

GAY

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OUT OF
NYC 75¢

Vol.2 Issue 57

Largest Bar Raids In N.Y. History

Christopher's End

Christopher's End was one of the 9 bars raided by federal and city police. Shortly thereafter, it was discovered that the alleged would-be assassin of Italian leader, Joe Colombo, (Jerome Johnson), was seen regularly at this bar in the weeks preceding the shooting. The *New York Post* called *Christopher's End* "A Mob Gun's Not-So-Gay Headquarters."

Federal, State Cops Hit Unlicensed Clubs

New York, N.Y. In the largest operation of its kind in the memory of New Yorkers, a Task Force of almost 400 federal and city police staged a pre-dawn raid on nine after-hours clubs, most of them well-known gay spots.

The targets of the raids were not the customers, who were sorted out from the management and employees and told to leave the premises. The 28 people arrested were all operators and employees of the clubs and were charged with violating a Federal statute which requires the purchase of a \$56-a-year stamp for retail liquor sales. Most of the clubs involved had been repeatedly raided by local police but had always reopened after paying small fines.

Daniel P. Hollman, chief of the New York Joint Strike Force against organized crime, said the purpose of the action was to "cut off permanently the income source of members of an organized crime family." The *Daily News* estimated organized crime's annual "take" from these nine establishments to be about \$2 million.

"Hopefully, these places are out of business permanently," Mr. Hollman said after the Internal Revenue Service agents impounded all of the liquor stocks, furniture, juke boxes, bars, bar stools, refrigeration equipment and cash from the nine clubs.

The well-organized raids involved a party of 125 agents from the IRS Alcohol, Tobacco and Tax Division; 125 plainclothesmen and 100 uniformed city policemen, and a number of ranking officials of the Joint Strike Force, an agency of federal, state and city personnel created by the Justice Department in 1969 to battle organized crime.

The raiding parties, in unmarked cars and police busses, swooped down on the establishments at 4 a.m. on July 18, armed with bullhorns, sledgehammers, crowbars, and stocks of bright white light bulbs with which to replace the dim red and blue bulbs which ordinarily barely illuminate the establishments.

Patrons of the clubs, evidently fearing they might be searched or arrested, quickly shed whatever contraband items they had in their possession. After the customers left the police found the floors littered with bottles of pills, stashes of marijuana, hashish and "mysterious liquids"; one automatic pistol, a copy of

"Kake," a booklet of "action" drawings of males having sex.

According to the *New York Times*, "The patrons generally seemed to accept the raids with good humor. Outside the *New Showplace*, there were a few shouts of "Gay Power!" and some uncomplimentary remarks about the proclivities of the raiders."

Besides the *New Showplace*, the raided premises included the *Zodiac*, *Christopher's End*, the *Come Back*, the *15 Barrow Street*, the *Tenth of Always*, the *Thesbian* (sic), the *Never Too Late*, and the *Silver Palace*. Three of these places

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Ohio Mayor Says: "No Gays In My Town!"

Columbus, Ohio—"I and the Safety Director, in behalf of the Mayor's office, deny your permit because, speaking for the majority of the people in the City of Columbus, we do not want to see homosexuals on the streets parading. We feel that we can speak for the people in Columbus about who can parade and who cannot parade on our streets," said Sgt. Marvin Muncia, of the Columbus Police Department.

The decision came after two days of attempting to obtain a permit to stage the "Homosexuals United" parade, sponsored by Sir of Ohio Inc., that was to be held July 24, 1971. Ten stops at City Hall and the police station were required before any official would admit that the permit request would have to be processed.

Mayor M. E. Sensenbrenner stated about a week ago in a radio broadcast that "I will not permit homosexuals in my All-American city. They are sick perverted degenerates that require treatment," he stated. "Anyway, homosexuals are full of condensed milk."

"We knew the permit would be denied," stated Tom Lewis, Director of Sir of Ohio. Gay rights have been denied and ignored long enough, therefore it may become necessary to use New York-California type tactics.

"SIR will march on the 24th with or without a permit," said Lewis. "We have a permit, issued to the Columbus GLF to assemble and demonstrate on the State House grounds. We can't fly there, nor we sneak in the back way."

The Ohio American Civil Liberties Union has agreed to assist SIR in necessary court action to force insurance of a permit, however, time may be too short now to obtain official sanction for the parade in time for the scheduled date. In this event," said Lewis, "we will scale down our group and march anyway."

"Recent events in Ohio indicate that the balance of '71 is going to be a long hot summer. Oppression of homosexuals here is definitely on the up-swing with no sign of city officials letting up. Sodomy arrests alone totaled 25 last year and it would appear that this year will surpass that mark. SIR is now preparing two court cases against the city administration and contemplating a third, an 8 million dollar damage suit on behalf of the estimated 40,000 homosexuals in this city.

Author Donn Teal Receives Wide Notice

New York, N.Y. "What do the women's and homosexual liberation movements have in common, how are they tied in with one another?" Lee Leonard of Channel 5's "Midday" asked gay author Donn Teal as he seated him with Jacqueline Susann on the noontime talk show July 13. Said Teal, smiling: "Our oppressor is the same: the straight male-you!"

The "Midday" program also featured Miss Susann, whose film *The Love Machine* opens in August, and Dr. Judith Bardwick, author of the new *Psychology of Women*. It was the twelfth media appearance by the author of *The Gay Militants*, his first on television since an NBC national video news taping a few weeks ago. *TGM* Teal's first major work, is also the first major American book by a declared homosexual to be written in behalf of gays and gay liberation. In 1969, the author was first to write, similarly, for *The New York Times*.

Teal sparred with Barry Farber on



Donn Teal

June 27th, finding the syndicated WOR interviewer cordial and deeply interested in the gay lib story. Shortly after, with Stein and Day editor/Gay Activist George Caldwell and GAA leader Nath Rockhill, Teal talked gay lib on Casper Citron's late-night WQXR showcase. On June 16, he traveled to Philadelphia for a 45-minute prime spot on the "Frank Ford Show" (WPEN). Recently he com-

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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, 568 Ninth Avenue, bet. 41 & 42 Sts. (563-8212) Basic, no fancy name implies, and usually lively. Some hustlers looking for the tired businessmen, but a good mixture of people. GM

THE BEADED BAG, 315 First Ave., bet. 52 & 53 Sts. Originally a chummy chaser's bar, now mixing all gay male types. Manager Sony Trenchy has redecorated and now serves fine gourmet Italian food (prix fixe) in addition to super drinks.

THE BIG SPENDER, 315 W. 48 St., just west of 8th Ave. (586-9880) Very popular for before and after theatre drinking, but basically a watering spot for the gay theatrical crowd, this is where you'll find that gorgeous bank who's third-from-left in the chorus line. GM

BON SOIR, 40 W. 8th St. bet. 6th Ave. & McDougal (473-9859) Cha-cha palace popular with the dance-crazy young Latinos. Also known as "a bit of San Juan in old New York." GM

BONNIE & CLYDE'S, 82 W. 3rd St. bet. Sullivan & Thompson Sts. (219-9304) Big dance floor, Monday movies, Sunday brunches. Mostly GM

CANDLELIGHT LOUNGE, 309 Amsterdam Ave. bet. 74 & 75 Sts. (874-9607) One of the "landmark" bars that's been around forever. Neighborhood crowd, a bit cliché, but fun once you break the ice. GM

THE CANDY STORE, 44 W. 56th St. bet. 5 & 6 Aves. (581-4664) Piano bar, popular particularly with out-of-towners because of its longevity and international reputation. Suit-and-tie requirement no longer stringently enforced. GM

CARR'S, 104 W. 10th St. (255-9742) Where Villageers go to get away from the invading hordes from Great Neck and Staten Island. This place is to Village residents what the neighborhood pub is to a Londoner. GM

CHARADE, 1800 Second Ave. at 93rd St. Where black is beautiful, the age to be is young, the food and music is soul and the dancing is outa-sight! GM, mostly.

CHIPP'S, Columbus Ave. bet. 66 & 67 Sts. A pleasant bar/restaurant/sidewalk cafe close to Lincoln Center. Mixed, but the bar is getting younger and younger. GM

COUNTRY COUSIN, 1313 Third Ave. bet. 75 & 76 Sts. (879-6614) The "m" eatery for the gay jet set. Excellent food, fine liquor and all the beautiful people you could want to see. GM, some GF

DAMON & PYTHIAS, 105 W. 13th St. bet. 6 & 7 Aves. One of the smarter Village-area dining-drinking-dancing palaces. GM

DANNY'S, 139 Christopher St. (929-9321) An old landmark that's seen better days but still draws the business. GM (See also: New Danny's.)

DIRTY EDNA'S SCOREBOARD, 264 W. 46th St. at 8th Ave. (265-9077) The old say "if you are elegant or pretentious, you won't score with us." But the word is out that everybody makes out at Dirty Edna's. GM

THE EAGLE'S NEST, 11th Ave. & 23rd St. They won't let you in if you're not wearing leather or western gear. If you manage to slip in, they won't serve you. GM, super-studs only.

FEDORA'S, 239 W. 4th St. (CH 2-9691) The only place to eat in the Village. Excellent food, "family" atmosphere. After your second or third visit, Fedora and the waiters treat you like a rich uncle. GM & GF

FINALE, 48 Barclay Street (CH 3-7538) Another famed gay eatery in the Village. GM & GF

FIRESIDE INN, 411 W. 24th St., just west of 9th Ave. (WA 4-0665) Fine restaurant, good bar with dancing from 7 p.m. to 1 a.m. Popular with the chic Chelsea set.

THE FOUR SEASONS, 99 E. 52nd St. The grand ones cruise the bar—cautiously, as the place is integrated. GM

FRANCIS', 115 MacDougal St. bet. 3rd & Bleecker (at the Cafe Wha). Free admission, light show, dancing. Soda bar open 3 p.m. to 4 a.m. GM

GAY DOGS, 180 Christopher St. A 24-hour sidewalk-cafe/snackery. Near the trucks so you can satisfy one hunger after taking care of the other. Mostly GM

GIANNI'S, 53 W. 19th St. (675-9809) A dancing bar for women ONLY. GF

GOLD BUG, 83 W. 3rd St. (677-9874) A dancing bar popular with the (very) young set. It has everything: shows, buffets, door prizes, the works. GM

GOLD RAIL, 2850 Broadway (MO 2-4704) Restaurant and bar, hang-out for Columbia students and (way) uptown gay set. Mixed straight & gay.

