

Chicago Doctor Tortures Teen-Aged Gays

Tied to Hospital Beds 77½ Hours

BY RANDOLFE WICKER

Chicago, Illinois—Two 13-year-old boys were tied to beds and tortured for 77½ hours by a Chicago physician, Dr. Enrique Viciono. The charge against them? They had committed homosexual acts.

An NBC-TV White Paper entitled *This Child is Rated X* uncovered the story. Produced by Martin Carr and moderated

by Edwin Newman, the broadcast gave a detailed report on brutality within the juvenile penal system on Sunday evening, May 2nd, at 10 p.m.

Special attention was focused on Elgin State Mental Hospital in a suburb of Chicago where about 5% of all juvenile offenders from the Chicago Cook County area are interned. The children held there are not called emotionally disturbed or mentally ill, but are called "socially deprived."

Dr. Enrique Viciono, Clinical Director of the hospital's adolescent division, defined "socially deprived" as meaning "someone who does not have the opportunity of having a mother or father or other authority figure so that he may learn some social or moral values."

Patric Murphy, a legal aid attorney representing some of the institution's inmates, told NBC "I can think of two cases involving two children, one from an

area called 'uptown' here in Chicago which is primarily a white appalachian area and another from the west side ghetto, black ghetto. They both ended up at the Elgin State Hospital. Recently they were both caught on consensual homosexual conduct, both being about 13 now. Now it may be wrong to do this, it may not be. As a lawyer I can't make moral judgments. However, the people at the hospital did, and they bound them to their beds for a period of 77½ hours. They tied their hands and feet to the bedposts and spread-eagled them to the beds so the boys could only move their hands three or four inches in each direction. They were allowed up only to shower in 77½ hours."

Dr. Enrique Viciono next appeared saying, "We are not using punishment over here. We are using a multiplicity of treatments in order to change their behavior." *continued on page 3*



Mayor John V. Lindsay

Lindsay Says: Gay Rights Bill "Useful"

New York, N.Y. Mayor John V. Lindsay, in a letter dated May 13, 1971, has referred to the Clingan-Burden-Schnolick-Weiss equal rights bill for homosexuals as "commendable," and has labled anti-homosexual policies as "arbitrary victimization."

Addressing the authors of the Bill, Lindsay wrote:

I have examined your legislative proposal to secure legal protection against discrimination against homosexuals. Your leadership in bringing this problem to public attention is commendable.

It is appropriate that New York City—whose human rights law was one of the first to impose strong sanctions against bias in the nation—should broaden its safeguards for citizens against all forms of arbitrary victimization.

I know that you have received support and encouragement from the city's commission on human rights and its chairman, Eleanor Holmes Norton. As you know, the Commission is doing a careful analysis of the Bill and stands ready to lend assistance to passage of this useful legislation.

Sincerely,
John V. Lindsay,
Mayor



Rutgers University: The Student Homophile League on Campus

Photo by Kay Tobin

Rutgers Students Sponser Conference

BY PETE FISHER

New Brunswick, New Jersey— A Conference on Gay Liberation was sponsored at Rutgers University by its Student Homophile League from April 30 to May 2. Representatives and individual members from gay organizations up and down the east coast attended.

Registration for the Conference began late Friday afternoon, although the largest number of participants made their first appearance on Saturday. Lilli Vincenz's *Christopher Street Liberation*

Day Parade film was shown along with her *Philadelphia 1968* film. *The Queen* and Andy Warhol's *Blowjob* blew the minds of several straight viewers, who were uncertain how to relate them to the planned conference.

Things got under way at a leisurely pace on Saturday morning. Delegates and participants chatted over coffee in the student lounge, until repeated appeals over the student center loudspeaker system mobilized them to go to the work-

shops which had been scheduled for 9:00 a.m., but which didn't start until after 10:00. The morning's workshops included *Can Gay Liberation Change Sexual Morality*, *Gay Liberation and Legislative Change*, *Racism in Gay Liberation*, *Gay Liberation and Sociology*, *The Lesbian as Mother*, *Consciousness-Raising Through Social Action*, *Gays in the Arts*, *Gay Liberation—Science or Religion and a Heterosexual Clinic*.

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WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT?

A Directory for Discriminating Dispositions

New York's Night Spots

DRINK, EAT AND BE MERRY!

The Barrel Inn, 566 Ninth Ave., bet. 41 & 42 Sts. (563-8212) GM.

The Beaded Bar, 931 First Ave., bet. 52 & 53 Sts. Chubby Chasers, GM.

The Big Sponder, 315 W. 48th St. (580-9880) Theatrical types before and after-the-show crowd, GM.

Boa Ser, 40 W. 8th St. (473-9859) Cha-cha palace, popular with young Latin, GM.

Bonnie & Clyde's, 82 W. 3rd St. (GR3-9304) Dancing and lots of activities, like buffets and movies, GF & GM.

Bullfeathers, 1716 2nd Ave. at 89th St. (722-9838) East Side neighborhood bar, GM.

The Candlelight Lounge, 305 Amsterdam Ave., bet. 74 & 75th Sts. (874-9607) One of New York's longest-running gay bars, a friendly neighborhood place, GM.

The Candy Store, 44 West 56th St., bet. 5th & 6th Aves. (581-4664) Piano bar for the suit & tie crowd and out-of-town businessmen, GM.

Camelot, 507 West St., at Jane (above the Tool Box, Back room policy), GM.

Car's, 104 W. 10th St. A sociable bar in the Village! No posing, no frantic rush to make out—just nice people having fun, GM.

The Charade, 1800 Second Ave. at 93rd St. *Cluck it Beautiful!* the music and food is Soul, and the dancing is wild.

Chick's, Columbus Avenue between 65 & 67 Sts. A charming bar/restaurant very convenient to Lincoln Center. It's mixed now, but the gay crowd is slowly taking over, especially the landscaped sidewalk cafe, Int.

Come Back, 185 W. 10th St. After-hours club where the bartenders and other nice people go to unwind, GM and some GF.

Country Cousins, 1313 Third Ave., bet. 75 & 76 Sts. (879-6614) Good food, good music and nice people, GM, mostly.

Dance & Pythias, 105 W. 13th St., bet. 6 & 7 Aves. A smart new dining-dancing-drinking place in the Village, GM.

Danny's, 139 Christopher St. (929-8321). It's never better days, but the people still come here, GM.

The Den, 835 Washington at Little W. 12 St. (989-8999). Don't show up without your leather dress, GM.

Dirty Edna's Scoreboard, 264 W. 46th at 8th Ave. (265-9075). A gay "saloon" whose ads warn, "If you are elegant or pretentious you won't score with us." GM.

The Eagle's Nest, 11th Ave. & 21st St. Private club for the leather/western crowd, GM.

The Exile, 491 W. 12th St. at Jane, Back-room policy, GM.

Fedora's, 239 W. 4th St. (CH2-9691). The best of the gay restaurants. Excellent food, casual atmosphere. Reservations suggested, GM & GF.

The Finale, 48 Barrow St. (CH3-7538) Another famed gay eatery, GM & GF.

The Four Seasons, 99 E. 52nd St. The bar is crazy for the grand set, but be careful, the place is integrated.

Francis, 115 MacDougal St. bet. 3rd & Bloever (at the Cafe Wha). Free admission, light show, dancing. Soda bar. Open 8 p.m. to 4 a.m. GM.

Gleason's, 53 W. 19th St. (675-9980). A dancing bar for women, GF.

The Goldbug, 83 W. 3rd St. (677-9874). The bar with everything, including dancing, GM.

Y. Goldfarb's, 61 Seventh Ave., at Bloever (989-9446). Restaurant, piano bar and quiet bar, all under one roof. Something for everyone, GM.

Hades, Jane & West Streets. Private club for the leather set, GM.

Harry's Back East, 1422 Third Ave., bet. 80 & 81 Sts. (249-6911). The one place where it's always "in" to be. When the other joints are dying, this one is packed—even on Monday nights, GM.

Heat Wave, 131 West 3rd St. (GR5-9325). Another new place in the Village, GM.

The Hip-o-Drome, 165 Avenue "A", bet. 10 & 11 Sts. (228-9984). The gay center of the Lower East Side and haven for the young, radical chic set, GM.

The Hot Line, 1544 2nd Ave., bet. 80 & 81 Sts. (734-8863) Would you believe—a telephone on each table, a la "Cabaret," so you can cruise sitting down. Dancing and live entertainment, too, GM, a few GF.

Jimmy Ray's, 725 8th Avenue (582-9507) A neighborhood bar & restaurant in the theatrical neighborhood. Not crazy, and not really gay, but fun, Int.

Julius, 159 W. 10th St. at Waverly Pl. (929-9672) Very much a neighborhood bar, but also a haven for young out-of-towners who have heard of its national reputation, GM.

Kater's, 384 West Street (CH 3-1907) The mother and father of leather bars, GM.

Kookie's, 149 West 14th St. (242-9226) New York's best known women's bar, GF.

The Lighthouse, 2160 Broadway, corner of 76th St. (SU 7-9791) An old-timer on the bar scene trying to make a come-back under new management, GM.

The Lav Case, West 4th Street, off Sixth Ave. An upstairs after hours private club for women, Dancing, GF.

The Machine, Hotel Empire, 63rd & Broadway. This discotheque for the young, mainly Latin, sit on the balcony of the hotel just across from Lincoln Center, GM.

The Male Sex, 1716 Second Ave. A new dance bar with loads of that East Side charm, GM.

The Menemba Bar, Hotel Allerton, Lexington Ave. at 57th St. The place where the over-35 set retreats for peace and quiet when the "youth culture" gets too cloying, GM.

New Jimmy's, 1576 Third Avenue, between 89 & 90th Sts. (860-4569) The newest, and one of the best, of the gay restaurants. Reservations suggested, GM and GF.

Nine Plus Social Club, 149 W. 21st St. (924-9387) Another one of those private clubs exclusively for the leather crowd, GM.

The Oak Room Bar, Hotel Plaza, 59th and Fifth. Formerly headquarters for the elegant closet set, women's lib "liberated" it and ruined cruising, Int.

O.K. Corra, 835 Washington St. Leather crowd, GM.

Old Vin, 309 E. 60th St. (832-9049) Very cruddy dance palace with an intimate atmosphere, GM.

The Painted Pony, 1485 Third Ave., at 84th St. (744-9580) Live entertainment and a friendly crowd. What more could you want? GM.

Paula's, 64 Greenwich Ave. (691-3360) The Street again has a gay bar! Intimate and friendly. Paula's is just starting to catch on. GF and GM.

Pauline's Intertide, 2267 7th Ave., at 135th St. A Harlem landmark before most of us were born, Int.

The Piccadilly Pub, 324 Amsterdam Ave., bet. 75 & 76 Sts. (874-8323) One of the newer (and busier) Upper West Side bars, GM.

Pep's Place, 153 W. 48th St. (265-9792) It's gay in the evenings, and a hard-hat hangout in the afternoon. The hard-hats may love you, but the gay bartender won't, GM.

The Planetarium, 181 2nd Ave., near 12th St. An out-a-eight discotheque with all the trimmings, GM.

The People's Coffee Grounds, 210 W. 82nd St. GLF rappers over this intellectual center for radicals for talking, sipping coffee and making out. Sundays from 4 p.m. to 1 a.m., GM, GF.

The Roundtable, 151 E. 50th St. (758-0310) Dancing to live rock bands, mainly a young crowd, but everybody assembles here, GM & GF.

The Royal Roost, 28 Cornelia St. (CH 2-9537) Small, but excellent restaurant with an intimate bar. Mostly neighborhood and very "in" people, Int.

The Sanctuary, 407 W. 43rd St. (247-4210) Church converted into a mad discotheque. Once the most popular place in town, but lost its liquor license. The high price for fruit juices is killing business, GM.

The School, Amsterdam Ave. bet. 65 & 66 Sts. A noisy, busy headquarters for Latin types and lovers of Spanish music. Open weekends only, GM.

Scotland Yard, 146 W. 4th St. Private, after-hours club with dancing and pool tables. Bring your own bottle. Open 8 p.m. to 7 a.m., Int.

Stage 45, 305 E. 45th St. (532-0290) A dancing bar where Black is beautiful, GM.

The Striped Shirt, 1293 2nd Ave., bet. 72 & 73 Sts. (861-3450) A marvelous restaurant with a delightful bar. Every other drink is 1¢ (except Sundays). Reservations required for dinner, GM.

The (International) Stud, Greenwich & Perry Streets. 50¢ beers and swarms of gorgeous numbers make this an ever-popular pickup bar.

Table Tops Club, 2234 Third Ave. (722-9601) This very friendly club is planning to move its restaurant, bar, game room, etc., downtown soon. Discover it now while it's still "in." GM & GF.

Tamburlaine, 148 E. 48th St., near Lex. (PL 1-0030) A chic new midtown bar with dancing, shows, floor prizes and the works, GM.

