existing public beach to nude public bathing for both sexes. I will encourage nude parties and entertaining, and will hold, with all due preparation, at least one true bucchanal during every given year. In addition, I will collect, produce, enjoy and distribute to the limit of my ability, all body art, i.e., photography, painting, sculpture, film, whether pornography or not.

I resolve not to entertain any relationship with anyone any longer than it is convenient, amusing or pleasurable.

I resolve to bring homosexualism into the "home"; that is, to entice as many married men and women as possible out of their split-level closets. I may even get to know, and possibly to like, some children. (And I'm *not afraid* of pedophilia.) I say that after the first few years of marriage have worn away the prick of lustful legal union, often the best way to save the home and the fledglings tethered therein, is to seek out transient liaisons of an exciting and prophylactic homosexual nature. Fun, and bratless.

I resolve that as Cyrano de Bergerac suggest in his *Trip To The Moon*, the penis will become the badge and emblem of my highest thoughts, supplanting cross, star, and mandala: that I will place no thought or creed higher than my reverence for the primary male generative principle, that these organs alone and their cosmic function, shall be the measure of glory in all things.

I resolve to lend financial and moral support to most organizations which combat the illegal harassment of establishments catering to homosexuals. I further resolve to work toward the "legalization" of homosexuality in my state and to insist upon the punishment of any official who trespasses against the right of privacy, raiding bar, bath, or home because of supposed or actual homosexual activity. Further, I will agitate for the licensing of "bars" and "baths" as legal places of assignation and overt sexual acts on the grounds that anyone who enters one such establishment, is doing so with his or her full knowledge and consent, and therefore is performing a private act in which the law has no place. Further, in case of raids on well-known places, I will seek to have published the names of the officials authorizing such raids and to have these officials charged and brought to trial wherever possible.

I resolve to seek beauty and pleasure as though my life depended upon it.

I resolve to divest myself of any and all concerns which might hamper travel. I believe it to be my duty as a citizen to find out what the rest of the world is doing, first hand. I want to be able to absorb and radiate complex cultural patterns.

I resolve to abandon age as a measure, social or sexual in my dealings with my fellows. Primarily, I will be concerned with intensity in my relationships.

I resolve to explore with delight and perception the world of sexual objects and toys. I will learn how to play with my body and my mind–*better!* I will search out new and amusing things simply for their own sake, secure in the knowledge that things , no matter how bizarre, are not people, and can be put aside without qualm.

I resolve to encourage increasingly wider numbers of men to declare themselves homosexually inclined as they are called for military service, and for those already in service to declare themselves also "inclined". I believe that by so doing I will be aiding to lessen the military establishments to abolish their anti-constitutional position on sexual questions which are not, strictly speaking, of military importance.

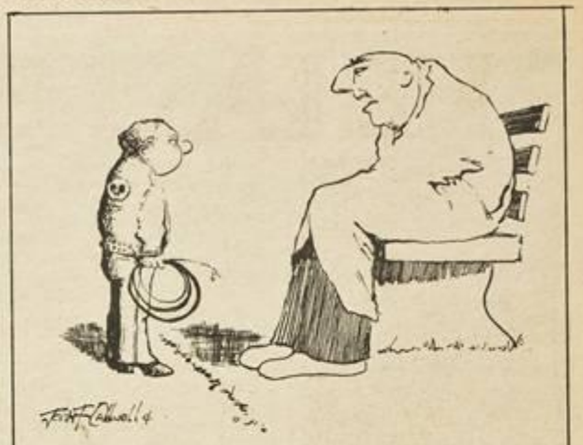
Again, by so doing so I will discourage the use of my tax money by the military to support "religious" notions–on the grounds that the observance and subsidization of religious taboos by a governmental agency constitutes an affront to the American ideal of Separation of Church from the State. Finally, by working against this induction and sexual intimidation system, I will be helping to overthrow the *homosexuals are liable to blackmail* syndrome, for known homosexuals are very obviously less susceptible to blackmail than are heterosexuals who are, for example, indulging in perversions (whatever they are) or prostitution, or are married and unfaithful to their "legal" mates.

I resolve to see the undying Drag Queen fade away, believing that like her sister the Leather Lady, impersonations of any of the sexes, aside from tedious night club acts, are no more important in the scheme of things than are petrified dinosaur farts.