HARRY'S BACK EAST, 1422 Third Ave. bet. 80 & 81 Sts. (249-6991) What can you say about a bar that's been the City's most popular place for more than five years? Go—even on Monday nights when the other places are dying. This one is always busy. GM

HEAT WAVE, 131 West 3rd St. (GR 5-9325) No longer a gay bar, this one's turned into a straight strip club with a gimmick. That's the inimitable Puggy Roberts, Camp Queen of the Drag Set, and the fabulous Mr. Tony Winter. **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) Popular gay supper club—with phones on each table so you can cruise sitting down. Dancing and live entertainment nightly. GM, some GF

JIMMY RAY'S, 729 8th Ave. (582-9507) A neighborhood bar-restaurant in a gay/theatrical district. Not terribly cruisy, and not really gay, but loads of fun. Int.

JULIUS', 159 W. 10th St. at Waverly Place (929-9672) Popular, possibly because of its international reputation as the young set's gay bar. Back in the mid-1960's the owners fought a landmark case that helped establish the present legality of gay bars. GM

KELLER'S, 384 West St. (near Christopher) (CH 2-1907) The mother and father of New York's leather bars; the Landmarks Commission ought to put a plaque on the front of it. Still popular with the congenial. GM

KOOKIE'S, 149 W. 14th St. (242-9226) New York's longest-running lesbian bar. It has a national reputation, and is the first stop for immigrants from whatever is on the other side of the Hudson. Hence, it's the only place for girls to find girl friends who haven't been toughened by New York. GF only.

LIGHTHOUSE, 2160 Broadway, corner of 76 St. (SU 7-9791) An old-time West Side spa coming back via three free buffets a week and a new "massage." GM

LUIGI II, 104 W. 13th St. (929-9564) Intimate dining in the Village area. The pleasant piano bar provides background for cruising, chatting or just listening. GM

MALE BOX, 1716 Second Ave. Intimate bar, dancing, and dining with that East Side charm. GM

MARK EAST, 313 E. 46th St. bet. 1 & 2 Aves. (355-9180) Lovely and lively new dance palace with all sorts of inducements: new faces, free buffets Mon. thru Thurs. and Wed. night drawings for a free weekend at Fire Island. GM

MENEMSHA BAR, Hotel Atterton, 132 E. 57th St. at Lex. Where the over-30 crowd retreats when the Youth Culture gets too cloying. GM

NEW JIMMY'S, 1576 3rd Ave. bet. 88 & 89 Sts. (860-4509) Another GREAT gay restaurant. Quiet elegance, excellent service and truly fine food. GM

NINE PLUS SOCIAL CLUB, 149 W. 21st St. (924-9387) Private club, exclusively for lovers of leather and western gear. GM only.

NEW DANNY'S, 140 7th Ave. South bet. Charles & W. 10th Sts. (691-8373) The only really "hot" place in the Village for afternoon drinking. Dancing nightly. GM

OLD VIC, 309 E. 60th St. (832-9049) Very cruisy dance palace with intimate atmosphere. Most popular with the classier Latin set. GM

THE PAINTED PONY, 1485 Third Ave. at 84th St. (744-9980) Live entertainment at the piano bar, friendly crowd, good drinks. What more could you want? GM

PAULA'S, 64 Greenwich Ave. (691-3360) A lesbian lounge on the Street. Kind-hearted Paula will even see a drink to a thirsty male. GF, some GM

PAULINE'S INTERLUDE, 2267 7th Ave. at 135th St. A Harlem landmark before most of us were born. Mixed, but widely-known as a gay-male watering spot.

PICADILLY PUB, 324 Amsterdam Ave. bet. 75 & 76 Sts. (874-8630) One of the newer and busier Upper West Side bars. Lately it seems to have become headquarters for very tall gay males which has given it the neighborhood nickname, "Sequoia National Park." GM

PEPY'S PLACE, 153 W. 48th St. (265-9792) It's gay in the evenings and a hard-hat hang-out during the daylight hours. The hard-hats may love you but the day bartender won't. GM

THE ROUNDTABLE, 151 E. 50th St. (758-0310) Dancing to live rock bands, entertainment and all types of gay males. Some say it's like dying and going to heaven. GM

THE ROYAL ROOST, 28 Cornelia St. (CH 2-9557) Small, excellent restaurant with tiny bar. The friendly ambience reminds one of what the Village must have been like before... Int., mostly GM

STAGE 45, 305 E. 45th St. (532-0290) Young, hip (racially) integrated crowd. The dancing's so good that it's almost as much fun to watch as it is to participate. GM

THE STRIPED SHIRT, 1393 2nd Ave. bet. 72 & 73 Sts. (863-3450) Good restaurant and delightful bar. Relaxed atmosphere for conversation and getting acquainted. Reservations required for dinner. GM

THE INTERNATIONAL STUD, Greenwich & Perry Sts. 50¢ beer and hordes of gorgeous numbers make this an excellent pick-up place. The raids on the near-by "orgy" bars should heighten the claustrophobic panic. GM

TAMBUROLANE, 148 E. 48th St. near Lex. (PL 3-0030) The current "in" spot. (You may have to wait in line to get in on weekends.) Gay men and women, including many of those elusive lovely lesbians who, like rare orchids which bloom once in a decade, materialize for a few weeks before disappearing for several seasons. Dancing. GF & GM

THIS N' THAT, 221 Columbus Ave. at 70th St. (874-9535) A new gay bar, one of the few (maybe the only) that festooned its facade for Gay Pride Week. For that alone it deserves your support. GM

THREE, 314 E. 72nd St. at 2nd Ave. (734-8303) Delightful eatery with good food and busy piano bar.

TIMOTHY'S, 28th St. & Lexington Ave. New, said to be busy and filled with fun people. GM

THE TOOL BOX, 507 West St. at Jane (989-9496) It began as a leather lounge and grew; now it gets all types. That alone makes it fascinating. GM

TROUBADOR, 1078 1st Ave. bet. 58 & 59 Sts. (755-1955) A jolly popular East Side spot for drinking, chatting and dining. GM

TWELFTH NIGHT, 281 W. 12th St. corner of W. 4th. Intimate, very friendly bar presided over by Billy. They give marvelous champagne brunches on Sundays. Int.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S, 1049 Lexington Ave. at 75th St. (861-6132) A friendly, always-crowded, and very cruisy bar. GM

VICTOR'S QUARTERS, 984 2nd Ave. This place usually gets a mixture, but not quite the clientele which causes members of the Counter Culture to shriek and run away. This pleases the Victor's Quarters set. GM

WILLIE'S WEST SIDE, 224 W. 82 St. east of Broadway (874-9833) A crowded, very friendly, dance bar where Blacks, Latins and Whites meet and mingle under the peered eyes of the West Side Liberal set. GM

YUKON, 140 E. 53rd St. bet. Lex. & 3rd. (421-8122) Where the older set gathers and the Midnight Cowboys come to score. GM

THE ZODIAC, 1487 1st Ave. at 77th St. Dancing and live entertainment on the chic East Side. Rather young set. GM, some GF

THE PATHS

THE BEACON BATHS, 227 E. 45th St. (847-0322) 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 CLUB BATHS, Inc. 24 First Ave. bet. 1st & 2nd Sts. (673-3283) A most lavish bath house. Four floors, features: large sauna, beautiful double steamroom, carousel shower, whirlpool bath, swimming pool fed by natural springs, exercise room, dormitory section, beautiful TV lounge, game room & backyard summer patio for sunbathing. Great music, lighting & carpeting throughout. Good afternoons & evenings. Students half price every day with student cards. Open 24 hours. Best buy. 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, saunas, 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 (684-8925) 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 (473-7929) Superior facilities haven't changed the somewhat dangerous and ugly vibes emanating from this shanty. It's the place to find surly management. Open 24 hours except for the main steamroom. GM

SAUNA BATHS AND HEALTH CLUB, 300 W. 58th St. (above Child's) (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

WOMEN'S TALK GROUPS

Thursday evenings (6:30 p.m.) women are meeting at the Gay Activists Alliance Firehouse (99 Wooster Street, two blocks south of Houston) for discussions on topics of interest to women.

The Daughters of Bilitis is also open to women interested in meetings, dances and feminist workshops. DOB is located at 141 Prince Street (at West Broadway). Phone: 475-9870.

The Editors Speak

OUR VIRTUOUS MAYOR

Mayor Lindsey, the NYPD, and the *New York Times* are treating Manhattan to its annual-summertime-crusade-for-virtue. Prostitutes, pimps, erotic booksellers, and all of those "pornographers" whose heretical books and pictures are likely to offend Mrs. Purity and her daughter from Hopsotch, Nebraska, are once more getting the round-up treatment.

Why, when real crime infests Manhattan streets, must Gotham's administrative geniuses put on this hypocritical show? It is distressing to hear Mayor Lindsay sounding like Carrie Nation. It is infuriating to read glowing accounts of the "clean-ups" in the *New York Times*, a newspaper which owns real estate in the Times Square area. The *Times* wants to sell its holdings now, so it can claim cash-in-hand. But the 42nd Street booksellers pay such high rents to their erstwhile landlords that the landlords are unwilling to put them out of business. Thus, the *Times* is taking that job upon itself. While it asks for its own freedom-to-publish, it endangers the freedoms of others.

If the City Fathers are opposed to solicitations and propositions by prostitutes, why pick on prostitutes alone? Why do they not object to the endless streams of panhandlers that infest every Manhattan streetcorner? Thanks to the Governor of this unwieldy state, the nation's largest city has no decent facilities for its poor.



Mayor Lindsay: Not bad beach, what?

The Mayor knows, just as we do, that the vice campaigns are mere show. They are meant to draw attention away from the city's real problems. Nobody really expects prostitution and its attendants to wither away. A temporary change of scene perhaps. If it isn't in the vicinity of Times Square, it will be somewhere else.

There are certain classes of people who need their playgrounds. 42nd Street is one such playground.

We had hoped that the Mayor was truly on the side of personal liberties; that he would not prove himself a foe of picture-books and erotic materials. But, like every other Mayor in America, he's playing the game.

We telephoned the Mayor's offices and asked an assistant for Lindsay's reasoning on such matters. "Well," said the assistant, "You must try to understand that he is under great pressure from many sides." What a sad excuse! We'd hoped that his principles were stronger than any pressures.

THE NEW POLICE IMAGE

Recent raids on after-hours (backroom) clubs and bars have demonstrated that a new era in relations between the New York Police Department and the homosexual community is on hand. Police who took part in the raid took pains to arrest only the unlicensed operators of these clubs. Gay patrons were told to leave the premises.