Tank's Quarters, 1497 York Ave. (722-9601) (734-9468) The newest "in" spot, at 79th St. (The International) Stud, Greenwich & Perry Streets. 50¢ beers and swarms of gorgeous numbers make this an ever-popular pickup bar.

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This n' That, 221 Columbus Ave. at 70th St. (874-9535) A neighborhood bar that's becoming gay as the Gay Renaissance on the West Side continues, GM.

Three, 314 E. 72nd St. at 2nd Ave. (734-9303) A delightful eatery with great food and a popular piano bar.

The Tool Box, 507 West St. at Jane (989-9496) Another bar with everything: dancing, movies, buffets, the works, GM.

The Tor, 21 Greenwich Ave. A sidewalk cafe, Int.

The Triangle, 34 Ninth Ave. GM.

The Troubadour, 1078 1st Ave. bet. 58 & 59 Sts. (755-1955) Popular East Side spot, now serving dinners, GM.

Twelfth Night, 281 12th St. corner of W. 4th. Intimate, very friendly bar presided over by Billy. They serve grand champagne brunches on Sundays, Int.

Uncle Charlie's, 1049 Lexington Ave. at 75th St. (861-6132) Friendly, crowded and very cruddy bar, GM.

Victor's Quarters, 984 2nd Avenue, GM.

The Washington Square, 675 Broadway. Private, after-hours club with dancing and drag queens welcome. GM—but you can't tell by looking.

Willie's West Side, 224 W. 82nd St., east of Broadway (874-9833) A crowded, friendly dancing bar where the radical chic, revolutionaries and West Side Liberals all meet, GM.

Wine Cellar, 531 Hudson, Restaurant, Int.

A Woman's Place, 29% Cornelia St. Open Fri. & Sat. from 6 p.m. to midnight. This coffee house is also a center for women's books, crafts, etc. GF.

The Yakon, 140 E. 53rd St. bet. Lex. & 3rd (421-8122) Where the older set gathers. Suit & tie required, GM.

THE PATHS

The Beacon Baths, 227 E. 45th St. (647-0322) Go in main entrance and take elevator to the 11th floor. Features: water bed, television room, "Skyline Lounge," piano lounge, private rooms and dormitory. Open 24 hours.

The Chub Baths, NYC. 24 First Ave. bet. 1 & 2 Sts. (673-3283) Features: super-elegant private rooms, sauna, steam rooms, carousal shower, whirlpool bath swimming pool fed by natural springs, TV room, dormitory section, backyard patio. Students half-price with student card. Open 24 hours, GM.

The Continental Baths, 230 W. 74th (799-2688) The place that revolutionized the tub business in America. Features: Live entertainment Fri., Sat. & Sun; restaurant facilities open 24 hours, complete gym with instructor three times a week, Olympic-sized pool, steam rooms, sauna, TV lounge, library, futuristic lounge downstairs with dancing, massage, VD clinic, roof deck for summer sunbathing, private rooms, dormitory, you name it, they probably have it. Open 24 hours. Students half-price with student card, GM.

The Continental Sauna Club, 111 West 56th St. Operated by the Continental Baths people. Elegant, but on a less grand scale than the "mother church" on 74th Street. Still a best buy, GM.

Everard, 28 West 28th Street (684-8935) Left over from before the "revolution," Everard stands as an example of what Continental saved us from. It's dingy, the help is surly, and all it has going for it is a fine steamroom, GM.

St. Mark's Baths, 6 St. Mark's Place (473-7829). Superficial cleanups haven't changed the somewhat dangerous and ugly vibes emanating from this shanty. It's the place to find party management. Open 24 hours except for the main steamroom, GM.

Sauna Baths and Health Club, 300 W. 58th St. (above Chispa) (PL 5-6880) A smaller spot which encourages "togetherness," the Sauna closes at midnight, and does its best business from 4:30 in the afternoon until 10 or 11, as the midtown junior executives stop in to knock off a piece on the way home. Doesn't offer much in the way of facilities, and therefore directs everybody's attention to the main thing, GM.



EDITORIAL

SODOMY CHALLENGE

GAA is currently preparing a major court challenge to New York's sodomy statutes. In order to proceed, it's committee needs additional persons willing to join the case as plaintiffs.

The group is looking for individuals who've been arrested in New York, especially if the arrests have led to further police harassment or intimidation by the authorities.

A "perfect plaintiff" would: (1) have arrest records for private, consensual sodomy, though by the present time the case(s) should have been resolved; (2) the person should swear in an affidavit that he or she has not committed acts of sodomy in public places and has not solicited children under the age of 14; (3) a history of being blackmailed or entrapped by police officers would be desirable; (4) the plaintiff should be willing to swear in an affidavit that he or she has committed acts of sodomy in private with consenting adults in the past and intends to do so in the future and fears prosecution for these acts.

While this "perfect plaintiff" may not exist, if individuals come under one or more of these categories and are interested in assisting with the court challenge, they may call (212) 870-2669, 866-0265, 751-3600 (Ext. 381) or 255-8312 (answering service).

TEEN TORTURE

Dr. Enrique Viciano has admitted to torturing two teen-aged boys accused of "committing a homosexual act" in Chicago's Elgin State Mental Hospital. (See News Columns.)

The callous "doctor" Viciano deserves to be called to account for his deliberate crimes against these two 13-year-old youths. All gay liberation groups should seek out and deliver justice to this sick man; making of him a never-to-be-forgotten example for those other "doctors" who may be tempted to follow such dastardly procedures.

CHRISTOPHER STREET LIBERATION DAY

Prepare now to march in the Christopher Street Liberation Day parade. If you missed the occasion last year, you may still enjoy it in 1971. Last year's parade took place on Sixth Avenue and marchers walked to Sheep's Meadow in Central Park. It was the greatest outpouring of gay pride, self-acceptance, and community love ever witnessed by New York. Thousands took part, and are grateful that they did. You will be grateful if you do it this year. Take note: the date is Sunday, June 27th. Invite friends from out-of-town to join you.

Rutgers

The ambitious schedule of workshops turned out to be quite successful. Although a few of the workshops drew so few participants that they were canceled, the majority of them went very well. In the workshop on Consciousness-Raising Through Social Action, the overly strict separation between the consciousness-raising and the political activism approaches rapidly faded. The group concluded that political action could in itself raise consciousness, while C-R sessions were frequently the first step in leading the individual gays to become politically committed.

Emphasis was laid upon the importance of the solidarity and support that could be found in a C-R session, on a picketline or march, or at a committee meeting or workshop.

The afternoon's workshops included *Gay Liberation and Changing Church Attitudes*, *Gay Liberation and the Judiciary*, *Coalitions With Other Oppressed Groups*, *How to Start a Gay Organization*, *Gay Liberation and Psychology*, the



Gay Lib spokesmen/women form a panel at Rutgers

Gay Image in the Mass Media, *Gay Liberation and Women's Liberation*, *Gay Liberation and History*, and again, *a Heterosexual Clinic*.

Out of the afternoon's discussions, proposals for a new Third World gay group at Rutgers and a Gay Community news service were raised. The workshops were followed by an address by Frank Kameny, a free barbecue, and a dance later in the evening.

The turn-out Sunday morning was smaller, many visitors finding it impossible to get it together for the workshops at 9:00 a.m. Among these were *How Can Gay Liberation Use the Mass Media*, *Coalitions Within Gay Liberation*, *Contentment for Other Gays*, *Coalitions with Establishment Organizations*, *Gay Liberation and Feminist Theory*, *Gay Liberation and the Invisible Gay*, and *Problems*

of *Gay Organizations*. A panel discussion between early leaders of the homophile movement and more recent figures in gay liberation was scheduled to follow, but Martha Shelley led a group of the women participants out of the auditorium, protesting elitism and male chauvinism on the part of the other participants. Rather than the scheduled panel, an open microphone discussion of sexism in the movement followed.

GAY

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THE WICKER BASKET



BY RANDOLFE WICKER

DR. HIP-OCRATES SOUNDS OFF:

Dr. Eugene Schoenfeld, nationally syndicated as Dr. Hip-ocrates, granted an exclusive interview to SIR's *Vector* magazine recently. *Cocksucker* really shouldn't be a bad word," he noted. "A lot of girls that I know feel uncomfortable when they hear that term being used because they are cocksuckers themselves. Why should we put down a person because he or she is a 'cocksucker'? Hurrah for cocksuckers!"

He went on to say massaging of the prostate by a finger placed in the anus during sex might be harmful if it were done frequently or roughly.

Asked about the use of "cockrings," which are placed around an erect penis to prolong erection, he responded: "A ring around the penis, particularly during an erection, might be harmful because it prevents blood from returning from the penis. The blood vessels then might become engorged so that they might burst."

Dr. Hip-ocrates said that poppers caused all blood vessels to dilate during sex and that he couldn't say whether they were harmful or not. He said that poppers didn't actually effect a person's orgasm but that the users "perception of the orgasm experience is changed."

GAY FILM UNDERGROUND

Variety ran a feature on May 5, 1971 entitled "N.Y. GAY FILM UNDERGROUND." The switching of the Evergreen Theater on East 11th Street, owned by Grove Press owner Barney Rosset, to the gay-oriented Soho Cinema triggered the story.

"As homosexual activists plead their 'gay is good' cause on network television talk shows," *Variety* reported, "and as a number of writers go for candor by baring out of their closets in print, some canny exhibitors around the country are beginning to find 'gay' as profitable as it is anything else."

Variety said the Park-Miller Theater on West 43rd Street was extremely successful as sex-pic houses went, being much larger with an 800-seat capacity and grossing in excess of \$30,000.00 per week, nearly every week, no matter what the program.

"With low advertising expenses, a minimal overhead, and probably one of the lowest film rental bites in the city," *Variety* added, "the Park-Miller's position is special."

Because of the quality of its material, the Park-Miller has eliminated competition over the past two years from two other houses, the Eros II and Masque, both of which found it easier to switch than fight.

The new Soho Cinema is small, having 145 seats, and is equipped to show only 16mm films. It joins the Jewel Theater which started gay programming last month in the East Village and a gay mini-site in West Village on Christopher Street as the third gay film house downtown.

The Soho Cinema was leased from Barney Rosset by the L.A.-based Continental Theatres owned by Shan Sayles, who also owns the main interest in the Park-Miller. Many films are specifically produced in L.A. for his theatres.

"One arresting sidelight of the whole gypic situation in New York," *Variety* concluded, "is the fact that despite recent wholesale busts on hardcore sites by the local District Attorney's office, the homosexual houses have never been touched. Gay is also lucky."

FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES BEING FILMED:

With the use of financial assistance from the Canadian government, John Herbert's *Fortune And Men's Eyes*, a drama about homosexuality in prison, is being made into a movie.

The play was only moderately successful when it first opened off-Broadway several years ago. It attracted many who had been in prison, and gab sessions after performances led to the formation of the Fortune Society, which seeks to help men leaving prison re-enter the mainstream of society.

Sal Mineo revived *Fortune* a couple of years ago, making it much more graphically sexual by showing, among other things, male rape on stage. This injection of sensationalism (which enraged the play's author) went over big up front where it counts, in the box office.

Wendell Burton who plays "Smitty" in the production, has complained that he didn't know about the extent of nudity required by the production when taking the part. He fears for "his image" and according to other members of the cast, gets uptight and refuses to camp it up offstage to get into character before actual filming sequences commence.

Lester Perakey, who recently took over the production from Jules Schwerin, says: "I mean let's face it, we're saying something important. I think what goes on in today's prisons is terrible. Homosexuality... I mean... is O.K. in some gay bar in Greenwich Village, but in prison it's forced on young people..."

Jules Schwerin complained to *After Dark* magazine: "Perakey kept insisting on more and more nudity. It was as if he wanted the prison to seem like a real entertaining place, sexy bodies all over, hee-hawing, suggestive grab-assing. At one point he insisted on naked ass-slapping in the shower room. A bunch of guys were supposed to be snapping towels at each other and I completely refused to do it... He was only interested in the exploitation element... He wanted a kind of sex fantasy. He objected to my

showing Queenie up as, ultimately, a mutilated man. 'You're losing the funny drag queen element,' he'd say. And then he kept trying to get the actors to do frontal nudity, which was gratuitous, and the actors had never been told that they would be expected to do it."

A Fortune Society spokesman chimed in later saying, "It wasn't so much the nudity or the sex that was objectionable in the Mineo production, but all the changes in the dialogue. Mineo made everything sound tempting and erotic, when prison life isn't really like that."

Judging from the turn the production of *Fortune And Men's Eyes* has taken, the film will simply pick up where Mineo left off.

SHORT ITEMS:

* Dr. and Mrs. Philip Sarrel, who head Yale University's Sex Counseling Service, say that venereal disease at Yale is virtually non-existent, that students are overwhelmingly one-to-one relationships, that few male students go with prostitutes these days, and that women's liberation has made it easier for a woman to have a relationship with another woman and that more women students were "into bisexuality."