I resolve to make this line from Voltaire my motto: *Quoi que vous faissiez, ecrassez, L'infame, et aimez qui vous aime.* "Whatever you do, crush down abuses and love those who love you." That means, in practice, that though I may attend a dance, a discussion, or even a debauche at some neophytic church or temple–for pastors like patrolmen are trained in their narrow trade and want feeding from time to time and will prostitute their call rather than seek honest work–I will never bend the knee or neck except to spit on some low atlar, or to mock scripture.

I resolve to hold no man or woman in reverence who has not directly and personally enriched my life; that I shall regard all public servants, elected or appointed, as precisely that, from the president up. For I am convinced that should we revere these fame-driven beings, they would as quickly as possible surround themselves with bodyguards and myths; they would accept and perfect the hoaxes and intimidations of the Papacy, the Senhadrin and the Romanoffs, impoverish us, and set us to hating and killing one another for their amusement.

There! Now go ye and do likewise. And while you're doing it, suck and fuck your little hearts out. Don't let anybody or anything stop you. Remember, the law is only custom set to paper, and customs can be changed. Spell Reform and Revolution this way: R I D I C U L E.



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THE LAST ESTATE



Photo Credit: David Bourdon

The Battcock Wineseller

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

BEAUTIFUL TRIP

Every fall Andy Warhol sends me away for a weekend in Paris. I am an agent for Warhol's art, like a blob of paint, conscious of my tiny role in the history of Western Art, I do my best to make the trip as beautiful as possible.

Well, I just got back and, after a comment on United States Customs at Idlewild, I'll share with the reader the gastronomic highlights of the trip. (Yes I know, I'm not really "sharing" anything–never do. Experiences can't be shared. Only things.)

Customs, I've decided, are unconstitutional. Even obnoxious "stop and frisk" laws insist the cop have some reason for his suspicion. Customs inspectors automatically "suspect" everybody. We are guilty until proven innocent. The fact that it occurs at a national "border" isn't sufficient justification. A border is an abstraction and doesn't exist.

Our first lunch in Paris was at Auberge Basque on the Rue Verneuil which offered a fixed menu that began with stewed Provencal tripe, followed by a Gigot d'Agneau with flagelots (the fat white beans in a butter sauce), some lovely goat cheeses (one coated with cinnamon, one covered with pepper and one in paprika) and an apple tart and a pear tart. (I was tart hungry after the episode on my Air France 747–I tried to steal my friend Joe's tart, he stole it back, I stole it again and, amid peals of laughter, it fell apart.) The luncheon wine was an appellation controllee St. Emilion bottled for the house.

Dinner Thursday evening was in a private, over-heated salon at Laperouse, guest of Ruitenbeek and his colleague, Dr. McConchie. Lee, Shiela and the Peruvian Vice-Consul came along. I started with a trout (in a Hussard style, with means mushrooms, cream, shallots and truffle). Following that a "Becasse Navigateur." Becasse is a little game bird and because it's so small is available during a very short season–late November. (In English it's a woodcock, so I'm glad I ordered it.)

Wines at Laperouse began with a white Puligny Montrachet, followed by some new Bourgueil (red–a sort of Beaujolais). Then we switched to a 1953 Bordeaux from a small but distinguished Pauillac estate and finally some Champagne–a Bollinger from 1964, I think. Laperouse, a "two star" restaurant, is, by most standards, very expensive. By American standards, it's dirt cheap. Our bill came to about $250.00.

My colleagues at that "memorable" repas ordered such things as "Pointes d'Asperges Petit Duc" which was the tiniest asparagus tips I've ever laid eyes on–they looked like green toothpicks–which is curious because in America it's the biggest, fattest asparaguses that are the best even though most people pick the small ones from the bin. Let them. Somebody had the Oeufs A La Gelee D'Estragon which, at 14 francs, weren't as good as the same concoction at La Coupole for 3 F. 50. Dr. Henry had the "Rable de Lievre Saint' Hubert'" which is the back of a rabbit and it was served in filets that were purple, aged, bloody and, quite simply, erotic. People looked at it and blushed. It was a good thing we had a private room.

The Becasse, a semi-wild game bird was also served practically raw, his little heart still throbbing away, his three-inch long beak pecked at the sauce . . .