Perhaps the Stonewall riot and the Snake Pit incident taught the police a thing or two about decorum and proper treatment of New York citizens.

Author Donn Teal Receives Wide Notice

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pleted an hour-and-a-half two-night program with Barney Lane for WRVR's "Pulsebeat '71," which may be aired again in San Francisco. CBS radio-taped Teal for national news spots in late May; he had been heard on WHN's "New York at Night" a week before.

The author's call-in programs have been with Alex Bennett (WPLJ), Fred Gale and Jeffrey St. John (both WMCA). Interviewees on the Gale show generally

get between 1,000 and 1,500 calls from listeners. Teal received nearly 2,500, which Gale had to continue answering after the writer had left the studio. On Christopher Street Liberation Day, St. John extended Teal's 20-minute interview to one hour and a half, but callers were sometimes "vicious," Teal reports. "One declared that all homosexuals had a 'death wish,' and that we were sadists and murderers. Another called me a 'nut,' and a third knew that homosexuals spread diseases as heterosexuals never could!"

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Photo by Eric S. Jacobs



A member of the West Side Discussion Group speaks out at one of the organization's weekly Wednesday night meetings, held at 300 9th Avenue (28th St.) in Manhattan. The WSDG, founded in 1956, is one of the nation's oldest gay organizations and has rendered a continuing service to the community with large social gatherings, dances, parties, and discussions on topics of general interest. Meetings are held at 8 p.m. \$1.50 admission.

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Our son John: he went to bed with one shoe off and one shoe on.

Author Donn Teal Receives Wide Notice.

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Keeping cool—and strong—with such callers was a task, even though I can now see that their misconceptions and naivete are simply products of the sexual sickness Americans have always suffered from."

Meanwhile, the straight, gay, and free presses have turned on to the chronicle of the gay revolution. Said the Cleveland Plain Dealer in America's heartland (May 30): "Teal's study is first-rate research and journalism, a combination of collected articles from the gay press unified by sharp, perceptive continuity." A Jesuit reviewer advised, in *Best Sellers* (June 1): "This book is an indictment against those who label persons as 'queers' or 'perverts' or worse. Like the Black-Power stress, this 'Lavender Power' is trying to say something to all of us and we needs must listen." Other papers and magazines agreed:

Minneapolis Tribune (June 13): "[Teal's] narrations cannot help but send tingles of militancy and pride into Gay people. . . TGM has the potential to open the eyes of the non-gay and serve as a guide for the new generation of high school-age Gay people." (Jack Baker)

The Militant (July 2): "Teal's book is indispensable and welcome. It is something from which we can all learn—whether we are gay or not." (John Lauritsen)

The Advocate (June 23): "He has produced a valuable history book of the new gay movement—a volume that is must reading for every gay activist, sociologist, psychologist, legislator, and certainly for every homosexual who is 'queer' no more." (Derek Martin)

Chicago Daily News (June 26): "Teal's book is more than just a historical document of 'our' revolution. It's an assurance that the story—the whole story—can at last be told." (Robb Baker)

Liberation News Service (July 14): "The *Gay Militants* is an incredible up . . . a joyful, supportive account of an oppressed people in struggle." (Allen Young)

Washington Post (June 2): "It is a valuable book; more than that an essential book, because here for the first time, in one place, are the details of what may be the last liberation movement, the story of the last of America's minorities to demand its rights." (Merle Miller)

Gay Sunshine (June-July): "The book . . . makes by its very objectivity a case for Gay militancy around Gay issues." (Michael Itkin)

Publishers' Weekly (May): "His book may open floodgates, and certainly it will be widely read."

Village Voice (May 27): "At times spell-binding, at moments astonishing, *The Gay Militants* should be read by heterosexuals, for this is history in the making told intelligently and without prejudice. . . This is what's happening, and apparently a host of people are feeling fine as a result. Judging from Teal's book, there's no reversing these now unleashed forces of self-defense." (Faubion Bowers)

A student wrote from Vanderbilt University: "I feel that your book will ultimately contribute as much to the gay liberation movement as Martin Luther King's 'I have a dream' speech contributed to the blacks' struggle."



At the Beacon Baths for a V.D. checkup, GAY's editors (above) are greeted by Beacon's jolly public relations director, Walter Kent. GAY promised all of the baths that it would publicize V.D. clinics, if such were opened. Beacon was the first to take up GAY's offer, and its new V.D. Clinic is operated by the Health Department on Wednesdays from 3 to 9 p.m. All checkups are anonymous. (Below) An officer from the Health Department takes a blood sample from Lige Clarke. Beacon's Wednesday clinic is on its premises at 227 East 45th Street, 11th Floor.



Photos by L. Williams

BY AARON BATES

Ken Russell's latest film, *The Devils*, does for Roman Catholicism what *Elmer Gantry* did for Evangelism. But if the collective taste of the screening audience is any indication of what the common movie-goers would enjoy (and believe me, the screening audience was certainly common), the film may well play to empty houses. One obese jackass behind me started booing (or braying) loudly when the picture ended. Near him, one of the most obvious closet queens I'd seen in a decade started liping to the poor deluded woman he was with that "only a sick, depraved, faggoty mind could have created it." I gave him the evil eye and left the screening room, desirous of being alone to think about the film without the imposition of chattering peasants upon my consciousness.

My first impression was that the New York critics would all despise it with a vengeance (the possible exception being Rex Reed). In fact, I could visualize a few of those television and radio reviewers sermonizing that all copies of the movie should immediately be burned. In a way, though, I thought how condemnation may be advantageous if it encourages people to see what they are missing.

The Roman Catholic Church, of course, will be loudest in its condemnations of the film (and from their standpoint, they have every reason in the world to act thusly), while their Protestant brethren will no doubt gleefully overlook making any comment.

After all, *The Devils* deals with the type of historical occurrence that the Church feels duty-bound to suppress. This, in addition to Ken Russell's bizarre caricatures of many of the principals, will cause many movie-goers with weak stomachs to keep away.

Even though I am neither a sadist nor a masochist (but if you are, run, don't walk to the Fine Arts Theatre), I must say that I enjoyed it. *The Devils* is not Ken Russell's best work to date. There are too many times when the filmmaker cannot resist the urge to camp things up. Though one admires the attempt, the result is distracting. Take the scene, for example, in which a very gay Louis XIII of France (Graham Armitage) is having target practice while listening to the schemes of a power-crazed Cardinal Richelieu (Christopher Logue). Suddenly we discover what the king is elegantly taking shots at—Huguenot prisoners forced to dress as black birds with huge beaks for the court's amusement. Every time a prisoner is killed, the court graciously applauds the king's skill as a marksman. Finally, one of the Huguenots is shot and his body rolls into a pond. As he sinks, the king waves his limp wrist and bids the corpse adieu: "Bye bye . . . blackbird."

Whether or not this pun is worth the effort is open to question. However, the anachronism involved here tends to jolt us, the viewers, momentarily out of the world Russell has so carefully created for us. Even Francois Truffaut, who started that type of slapstick motif, would think twice if he were in Russell's place. But nonetheless, cinematic geniuses must be forgiven their mad little flights of fancy.

Before you become totally confused, I had better discuss briefly the movie's storyline. The film is set in the year 1633 in the fortified French city of Loudun. It is Cardinal Richelieu's plan to unite all of France under the monarch's rule and



Fish-eating bead fumble: the frightened faces of virgin minds.

The Devils Made Me Do It!

to suppress or exterminate the Huguenots, a large group of French Protestants. The only fly in the ointment seems to be the city of Loudun which would only become vulnerable to Richelieu's schemes of invasion if the city's walls were destroyed. The cardinal is also urged by the number of Huguenots living peacefully and harmoniously along side the city's Catholics. In order to rid the city of its fortified walls and prepare Loudun for a take-over, he must dispose of a popular priest named Urbain Grandier (Oliver Reed). His plan of accomplishing this takes place when he hears of an Ursuline prioress, Sister Jeanne of the Angels (Vanessa Redgrave), who claims to be possessed by the devil in the form of Grandier. Actually, Sister Jeanne is a frustrated and totally demented hunchback who constantly fantasizes herself getting screwed by the handsome priest, whom she has never met. Richelieu enlists the aid of his agent, de Laubardemont (Dudley Sutton) and a fanatical witch-hunter, Father Barre (Michael Gothard), to get a confession from Sister Jeanne and her fellow nuns that Grandier is in league with Satan for the purpose of debauching the convent.

After excruciating tortures and threats of death, the nuns are ready to admit to anything. In fact the whole frustrated lot of them are so crazed at this point that they probably believe that Grandier is responsible for mind-fucking them all. After years of sexual starvation, the nuns have the excuse they need to go wild. So they run around naked, offering themselves to anyone who wants to bother, including their sister nuns. (Another camp sequence: Richelieu's agent observes one nun squeezing another nun's breasts. "Now, Sister" he chucks like a mother hen.)

The debauchery pays off and Grandier is thrown into jail. Needles are stuck through his tongue, he is branded with red-hot pokers, his legs are squashed to a pulp—yet he continues to profess his innocence. To add insult to injury, de Laubardemont tries to persuade the hapless priest to confess in terms similar to this: "Why can't you confess for the sake of the Church? If you love the Church, people will see you as penitent and be inspired. If you don't confess, you may inspire people to willfully break away from the Church." Of course, the logic of



Church gynecologists check out a nun's privates to see if the Devil's sperm can be found therein.

de Laubardemont's advice leaves Grandier somewhat flat. Why should he endorse a corrupt institution which is planning to murder him whether he confesses or not?

If Grandier had ever committed a crime, it was against celibacy. It was not uncommon for priests and even popes to debauch the ladies in those days. Except that Grandier did make two mistakes. He fell in love with a lady named Madeleine de Bou (Gemma Jones) and secretly married her. He also wrote a treatise against celibacy which was used as evidence against him. Well, so much for the historical side of the movie. Since some of you may wish to see it, I choose not to discuss the ending.

The basic faults of *The Devils* stems from certain unclear character motivations. One leaves the theatre wondering if Sister Jeanne is totally mad or a lucid pawn in a game of political trickery. Grandier's callous desertion of a young girl he knocks up casts certain doubts on his sensitivity and successfully alienates most of the females in the audience. True, the pregnant girl is an obnoxious little bitch but she certainly doesn't deserve Grandier's treatment. And what of a priest Mignon (Murray Melvin) who takes part in the ludicrous inquisition? Through most of the movie he seems to be part of the conspiracy and then suddenly he appears as a deluded man with a realization of Grandier's innocence? Many of the other characters seem added solely as grotesque and superficial ornaments. It's almost as if Russell had said to them: "You're sadists. Your function is to do sadistic things" and left it at that.