* Anti-marijuana research conducted by two Philadelphia psychoanalysts, Drs. Harold Kolansky and Wm. Moore, paint a dark picture of what awaits marijuana users. One seventeen-year-old boy who, according to the doctors, "was gradually introduced to marijuana by an older man who had homosexually seduced him, withdrew from reality, developed an interest in the occult and envisioned himself as the Messiah. Ultimately, he made three attempts at suicide by slashing his wrists but gradually recovered after hospitalization and withdrawal from the marijuana habit." Some girls who were studied became very promiscuous after short periods of pot smoking, had both heterosexual and homosexual relationships, had intercourse with multiple partners on the same evening. Of the 18 involved, seven became pregnant and four caught venereal disease." *Newweek* carried a feature on the research of its May 3rd issue.

* Jurgen Bartsch was convicted four years ago in Wuppertal, Germany of murdering four boys in an abandoned mine shaft. At the time of his trial, there was much public agitation for restoration of the death penalty in Germany. Bartsch's lawyers appealed the conviction on the grounds that Bartsch was a minor at the time he committed the crimes. The Appeals Court upheld his conviction however but modified his sentence as a result of psychiatric testimony.

Psychiatrists pointed out that Bartsch was born out of wedlock, his mother died five months later and he was adopted by a family who sent him to a foundling home where he was introduced to homosexual practices by a priest who delighted in telling the boy sadistic tales from medieval times. Upon returning to his adoptive home, he was alternately treated with great affection and great contempt by his adoptive parents. His stepmother insisted on washing him from head to foot until the time of his arrest.

The German Appeals Court ruled that Bartsch was not just a criminal but a sick human being, reduced his life sentence to ten years in prison, half of which Bartsch has already served, and ordered that he be committed to a mental institution after that. The *New York Times* headlined this news story: "Psychiatry Aids a German Convict."

* During a "Dialogue on Women's Liberation" held at Town Hall recently, *Village Voice* columnist Jill Johnston proclaimed from the podium "all women are lesbians" and, according to *Time* Magazine, "began an onstage grope with two female companions."

* Men's Liberation Fronts are forming around the country but unlike the Women's Liberation Fronts, they are not very taken with homosexuality, but rather with purging their own "male chauvinism" so as to be better able to relate to their feminist girlfriends.

* The re-released film *Lawrence of Arabia* does not include graphic scenes of homosexuality rumored to have been deleted from the film's original version. The rumored scenes never existed!

* Dr. Bernard Zuger of the NYU School of Medicine has studied the environments of 25 effeminate boys and discovered that in many cases it was the father, not the mother, who dominated the family. The parental marriages were usually fair to good, the boys were wanted children for the most part and the parents had no preponderant preference for girls. The mothers didn't seek to dress them as girls and frequently took the stronger stand against feminine behavior. The doctor concluded that "the origin and development of such behavior is inherent in the boys themselves."

* The question regarding homosexual desires has been dropped from Selective Service Form 89, the form all inductees fill out while being processed for service. The deletion resulted from Sen. Ervin's (Dem.-N. Car.) attacks on governmental prying into citizens' sex lives. Sen. Ervin is considered a conservative libertarian.

* A word of warning about Carl Driver's Guide to Europe. It is inaccurate. Names and addresses are misspelled and advice on cruising in Portugal and Tangiers can lead to legal trouble. Use with extreme care.

* A cab company has asked GAA to refer gay taxi drivers to its offices.

* The NYC Human Rights Commission claims it has been swamped with employment discrimination complaints from homosexuals in recent weeks.

* *Life* Magazine writer Mike Durham, who is researching gayness for a *Life* feature, confided recently that he didn't think he'd do a piece on the internal politics of the movement because no matter what he wrote, there would probably be a zap of *Life's* offices by some disgruntled faction.

* NYC City Clerk Herman Katz has threatened to have Rev. Robert Clement of New York's gay church arrested for performing gay marriages which he claims are illegal. Rev. Clement says he merely performs "services of holy union."

* Jane Fonda came out in support of Gay Liberation during a talk at the University of Southern California, April 19th.

* Hundreds of hustlers and strollers have been arrested on L.A.'s famed Selma Avenue in a "vice crackdown" in that city.

BY DICK LEITSCH

If you open your copy of *The Guild Guide* to page 165 you'll find listings of the gay spots in DaNang and Saigon, Vietnam.

Saigon's nine entries include one gay swimming pool, a gay bathhouse, five gay bars and two gay hotels—one marked "Wow!!! GI's ready, willing and able!" and the other, "Loads of action! GI's galore!" By comparison, DaNang is a depressed area, with only one little gay bar. Hanoi, and the rest of North Vietnam, has no entries at all in *The Guild Guide* which, I suppose, is one reason why we should liberate the area.

We in New York, California and other hot-beds of peace sentiment, get few reports about the quality of gay life in Southeast Asia. We're aware that there's gay life everywhere, and that sucking and fucking are probably as common in rice paddies as in Central Park's bushes or the men's rooms on the IRT. Recent reports indicate the men at the front are enjoying the other fellows almost as much as the high-grade grass.

Just as we, and our friends, are on the side of peace, our brothers and sisters out there in the Mid-West, South and Southwest often tend to be pro-war. Homosexuals were more visible during the peace march recently, but there was doubtlessly a gay contingent in Dr. Carl MacIntyre's "Kill a Commie For Christ" parade. Given the general conservatism of the gay community, Dr. MacIntyre may have had a larger gay following than the peace crowd.

The "Win the War for Jesus" homosexuals aren't as overt about their homosexuality as some of the gay peace marchers, but Dr. MacIntyre is not very tolerant of deviates. "Sometimes you have to butch it up in the interests of a higher goal," as the queen said when he entered the welfare office.

Many of the brothers in areas where pro-war sentiment is still strong are butchering it up to enlist, my informants tell me. While it is believed homosexuals are exercising their option to stay out of the army in greater numbers than ever before, there is reason to believe that many more are hiding their homosexuality in order to enter the military—in more ways than one.

For one thing, there is a gay contingent in Nixon's "silent majority" and they can be as hawkish as Senator Stennis. Some of them join the army to stop what they see as the "Yellow Peril," and others because they see it as an opportunity to get away from parents, small towns, and other circumstances that make it difficult to be overtly gay. Some probably even join just for the cruising.

A Mississippi boy just back from doing his bit to keep the dominoes from falling claims the whole American army in South Vietnam is like a gigantic gay convention; a gay Woodstock, complete with a wide selection of dope.

He estimates that three out of every five white soldiers (being from Mississippi, he doesn't know much about Black men) are gay, and four out of five readily available. With the proper approach and under the right circumstances, he says, 99% of the American troops in Vietnam can be had, either as mutual partners or as trade.

Another returned veteran, a Brooklyn College student from Illinois, says that the troops, when not "playing war" (his

NIXON'S WAR MEANS PIECE NOW!



Birds do it, bees do it, even Vietnamese do it...



phrase) near Camron Bay, gather to watch American films on giant screens set up on a nearby hillside. The men sit on the ground, now and then wandering about, looking for somebody groovy to sit next to. It's all supposed to be as wild as the 42nd Street movie houses used to be (with the extra advantage of plenty of very high-grade, dirt-cheap grass).

By the time the films end and the lights come on, this veteran says, the hillside is covered as far as the eye can see with male-male couples in every imaginable sexual position composing the most unbelievable al fresco homosexual orgy. The military police don't bother anybody, ignoring the orgies just as they ignore the smoking of marijuana and the use of hard drugs.

The MP's in Vietnam are a placid bunch, according to veterans who have been there. The cops get zonked on grass and smile benignly as uniformed soldiers embrace or turn on.

Saigon's Continental Hotel makes San Francisco's famous Embarcadero YMCA look like a nunnery, another former soldier claims. While the orgies at the Embarcadero take place in the men's rooms and the private sex is confined to private rooms, the orgies at the Continental Hotel are as likely as not to start in the hallways.

Not everybody who joins the army is gay, of course, but Vietnam seems to make situational homosexuals of most American men. Neither Black nor white soldiers, as a general rule, find Vietnamese girls attractive as sex objects. The native women are skinny, often diseased and usually under-nourished, and less than second-class citizens. Both the Vietnamese social system and the war have drained them of any trace of vivaciousness, charm and sex appeal. Men used to the glamorous American woman, who usually consider themselves the equals to, if not the superiors of, men

find it difficult to relate to these passive, rather strange looking (by Western standards) women.

As in American prisons, when no women are available (at least no women who qualify as sex objects), straight men turn to masturbation. That quickly becomes a bore, and suddenly the "straight" men find themselves becoming attracted to pretty boys with perky, round behinds. After he's screwed a couple of them, less pretty boys with less perky buttocks start looking good, and before long the straight guy is into a gay scene. (Not to worry girls. The shrinks say that most situational homosexuals revert to exclusive heterosexuality when female sex objects again become available.)

At least one of those shrinks who panics at the idea of homosexuality "spreading" has expressed fear that some of the boys in Vietnam may have gone there as virgins. If they get all of their early sexual experience with men, this shrink wonders, will they like it too much and never, as the gay power slogan puts it, "try it once the other way?" According to this disciple of Freud, Nixon and his war may be swelling the ranks of homosexuals.

Tricky Dick has two options: bring the boys home to the aggressive, sexy American girls; or ship to Saigon a few shiploads of those "ladies" with the fancy wigs who lurk about Manhattan's midtown area offending decent homosexuals like me with their lewd and offensive heterosexual offers. Martha Mitchell and Spiro Agnew probably won't let Nixon exercise either of these options, so the President is heading for big trouble when Mrs. Shirley Temple Black and her Mothers For A Moral America find out Nixon's war is not only turning a whole generation into dope freaks, but is making them queer besides.

In the meantime, we can all do our bit for the boys in the military band by cruising servicemen's clubs and that nice center the late Cardinal Spellman set up near his palace for the troops. Consider cancelling your European tour this year and try vacationing in Saigon this summer. The government may be corrupt, and there is a bit of danger from terrorists with bombs and molotov cocktails, but that's nothing new to us New Yorkers, is it? Between our muggers and the New Left, which has seemingly adopted the Pentagon Mentality and adopted bombing as a way of life, Saigon's streets may be safer than those of New York or Washington. According to all reports, Saigon's streets are a hell of a lot cruiser.



Why is this man laughing? Maybe his fly is open.



Woman Objects To "Gay" As Sexist Tears Up Paper at Rutgers



Randy Wicker holds torn copies of GAY while angry women protesting "sexism" look on.

Radicalesbians, Jerry Sprung of Rutgers SHL, who was going to chair the meeting—were on the platform.

But the stage was on the floor. So was the performance. Ros walked over to Randy and me, "They're trashing the copies of GAY." Randy and I jumped up to break it up. Randy was swept over by a wave of distaff disdain. "Censors!" he shouted. "This paper is an insult to women," cried Martha Shelly, in her best pseudo-South Brooklyn patois. "Look at that picture." Her arms were clamped against her sides, fists knotted, eyes blazing. She loosened up enough to bend her elbow and pointed to a picture of two nude women which embellished Sorel David's "Loosely About Women" column. (The column, incidentally, made some remarks about some of the women in the lesbian movement whose credentials as bona fide lesbians were questionable.) Martha and Randy even got into an argument about the words "girl" and "woman." Martha then moved Stage Center, to Present Her Case. "I refuse to participate in a panel format," she said. "I don't like the idea of people sitting up there like a bunch of experts while the audience is supposed to sit and listen." She was using the mike that had been put up for the audience, by the way. "And I think that this conference, by distributing this paper with pictures like this, and dildo ads for jerking off is sexist and oppressive to every woman here."

Several of the men in the audience said in chorus, "Wow, what's wrong with dildos? What's wrong with jerking off?"

"It's outrageous and disgusting that you are going to take this paper home and jerk off over it," she cried furiously. Well, who the fuck did she think she was talking to? I'm not a heterosexual. I won't use the picture of those poor exploited paid professional models as sex objects. Neither will anybody else who buys this homosexually-directed paper, unless maybe a lesbian. Poor Martha. She's desperately concerned about getting to the media, but totally ignores the media's audience. Martha Shelly, media manageress, more feminist and more oppressed than thou, a Superwoman in the flesh (oops—sorry for that creeping sexism. Is the feminine of macho *macha* or *machette*?), didn't even realize who she was talking to!

Besides, no one in the so-called sexual revolution should be putting down what people use for sex. A sexual revolution means sex, not merely gender. Anyway, Frank Kameny got mad about Martha's "fascistic" tactics for trashing up the session. Some idiot got up and said something about fascism being the exclusive property of the Right. Jim Owles, who was on the panel, made the very good point that gay people have enemies on the Left as well as on the Right.

So GAY, great organ of heterosexual capitalist oppression of gays and women, was ripped off, ripped up and after a good deal of arguing about the anti-ecologism of leaving it lying around on the floor, was picked up and stuffed into a wastebasket. Exit Martha and her followers, very deliberately and effectively breaking down the purpose of the meeting in the first place, namely the discussion of prospects and strategies for the change in the gay movement.