On Friday we dragged outselves to Les Belles Gourmandes for a little lunch that began with a glass of house aperitif–Champagne with a touch of Frambois. The ris de veau (sweetbread) terrine had a fragile, pale texture and only a hint of color. The foie gras of duck, with its truffle the size of your head (well, the size of my brain) was so fine I almost choked. The Rable de Lievre for two tasted like the fields of Normandie where the poor thing had been shot only an hour earlier and the sauce–a rich concoction of butter and juices tasted the way Holy Communion should have tasted but never did. The wine was a Gevrey-Chambertin '59.

The afternoon was spent sipping expresso and Cognac at numerous bars, discovering priceless ART DECO junk in out-of-the-way (as opposed to far-out) shops, bought two suits and a maxi overcoat that I'll never wear in N.Y. and prepared the spirit and imagination for dinner–at Madame Le Recamier restaurant, guest of my friend Joe.

Le Recamier is the place that invented the "Chateaubriand" because Chateaubriand used to go there every day and both Dick and Henry ordered it. We began with the house aperitif (again Champagne with a dash of Frambois) but our good Doctor turned his nose up and ordered, instead, "Martini Americain" which he didn't like. (Americans NEVER like Martinis abroad.)

Me and Joe nibbled on a little pheasant (reminding me of the only other pheasant I ever had–at the Georgetown Inn. It was ghastly.) That was followed by a puree of leek–all washed down with a 1949 Savigny. I tried to order a 1937 something-or-other but the Wine Steward wouldn't let me. Dessert was a chocolate mousse and we would have cried except the tears might have diluted the Krug demi-sec 1962. (Speaking about mousse au chocolate–they served one with a strawberry stuck in it at the Ground Floor recently.)

Well, when you travel you shouldn't waste your time looking at a bunch of crappy buildings or wear yourself out in art museums. Do something alive like having sex (can do that in N.Y.) and shopping and eating which is what Paris is for.

After dinner at Recamier's, Dick and Henry went off to La Fiacre, we went off to Club Set on the Right Bank. It was crowded, chic, informal, intimate, big, pleasant, smokey and a replica of what gay bars must have looked like 25 years ago.

Saturday followed Friday in Paris, and was my last chance to buy underwear, cheese and wines to take back. The reader who is curious about what kind of underwear I bought need only glance at the photograph.

In part 2 of this column I'll tell about lunch at Chez Allard, the concierge at my hotel who was drunk, dinner at La Coupole and, finally, Sunday afternoon lunch at Lucas Carton. I'll also tell about Dr. Henry's getting "bounced" off his Boeing.

FORNYSCOPE

BY ORION

(for period Dec. 21 - Jan. 4)

ARIES the Ram (March 21 - April 20). –A threatening problem on the 22nd is resolved by Xmas, but should be heeded as a warning to prevent old hang-ups from becoming future arguments. Living room dictators stretched in front of the TV while their mates wash the dishes can expect a few thrown at them over New Years. New Moon on the 28th nurtures ambition, but before you leap into the future, clear up the debits of the past.

TAURUS the Bull (April 21 - May 21). –You have a red light as far as travel is concerned, but a go-ahead signal from a loved one should make the 25th a truly special occasion. However, don't forget about the spirit of Xmas *just past* on New Years as belligerent bulls will be put out to pasture, and your mate decides to play matador. The 4th you could take the day off to spend with a loved one.

GEMINI the Twins (May 22 - June 20). –The promises you don't keep now may be the obligations you resent later . . . but whose fault is that? Some of you are on your annual self-destructive binge right now, but a belated gift on the 28th should improve your spirits. Don't let secret anxieties lead to an ill-advised rendezvous over New Years as repercussions could be costly and if things don't go as planned, it may be just as well . . .

CANCER the Crab (June 21 - July 23). –Those nursing grievances had best keep their worries to themselves till after the 1st. The 28th finds you ready, willing and able with the love light



shining within, though accent should be on moderation over New Years as continued calm will maintain serenity, peace and good will. Wait till January for soul-bearing discussions.

LEO the Lion (July 24 - Aug. 23). –You can't have it both days this year, so let Xmas be merry and cool it on New Years. Don't let the egg nog fuzz up your thinking, as others will be counting on you to solve some crisis, probably at home. Those who have been hassling with co-workers can expect intervention from above the 31st. Twin invites may be a source of conflict . . . but you don't have to make every party or everybody.