To add to the total debauchery and torture, Russell throws in a bubonic plague epidemic. I honestly don't know whether or not Loudun was struck by a plague in that fateful year or whether the plague was an artistic liberty taken by the filmmaker. I do know that the great London plague did not occur till early in 1665 and that there was a minor plague in the mid 1650's. But I had always thought that 1633 was a good year for witchhunts but a bad year for plagues. At any rate, *The Devils* includes a plague to end all plagues. People are dying by the thousands and their festering corpses are thrown into mass burial holes. Russell, with a slight touch of ghoulish humor, has many scenes set against this background. As his characters argue and debate with one another, they all seem totally oblivious to the fact that there are piles of sore-ridden bodies strewn all over the place. People in the audience, for some reason, seemed slightly offended by such goings-on.

People also seemed upset by the grand entrance of King Louis XIII impersonating Venus on the half shell. Personally, I think it outclassed Helmut Berger's imitation of Marlene Dietrich in *The Damned*. The straight gentleman next to me began fidgeting so much, I had to kick him in the shins to quiet him. One lady dashed from the screening room during a scene in which the inquisitors induce Sister Jeanne to vomit so they can sift through her puke for supernatural evidence. "Is this the devil's semen?" asks one of the witch-hunters. "No, that's a carrot," answers his companion.

With such carrying-on, it's a little difficult to take *The Devils* too seriously. Had Russell been totally serious, he probably wouldn't have affronted so many people in the audience. But what the hell! Even without the torture sequences, the movie's a scream—but I think it takes a queen who knows how to place his tongue in his cheek to appreciate it.

A TEAROOM IN BOSTON PROPER



Be careful! You never know who's on the other side of a tearoom door!

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

(The author of *THE GAY INSIDER* is off on a cross-country "fact-finding" tour in preparation for his new book, *THE GAY INSIDER U.S.A.*, with a stopover in New Mexico to appear in a movie. This is the first installment of a proposed series to be called "Easy Journey of a Hard Rider"—proposed, because his blatancy is liable to get him shot up somewhere in Red Neck country.)

If you're going to be traveling this summer, even like on the subway, send for your GAA sticker. Fuck the price. If they say they're out, demand a reprint on threat of picketing the Fire House. Don't take no for an answer. Not if you would have your politics serve your sex life.

The sticker reads: "The person next to you may be a homosexual—DOES IT MATTER? Gay Activists Alliance, Box 2, NYC 10014."

Glossy-maned and dour Richard Flynn, one of the Twelve Apostles who founded GAA and its former treasurer, came up with the idea, a variation on a similar label he had seen circulated in Philadelphia. And out spilled these little easy-adhere tickets that you were supposed to slap on train windows, street poles and of course, tearoom walls right above the urinal—then run. Just a little consciousness-raising, consciousness-raising device, you see. Well, for me it proved Open Sesame to romance—twice!

ADVENTURE AT AIRPORT

The first time was at Logan Airport in Boston, where I'd gone to autograph books (at the American Booksellers convention at the Boston Sheraton) and update my information about the gay culture in and around The Hub. It was mid-day, and I had missed all the buses into the heart of the city—due first to the fact my bags were the last ones up on the carousel, as always, and quite secondarily to loitering fruitlessly in the men's room.

Everyone had cleared away from the walk outside the terminal except for one attendant who kept reassuring me there would be another Airways bus along "soon," and two other tardy arrivals. High noon at Logan and nobody else in sight. But, ah, the sight!

One of them was a serviceman, glowing with the anticipation of leave, or perhaps freshly mastered out and free again. Young, sunburned, his hair minimized brutally by the military, and—but forget him. It's his companion, the dazzling young civilian who had apparently come to meet him, who was the cynosure of all eyes. Both of them. Mine.

A COVER BOY INCARNATE

Do you remember the shadowed nude on the paperback edition of *Numbers*? (Do you remember the *Mona Lisa*?) You know the one you bought the book for just to have the cover to jerk off with? Well, this number made that one look like a Norman Rockwell. A glance behind you. Instantly the beauty of this stripping made a chicken hawk out of a confirmed daddy-phile. Only with a lash transplant, rhinoplasty, four years of tumbling and the prenatal cooperation of the Great God Genes could one look like that.

Fifteen minutes passed, during which time I shifted and sighed impatiently, already quite late for my appearance at the Olympia Press booth (where I was sure the curious would queue up expecting a blow job with their autographs, considering the nature of my book). I tried not to stare at him, a futile effort. He was serenely unaware, though, remaining in animated conversation with his returning friend. Or so I assumed.

THE TELL-TALE BAG

I rearranged my bags several times, positioning my attache case (a remnant of Show Business days, when I carried around glossy photos and resumes and an ever-ready lead sheet of "You Mustn't Kick It Around," in F, in case I was called upon to audition for Richard Rodgers) criss-cross on top of the larger of the

three bags. Well, I had come for only a few days and was traveling light. Then I paced, roaming at one point a quarter of a block or so away. Back again, just as the serviceman was departing, with the announcement that he was going to look for cigarettes. I had already established for myself that there was no machine and no stand on that level.

The moment he was gone the boy god flashed a look at me that left me all but helpless. Now, I've been cruised a few times, and I've gotten occasional bolts that say "Stay where you are, I'm going to ditch my nanny," or "Follow me." But this was totally unexpected. I stammered out something off-balance, like, "I think they're pulling our leg."

No reply, but an impatient double whammy.

"I mean about the bus. There's not really a bus. Ha ha."

He wherewith strode two deliberate steps to the door, sure as Troy Perry approaching his pulpit, put his hand on the knob, and shot me another imperious laser beam glance. If Jesus looked at the Disciples-to-be that way, no wonder they dropped everything on the spot. (I'll bet, hope, he did.)

Yes, Massa! I've coming'. (But not yet.)

He marched right to the men's room. And so did I.

LET'S GO BACK

But, hey, I forgot something. The hard-on here at the typewriter has played havoc with continuity. You see, just after the exit of the serviceman, Gorgeous had lowered his eyes to my perched attache case, and there gleaming forth was the tell-tale, recklessly displayed, proudly gay label. He had read it as I had strolled away! "The man next to you... DOES IT MATTER?" Palpitations...

Back to the men's room, cozy, with three urinals, empty, save for Massa and me. As I came through the door, he unzipped, dug, and came up with the prize. Yes, it was as extravagant as the rest of him, as the melon buttocks, the impermanent nose, the luxury of lashes.

I shuffled over to the urinal and struggled to extricate Francis. (Now you know the middle name has special significance.) Rather needlessly, I was sure, as I figured my moment in time had already been programmed. (I always have thoughts of Relativity during such instants. Don't you?) That is, I would be going down on him, and whether I exposed or not wouldn't matter a lot. I could sort of rub off while on my knees.

But, ah, exquisite reversals of Fate do occur. He reached to aid me and then, when Francis was all out and up, that little darling crouched before me, fondling himself violently, and sucked!

A SLOW RECOVERY

He left in haste afterward, as I groped in my pockets for smelling salts and digitalis and got my wet foreskin snagged in my zipper. Finally pulled together, I limped to the sidewalk. The serviceman had returned, and they were once again engrossed in conversation as if nothing untoward had happened at all. Well, I dare say the trip up for cigarettes hadn't been anything but toward.

And I noticed what my ex-lover had done in my absence and surely just before his buddy had come back: switched the attache case around so that the label was obscured! The homosexual next to him had just been restored to a position where it couldn't matter at all, and we both stood there, as the bus finally swung down and around, with feathers around our mouths. Well, in his case maybe a public hair or so.

No disappointment lying ahead for me could matter. No irritation could spoil my Boston sojourn. Not even the fifteen dollar membership fee charged at the Regency Baths. (Dear Randy Wicker, when you wrote in your Boston article, Issue No. 53, that the baths had been closed up a year ago, you were in error. There are two: LaGrange and Regency, the former open until only 3:30 a.m., the latter until niniah, mornings. However, the facilities at the Regency are just appalling, with foam rubber mats flung out in wretched little cells, lockers that won't hold both a wide belt and your wrist watch, and the early news is blared out 1984-style from six in the morning on until you give up and stagger out into the financial district where enterprise grates.) I loved everything—the new 1270 Club so high into the Fenway cruising area you can go in and come back through closing, tricking between beers; the Nineties Restaurant, which even though they have for some insane retrogressive reason dropped the "Gay," serves excellent food with a smile (our grinning waiter was going home to his lover just in from Viet Nam—and I wondered: Could it be?). My friend Dandy, one of the great lovers of New England, showed me the new and all the old places. I made out matinee with a bookseller from Galveston. I enjoyed meeting old friends at Sporter's who'd come to get autographed books (I left the supply in the car, having had an attack of the Modests, just Because...). Boston was lovely, hospitable, swinging, as always.

I'll never go there again without my sticker, however. Nor, either, to Santa Fe. He was straight and next to me, AND IT DIDN'T MATTER. I'll write all about it next issue from the oldest seat of government in the U.S., where the gayest bar and cruiseist tearoom are located right in the hotel where I'm staying. Who says it's macho country!



BLOWJOB BRIGADES

BY DICK LEITSCH

I could kick myself for running into my draft board the day after my eighteenth birthday screaming "I'm queer! You don't want me!" At the time, I thanked Oscar Wilde, Gertrude Stein and all the other gods of the Gay Pantheon for that kind of discrimination against homosexuals. I do some things well, but conforming is not one of them. Here it is 1971 and I have neither a tie dyed shirt nor a mustache! How would I ever fit into anything as rigidly conformist as the army?

When I first heard of the groovy gayness of Vietnam (GAY No. 52), I cursed the hatred of conformity that made me opt out of military service. Now that I've spent several weeks in Germany, camping and sleeping with the U.S. occupational forces, I'm almost suicidal over opportunities missed.

Kindly Uncle Sam has this wonderful program wherein enlistees may choose the place where they want to spend their tour of duty. The smart gay men, particularly those from places like Aurora, Illinois or Hindman, Kentucky, where gay life is not exactly paradisaical, opt for Germany, where gay life is so free and exciting that it makes New York, San Francisco, or Amsterdam seem like a concentration camp.