So we sat around rapping about sexism, whatever that means. Anyone who thinks that sexism is analogous to racism, which I gather is what it purports to be, is wrong. Sexism is a different matter. After lunch, everyone gathered in the humbly-named but Welcome-One-And-All-sounding All-Purpose room. General hubbub, loud but muffled, like any theatre audience before the curtain goes up. Several panelists—Frank Kameny, Barbara Gittings, Sidney Abbott, of

Continued on page 9

A Personal View

BY PETER OGREN

"And Jesus answered and said unto her, Martha, Martha thou art careful and troubled about many things."—Luke 11:14

"A lesbian friend of mine once told me she found a dildo useful to skull a policeman when he came into her after-hours joint. She really decked him, and she still talks about it."—Dr. George Weinberg.

Saturday had been wonderful. May Day (two words) and sunshine, workshops and seminars, breaking bread together, smiling faces and enthusiasm. Each workshop was like a beautiful, communicative mind-expansion (not to be confused with "consciousness raising").



Martha Shelly: Tired of being a sex object, objects to photo of half-clad women in GAY

Then it was Sunday. Time for one more seminar, at the unearthly hour of 9:30. Randy and I drove down with Ros and Leo, and this time bringing about a hundred copies of GAY for the free

literature table. Everyone picked it up and passed it around. I wished I'd had a camera for a house ad ("Nearly everyone at Rutgers reads GAY" or somesuch). Off to seminar—I went to How Gay Liberation Can Use the Mass Media, which Martha Shelly headed. Martha had stopped by from "bopping around New Jersey for the weekend" with two straight guys and a straight girl—oops, woman. Odd for a "lesbian," thought I,

Could Martha Shelly sue me for libel if I accuse her of being heterosexual?

I remember that at the Women's Strike Rally, Martha spoke for Lesbians. She didn't give her name, but preferred to say, "I am every woman." She also did a very regressive diesel dyke imitation.

Q. Are all women lesbians?
A. Only if they're in Women's Lib. Or in Lesbian organizations. Funny, I always thought that words should mean what



This "sexist" picture in GAY No. 50 aroused Martha Shelly's ire

but then Martha used to vaunt, a few years ago, her heterosexual programmatic promiscuity. She'd announced herself at a Mattachine panel that she was a bisexual when no other woman wanted to speak for lesbians. Now of course, from her bastion at *Rar*, she's a *Lesbian*, capital L, "for the past eight years," yet.

they mean.

After lunch, everyone gathered in the humbly-named but Welcome-One-And-All-sounding All-Purpose room. General hubbub, loud but muffled, like any theatre audience before the curtain goes up. Several panelists—Frank Kameny, Barbara Gittings, Sidney Abbott, of



Liv Ullman portrays Pope Joan

BY AARON BATES

on't Women's Lib and Radicalesbians be thrilled over a new movie now in production! It's called *Pope Joan* and stars Norwegian-born actress Liv Ullman (known for her work with Ingmar Bergman). Liv portrays a girl, who according to legend, reigned briefly as a pope in the ninth century. There seems to be historical evidence to show that such a person actually did exist, but was killed by a Roman crowd when her true identity as a woman was uncovered. Sorry about that, girls! You can't win them all!

Liv is aware of the Women's Lib aspects to the role, but states: "She is no Joan of Arc. She is a person with great gentleness and true rapport with the people. Her teachings and ideas are accepted as those of a man would have been, but she never loses the feelings and emotions of a woman. She is a marvelous person, a really good person."

Considering the present Pope's determination to set the Church back a few hundred years, maybe Rome could use another female pope. Any takers?

Plans are also being made for a new movie version of Oscar Wilde's life. To be entitled, logically enough, *De Profundis* in honor of that bitchy letter to dear Bosie, the film is set to star Paul Scofield and Richard Attenborough. If Anthony Quayle, presently starring in Broadway's *Sleuth*, can work around this commitment, he will be joining the cast. The company wants to get Sir Laurence Olivier to direct. Here's hoping!

According to George Sidney, in charge of the creative affairs of the finance company sponsoring the venture, there will be cameo roles by other top British actors and actresses as well. "The personal story of Wilde has been tried twice before on the screen without much success," Sidney admitted, "but with today's mature freedom of subject matter, the visual and intellectual complexities of his bizarre life and times can be completely exposed."

In that case, we had all better get our hankies ready. As we all know, queens had it tough in old England at that time, with the one exception of the biggest queen—Victoria herself. Oscar Wilde was a perfect closet case, but one would suppose that he had to be in order to survive. His one big mistake was falling for a creep like Lord Alfred Douglas in the first place, but I suppose that love is blind for even our greatest writers. And let's face it, boys, Oscar was no beauty contest winner and was probably lucky to get whatever piece of ass he could.

Since *The Green Carnation* and *The Trial of Oscar Wilde*, films have indeed been lacking his literary presence for

SAINT PETER'S PETTICOAT IS SHOWING!

some time now. The remake of *Dorian Gray* probably had old Oscar doing hand-stands in his grave. In case any of you may have missed it, consider yourself fortunate. How *Dorian Gray* could have been turned into a quickie exploitation movie boggles the mind, even though it did star *The Damned's* Helmut Berger. Unfortunately (except for voyeurs), this attractive young man spent so much time taking his clothes off or putting them on again that he had little time to worry

about acting. He displayed everything but his you-know-what and we can only pray that it wasn't shot off during the war. On this note, let me progress to the theatre. Do you know that *And Miss Reardon Drinks A Little* is now on two-fers? By all means, see it! I was thoroughly delighted when I went over a month ago with friends. During the intermission following the second act, the charming lesbian lady I was with noted, "There is no possible way this play could

end, but I don't care. I could go on watching it for hours." She turned out to be right. There was no legitimate climax and the attempt at an ending fell short by a few miles, but we didn't care. The bitchy, campy dialogue had us giggling like schoolgirls in a subway car. And it was fun to watch Estelle Parsons walk away with the show. I can't imagine why she didn't win the Tony over Maureen Stapleton. She had so much more to work with and she milked the play for everything it was worth. For that matter, Diana Rigg should have tied with Estelle for her performance in *Abelard and Heloise*, but I guess the Tony Awards can be somewhat of a popularity poll. I'm not saying Maureen was bad. Maureen is never bad! It's just that *The Gingerbread Lady* seemed proof of an extremely weak vintage year for Neil Simon. Mr. Simon may be a master when it comes to handling gag lines and jokes, but when it comes to drama, he's in muddy water.

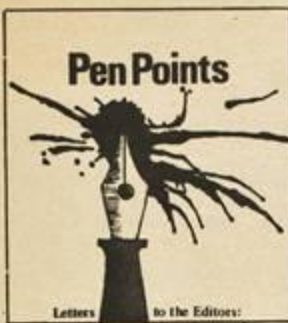
But getting back to *Abelard and Heloise* (which has folded or is on the verge by press time), there is one homosexual character added gratuitously. His fidelity toward Abelard is climaxed when he tells Heloise, "I loved him in the same way you did." She seems amazed to hear this. So did the audience, since this sub-plot had never really been developed properly and since nothing apparently ever happened between the two men.

Why certain playwrights feel that a homosexual revelation scene is a necessity, even when the play doesn't call for it, is far beyond me. But the play was literate and entertaining, except for some



Diana Rigg and Keith Mitchell in "Abelard and Heloise"

obnoxious choral chanting, whipsawing and swaying, not to mention a *crisis* that scene that falls to pieces through intellectualizing badly instead of knocking the audience out emotionally. But what can you say about a horny girl with a castrated husband? If it were yours truly who was fixed, I'd be saying plenty



Letters to the Editors:

MASOCHISTS UNITE!

Dear GAY: I just read the current issue of GAY and found it right on. It is very exciting for me to read of your militancy and commitment. I enclose an open letter addressed to all gay and homophile groups in the city.

First, let me congratulate you for the wonderful work you have done. You have built a real movement and we envy you for where you are now at. We realize that it took many years of gruelling work to get there and you must feel great pride in that. At the same time, we consider your example an inspiration and an example to be followed. We are thus acting on our feelings in announcing the founding of the Eulenspiegel Society.

We are a group of masochists who wish to overcome isolation, self-hatred (created by society's put-downs), and outward oppression which (as you know so well) society inflicts on all who dare to be different. Since the group has been founded, we have made some remarkable discoveries about how low our position really is in this town. We have been categorically refused the right to advertise our existence in the Village Voice although Howard Smith has written an article about us.

Our membership is both "straight"

(hetero, that is) and gay. Many of our gay members are "out of the closet" as far as their gayness is concerned but are absolutely terrified of the prospect of people's discovering their masochism. I have heard the expression "straight-gay" from one such member, referring to a gay person who was not into S/M. So you are, in a sense, the new straights in relation to us. It is well known that many gay people are involved in S/M to varying degrees. Until now, people in your movement have found a voice as gay people but not as sadists or masochists. As gay people become ever more respectable and self-respecting, people with special sexual interests within the context of a gay relationship are feeling an ever increasing sense of loneliness and alienation. Therefore, what should have been a liberating experience for all gays has been liberating for some and constricting for others.

We ask you to support us as brothers and sisters who wish to follow your example and build up our own pride and self-consciousness. You may wish to encourage gay masochists in your movement to come out of that closet by giving them a voice as masochists within a larger movement and by speaking out for them as you do for gay people in general. You may feel this is too far from your purpose as an organization... That would be all right because we now have the Eulenspiegel Society. We would like some support for our group from your group. We would like you to express solidarity with our struggle through whatever means of communication you have at your disposal. If you do not want to go that far, then please write to us giving us the right to list your organization as a supporter of our struggle. Please do this on the theory that we are all niggers in the eyes of society and we should be standing together. If you can offer advice, tips in organization, dealing with legal hassles, that would be very much appreciated. If you have

doubts or questions about us or if you find the whole idea of the Eulenspiegel Society preposterous, please let us know that too. Perhaps we can understand each other in time.

In peace and friendship,
Terry Kolb

ED. NOTE: It's nice to know masochists don't want to be oppressed anymore.

GAY MANIFESTO

Dear GAY: Enclosed you will find a check in the amount of eleven dollars for subscription renewal to GAY.

Just want to commend you for the overall excellence of GAY. I know it must be difficult at times. I was Assoc. Editor of a college paper (student-type), and there were many times when I got fed up with the daily chores of seeing deadlines met, paper to bed, and so on. Add to those the difficulties associated with the subject matter in GAY, and wow! You really deserve some recognition.

I think your overall coverage and approach is great, though I feel I might enjoy the paper even more if more on the following were included: (1) humor, 'cartoons' (or something visual & humorous); (2) "beauty", warmth, the various kinds of "closenesses" which I have found to be so much a part of homosexuality (I don't mean by "beauty" just muscles or just "pretty boys"; I guess my own preference would simply be for expressions by different people of their various visions of "beauty"); (3) more emphasis on things outside N.Y.C. (I realize that over 50% of what's happening is up there, but sometimes I almost feel you're being parochial about it!); (5) republication, about once a year for the next two or three years at least, of the "Gay Manifesto"—or updated versions of it.

This last is most important, as far as I'm concerned. I have been bisexual ever since I became aware. But after running across the "Manifesto"—which really hit

me—I've thought of myself as gay because I feel that's the way it has to be right now in America until some very fundamental social attitudes drastically change. (Course, sexually I still go both ways, but that's different.)

I hope you can continue to grow & explore; as far as I'm concerned right now GAY is the spokesman; I hope you will continue to maintain that standard!

Love & peace,
Dick
Orlando, Florida

ED. NOTE: You are right about the Manifesto. It's a good piece of thinking. Thanks for your kind remarks.

YEAH FOR YALE!

Dear GAY: You are right, a gay group has been organized at Yale University. Right now we are mostly a social organization offering people a place to come to talk, mingle and just be themselves. We meet every Thursday night in the Dwight Hall Common Room on the Yale Campus. Like I said we usually just mingle at the meetings but we also have some type of planned activity like consciousness raising, psycho drama, and various speakers.

We also give parties once a month which have proven to be quite successful. Our next party is going to be May 1. Everyone is invited but we have not finalized our plans yet, so I cannot give the place where it will be held. We will know that pretty soon though, so anyone that would like to come just write to the Gay Alliance at Yale to find out where. Our address is:

G.A.Y.
2031 Yale Station
New Haven, Conn. 06520

PLEASE SEND ALL CORRESPONDENCE, INQUIRIES, SUGGESTIONS, COMPLAINTS, and PROPOSITIONS TO: LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, GAY, P.O. Box 431, 6M Chelsea Sts., NYC, N.Y. 10011.