VIRGO the Maiden (Aug. 24 - Sept. 23). –Bad weather and transit tie-ups make travelling a dim prospect over the 31st . . . and you are especially prone to cutting remarks during traffic jams. The 28th has you thinking of romance with someone younger, though it's too early to make a pass yet. A word of advice from someone older may be the truth you don't want to hear.

LIBRA the Scales (Sept. 24 - Oct. 23). –A kiss properly timed and placed may mean more than anything money can buy this Xmas season, but any attempt to buy love just won't work, especially around the 31st, when an unexpected expense may arise. The New Moon on the 28th is psychologically stabilizing and calls for a re-orientation in attitude . . . a balancing of the books both spiritual and financial.

SCORPIO the Scorpion (Oct. 24 - Nov. 22). –Things could blow up over New Years–a time when you are mugger-prone as well as potentially vindictive. A menacing look combined with an inscrutable silence will not be enough to make old problems disappear. Co-operate one more time, as you are particularly sexy right now and could find fun ways to bring in the New Year with a bang that would be appreciated. Tensions could be resolved between the sheets.

SAGITTARIUS the Archer (Nov. 23 - Dec. 21). –Some horny Xmas shoppers have their eyes on your loved one, but don't get jealous as you will also have your chance to be clandestine. A tactful but honest conversation between the two of you should relieve your doubts about him, if not about yourself. In this instance, the family that shops together stays together.

CAPRICORN the Goat (Dec. 22 - Jan. 20) –Xmas may seem like a strange time to drop a few freeloaders off your friendship list, but some are taking you for a ride and the more you let them, the less they respect you. However, the 31st is definitely not the day to end a relationship, but you might make a mental note to do so at a later date. Too much tolerance is the equivalent of weakness.

AQUARIUS the Water Bearer (Jan. 21 - Feb. 19). –Don't let suspicions get the best of your reason as doubts could be ill-founded. In some way elders could spoil New Years, but a show of temper could only make things worse and if you decide to get drunk as a way out, watch out for accidents or a vicious hangover. A philosophic approach is needed.

PISCES the Fish (Feb. 20 - March 20) –Acquaintances fascinate and newcomers intrigue inspiring you with a new set of hopes around the 28th. Travel should be avoided over New Years, but is favored along with increased social activities early January. Sex right now could be habit-forming, but watch out for other intoxicants, as no one likes a pooped fish including yourself.

BOHEMIAN BLUEBLOOD

(continued from page 4)

WICKER: Do you find you're able to have enough "intergenerational contacts" to satisfy your emotional and physical needs these days?

TOWNSEND: Oh, it isn't too difficult because I have a house, I have money, I have an automobile. Whether you like to admit it or not, that always is attractive. I also have a house in Provincetown where people like to come and stay.

WICKER: This is an informal thing then, people come and share your house with you. What about out-and-out hustlers who ask for cash on the line?

TOWNSEND: Oh no, I go in for mutual satisfaction. Even in the old days when we would have a gang bang, we would have some fellows come over for entertainment. When it was all over, I might give them each fifty cents. That would be twenty cents for cigarettes, the rest being for coffee and five cent hamburgers. I didn't consider that paying them off. I just knew they were hungry, I knew they wanted cigarettes.

WICKER: Does it bother you, sometimes, that some of these people seek you out not because they like you personally but only because they want you to do something for them?

TOWNSEND: Oh no, I don't have any around that are that way. If they want to work for me, I'll let them work for me and I'll pay them. And, incidentally, I might have some sex sometime. But I always make them work for their money and pay them the money for something other than sex. I've never paid for sex directly in my life.

WICKER: What mistake do you think most homosexuals make as they grow older?

TOWNSEND: They don't socialize. They don't do enough for other people. If you do things for others–"uplift" I call it–you find people are always around you. Instead, they isolate themselves. I'm a joiner, I belong to thirty-five different organizations.

So far as cruising is concerned, I don't go out to cruise because I don't need to. I have my own friends and I stick to them. That was what made it difficult for the cops to catch me, they couldn't find anyone whom I'd had sex with. Who might squeal on me.