Uncle Sam (he's on our side—did you ever hear of Aunt Sam? And you know what Kinsey says about white-haired bachelors!) pays transportation, gives free room and board, doesn't expect much work, and provides bar money. The Federal Republic of Germany provides the rest: handsome, available tricks; "legal" homosexuality, fantastic bars, baths, gay nudist beaches, flower-filled cruise parks (including a meat rack protected by a rose bower in one park!) and 30¢ beer and gin!

I've been told there are some heterosexuals in the army on American bases in Germany. I've also heard that they only work on the base—the rest of the time they are exiled to off-base or segregated houses where they live with their wives

and children.

George, who I met in Frankfurt's best gay bar, the Come Back, had just returned from a coming out party. The last "straight" number in George's company (I understand he was not really straight; he was gayer than most but fighting hard) to come out. He finally gave in and was seen sucking cock in a latrine. Word spread and the number left the toilet to find the whole company standing around the yard outside, toasting him with champagne and whatever other liquor they had available.

In Weisbaden the Pussy Cat Lounge is the "G.I. bar" as the Guild Guide so charmingly designates the gay army hangouts. I liked up the hill to the bar and got to the door just as a big brown bus stencilled "U.S. Army" drove up. 23 soldiers in civilian clothes trooped out as the driver shouted, "Remember, the 'Fairy Express' back to base leaves at 2 a.m. If you trick out, you have to arrange your own transportation back."

I tricked with Gregory (no relation to my onephilic art-critic colleague on this paper) who is 23 and from Independence, Missouri. He's saving his money to buy a house in Germany and he's never coming back to the States.

"You don't leave a place like this one," he said. "The economy is booming, taxes are low, and the people are sane. The Dutch and the French are filthy; the English boring, and Americans castrated by their bitch mothers. They're so hung up on guilt that they can't have sex without grass and poppers. Women's Lib and guilt over race and Vietnam are going to take the rest of their balls and American men won't be worth anything."

"Don't you feel a bit guilty about being in the army and helping, even indirectly, support the mess in Vietnam?" I asked.

"Nam's a bad scape, but I'm not there. Uncle Sam pays me to sit here and keep the Germans from starting another war. They're all too rich and too happy to attack anybody, so I polish my rifle four hours a day, five days a week, and collect my salary. I'm not going to feel guilty about politics or anything else I have no

control over. I do my best to be a good guy and I dig life. I don't know about politics, all I know is cock-sucking."

Greg and others told me about the historic day the West German government legalized homosexuality. "It didn't really make any difference," Greg said. "Nobody has hassled anybody here since Hitler. But it was an excuse for a party."

The party continued 24 hours a day for three days. The bars stayed open the whole time and the better part of six companies of American soldiers had three-day passes. The few heterosexuals stayed on base to make sure the Germans didn't march on Poland.

"They had to give us passes," Greg said. "Otherwise they'd have had to courtmartial us all. My lieutenant was so pissed he couldn't have worked. We looked for him at dawn and found him holding his ankles in the Reisinger Park. Several Germans and some guys from our company were lined up to bang him. He kept shouting 'Harder, you bastards! It's legal now!'"

Tony, who I picked up in Weisbaden's Kunstler Klaus, was a slow starter. He served almost a whole tour in Germany before he found out he wasn't the only queen on the base. He quickly re-enlisted. "What do I want to go home for?" he asked. "America is a hell-hole. Everybody's gone power crazy and Nixon, the hippies, the Negroes, the Third World—whatever the hell that is—Women's Lib and every other piss-ass group wants to be Hitler and give the orders."

"They're like a bunch of old ladies in Klein's basement haggling over a dress. They all grab on and pull. The dress comes apart at the seams and nobody gets it. Who needs that shit when there's a civilized nation here where I can live?"

His best friends are Peter and Paul, who met at Fort Bragg when they were doing their basic training. They bought a mortgage on a vineyard in the Rhine Valley. They're serving their second tour in Germany and intend to stay in the army until their land is paid for. Then they'll become Germans. "Germany swings," says Paul, a handsome San Franciscan, "like no place else swings. The Germans

may have lost all the battles but they sure won the war. Maybe someday we'll help rebuild America."

How did the army, particularly the army in Germany, get so gay? "The word just spread," Paul explained. "Guys who'd been here told others how great the gay life is and they'd volunteer to be sent here. Other guys who were stationed in Luxembourg, France, Holland or wherever, would come here for a weekend and love it. They'd manage to get themselves shipped here. Guys who went home told friends. The word just spread."

Did they mind me writing about this federally subsidized gay paradise? "Hell no," George said. "What's Washington going to do, courtmartial the entire U.S. Army in Germany? Think of the scandal. No mother would ever let her son join the army. With all the opposition to the military we read about back home, it looks like the only way they can raise an army any more is to promise queens a paid ogy and ask us to wear uniforms part time. You've heard they dropped THE question from the Selective Service forms!"

When I got back to New York I found out that the old SS Form 89 with the question "Do you have homosexual tendencies?" has indeed been replaced by SS Form 93 which makes no mention of homosexuality. (Another interesting development was the Navy's decision to phase out the bun-caressing bell bottoms and make the ugly Navy officer's uniforms standard Navy wear. That was an unwise decision if George is right and the military is finding it has to cultivate gay people to raise forces.)

I have always held a stereotyped view of the military as a factory which stamps out conforming little killers (except for the Marine Corps which is a retirement home for closet queens). Now I find that the Army, at least, is the biggest thing to hit the gay world since Continental Baths! In the reign of Richard Nixon we're being given the largest, best-organized, international homosexual organization since the fall of the Greek Empire. I may just have to vote for that man in 1972!

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, New York 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:

Recently I introduced a lady friend of mine to a gay couple I know. I am bisexual and could really get into a sex thing with men or women. My two friends decided that it would be great insight to have sex with her. She'd probably do it (we do). Should I mention it to her?

G.D. Utica, N.Y.

Dear G.D.:

There's no reason why you shouldn't "mention" it to her, and if she likes the proposition, you can help arrange a get-together and let events flow naturally. Remember: a sexual proposition, as long as it is made in a spirit of good will, is a compliment. But if your friends are after nothing more than an "insight" or an "experience" to chalk up, their desires are somewhat limited. It would be nicer, really, if the experience could flow out of mutual attraction rather than being staged merely to produce an "insight" for a curious couple.



Dear Gay:

I'm twenty years old, reasonably attractive and have been out for a couple of years. My problem is I have a lot of friends, both couples and singles, who like threesomes and often ask me to join in.

The idea, really frightens me. I don't know how I could handle myself in a situation like that. My friends tell me it's a normal thing and there is something wrong with me if I don't groove on them.

Am I undersexed if I don't join them? If I do agree to join in, what does

one do in a threesome?

N.L. Columbus, Ohio

Dear N.L.:

You alone must decide what brings you satisfaction and pleasure. No one else is in a position to judge your sexual tastes.

If you're curious and would like to give a "threesome" a try, don't allow yourself to be forced into the situation. Do it because you are attracted to the other people and because you'd enjoy the

pleasure of their company. Otherwise, you won't feel comfortable or relaxed, which is a basic requirement in group sexual encounters.

Don't let fear keep you from sensual explorations. People who are afraid of sex never know a sense of adventure, or zest. Sensual contact—if it is real communication—requires deep-going relaxation on the part of all participants. Self-consciousness, modesty, and the fear of showing that you are enjoying yourself will only create a bad scene.

If you find that "threesomes" are not to your liking, try a "foosome." And if that doesn't work, you can always stand securely behind that famous song of the early 50's: "It Takes Two to Tango."

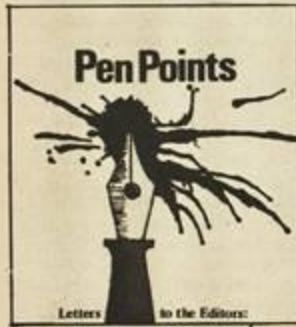
Dear Gay:

Recently there was a Gay Lib march up in Albany. As I understood this was partly organized by the GLF of Albany-Schenectady-Troy. Presently I'm in the Air Force and I get discharged in October, as I'm from Troy I had no idea that there was a GLF in my area so I was wondering if you could tell me how to get in touch with them.

Sgt. C.P. Ariano, Italy

Dear Sarge:

The name of the group you're referring to is the Tri-Cities Gay Liberation Front., P.O. Box 131, Albany, N.Y. 12201. Why don't you drop them a line? I'm sure they'd be glad to hear from you.



FORESKIN ON THE FOREMAN

Dear GAY:

I read that wonderful article by Dr. Weinberg concerning the accountant who had the rather unfortunate incident with the uncouth foreman, but was not dismissed because of said incident.

It reminded me of a similar incident involving an accountant, one Hiram —, who also sucked the foreman and they fired the foreman, for tattling, and kept the accountant, Hiram —.

Hiram — also sucked the new foreman and once again they fired the foreman, even though in this second instance it was Hiram — who tattled on the foreman. They had a tiff.

I just thought I would mention this in passing, due to the similarity of the incidences.

you old darlings (no signature)

FROM MARYLAND UNIVERSITY

Dear GAY:

Your note was especially heartening. In forming a group openly directed toward serving the gay students, many of us felt inhibited and cautious.

But the more things we try—like our gay dances, coffeehouses, picnics, etc.—the more confident and secure we become. Your generous complimentary subscription to GAY illustrates the mutual support and oneness gay people share.

We are most appreciative of your friendship and look forward to returning your favor. I remain,

Sincerely, Moss Rawlett

on behalf of The Student Homophile Association Student Union University of Maryland College Park, Maryland

COMMITTEE FIASCOS

Dear GAY:

For the second time, the Christopher Street Liberation Day Committee has botched the mass march/gay-in celebrating the Stonewall Riots, and I think your readers have a right to know why.

As a participant in the Committee, irregularly but often enough to see how the Committee works, I have information on the processes and ideologies of the Committee which made it inevitable that the marchers who came from so far away

and marched for two hours in the sun on a very hot day were rewarded at Central Park with—nothing!

The utterly anticlimactic nature of the march's height, the entry into and gathering together in the park may have proved incomprehensible to many marchers.

But once they know how the Committee was constituted, run, financed and ideologically oriented, the blank disappointment many must have experienced will at least be comprehensible if not erasable.

Born in chaos in the November 1969 Philadelphia ERCHO fiasco, the Committee could be expected to fail to do a first-rate job.

But its refusal to consider seriously actions which would have made the demonstration hit harder and reach farther is inexcusable.