- 3. Roanne: Frenes Trois Gros ***
- 4. Paris: Aux Lyonnais *

- LAWRENCE RUBIN (Art Dealer)
- 1. Paris: Talbot ***
 - 2. Paris: Aux Lyonnais **
 - 3. Paris: Paul Cheese
 - 4. Paris: Le Pere Louis

- (Person didn't want name mentioned in GAY)
- 1. Illhausen: Auberge de L'W ***
 - 2. Roanne: Trois Gros ***
 - 3. Lyon: Paul Boucous ***
 - 4. Lierden: Les Yannes **

- TONY (Gregory Battcock's Houseboy)
- 1. New York: Bathhouse Restaurant (Central Park)
 - 2. New York: Nathan's (8th Street)
 - 3. Queens: Maris' (Rigo Park)
 - 4. Queens: The Sage (Elmhurst)

- GREGORY BATTCOCK
- 1. Vienna: Pyramide ***
 - 2. Paris: Lucas-Cartot **
 - 3. Sautieu: La Cote D'Or **
 - 4. Bologna: Des Choclette-Sancio Panza *

- EDWARD FRY (Former Curator, Guggenheim Museum)
- 1. Valencia: Pic **
 - 2. Paris: Aux Lyonnais *
 - 3. Venice: Harry's Bar *
 - 4. Chartres: Cazals (Pent IV) *

- GAEL GREENE (Restaurant reviewer, NEW YORK MAGAZINE) (Gael Greene wants her Selections qualified—she points out that she hasn't been everywhere in the world).
- 1. Talliois: Auberge du Pere Bize ***
 - 2. Lyon: Paul Boucous ***
 - 3. Paris: Lesere ***
 - 4. New York: Seachuan (Broadway at 95th) (for the time being)

- RICHARD LIPPOLD (Sculptor)
- 1. Vienna: Pyramide ***
 - 2. Paris: Laperouse ***

- JEAN PATRICE MARANDEL (Art Critic, ART INTERNATIONAL)
- 1. Avignon: Lucullus **
 - 2. Paris: La Boule D'or *
 - 3. La Rochelle: Au Vieux Port *
 - 4. Bordeaux: Dubern **

- ROBERT ROSENBLUM (Institute of Fine Arts, N.Y.U.)
- 1. Valencia: Pic **
 - 2. Avignon: Lucullus **

THE LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

EATING OUT

here should be a law against children (and dogs, cops, women, and bus drivers). Some yellow daffodils sprouted up along the West Side Highway, in the eighties. A blue Catalina pulled up on the grass; out lept two pink, pudgy suburban children who raced about uprooting the daffodils. When they had collected several armfuls of blossoms that were dumped on mommy's lap, the blue Catalina with Connecticut plates drove off.



Jose pours a fine bordeaux for Battcock

An integrated school group of some twenty children cavorted among the cherry blossoms, while two "teachers" looked on. At one point, 14 of the children had climbed into a small tree. They didn't climb out until they had

wrecked the tree and split its trunk. Little school children, with their "after-school counselors" assemble on a grassy hillside and take turns riding their bicycles down the slope. Repeat every afternoon. By June the slope was little more than an eroded grassless gully.

To change the subject, I just thought I'd admit I'm getting tired of always writing about Jill, Andy and Dr. Henry. From now on the reader will learn all about Jose Tomy, Angel and Carmello. The letter writer who asked if I would write about "art" needs his head examined. Anyway, they finally printed what might be considered a controversial opinion in *Gourmet Magazine* (April). Hugh Johnson wrote: "To a large extent gastronomy—first food, now increasingly wine—seems to be taking over that area of life that our parents, certainly grandparents, reserved for the arts." It probably isn't true, but it's a nice thing to say.

In keeping with the new trend, I asked several people to list the four greatest restaurants in the world. For the most part they are people who know a lot about restaurants. Perhaps the reader will get a kick out of the responses to my query. The selections are listed in the order they were given me, city first. The "stars" indicate the stars that appear in

the Michelin guide. Most of the restaurants are in France:

- JOHN ASHBERY (Poet, Editor, ART NEWS)
- 1. Milan: Guarnino *
 - 2. Avignon: Lucullus **
 - 3. Rouen: Cocorones *
 - 4. Paris: Aux Lyonnais *

- LEO CASTELLI (Art Dealer)
- 1. Paris: Laperouse ***
 - 2. Les Baux-de-Provence: Baumaniere ***
 - 3. Paris: Lucas-Cartot **
 - 4. Paris: Allard **

- EDWARD FRY (Former Curator, Guggenheim Museum)
- 1. Valencia: Pic **
 - 2. Paris: Aux Lyonnais *
 - 3. Venice: Harry's Bar *
 - 4. Chartres: Cazals (Pent IV) *

- GAEL GREENE (Restaurant reviewer, NEW YORK MAGAZINE) (Gael Greene wants her Selections qualified—she points out that she hasn't been everywhere in the world).
- 1. Talliois: Auberge du Pere Bize ***
 - 2. Lyon: Paul Boucous ***
 - 3. Paris: Lesere ***
 - 4. New York: Seachuan (Broadway at 95th) (for the time being)

- RICHARD LIPPOLD (Sculptor)
- 1. Vienna: Pyramide ***
 - 2. Paris: Laperouse ***

- JEAN PATRICE MARANDEL (Art Critic, ART INTERNATIONAL)
- 1. Avignon: Lucullus **
 - 2. Paris: La Boule D'or *
 - 3. La Rochelle: Au Vieux Port *
 - 4. Bordeaux: Dubern **

- ROBERT ROSENBLUM (Institute of Fine Arts, N.Y.U.)
- 1. Valencia: Pic **
 - 2. Avignon: Lucullus **

- 3. Roanne: Frenes Trois Gros ***
- 4. Paris: Aux Lyonnais *

- LAWRENCE RUBIN (Art Dealer)
- 1. Paris: Talbot ***
 - 2. Paris: Aux Lyonnais **
 - 3. Paris: Paul Cheese
 - 4. Paris: Le Pere Louis

- (Person didn't want name mentioned in GAY)
- 1. Illhausen: Auberge de L'W ***
 - 2. Roanne: Trois Gros ***
 - 3. Lyon: Paul Boucous ***
 - 4. Lierden: Les Yannes **

- TONY (Gregory Battcock's Houseboy)
- 1. New York: Bathhouse Restaurant (Central Park)
 - 2. New York: Nathan's (8th Street)
 - 3. Queens: Maris' (Rigo Park)
 - 4. Queens: The Sage (Elmhurst)

- GREGORY BATTCOCK
- 1. Vienna: Pyramide ***
 - 2. Paris: Lucas-Cartot **
 - 3. Sautieu: La Cote D'Or **
 - 4. Bologna: Des Choclette-Sancio Panza *

- EDWARD FRY (Former Curator, Guggenheim Museum)
- 1. Valencia: Pic **
 - 2. Paris: Aux Lyonnais *
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- ROBERT ROSENBLUM (Institute of Fine Arts, N.Y.U.)
- 1. Valencia: Pic **
 - 2. Avignon: Lucullus **

Woman Objects To "Gay" As Sexist

Continued from page 6

to be, is out of his/her mind. It's this whole white liberal guilt thing: you use the same words or make the same analogies, whether they hold water or not, and you get the same result. White liberals feel guilty about being racist. Tell them they're sexist and they'll joyfully comply with the breast-beating. Tell them that they're consciousness is now raised (read "have accepted the new dogma") and they'll accept that to mean they're smarter (brighter, more intelligent, more aware). It's like Pavlov and his dogs. You ring the bell, and the poor beast feels rewarded even when there's nothing to eat.

And in the middle of all this, not one person would acknowledge that each movement has its own moral credibility. And the women's movement and the lesbian movement are not one and the same. Women (and men, for that matter) are defined by their particular brand of

homosexuals for straight people to come into their movement and declare that they are "political homosexuals." The creation of new definitions and meaningless words is not only harmful to the gay movement, but it is deleterious to meaningful communications between any two social aggregates.

I asked one of the Genuine Lesbians what the big beef was between the gay men and the gay women. Personally, I felt like I'd been through a war. After all, I reasoned, male homosexuals are the only men in the world who don't treat women as sex objects. "Well," she replied, "that also indicates male chauvinism—you don't think of us as sexual creatures." Or something like that. Anyway, what does that all mean? I used

to think: at the goals of women's lib and gay lib were very close, at least when it came to the breakdown of genetically determined concepts of masculinity and femininity and "appropriate" behavior thereto and the escape from heterosexual male domination. But with the confusion of terms and consequent impossibility of reasonable discussion coupled with the confusion (I think) among some lesbians as to whether they are women first and homosexuals second, I wonder. Are male homosexuals also males first and homosexuals second? Maybe so, but I am a feminist, and I refuse to accept the dogmatist crap that passes for "consciousness raising" and which is merely the shoddiest guilt trip that can be inflicted on all people of good will. ■

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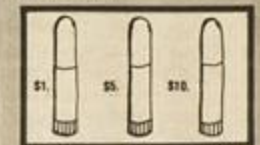
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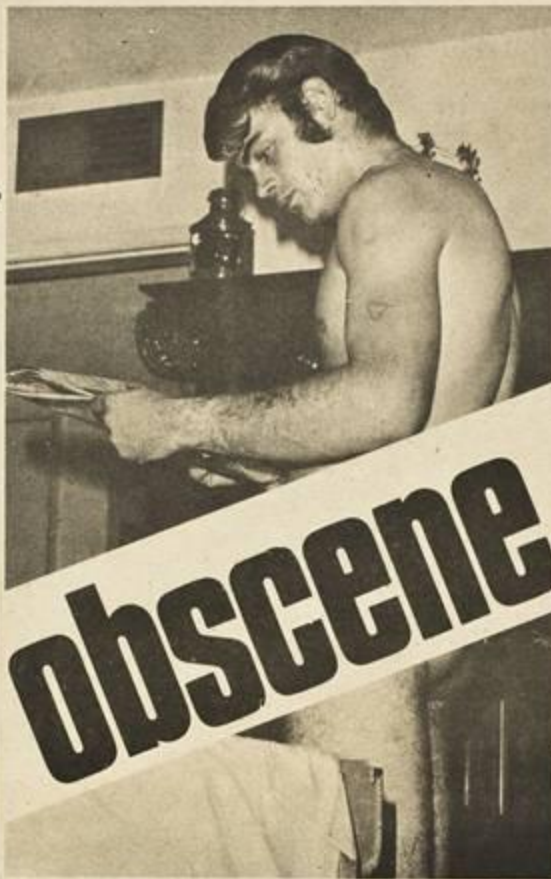
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★ The New York Times ★



All The News That's Shit To Print

BY ALAN HERSKOVITS

by *The New York Times*? That eminently proper newspaper, everything seems so right about it. All the news is there (that's fit to print); you can find film criticism, art criticism—sometimes even good film criticism and art criticism. You can check out what's playing at the Park-Miller, too. So why all the fuss? Why a Gay Activists Alliance *New York Times* Committee?

It has to do with the difference between what exists in fact and what exists as reported in the press. Forget that you are a reader of GAY for the moment. Suppose that your only source of news information was the daily *New York Times* (Sunday paper is run under a different management). How much would you know about gay liberation?

Precious little, really. You might have learned that Gay Activists Alliance is filing incorporation papers and that New York State doesn't care for its name. Shortly before Election Day last year, if you looked around page 37, you would have seen a small filler mentioning that GAA had received statements in favor of gay rights from a number of important political candidates. That is, you would have seen it if you were armed with a magnifying glass and were accustomed to looking for two-inch fillers on page 37 (we were originally promised front-page coverage for this story, but it was later killed at the managerial level). Other than that, the existence of gay liberation would be hard to determine by reading the *Times*. The Rockefeller Five, half a dozen zaps, Oliver's election due to the gay vote, the March on Albany—all this got zero coverage and all of it was solid news.

IN SEARCH OF TIMES PAST

In late 1963, *The New York Times*, some 800,000 years too late, recognized that homosexuals existed. It titled the article "Growth of Homosexuality in City Provokes Wide Concern" and, for every quote from a Mattachine member, it had ten from anti-gay forces, including the ubiquitous Dr. Beiber who believes that

the way to end gay oppression is for every gay to become straight. It was an anti-gay article but it represented some sort of a breakthrough and many gays were pleased with it.

But times have changed. Homosexuals are no longer in the position of supplicants begging for a stale scrap, thankful at even the mention of the word. That the contrary was so only a few years ago, however, is proof enough of an oppression the media has been an instrument of, namely, the oppression of silence. The responsibility for this biliously hypocritical stand lies squarely on their shoulders and they know it. Objectivity went out the window as everyone worried about the little old ladies from Iowa.

When militant gays came on the scene, some papers took it in stride. The *Post* found out that the roof didn't cave in when gay political news was printed. Likewise with many TV stations. But the *Times* is made of sterner stuff. It is aware of militant gays and it doesn't much like them. It is also aware that other papers are covering what's going on and it isn't. It has to come to terms with the issue somehow.

Several formulations come into play here. One of the most popular is the we-just-don't-have-space-for-you-but-keep-sending-your-news-releases formulation. This was the substance of what we were told in a meeting with an assistant editor of the *Times* who shall be nameless (Marvin Siegel). We were also informed that the reason the *Post* prints gay news is that it is a "special interest" paper. Which is a lot of rubbish when you consider that New York City is nothing more than a collection of special interests.