WICKER: What other mistakes do aging homosexuals make?

TOWNSEND: I think everybody is different. I happen to be very sexually oriented. Mainly, I go in for affection now. I like to kiss people. So, I have many people that want to get favors from me. Some live with me, all like me. I kiss them quite a deal in private without having any sex with them whatsoever. Of course, as I used to say, "It's better to sleep with the landlord, but you don't have to."

WICKER: How have you met the most interesting people, the most interesting homosexuals, during the last ten or fifteen years–by going to these meetings, cruising gay bars, how?

TOWNSEND: Most of them I've met through the meetings I hold at my house on Lindall Place every Thursday night. My friends have friends. That is how I meet new people–through my friends. I don't go to cruise at the meetings I attend, I go to talk about all kinds of people I call "rejected people."

This is the reason I emphasize the Menninger Report (*Man Against Himself*) whenever I give a talk to a gay group. I have a motto which I believe can be the key to a good life for anyone: Love. Money, Uplift.

"Uplift" comes indirectly from the Menninger Report and means sublimating one's masochistic tendencies into art and one's sadistic tendencies into leadership. It is only by adopting the concept of 'uplift' and integrating it into one's life that you can channel your agressive and self-destructive impulses into constructive, life-enriching activities.

In the sexual area, I think society is going to have to change both its values and its customs. For instance, a speaker at the last homophile convention pointed out that the general public wasn't prejudiced against just homosexuals but against sex per se. Society says sex is bad, bad, bad and that you're sick, sick, sick if you go in for sex.

This, of course, affects everyone. Just this afternoon I heard a radio discussion during which some marriage counselor suggested that one reason why American women are so extravagent and why their husbands so frequently go along with it is because both marital partners violate their own concept of "good" whenever they have sex with each other. Women, the marriage counselor said, feel especially guilty and frequently act out these guilt feelings by spending their husband's money.

WICKER: I see that we are running out of tape, do you have any particular points you'd like to make in closing.

TOWNSEND: Yes. I hope that *GAY Magazine* will print this idea that older people can enjoy themselves, that they must sublimate their energies into helping other people.

Each of us can change his outlook on life and we don't have to undergo psychoanalysis or be hypnotized in order to do so. We can do it by simply getting out and helping other people. For many, a good first step would be to join Mattachine, ECHO, the D.O.B. or some other homophile group. Do something, anything, for other people and in doing so, you will find happiness.

MIDDLE AMERICA

(continued from page 11)

blackboard. Write 200 times: "They do not care." They don't. Not one teenie-weenie bit. And why the hell should they? Oh, how we overestimate our importance! It will be years before they even fuzzily comprehend a fraction of Black malcontent. And remember, we any sort of immediate effect on staid, stolid, mass mid-America. (Even in New York we are kept around primarily as fashionable pets.) Go back to school. Reread you Sinclair Lewis and Sherwood Anderson. They are not *that* dated. Write on the blackboard 100 times: "I will proceed carefully when tampering with Calvinistic morality." (You may substitute the morality of your choice.)

Okay. Now, how do we go about *their* education? Sirenic calls of hedonistic abandon from the sunny slopes of Sheep Meadow? The Lib groups springing up like daisies on college campuses? Increased circulation of GAY and other such publications? A pornocopia of little 42nd Streets mushrooming across the land? Revised church laws and legal guidelines? Are you jesting, Horace? You don't know how resistant these people can be. And how many of those you would wish to have such liberalizing and lubricating information partake of it? Go back to the stay in Vietnam simply because three Presidents have told us we must, to fight this century's Holy War. That's all. That's it. One does not question one's leader's motives. *Not ever.* Now chuckle with me as we savor the idea of these Normal Rockwell archetypes embracing *any* facet of a concept so alien as sexual deviation. (Deviation, to them, begins with a hetero-coupling behind the barbecue pit instead of on the bed. Don't attach too much importance to the emergence of Sex in Suburbia and those grubby little covens of forced naughtiness. They are not that common and would appear most quaint to gays as we have always embraced healthy group gropes as part of our rightful heritage.)