For its second year, the Committee thought briefly of actually organizing something for Central Park because of the many, many complaints last year's anticlimax produced.

But by the third or fourth meeting of this year, the Committee had decided to do exactly as last year—let the individual organizations organize activities for the park—with exactly the same result.

The Committee insisted on inserting the term "Gay Liberation" into its messages, thus ignoring and alienating organizations which do not consider themselves "Gay Lib" groups.

The Committee refused to run fund-raising activities itself, but went begging to organizations for such activities and for contributions. The

Committee refused to prepare a mailing for inclusion with the various organizations' own mailings to their members.

The Committee refused to provide materials at the assembly place so that unaffiliated and last-minute marchers could make signs for the march. The Committee assumed an anti-Establishment-press stance which made it impossible for most homosexuals to hear about the event until after the fact.

The Committee rejected as "elitist" the suggestion that homosexual celebrities should be invited by the Committee to participate in the march and gay-in; thus the CSLDC cavalierly lost an opportunity to make a significant mark in the media.

An insistence on disorganization—not on any pragmatic basis, but purely on the ideological stance that it is better to leave things to the unorganized—on the part of the Committee was basically responsible for the failure of this year's demonstration to attain the numbers and impact one might have expected of it after last year's march.

Sincerely, L. Craig Schoonmaker

ED. NOTE: Ref: to the Committee's anti-press stance, which, you say, made it impossible for most homosexuals to hear about the event until after the fact—GAY received notice from the Committee two days after the Liberation March. Luckily we knew it was going to take place since last year's March.

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

BY THANE HAMPTEN

In my review of Donn Teal's The Gay Militant, (GAY No. 51) I used, as one of my prefatory quotes, the title of the lead article in the August 1958 issue of ONE magazine: "I Am Glad I Am Homosexual." Teal makes mention of this title in his book and I think we were both perhaps struck by the fact that such a title, article and cover illustration would have occurred eleven years prior to the gay revolution of summer 1969.

It is now thirteen years since that issue of ONE came out. (I had only been out two years myself.) In the course of human events, thirteen years is yesterday. However, in the contemporary gay world, that was somewhere back in the Jurassic era, between the Comanchean and the Triassic. Kids born the month that issue was published are now capable of elementary cruising. Yeeeks! And Uncle Thane ain't gettin' any younger. Faugh.

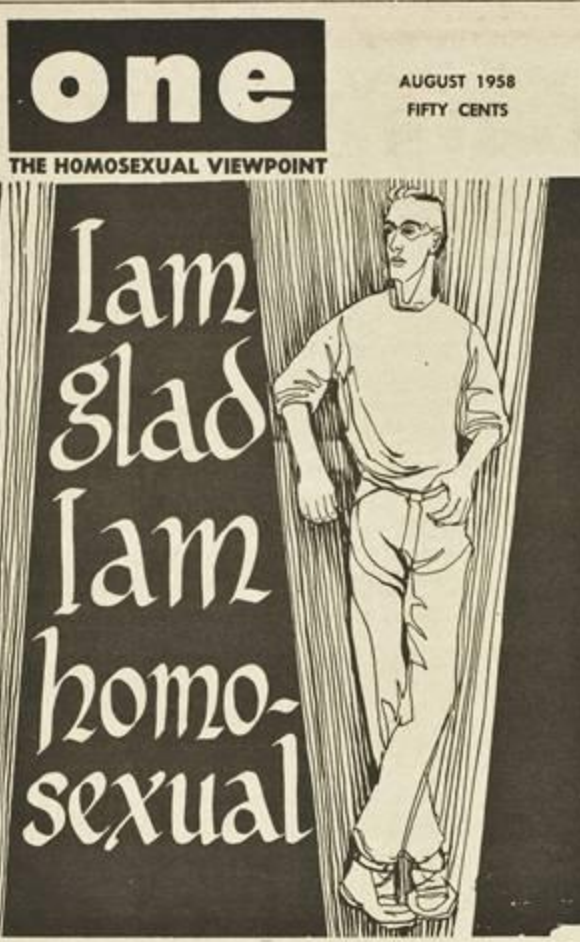
A passel of libidinal liberation has taken place since 1958 and I began wondering how much I remembered of the Old Days. Not much. (Unconscious and conscious repression.) What I did remember was a rather mixed bag of gumdrops and toadstools. I am a sentimentalist, but a wary one. An over-emphasis on nostalgia does lead to petrification in salt, you know.

I knew I had some old copies of ONE somewhere around the apartment. In the process of a belated spring housecleaning—I finally tired of friends making cracks about my being the third Collier brother—I found them along with an 1864 Harper's—(their format is basically the same today)—and a "Win With Wilkie" button. I decided to go through the twenty or so issues of ONE—The Homosexual Viewpoint. I had saved particular copies from 1958 through 1964. They did wonders for a faulty memory, and prompted this article.

I picked out the oldest issue. June 1958. It is much worn and still shows it had been folded several times. I wondered about those folds, and it soon came back to me. Gary. He had bought it surreptitiously, at my request, from a New York visit. I had heard of ONE, but doubted its existence in the same venerated God, virgins, leprechauns, i. rabs. (I soon rudely found that at least body lice did exist.) There just couldn't be a magazine for h-h-h-homosexuals actually sold out in the open. How terrible! How delicious.

Yet there I was, holding it in my hand. I went to my room and read it from cover to cover before hiding it with my copies of Tomorrow's Man. And I sat there a long time, wondering how they dared do it. I also felt for the first time, if not a sense of pride, at least a sense of identity. Yes, that was important. Above the table of contents, the following quotation from Carlyle appeared each month: "... a mystic bond of brotherhood makes all men one."

All men one. Identity. I had been born and raised in that minor and provincial town where a homosexual was considered worse than a murderer. Indeed, it was that very summer of 1958 that one of my close friends had been banished from his home as his parents announced a decided preference for a murderer under their roof; another friend had recently taken his own life, acting upon the advice of a salaried servant of God who had dictated that it is far better to not exist than exist



ONE MAGAZINE: It Was Glad To Be Gay

in perversion. So much for words of wisdom from the mouths of town elders.

And I had been reading a magazine that actually advocated homosexuality as a reasonable way of life. I passed that copy around my friends. They were equally amazed. And, as to be expected, several of them were shocked, horrified,



Don Slater, one-time editor of ONE magazine, is now Director of Los Angeles Homosexual Information Center.

and thoroughly indignant. They had been well-trained. They were more rigidly puritanical than their loathsome bigoted parents. One sicky-boo actually recoiled in trembling when I offered the magazine

to him. "Don't you shove that... trash at me! If my mother ever caught me with that, she'd kill me!" Well, honey, I hope she eventually put you out of your misery. But I'm sure you're still incarcerated with her in that drab stucco prison, and the two of you toddle off to visit the dotty old aunts on Sunday afternoon. You were Above It All, weren't you? How many times did you decide to "reform?" I know of at least fifty such official announcements. But I'd always see you a few days or weeks later, coming from the library toilet, delicately patting the evidence of quick and temporary passion-slaking from your chin with the best Irish linen.

Two months later, another friend graciously brought back the August issue of ONE for me. "I Am Glad I Am Homosexual" ZONK! That caption even made me nervous. Hell, I'll admit it. I was embarrassed. I mean, let's face it. You bear The Condition, making the best of it. It's a grave sickness but you haven't corrupted any little kids yet, have you? As long as you don't advertise...

And here comes this weird character who says he's glad. Mag' he

applauds the warts on the end of his nose? I didn't know whether to dissolve into helpless giggles, or cry. Instead of either, I read what he had to say. A fraction of it penetrated. Enough to make me think. And think more. And now, thirteen years later, I've just read the article. After outlining the many reasons homosexuals should not be ashamed, this is Hollister Barnes' summary:

Do these concepts seem shocking or startling? If so, the reader should prepare himself to continue to be shocked, for ideas such as these are present today in the minds of many homosexuals. They will be expressing them more and more vigorously as time goes on. Their day is on the march. They are actively, resolutely proud of their homosexuality, glad for it. Society is going to have to accustom itself to many new pressures, new demands from the homosexual. A large and vigorous group of citizens, millions of them, are refusing to put up any longer with outworn shibboleths, conformity and social degradation. Like the rest of my brothers and sisters I am glad to be a homosexual, proud of it. Let no one think we don't mean business, or intend to enforce our rights.

I daresay that is adequately prophetic. In the same issue, there is a letter to the editors calling for a "Homosexual Manifesto." We had to wait over a decade for fruition, but remember—revolution was not yet fashionable. The Silent Generation was still much in evidence. Panty raids after the frat beer-blast. Whoever heard of the Peace Corps? And imagine a bunch of little fairies with picket signs!

ONE was first published in January 1953. It began as an idea of a group meeting at the time under the auspices of Mattachine. (The Mattachine Foundation was established in 1950 and their magazine did not appear until 1954.) In 1952, when the concept of a freely published magazine for homosexuals was first imagined, it was thought to be impractical and impossible. Who would have the courage (or what is sadder, the interest) to buy it? But a few strong-willed souls persisted. And they eventually found, to their satisfaction, that their vision helped bind many isolated Americans together. Identity.

No, ONE did not have the totally crusading spirit of today's gay cultural digests. The layout was that of a high school's little literary quarterly. Most of the factual material was cloaked and almost obscured by a laboriously clinical aura. ("If it's pedantic, people will see how respectable we are.") A lot of it smacked of apology; begging on knees for understanding. The word gay appeared infrequently and in painful quotes. (Ver-nacular is frivolous.) Much more in evidence was homophile, a term that always makes my flesh creep. There was a virtual absence of humor in any form. The stories were generally abominable, full of platonic and thwarted love. The poetry was ephemeral, to put it kindly—(including the two tidbits I submitted).

There were several articles through the years that pleaded for homosexual marriage. But the predominant reason? Safety. Less danger in monogamous union. Buy a house in the country, have barbecue-togetherness, and stay out of trouble. Another article gasses me now. It is one of a series of interviews with "successful homosexuals"—this one with a gay cop whose success and pride seems to stem from the fact that he can "pass" for straight, and has never fingered a fellow gay. He's sorry about police entrapment—(then rampantly riding the crest of the wave)—but, jeez, what can you do? He's also very fond of guns. ONE simply makes an objective report of his comments and thanks him for his courtesy...