Concerning space limitations, I have noticed that readers of the *Times* are regularly treated to such vital subjects as the worldwide plight of the whale population, the origin of the expression O.K., and more recently, the great crocodile controversy (the latest episode in this one was a sturdy rejoinder to the ecologists by an officer of the Reptile Products Association).

THE TIMES REGAINED

While all of these topics are urgent, no doubt, there are still more gays in this city than reptiles. It is not unreasonable at all to ask a large, influential daily with a

supposedly keen sense for the news to follow the political actions of gay groups in a city which is the world center for the gay power struggle. It is absolutely inexcusable that something so important as the March on Albany was willfully and cravenly ignored.

The media has become adept at manufacturing its own truth; the *Times* has become a subtle master at it. According to front-page efforts of Jane Brody, we are given to understand that tens of thousands of gays are swamping psychiatrists' offices begging to go straight. For those who don't like that scene, there are always the people who will be happy to give you "mild" electric shocks.

This, then, is the stock *Times* response to homosexuality. It can't ignore it, so aside from the few short articles which mention GAA or Mattachine (usually on the amusement or obituary page), it prints generalized pseudo-cultural pieces. And when they are printed, every time a gay comes out with an honest response, five shrinks turn up to pound his statement down—objectivity according to the *Times*; a stacked deck according to me.

Probably the situation will not be corrected until a fundamental change in policy takes place. The *Times* writes its homosexual stories as if it had a heterosexual readership only. It must, and will, wake up to the fact that gays read the paper, too. If blacks can review black books, Jews review Jewish books, and Chinese, Chinese books, why are homosexuals, by unwritten law, not permitted to review books dealing with homosexuality?

The day is getting late, managers of the *Times*. While you are busy worshipping the trinkets of an age or dreaming about the charge up San Juan Hill or whatever you do beneath those large portraits of your newspaper's founders, there are many things happening outside, in the real world. *The New York Times*, through you, has first got to accept homosexuals as a legitimate minority group. If it does that, it can at least begin to correct the neglect it has practiced toward gays for so long. If it does not, it can expect some trouble from those whom it has so insolently chosen to ignore.

Loosely About Women

BY SOREL DAVID



One of the funniest things I ever read in *SCREW* was an article about a gay jerking off while reading sexy stories in *Reader's Digest*. With that premise the author could have written anything and it would have been hysterical, the humor lay in the implausibility of finding anything sexy in *Reader's Digest*. Equally ridiculous, in my view, is Dick Leitsch's intimation (GAY No. 49) that gay women might conceivably use *Playboy's* full color lavishly-printed foldouts as, to use his expression, masturbatory stimuli. Masturbatory stimuli—God what an awful, clinical sounding term for something as warm and friendly as dirty pictures. How anyone could get off on those vacuous looking plastic fantastic living monuments to the mummies is beyond me anyway.

I suppose I really ought to address myself to all those other terribly sexist and erroneous remarks Mr. Leitsch made about lesbians, the movement and all that, but the part about the *Playboy* Bunnies really got to me. I don't mind being verbally oppressed in a sexist manner half so much as I mind being accused of such poor taste. (I recently attended an emergency meeting of the GCC women on good old sexist oppression—quite by accident of course, you didn't think I would willfully subject myself to something like that, did you?—and so understandably these terms are foremost in my head.)

Though it shows that he knows next to nothing about women and even less about lesbians, I can easily follow Leitsch's reasoning in this matter. Men who like women are supposed to go bananas over the *Playboy* centerfold; therefore women who like women should also. It's all very distant and academic for him, as if lesbians and women are some kind of weird creatures, like a primitive tribe of strange jungle dwellers say, whose curious and incomprehensible habits and customs he has read all about in books. There is no sense of anything real or human in the way he talks about us. It's almost as if he thinks we all look alike. Now I ask you, is that any way to run a responsible homophile organization?

Besides, nobody's into *Playboy* anymore. In fact, May might just as well be proclaimed national exorcism of the *Playboy* Bunny from the annals of American sex culture month. Not only am I knocking them, definitely a fatal blow mind you, but the *Village Voice*, last week, in their best sensitive-expressionistic style, complete with full color lavishly printed fold-out descriptions of Hugh Hefner's revolving bed—ah, the ambience, the ambience,



Shooting Down Sexist Myths

remember the ambience, pronounced them nowhere. Even *Cosmopolitan*, in their May issue, has picked up on the trend. While the *Cosmopolitan* article didn't exactly put them down, it is rather difficult to phrase criticism when you're permitted only the use of "kicky" and "zingy" for adjectives, it did reveal the startling fact that the *Playboy* nude is not erotic—no kidding—not was meant to be. I wonder how all those pimply jerk-offs jerking their adolescence away over her are going to feel when they find out. It's interesting to note though, that the *Voice* article is subtitled "Sex Sells But For How Long" while the *Cosmopolitan* piece is busy claiming that *Playboy* isn't into sex. Obviously somebody is lying. My vote goes to *Cosmo*, the *Voice* story should read "Something or Other, But We're Not Quite Sure What It Is, Sells."

The Playmate of the Month appeals mainly to people who don't like women. I think, people who don't enjoy their own sexuality, who think sex is basically evil. She isn't for real, a flesh and blood woman, she's a cartoon, a caricature of sexuality. I prefer women myself. In fact I'd even rather look at a nude photo of Dick Leitsch, with or without pubic hair—preferably with (I dig hair)—presumably he, at least, looks something somewhat like a human being. Oh dear, dear, it is rather distressing, after

all these years of trying to be a far-out hippie beatnik iconoclast, to find myself coming on like one of those simple minded humanist types. I don't know, it just sort of crept up on me. I might as well admit it, the whole business is something of a personal vendetta to me. I hate the Bunny because she is everything I, as the all American girl, this was before liberation, before my voice changed and I became a woman, everything I was always supposed to be if I wanted to be groovy, if I wanted all the good things in life. But now we know better, the Bunny is from nowhereville, the *Village Voice* wouldn't lie.

Now that I've taken care of all that, I think I can spare a few lines on something important. Lesbian Oppression! If there's anything I can't stand, it's all the oh we are so oppressed, we is 'buked and we is scorned literature continually vomiting forth from the movement. For one thing, it's a bore; gay oppression to me anyway, is old hat by now. But I suppose there is a place and a need for this kind of writing and Dick Leitsch's several glaring ignorances make me sadly more aware of it. Don't kid yourself, lesbians get hassled, we get hassled as lesbians, we get hassled as women and we are the most oppressed of all women. Consider the question of employment and the lesbian. Hiring practices and inequities in salaries

make women financially dependent on men. What about us poor dears who can't get a man, we haven't even the luxury of this dependence. We can't even get on welfare without a couple of illegitimate brats. It's either that or we tell them we're sick, we tell them Yassu, you're right, straight people. Homosexuality shore is a sad miserable life and I wish you would support me.

A woman who is not interested in men is as much an affront to the heterosexual male ego as a man who is interested in men. It ain't natural, you know. And yes, lesbians get beat up. Beat up and raped for being lesbians, not women lesbians. We get it for trying to act like a man. There's more but I'd really rather not go on, I thought everyone knew all about this already. But what about Dotson Rader? I thought he was one of the good guys. I certainly hope there aren't any more alternate culture heroes lying around who think women's lib and gay lib are mutually antagonistic to anyone. But if people don't realize how the two struggles overlap—briefly in fighting rigid sex roles and the defining of the self wholly in terms of sexuality—we're going to end up about as liberated and free as all those poor slob who strait-jacket, suit and tie themselves up to ride the Long Island Railroad in to their concrete Manhattan cages every day.

Closet Novels Called Dangerous

BY PETER HADLEY

New Brunswick, N.J.—In homosexual literature, the most dangerous type of novel is that which re-inforces the closet mentality," declared Tina Mandel at the workshop of Homosexuality in the Arts, one of the many small seminars held at the Conference on Gay Liberation at Rutgers University, New Brunswick, N.J., during the weekend of April 30-May 2. "The first enemy is the closet. Most badly-written gay books are of a masochistic state of mind, emphasizing the supposed misery of being homosexual. And a well-written novel in this vein, for example, one that says that lesbian love is destructive, hurts the gay movement more than twenty badly-written guilt books."

The discussion was led by Alena Routsong, who authored two "straight" books published by Houghton Mifflin before writing her lesbian novel, *A Place For Us*, using the pen name of Isabel Miller. "I took the manuscript to my publishers and they wouldn't touch it," she explained. "In fact, no one would touch it. They claimed that there was 'no tension,' which really meant 'when does the horrible stuff start?' So I had to publish it myself. I formed the Bleecker Street Press for that purpose, and we're also interested in publishing other gay material."

Leo Skir, author of *Boychick*, pointed out that in many good novels with a homosexual theme or subplot, such as Jane Rule's *This Is Not for You*, the gay

protagonist, in this case a lesbian, sacrifices her sexuality for her humanity, and he thought that was a good thing. This was sharply contested by Ms. Routsong, who denounced the book as anti-homosexual. "Sexuality, and particularly homosexuality, is a political issue," she insisted. "Giving up one's homosexuality is a cop-out to the 'straight' establishment. The conflicts I've had with my publishers and within my own life underline this."



Alena Routsong, author of *A Place For Us*, with Tina Mandel, well-known gay lib lecturer.

"The New Fiction says that happy endings are out," agreed Tina Mandel, "but for us it's a revolutionary idea."

During a discussion of films, all participants in the seminar agreed that heterosexuals must stop making gay films, since for the most part, films about homosexuals are usually badly done and present a very sad image to the heterosexual audience for whom the film is made. "But as in the case of closet novelists, closet gay filmmakers are the greatest enemy," said Miss Mandel. Some of the films that came under discussion

were *Boys in the Band*, *The Fox*, *The Music Lovers* and *Women In Love*. Mr. Skir thought that *Music Lovers* was a very anti-homosexual film because it focused on Tchaikovsky's homosexual misery, "and everyone else's, for that matter." On the other hand, he praised *Women In Love*, also by Ken Russell, for having many pro-gay statements, especially since one of the heroes forthrightly states that he must give expression to his need for male love, as well as female love.

Progress in the production of homosexually-directed ballet was also noted, especially by such groups as the Joffrey Ballet, the Jeff Duncan Group (which last season had clothed at the last minute a nude male *pas de deux*) and the Netherlands Dance Theatre. "I saw the Netherlands Dance Theatre in Amsterdam two years ago," said one member of the seminar. "They did one ballet that could only be described as a homosexual orgy in a garage. The effect on the audience was electrifying, but some Americans I was with were totally nonplussed. I thought, at last, homosexuals are coming out in the ballet, too!" Another participant ventured that most classical ballet is so false. "In supposedly 'heterosexual' ballet, is there any truth in it, with gay men dancing with and embracing gay women, pretending to be

straight?" she asked.

Another member of the group felt that there is a positive value in so-called pornographic gay novels. "I was afraid to mention this before," he said, "but I've found that some of the most positive literature for homosexuals, in terms of stressing the idea that gay and what gays do is good, is to be found in the paperback novels of several porn writers."

"A novelist like Dek Vanden" he continued, "who has written several very sexy novels like *I Want It All* and *All or Nothing*, is more than just a sex book writer. His characters go through some very erotic scenes, but their coming out, their growing awareness of their homosexuality and its positive meaning is much more important to the book than the erotica. He makes some very important positive points about homosexuality and this is a good thing."

"What's to be done about the homosexual dilemma in the arts?" asked Ms. Routsong. "It seems to me that we must write, paint, dance, make films and all the rest of it, for each other. We should do our own publishing, make our own films, and have our own theatre and dance groups. We must communicate to and for each other, and not be held back by the biases of the 'straight' establishment."



A NEW COMMUNITY CENTER at 99 Wooster Street, Manhattan (two blocks south of Houston Street) has been opened by the GAA. Known as the "Firehouse," the Center attracts lively crowds for Saturday night dances.



GAA PRESIDENT JIM OWLES receives a summons from Fourth Precinct police. A few hours earlier the Community Center for the Daughters of Billitis was served with a similar summons. Owles called the summons "petty harassment." It was delivered by police to protest "excessive noise," "lack of a certificate of occupancy, and of a "permit to assemble." Do Americans need a permit to assemble?

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"For she is one who knows that man is prouder of his fame than of the way he made it."

—Djuna Barnes, *The Antiphon*



Djuna Barnes has been more careful of the way she made her reputation than its prominence in the marketplace. She has published nothing since 1962, when her *Selected Works* were issued, and that volume was composed of stories written in the twenties, her masterpiece *Nightwood*, published in 1937, and a verse play, *The Antiphon*. She is in her seventies now, and unknown but to a handful. She has had an impressive list of admirers, including T.S. Eliot, Graham Greene, and Dag Hammarskjöld, and was familiar with many of the writers who lived in Paris when she did during the twenties and thirties. Most of them, like Eliot and Joyce, are gone now, and the only places where I see her books or hear her name are in the apartments of homosexual friends. Why this should be true I can't say, except for a suspicion I harbor that homosexuals tend to have more of a respect for style than others.