Homosexuality is still distasteful, crude, pagan, contrary, bizarre, bestial, repugnant, repellent and repulsive. And, most depressing of all (for us), hardly worth consideration. As long as making babies is the Only Ultimate Aim of Life (with side glorification of Mom, the flag, apple pie, chicken every Sunday, and the thousand uses of Saran Wrap), we don't warrant a furtive moment's distressed contemplation. Please don't assume I'm being unthinkingly intolerant as I'm sure they are. There is just no room for any minor deviation from their norm. (Write *that* 300 times on the blackboard.) Can you remember, or have you even had a glimmering of how protective they are of the status quo? The prize of conformity is indeed worth selling your collective soul for. And there is nothing they won't do to guard the prize, benignly or brutally. Behind the doors of those covered-dish church socials is an impenetrable barricade of closed minds that makes wet tissue paper of the Berlin Wall.

I'm glad I'm on the other side of it. Holy Socrates, I'm glad! You know, I never really liked phrases such as "Gay Pride" and "I'm *proud* to be a Homosexual." I distrust all slogans, no matter how beneficial they are to believe in. One should not be forced to have pride in one's sexuality. Sexuality *is*, for goshsakes. Imagine how foolish to be put in position to have to say: "I am *proud* to drink water!" *Cogito, ergo sum* reduced to "I urinate; therefore I am." Big deal. My pride stems from the fact that gay life has automatically freed me from the passive, stereotyped thinking of my relatives. Deviation means elevation through alienation. I'm an outcast, so thank goodness I don't have to cast out coffee-colored skins or slanty eyes. How much mental torture and obfuscation I save myself.

Flaw in the ointment: many gays are just as bigoted and prejudiced as any straight/conservative/reactionary who ever walked this earth. (My turn to write on the blackboard 400 times: "I do not understand.") Are fruits the superior-inferior of niggers, or the inferior-superior of kikes? If you've nurtured your own index of biased opinions, perhaps you can, with a little effort, see what all gays are up against. Years and years of re-education for Granny. And don't think Junior's bland offspring will react differently. Ancient, thoroughly ingrained concepts die hard, baby. I remind you to not be deluded by the rapidity of change in the larger, more hip cities. Grover's Corners doesn't move very fast, even if they do sell that ol' demon *Playboy* there now.

We had a swinging parade. I was as giddy as anybody, but now that I've been sobered by that stultifying communion with my kin, I must reserve some ebullience for the day when we march as proudly down Main Street in South Bend, Lebanon, Harmonyville, Winesburg...with Grandma, Auntie Em, Juniorsonny and the four bow ties all giving us the clenched fist, the V for Victory, and yelling: "Right on, brothers and sisters!" But when you think of your own relatives, don't you double up at the mere idea of this vignette? Aren't all our relatives mid-American in temper, if not locale?

Have many of us *really* paused to consider how we are going to achieve a "total freedom," from Maine to California? Acceptance doesn't come from mainlining it to them, and any gentler osmosis takes a very long time. (The ideal method of dealing with the majority would be to have them suffer a few hours, impaled on spikes, as was poor Diego Vinales. Alas, wishful thinking.) Could the approach be flexible enough to encompass Bronx housewives, Upper East Side matrons, Lower East Side Latins, Mississippi Baptist deacons, and latently gay North Dakota Marines? Or do we imitate the idiotic philosophy of our government and say, "We're gonna make them love us queers if we have to kill every one of the bastards!" Each strata of our incredibly complicated society is going to require individually ingenious methods of attack. (Most Americans resist unification on everything except adoration of babies and Julie Andrews.)

Nothing will require more originality, subtlety, patience, (and don't call me Auntie Arteriosclerosis, Mary), fortitude and resilience than making Center City, U.S.A. understand that gay *is*, and straight *is*. Let it be! Neither will ever cancel out the other. Peace. What we need is our own cool, charismatic Music Man to sell sexual freedom instead of brass bands to the Iowa Stubborn. I wish I had the cleverness to do it. Anyone out there qualified or willing to play Pied Piper of Peoria?

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THE BORES IN THE BAND

BY PETER OGREN



I have to report that *Boys in the Band* on the screen is even drearier than it was on the stage. The advertisements say that it is not a musical. It is not too amusing, either. It is certainly not a comedy, unless sharp one-liners and double-edged repartee are the only requirements. And if we need a "fall from greatness" to constitute a tragedy, it's strike three, you're out. Everyone starts out miserable, carries on miserably, and ends up miserable. How's that for progress? What then is this thing that's been running so long on stage and will certainly make even more money playing to the hinterminds of Middle America?