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Gays Zap SDS At Maryland University

BY FERRIN SHAFFER

College Park, Md. July 8. Sixteen activists zapped a meeting of SDS at the Maryland University Student Union, presenting SDS with the homosexual issue which it has thus far avoided. Four resolutions dealing with the issue were passed.

The zap followed four months of attempts by Student Homophile Association Chairman Larry Lawton to discuss homosexual inequalities at meetings of SDS, best-known of leftist campus groups. Prior to the zap, Lawton's motion to get the issue on the agenda was tabled amidst SDS cries of "queer" and "perverts of a perverted society." Two of the ten present accused SDS of hypocrisy, since SDS claims to oppose "racism, sexism, and imperialism." The other eight, however, refused to sit next to Lawton, calling him a "queer" and a "pervert." After the meeting, SDSers spoke of homosexuals as "sick," "abnormal," as amenable to hormone therapy, and as manifestors of male chauvinism!

Convinced that SDS was as unbalanced on the gay issue as is the far right, the

Student Homophile Association voted to zap the next SDS meeting. GAA (Gay Activists Alliance) of Washington, D.C. co-sponsored the affair. The press was invited. The following resolutions would be presented:

1. Specific recognition of gay people as one of the oppressed minorities.
2. Public recognition that oppression of gays is equivalent to racism and sexism and equally unjustified.
3. Acceptance of gay liberation as a legitimate and worthwhile part of the liberation movement.
4. Recognition of your own ignorance, bigotry, and hypocrisy and an honest attempt to liberate yourselves on this issue.

At the zap, gays passed out fliers which told how SDS had refused to discuss the unequal status of homosexuals. Ignoring the flier, SDS member Tammy proposed an agenda. Zapper Dahl said, "My dear, I feel that the issue of gay oppression should be on the agenda." Tammy replied, "Don't call me 'my dear,' you male-chauvinist pig!" GLF member Cade corrected her: "He was addressing the chairman, not you." (Male zappers

thought the chairman humpy.) Tammy was livid. Throughout the meeting, Dahl addressed the professed-heterosexual chairman "Dahling" so many times that the chairman finally said, "Dear, you're out of order."

The rest of the meeting consisted of attempts by SDS to proceed according to Tammy's agenda and attempts by the gays to put their issue on the agenda. As SDS tried to continue, gays pointed their fingers at the speaker and shouted "Bigot!" or raised clenched fists and shouted "Justice!" or "Gay Power!" SDSers retaliated. One asked, "Who invited you?" Tammy accused the zappers of using SDS to get publicity for gay liberation.

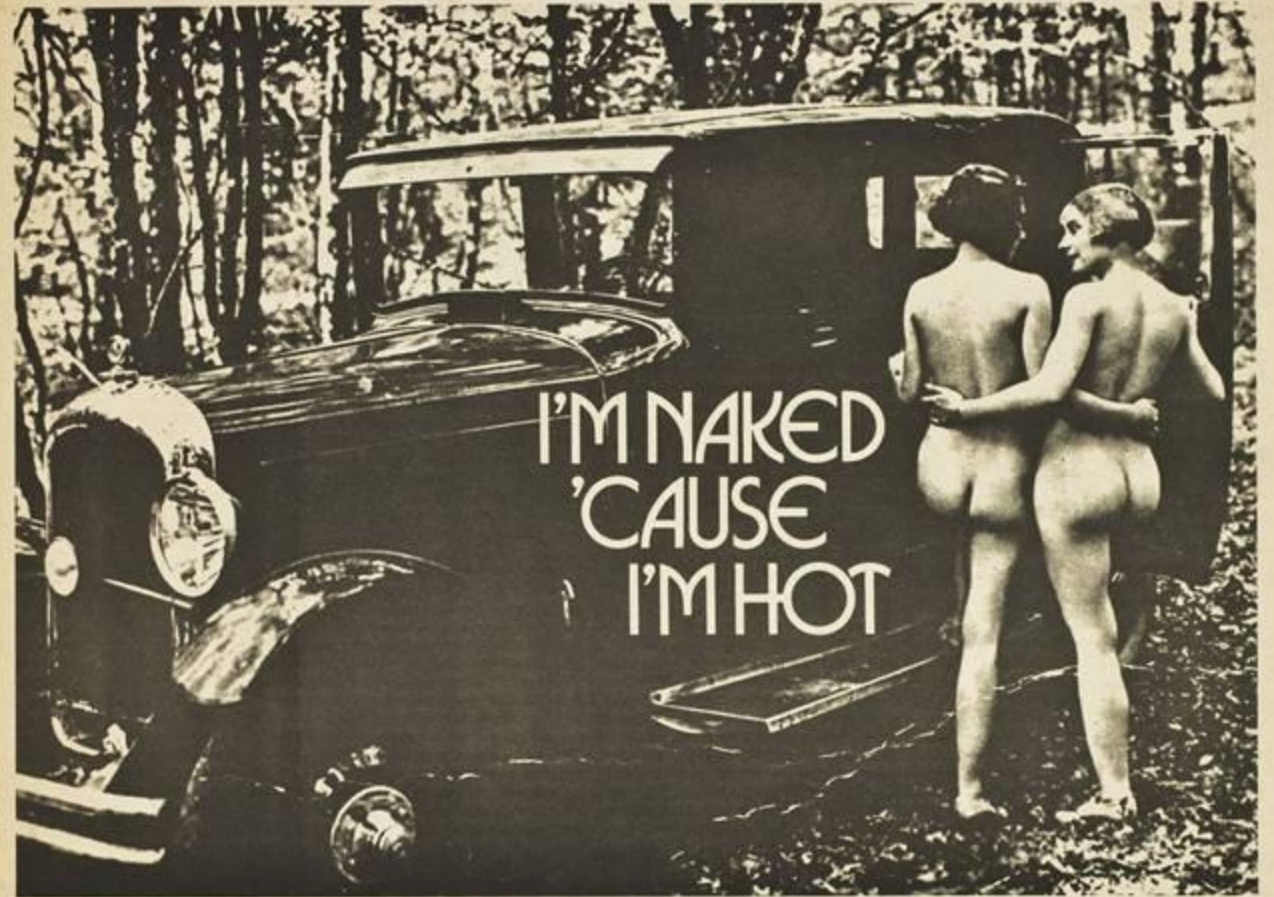
Someone accused Dr. Franklin Kameny of participating in the corrupt, bourgeois ruling class by running for Congress. When one man placed his hands on Kameny's shoulders as if to remove him from the meeting, Kameny spoke firmly: "Take your hands off me. I have just as much right to be here as you."

SDS made excuses for slighting the gay issue. Tammy claimed that discussion was impossible in the presence of the press. The gays had voted at the start of the meeting to allow a Washington Post reporter to remain in spite of a long-standing SDS ban on press coverage.

SDS labels reporters "agents of the ruling class." Franklin Kameny accused SDS of also being "agents," since SDS concurred with the "ruling class" in gay oppression.

Later in the meeting, someone suggested discussing the issue after three construction workers (who had to leave) discussed their oppression.

Tired of delays, the gays continued to disrupt. Defeated, the chairman led his SDS stalwarts to a nearby lounge to continue the meeting. Recovering from this unexpected departure, the gays elected a Metropolitan Community Church member as chairman and held their own SDS meeting. A remaining SDSer helped vote approval of the four resolutions. Then the meeting disbanded.



Men's Lib and Women's Lib get the standard Madison Avenue treatment which tells where most American heads still spin on these controversial topics. Who would have ever suspected that Colonel Sanders (of Kentucky Fried Chicken fame) would turn out to be a Women's liberator?



Loosely About Women

BY SOREL DAVID

Quiet city, Fourth of July weekend, the best time, it turns out, not to have gotten out of the city. The weather was glorious. The streets blissfully peaceful and calm for once. Saturday afternoon and Eighth Street was even walkable, nothing much to do but sit around and take issue with Arthur Bell, *Toward A Gay Community*, his article in the July 1 issue of the *Village Voice* (Vol. XVI, No. 26, p. 7), although I thought the piece unnecessarily bright and cheery, I should like to address myself chiefly to one portion of it. At one point he writes, "For instance, some radical lesbian women at recent dances stripped from the waist up and danced around in a circle hora style. The purpose of this was to affirm the beauty of being lesbian women." The purpose?—I mean really! What does he think we are anyway, some kind of wind-up gay liberation automatons whose every move has some carefully calculated purpose behind it?

He then goes on to say, "It's a

profound statement about feelings about self..." etc. etc. Well yes, that's more like it. I can understand someone's interpreting, or perhaps seeing in the action a profound statement for something or other. I might even concede that stripping to the waist and dancing around may have inspired feelings about the beauty of being lesbian women in some. But the purpose, good God, it makes you afraid to do anything. I hesitate to pick my nose even, lest Arthur find out about it and proclaim loudly to the world that the purpose of this was to affirm that lesbian women are human and as such subject to the same cold germs as everyone else. After all, given the general public level of consciousness, I'm not sure it's wise at this particular time, to let on that lesbians have snot in their noses. Some people, latent snort noses and the like, may hold it against us, you know.

The purpose of the great derobing, I'm sure Arthur, was to cool off. That's why I took my shirt off anyway. I mean sometimes people like to scatter purpose to the four winds, take their clothes off, dance around and just have a good time without affirming anything. I must confess, though, that I didn't strip down all the way. (It's official now, like Jill Johnson's, my work is Confessional Literature) I took my overshirt off but left my purple fishnet undershirt on. Some of the more vocal radical sisters there demanded that I take it off—you know which ones, those sisters struggling against arbitrary rules and regulations, for civil liberties, and against the oppression of all. Hell with that I told them. I bought the shirt because I liked it, I liked the way it looked on me and I was going to wear it, Goddammit! The whole thing

was pretty much of a sham anyway—for all of that supposed freedom and self-love. Most of the women kept their eyes firmly and self-consciously fixed on their stripped sister's face. What's the good of affirming the beauty of lesbian women if we're afraid to look at ourselves? It's not surprising though, after years and years of being taught shame for the body you can't get naked and proud overnight. The activity at the dance was a good beginning at least, I've been getting into nudity in a big way lately.