A point that hasn't been made, however, is that Djuna Barnes is (only incidentally in her later career, but now I am talking about the twenties) a lesbian writer. As a matter of fact, her *Ladies Almanack*, "showing their Signs and their tides; their Moons and their Changes; the Seasons as it is with them; their Eclipses and Equinoxes; as well as a full Record of diurnal and nocturnal Distempers" was published in 1928 and may antedate Radclyffe Hall's *The Well Of Loneliness* as the first book about lesbianism in modern times. I may be wrong, but it is certainly an important book, (unfortunately out of print) considered either on its own merits, or by the stature of its author. It is written in a mock-eighteenth century prose, and runs at the pace of a speeded-up *Tom Jones*, sounding very much like one of Fielding's worldly women speaking:

"Now this be a tale of as fine a Wench as ever wet Bed, she who was called Evangeline Musset and who was in her Heart one Grand Red Cross for the Pursuance, the Relief and the Distraction, of such Girls as in their Hinder Parts, and their Fore Parts, and in whatsoever Parts did suffer them most, lament Cruelly... [and] no thing so solaces it as other Parts as inflamed, or with the Consolation every Woman has at her Finger Tips, or at the very Hang of her Tongue?"

Evangeline Musset... "had been developed in the Womb of her most gentle Mother to be a Boy, when therefore, she came forth an Inch or so less than this, she paid no Heed to the Error, [but] took her Whip in hand, calling her Pups about her, and so set out upon the Road of Destiny..."

"Thus begins this Almanack, which all Ladies should carry about with them, as the Priest his Breviary, as the Cook his Recipes, as the Doctor his Physic, as the Bride her Fears, And as the Lion his Roar!"

Divided then into twelve months, including drawings of the zodiac (also by Miss Barnes), *The Ladies Almanack* is uproariously funny, satirical, full of mock advice for ladies of lesbian suasion and brilliant with that kind of artificial light that can result from conventions played against, in this case, the eighteenth century versus a twentieth century sulphuric sensibility.

However good, *The Ladies Almanack* would not have been much more than a curious gem if its author had not written *Nightwood*, undisputedly one of the half-dozen novels written in our century which will live, as its prose lives. And after all, *The Ladies Almanack* when first published was privately printed for the author, who was simply "A Lady Of Fashion" on the title page. It wasn't until this month, when the new magazine *Prose* printed two chapters from *The Ladies Almanack*, that Miss Barnes officially put her name to it. I wonder if homosexual militancy finally persuaded her to acknowledge—in any small way—that bastard daughter?

In his introduction to *Nightwood*, T.S. Eliot notes the problem most readers have with it: they can't understand it. Not wanting to admit themselves so undiscerning, critics have ignored the book, principally from fear. "A prose that is altogether alive demands something of the reader that the ordinary novel-reader is not prepared to give... it is so good a novel that only sensibilities trained on poetry can wholly appreciate it."

Nightwood is about a woman, Robin Volkbein, who is not quite human. She exists in a world without good and evil. She is married to Felix, a fool representative of modern man, and is loved by Nora. Dr. Mathew-Mighty-Grain-Of-Salt-O'Connor is a drunken genius who reacts as chorus to the tragedy before him. Like a jewel, one complex situation is turned round and round, but nothing advances. The book is full of the most magnificent language since Shakespeare:

"The French are dishevelled and wise; the American tries to approximate it

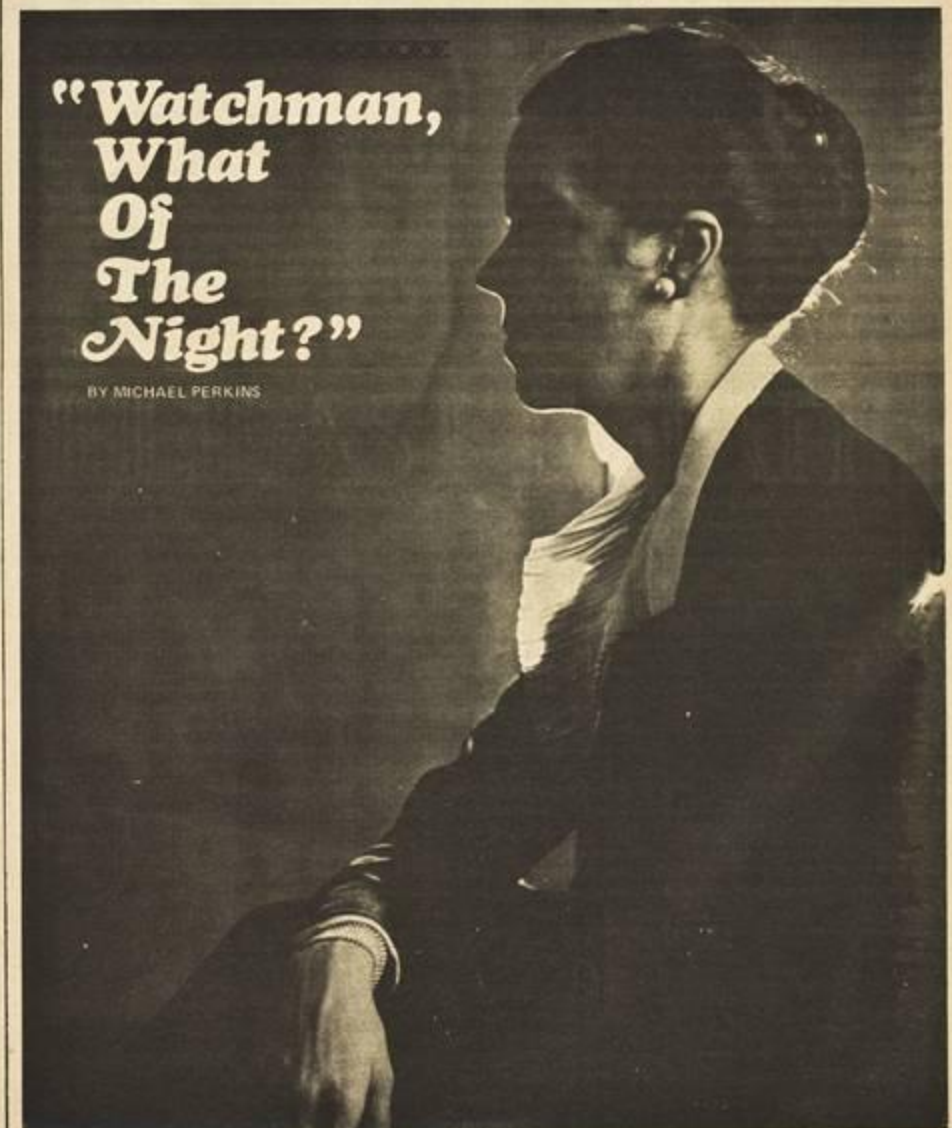
with drink. It is his only clue to himself. He takes it when his soap has washed him too clean for identification.

"There is not one of us who, given an eternal incognito a thumbprint nowhere set against our souls, would not commit rape, murder and all abominations.

"None of us suffers as much as we should, or loves as much as we say.

"We are but skin about a wind, which muscles clenched against mortality. We sleep in a long reproachful dust against ourselves."

Of course, it is impossible to pay more than a token tribute in anything less than a book. Once I took flowers to her on her birthday, and although she wouldn't see me, she was kind. What took me to a stranger were the words I've quoted—not trying to see her would have been like being alive in Shakespeare's time, and not trying to see him. Granted, you must recognise her greatness in order to feel this way, and that demands work. My suggestion—and belief—is that homosexuals have done the work we non-homosexuals have avoided. Now it's time for us all to get in line.



"Watchman,
What
Of
The
Night?"

BY MICHAEL PERKINS

Djuna Barnes

Trix Club Tour To Fire Island

BY JOHN P. Le ROY

Thanks to the tireless efforts of Bob Ruecker, it will be possible to visit Fire Island this summer in first-class style at reduced cost. Bob has worked long hours making arrangements with the owners of the Cherry Grove Beach Hotel and Club as well as transportation companies around New York. He has put together a package tour which promises to set a new precedent in the art of providing excellent service at reasonable prices.

To take advantage, all one need do is to become a member of Trix Club for a week, weekend, or holiday weekend beginning with Memorial Day, and the pleasures of Cherry Grove can be had for thirty to seventy dollars less than it would otherwise cost. An air-conditioned bus will pick you up in Manhattan and take you to Sayville, Long Island, where a ferry will take you across the bay to Cherry Grove on Fire Island. All along the way, you will be served food and cocktails, and Bob or one of his friends will be your host, eager to fill you in on anything you need to know to make your trip more pleasurable. Once there, you will be entitled to double-room



Robert Ruecker: "Trust me, I'll get you there."

ON THE ROAD TO GETALAY

accommodations at the Cherry Grove Beach Hotel, three meals a day, use of the swimming pool and beach, free admission to the Ice Palace Discotheque even when such stars as Lynne Carter, Stan Freeman and Ronnie Graham are there, free movies, and specially arranged cocktail parties. The same air-conditioned bus will take you back to Manhattan with food and drinks all the way.

Prices will range from \$74.25 to \$134.25. They are tabulated below:

HOLIDAY WEEKEND		
Memorial Weekend:	May 29-31:	\$124.25
July 4th Weekend:	July 2-5:	129.25
Labor Day Weekend:	Sept. 2-6:	134.25
REGULAR WEEK		
Memorial Week:	June 1-3:	\$ 74.25
July 4th Week:	July 6-8:	74.25
Labor Day Week:	Sept. 7-9:	74.25

REGULAR WEEKEND	
June 4-6	\$ 94.25
June 11-13	94.25
June 18-20	94.25
June 25-27	94.25
July 9-11	\$114.25
July 16-18	114.25
July 23-25	114.25
July 30-Aug. 1	114.25

Aug. 6-8	\$114.25
Aug. 13-15	114.25
Aug. 20-22	114.25
Aug. 27-29	114.25
Sept. 10-12	\$ 94.25
Sept. 17-19	94.25
Sept. 24-26	94.25

REGULAR WEEK	
June 7-10	\$ 84.25
June 14-17	84.25
June 21-24	84.25
June 28-July 1	84.25

July 12-15	\$104.25
July 19-22	104.25
July 26-29	104.25

Aug. 2-5	\$109.25
Aug. 9-12	109.25
Aug. 16-19	109.25
Aug. 23-26	109.25
Aug. 30-Sept. 2	109.25

Sept. 13-16	\$ 84.25
Sept. 20-23	84.25

The idea of starting the enterprise that became Trix Club, Inc. (which will one day be a private club devoted to the pleasures of its members) began when one of Bob's friends mentioned how nice it would be to provide transportation service to and from Washington, D.C. "Why not Fire Island?" was the next logical question, and before long, Bob was making many phone calls as well as commuting to and from Cherry Grove. The managers of the Cherry Grove Beach Hotel were receptive to the idea of packaged tours especially during the week when business is often slow, but were

Continued on page 16

BY THE STAFF OF GAY

If you have a question about PERSONAL matters, write to the Staff of GAY, c/o GAY, P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011. Only letters of the widest possible interest can be published. All letters will be answered if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Dear Gay:

I deduce from what I've read in GAY that it is easier for a homosexual to meet a lover than a heterosexual. I know you're talking about males, not women.

I've been aware of my homosexuality for many years but it's only been about six months that I've been able to admit it to myself and accept it.

I'm not aggressive nor gregarious, and I'm finding it difficult to meet other lesbians to whom I'm genuinely attracted. I've met two, whom I now date, but I'd like to widen my circle of gay friends and lovers.

I put an ad in an underground paper, unsuccessfully. I know of two gay bars—and at one, I met several nice girls, but at the other I didn't like the harsh atmosphere. I'd rather not meet girls in bars so I've been attending DOB. Here I met several nice girls but most of them didn't appeal to me sexually. The others were either with their stealer or only marginally friendly. I usually go out alone. It's easier to meet friends this way, but my success has been 30%. That's rather contradictory, seemingly. Please advise me as to how and where.

Desperate but Cool

Dear Desperate but Cool:

30% is a better batting average than most people enjoy! Don't be too discouraged. Admittedly, there ought to be more places to meet women than now exist. Traditionally, women have been forced by society into a reserved social and sexual state. With the welcome changes that ought to come about as a

result of the increasing press for women's liberation, we can hope for more open socializing among lesbians. Have you visited A Women's Place at 29th Cornelia Street? It's open Friday and Saturdays from 6 pm to midnight and is a coffee house where women may socialize. A bit nicer than some of the bars, perhaps.



Dear Gay:

I'm writing you because I have a problem. I mean a real hang-up.

I am 21, 180 lbs., and, of course, I dig the male animal. I am a head. My things are acid and smoke. I am fairly good looking, and chicks hang on me. Don't get me wrong: I dig cunt. I've been seeing the same chick for about two years. This brings me to my problem. I would like to tell her where my head is at, but I am afraid that I would lose her, and she is very good for my ego. Our heads are on the same level. I think that I love her but I am no longer sure. All that I know is that at the sight of a good looking cat my own age, I get a feeling in

my stomach that won't quit till my pants start sticking to my leg.