At first glance, *Boys* is about a group of eight homosexuals and one maybe-homosexual getting together for a birthday party. One of them, by the way, is the birthday gift. (But you knew that.) Aha, you say, a microcosm of the homosexual world. The vast heterosexual majority can learn something about how the other half (or rather 4%) lives.

The characters are a perfect blend of types. Going down the list we start with: Michael, the host, a self-hating, "hateful sow" of a queer, financially a fraud, as piss-elegant as you please, and a hostile drunk; Harold, the birthday boy, stoned most of the time, escapist, cynical, witty, jaded, and sharp as a razor; Emory, a fattish, flitty queen with a loud mouth and a heart of gold; Bernard, a very nice, neat, good-looking contribution from Black America; Cowboy, the nameless birthday present/hustler, all devastating beauty, possessing neither brains nor charm; Hank, the bisexual divorced man with two kids; Larry, his promiscuous lover; Donald, Michael's best friend and pretty-boy flunky. And at the height of the festivities, in walks Alan, Michael's old college chum who's supposed to be straight, but who Michael wants to believe is just another closet queen–clearly a case of misery loves company. In short, the most carefully matched basket of plastic fruits in captivity.

I do not know if Mart Crowley is publicly admitting to being homosexual. I hope for his own sake that he is not homosexual, because *Boys in the Band*, whether seen on stage by those who can get into those cities where the production is mounted, or in the movies by anyone over 17 with the price of admission, is the grossest example of bad faith that I have ever seen in any medium. A drama that purports to "tell it like it is," this is nothing more than a mishmash of sordid neuroses, splashed one upon the other like so many turds in the dungheap. Its theatricality, if such be the name for it, depends on tour de force performances, full of bitchy, vicious, psychotic sound and fury which signify absolutely nothing, save the ambition of one author to exploit an "untouchable" theme for as much money as he can get. Mr. Crowley's experiences within the homosexual world can be termed at best, unfortunate, if we are to believe that he really knows what he his talking about.

Apart from the faithful adherence to the stage script, this transition from stage to screen suggests that every sneering garage attendant, delivery boy, or Third Avenue hustler is too gorgeous for words and can't wait to be made by an ordinary bloke who parks his car or orders up a cupcake. It further insists that all these poor jokers who camp it up and dance around like a crew of barfly Rockettes are all miserable, self-hating, long-suffering swine under their cool facades, who simply adore to inflict their neuroses or worse on everyone they know. Like misbegotten Midases, they turn everything they touch to shit, which they then joyously pour over themselves, bathing in their "tragedy." How else can one explain their sticking out a so-called party game which is sadistically conceived by the gin-soaked host in an attempt to force the straight intruder to admit to being one of them? Naturally enough, those who get the top scores come out of the race less battered than the rest. At the end of the evening, straight Alan has won (of course!), only the lowers have salvaged anything of their dignity (Harold never compromises his in the first place), and the others go home, dragging their dread behind them, to their beds of shame, too ashamed to speak, much less act.

As I said before, this show depends on the virtuosity of its actors, and happily everyone is marvelous on that score–it's the original Broadway cast. Leonard Frey as Harold is simply magnificent, and his role is the most sympathetic [illegible] Kenneth Nelson as the detestable A. J. is also excellent, with a range of expression from low comedy through high camp to superior hysterics. The photography and sets are wonderful! [illegible] then it's hard to find a movie today that isn't beautiful, isn't it?

But I do not wish to let mere technical proficiency get in the way of point of view, and *Boys in the Band* is the slickest straight-world, anti-homosexual piece of celluloid around. I can only say that this movie will set the image of the homosexual in America back twenty years, for all of its pretensions to modernity. And it will certainly make Mart Crowley a very rich man. Heterosexuals will love it since they can take some satisfaction in not having those crippling problems, and of course they'll love the funny lines–even I like the funny lines. But at a time when the "sickness" and the "self-hate" bits are wearing thin of their own cheap fabric, *Boys in the Band* shows a group of homosexuals (and one *very* uptight straight) at its sickest and most hateful. When will someone make a good movie about a decent homosexual relationship that can attract a wide market? Is there no justice?

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