I'd like to tell my parents but that would kill them. They even said as much once.

There are very few people who are heads that I can go rap to, and this causes a very empty feeling. There must be other gay heads my age, somewhere. But where do you find

them? I don't dig fems. They turn me off. If I could only find someone I could talk to (I mean really groove with), maybe I could come out in the open. But I'm not sure. Please be the saps of my nevans. I'm so tired of playing the game of secrecy. I know that it is also not fair to my girl, because I don't want to get married (neither does she at this time) although sufficiently I think that this would be the best thing for me to do. But that would be selfish of me. If only people didn't put gay people down so hard. Man, it can really hurt!

I guess that you know how it feels to be called queer (I couldn't stand that). Mainly

because I'm not gay. What I need is someone to talk to. I think that's what I need to ease my head.

You know, so many straight people (I mean in relation to sex and drugs) put you down, but I have never met a hetero-drunk that didn't make me want to burf. If you know of anyone that I can rap to, I mean someone who can dig his head and mine, please advise.

Your friend,

HELP (like in Dear Abby)

Dear Help:

Why not dig both men and women for the fine qualities they have instead of making a big fuss over genders? Genderfuss is old-fashioned. If you make a big "thing" out of "which way" you want to go, you'll stop relating to people for the truly important things they offer you and you'll always be categorizing them: male or female. Relax and enjoy. Sexual pigeonholing is a bore.

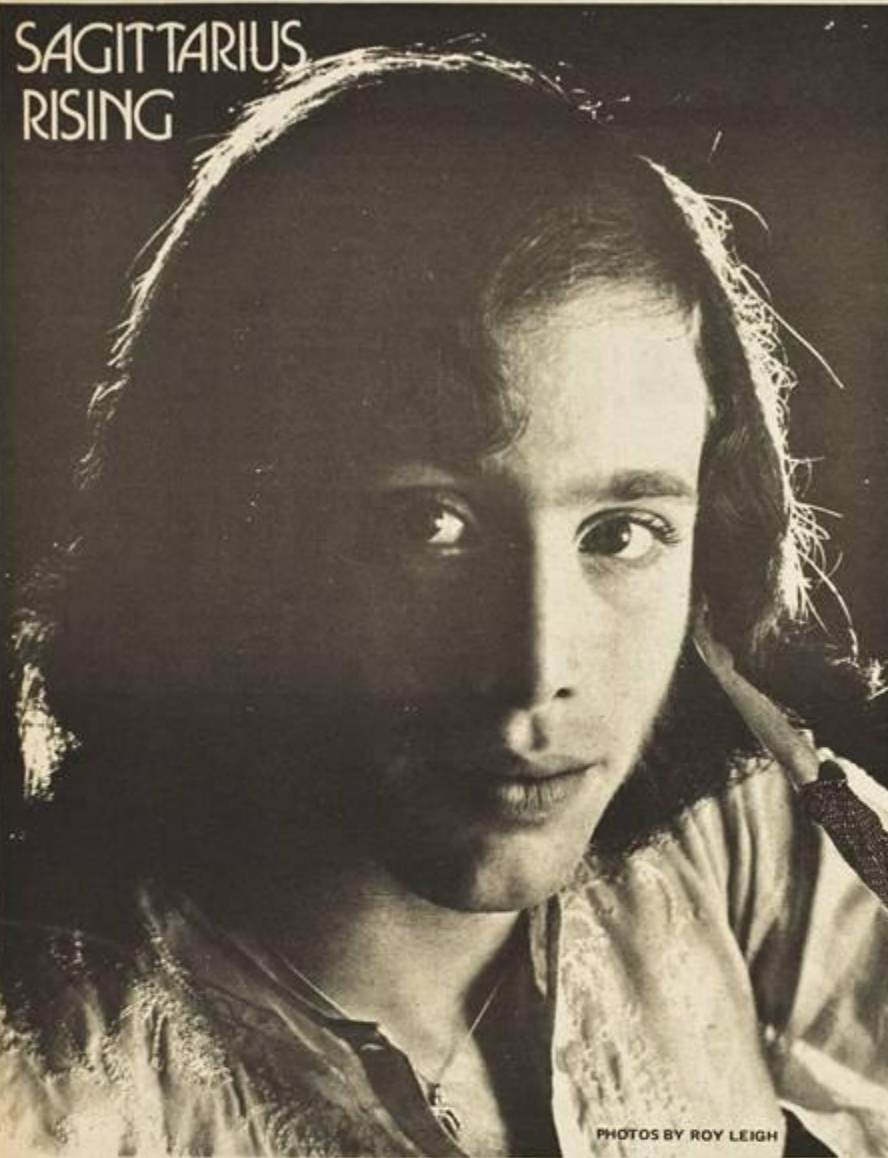
If your parents haven't got minds to comprehend and if it would "kill them" as you say, there's no need to blow trumpets. You're an adult now. But if they should find out unexpectedly, don't bow down to society. Stand on your own feet and let them take truth as best as they're capable. Always be kind and understanding to them, even so. They're only poor victims of the same old social mix race.

If you're worried about people calling you "queer," remember that anybody who'd do that isn't worth knowing anyway. Hip folks today aren't concerned with their friends' sexual lives.

As for acid and smoke: be moderate. Even Allen Ginsberg, Tim Leary's old buddy, trips only once in a blue moon, allowing, he says, sufficient time to elapse between trips so he can learn from each one. Otherwise, he says, one piles universes on top of universes.

If you want to talk with somebody, drop in on one of the gay activist groups, such as GLF or GAA. Or, find someone through the Tonight Page, in the social spot of your choice.

SAGITTARIUS RISING



PHOTOS BY ROY LEIGH

young to be frightened. That's why I'm glad I can write for GAY."

What about Bruce's personal life? "My longest affair lasted for two and one-half years. I found out a lot about myself. I know now that what I want in a love relationship is to be with a person who's into something of his own, who is strong by himself, because that's what I expect of myself. Independence is most important. This bit about 'you were half, now you're whole' is for the birds—another person can't make you whole. He can complement you and give you a sense of strength, but you have to find yourself first if you're going to bring what's needed into an enduring relationship."

What is Bruce most afraid of? "If I had to use one word, I guess it would be 'failure'... you know, like ending up a regular at Julius's."

What does he hope will happen in his future? The answer comes not in terms of a deed or a position—but that wherever he is and whatever he does, he will be "OUTRAGEOUSLY happy!"

Snap! Crackle! Pop!



BY PETER HADLEY

Meet Bruce Morgan, one of GAY's newest contributing writers, and for many months a bright and cheerful fixture in the GAY and SCREW offices, as executive mailboy.

At first glance, most people might say that Bruce looks like a pixie who grew too tall for the part. He is tall (6'2") and in both expression and personality is definitely of the elegant imp school. And at the top of it all is a mop of reddish blond hair framing a blue-eyed and smiling face.

Bruce once described himself as "a pre-Raphaelite schizophrenic, one of whom is ahead of his time," perfect qualifications for survival at the SCREW/GAY offices. "I may seem awfully young to be working here," (he is an 18-year-old Sagittarian) "but it's done a lot for me. Working at SCREW, one meets the nicest policemen."

Bruce's body may belong to SCREW, but his heart (and goose-feather quill)

belong to GAY—he's been into gay life since he was thirteen. "I had one of those sheltered Greenwich Village childhoods... we lived right across the street from the Stonewall. One day, my mother sent me out for a box of Rice Krispies or something... and I didn't come back for three weeks... Snap! Crackle! Pop! Anyway, being a Village kid was very confusing. Whenever I ran away, I had to go to the Bronx."

For the past five years Bruce has been an exceptionally busy young man. While studying at the High School of the Performing Arts (from which he was graduated in June, 1970), he spent two and one-half years on scholarship at the Museum of Modern Art and at Greenwich House. He is currently enrolled in classes at the Lee Strasberg Theatre Institute.

"Being an actor affects your whole lifestyle. In order to work in your profession, you have to work on yourself. It's good for the head. Acting discipline can force you to deal with your real

feelings, and I found I had to be independent enough to go with them."

Bruce has been living on his own for over a year. He currently shares an apartment with a friend (just a friend) around the corner from the Brooklyn Museum. Both he and his roommate share an interest in the new gay liberation movement.

"I have tremendous respect for the older gays who started the gay movement—they had to face a lot more intolerance toward the idea of anyone's liberation. Now that the older leaders have laid down certain ground rules, by advancing the liberation ideas, which had to be put forth, young people have the opportunity—and the responsibility—to test these ideas and apply them to the realities of everyday living—to see how it all jells, to see if they are viable realities.

"Maybe I was born too late to be saddled with the forties' and fifties' hangups about homosexuality that many older gay people have had to overcome. Coming out at thirteen I was frankly too

The Cruising Photographer

QUESTION:

What's your opinion of the gay churches springing up all over the country?

Paul Stitelman, Manhattan:
"The issue of homosexuality and religion seems to me to be irrelevant in the 20th century. However, I feel that since many gays have deep religious feelings, and furthermore, since most



religious bodies in this country are hostile to homosexuals, that the establishment of gay churches can indeed be beneficial to gay people. I also believe that anything that helps the gay people feel positive about their gaiety is right-on."



Tony Jackubosky, Wash., D.C.:
"They basically make me feel like I want to puke. I've never been to any service, gay or straight, that didn't turn me off. For those who are served by these churches and synagogues, congratulations!"



Louie Gentilello, Manhattan:
"I feel that this could pull together the gay society and have others look at us in a respected way. It also helps the gay individual, because he feels more respected and that counts an awful lot. But then again, many people don't need religion. They can lead happy and fulfilled lives without it."

Trix Club

Continued from page 14

reluctant to extend weekend privileges. Bob persisted, and the hotel will be open to Trix Club guests from Memorial Day to Labor Day.

Before becoming involved in arranging Fire Island tours, Bob had been and still is an active member of the Gay Activists Alliance. His leadership on the goods and services committee has poured many

dollars into the GAA treasury through the sale of buttons, patches, T-shirts and sweatshirts displaying the famous yellow lambda emblem.



The pool at Cherry Grove's Beach Hotel

revival of *A Thurber Carnival* and directed a production of *Stop the World, I Want to Get Off*. His television appearances have included the role of a guest imposter on "To Tell the Truth," where he impersonated a clown and a racing jockey in order to prevent the audience and the panel from identifying the real ones. He successfully stumped the audience, but not the panel, for Orson Welles, one of the panelists whom Bob had met before, recognized him instantly.

Bob has shifted his interest from entertainment and theater to gay liberation and the setting up of successful enterprises by and for gays where the cardinal objective is to give his customers their money's worth. He hopes that in the process some of his more up-tight guests might feel inclined to come out of their closets and work to make their lot equal to that of first-class citizens. Then, Bob feels, Trix Club, Inc. will truly have accomplished its purpose.

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GAY COUPLE, white, 20s, seek others for sex & polaroid fun. Have home if you are travelling. Send photo, details to: Box 133, Huntington Station, Shelton, Conn. 06484

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YOUNG GUY, 23, butch & attractive, would like to hear from other gay, attractive guys under 25. Photo appreciated. Write: PO Box 1739, Grand Central Station, NY, NY 10017

TWO YOUNG attractive dominant guys seek passive ones for training in mild S&M. None considered without photograph. Albert, Box 89, Times Plaza Station Brooklyn, NY 11217

SHARP, BLOND, 40, needs white male for serious long term mate. If lonely, masculine, searching for happy rewarding relationship but previously unsuccessful, send photo, letter: Mr. N., 1308 28th Street, South, Apt. 2, Arlington, Virginia 22203

YOUNG ATTRACTIVE MALE, 21, new to gay scene, wishes to meet & correspond with other gay males in Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin. Write: Mike Lewis, 301 14th Ave., S.W., Rochester, Minn.

HANDSOME BODYBUILDER, 27, SINCERE, WANTS MEET YOUNG GUYS. PHOTO/PHONE. TONY, BOX 497, NYC 10024

STEVE M of Reading, Massachusetts wants to thank all those who answered my ad. I found my one guy whom I will love forever & ever. He is the greatest. I hope you all find your dynamite guy like I did. Love ya, Lovey!

MATURE MAN, WASP, reasonably attractive, slender, likes travel, swimming, music, art & mutual oral sex (in states where it's legal, of course). Seeks good relationship with slender good looking male, any race, between 22 & 34, sharing some of these interests. No bar-files, adventurers or fellows presently involved. Photo & telephone number, please. Write: Occupant, Box 424, Madison Square Sta., NYC 10010

MUSCULAR BODY! Hip young guy interested challenge wrestling matches, nude sunning, photography, Jersey, SE Penna. Description (photo helps) to: Box 125, Kingston, NJ 08528

YOUNG GUY, 20, seeks similar for sincere friendship. Photo please. Eric, PO Box 105, Reading, Massachusetts 01867

COLLEGE PROFESSOR, 45, masculine but passive seeks friends, lover. JM, Box 351, Erie, Pa. 16512

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