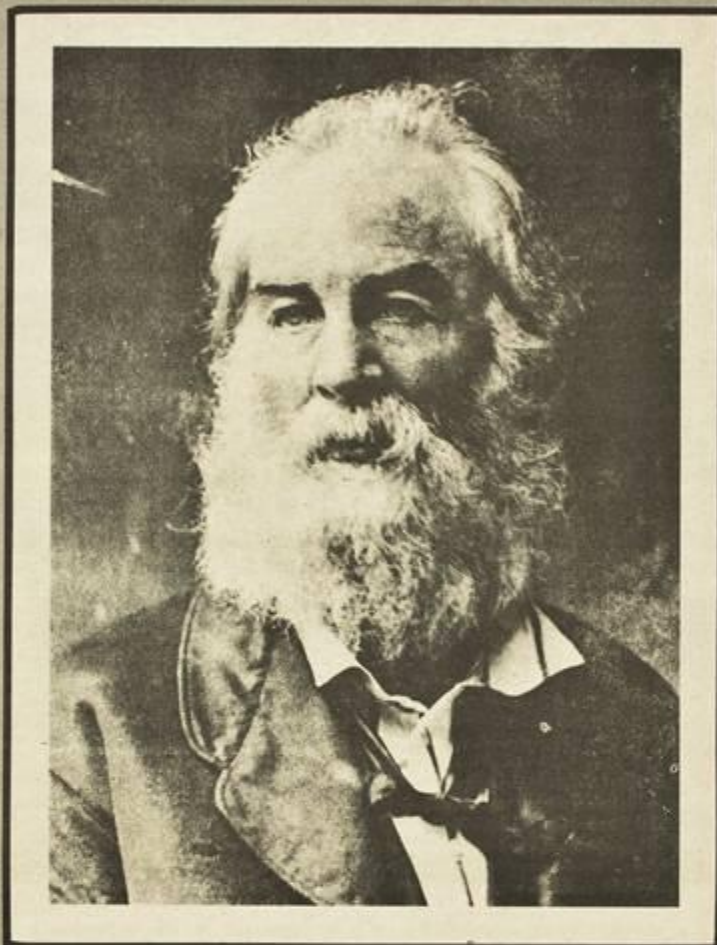
Nastily moving right along here and never being one to miss out on an opportunity to beat a dead horse, I'd like to end with some brief comments on Mr. Bell's sexism. Though he tries valiantly to hide it with his three token paragraphs about lesbians, it comes through loud and clear nevertheless. For example, after a long discussion about how lesbians have been taught to despise their bodies (what the hell does he know about this anyway?) he says, "Even beautiful lesbians find their bodies too fat, too thin, ugly." Even beautiful lesbians? What does he mean by even beautiful lesbians? Could it be that this brave gay crusader, a member of an organization which has, as he says, "...lately broadened its scope to encompass the social and sociological aspects of gay liberation," is guilty of relating only to the superficial physical beauties of his gay sisters? Sociologically speaking, whose oppressive standard and notions of beauty are being used here? You haven't gotten your sociological aspects of gay liberation together yet Arthur—back to consciousness raising with you.

But that's only a minor infraction of

the rules compared to this later statement. "GAA may have to start a sperm bank for the women so that we groovy people can make even groovier people." This is just one more rephrasing of women's supposed dependence on men. May have to nothing! Dependence may not and probably never have needed anything from GAA or any other men. You guys have been so male supremist and for so long you aren't even aware of it anymore. It's second nature for you to assume that the men may have to do something for the women. Why not write that women may have to donate their uteruses plus nine months of their time—and who do you think will be getting the wrong end of the stick, so to speak, with this deal? Not to mention, even, who would probably end up taking care of the even groovier little brats.

Furthermore, for all you who think your sperm is so Godawful important, a process has been developed recently, whereby an egg from one woman can be used to break the nuclear wall of an egg situated in the uterus of another (which is all fertilization really amounts to) and thus a new zygote, embryo or whatever it is can be formed. The only disadvantage with this method (though hardly a disadvantage in my eyes) is that, lacking a Y chromosome, only female offspring will result. Too bad, Arthur. So spill your seed fellas, we don't need it anymore. We'll create a whole new race of even groovier lesbians and the only problem we'll have left to face will be the awful, destructive and sexist butch and femme relationship between eggs.

So much for Arthur Bell's gay community. Myself, I think I still prefer the lower east side.



IN PATHS UNTRODDEN

In paths untrodden,
In the growth by margins of pond-waters,
Escaped from the life that exhibits itself,
From all the standards hitherto publish'd, from the pleasures,
profits, conformities,

Which too long I was offering to feed my soul,
Clear to me now standards not yet publish'd, clear to me that
my soul,

That the soul of the man I speak for rejoices in comrades,
Here by myself away from the clank of the world,
Tallying and toak'd to here by tongues aromatic,
No longer abash'd, (for in this secluded spot I can respond as
I would not dare elsewhere.)

Strong upon me the life that does not exhibit itself, yet con-
tains all the rest,

Resolv'd to sing no songs to-day but those of manly attachment,
Projecting them along that substantial life,
Bequeathing hence types of athletic love,
Afternoon this delicious Ninth-month in my forty-first year,
I proceed for all who are or have been young men,
To tell the secret of my nights and days,
To celebrate the need of comrades.

Walt Whitman

A Good Jewish Boy Attends A Christian Service

BY LEO SKIR

Lwo p.m. July 18th at the Episcopal Church of the Holy Apostles. The Church of the Beloved Disciple will install on this day a religious order, the Oblate Companions of St. John. The congregation will then remove to the Performing Garage at 33 Wooster Street where its pastor Rev. Robert H. Clement will be united with his lover John Noble in a "Service of Holy Union."

It's 2 p.m. now and I'm hurrying to the church and—my gum (lower right hand side under my bridge) has begun to bleed! First time I've been in church in years! Last time was in Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. No bleeding gum there. Maybe tis just American churches make my gum bleed.

Usher learns I'm from GAY and puts PRESS Card on me with clip, sits me beside reporter from Post, straight lady.

I look around. Church is packed. About 600 people. Beautiful church, wonderful picture windows, ceiling (same cross-beams as in Jerusalem-church structures) a little worn.

Now they're proceeding in, slow,



Leo Skir

solemn, carrying those big candlesticks, swinging the incense. Robes, long robes. It's like so many ceremonies I've seen, more like college graduations and fraternity things than church since the guys all have that special-serious look on their faces. Not like Holy Sepulchre and fixed-steady places where they've been doing it a few hundred years, aren't worried about looking foolish or making mistakes, are even half-thinking about lunch. No, that sureness will have to come later. The kids holding the candlesticks at this service have been in bars that have been raided. I see the shadow of fear in their eyes. Why not? How many are asked to conclude their day's activities in a Performing Garage?

I'm a guest and I want to like the stuff, especially since I'm Jewish and don't want to be bigoted, to put down the other guy's (woman's) trip(s). But no, it's turning me off in a very big way, this attempt to be so serious and official. Everything in me revolts. My gum is bleeding bad, my mouth is full of blood. I swallow once, again. It's too much.

I leave the pew, go to Donn Teal, write him a request to take notes for me, tell him I'm sick. Run out, get taxi to Saint Vincent's.

I'm at the Emergency Desk.

"What is your date of birth?" says the lady at the desk.

Has astrology moved into St. Vin-



Father Robert Clement, founder of Manhattan's Church of the Beloved Disciple.

cent's? Is she going to draw me a chart? I tell her the date (I'm a Taurus) and it's OK, I get a seat and soon the doctor comes in.

I open my mouth and point to my bleeding gum (I've been spitting out the blood).

He looks at my PRESS badge, the one they clipped to me in church.

"What's that?" he asks.

"I was covering a church ceremony," I said, "I don't think the badge is causing the bleeding. Look at my mouth, not my badge, my mouth."

He looks in my mouth, takes swabs and takes away some clotted blood. "Something's wrong with the gum. I'll get the resident."

(Isn't he the resident?)

He brings another guy. The other guy examines my PRESS badge carefully.

"Where did you get it?" he says with some interest.

"My gum," I say, "I mean gum. Look at my gum."

He looks. "It's bleeding," he tells me. I look at him. Maybe he's gonna tell me to use Ipana. "I know it's bleeding. I want it to stop bleeding. That's why I'm here."

"It'll stop by itself," he says. (Don't I know there is only limited blood supply in human body?)

I try the Furniture Approach. "I'm afraid it will dirty the bed when I'm bleeding tonight."

"Use an old pillow," he says (cross my heart! That's what he said!). Adding, "Take a used teabag. Tannin is an astringent."

I think he means coagulant. I'm not sure he's a resident. I'm not sure he's a doctor. I mean I'm not a doctor and even I notice the difference between an astringent and a coagulant. I deduce it's safer outside. He suggests I see the receptionist again. He's giving her his report.

Receptionist: "What you pay will depend upon your income."

I: No trouble. No pay. No income.

Receptionist: Where do you live?

I: The same place I lived when you asked me ten minutes ago. The YMCA.

It's got old pillows. If there's anything you want me to sign to say I've got no money I'll sign it.

Sure enough there's something to sign. I sign.

She gives me a piece of paper with much writing.

"Give this to the man at the desk when you leave."

I give it to the man at the desk. "Two dollars" he says.

"I don't have two dollars," I say.

He gives me an envelope to mail in two dollars when I have two dollars.

Finding a used teabag in the city.

I drop in to Bickford's at 14th and 7th Avenue and order tea which comes in a POT with a BIG teabag. The waitresses are all sympathetic when I tell them of my gum and even offer me aspirin which I decline. I do not want to dull my senses for the service.

continued on page 16



A solemn procession in the Church of the Beloved Disciple.

I put the teabag in mouth between my cheek and my gum and start the trek back to church. I am the only person of New York's millions walking around with a Bickford-label-for-tea hanging by a string out of his mouth.

A block from the Church I take it out of my mouth. It's bloody but my bleeding has stopped. I throw it in a sewer grating.

It's 3:30. The service hasn't finished yet. My Post lady is outside. She's Jewish too, had told me weddings and stuff turned her off. I now note she wears the tell-tale band. I ask her about it. "It's just easier," she says.

Back into the church and they are singing John Wesley hymn, Wesley who denounced priesthood and vestments and took his people into the open fields.

No more open fields.

A piece of paper headlined REASSURANCE, asks photographers to leave their cameras with the verger so that the worshippers will have privacy.

Early Christians faced LIONS. These Gay Christians can't face cameras. If we are not proud of ourselves where is our pride? Candles won't do it, robes won't do it, organs won't do it. Wesley was right. The open fields.

Service is over with only solemn procession.

I see Arthur Bell with attendant radical crew there.

Arthur: What is a nice Jewish boy like you doing in a place like this?

Attendant messy radical: This place is full of shit! (Looks around open-eyed with glee to see if anyone has heard him use the revolutionary word shit in a church).

Outside I meet Donn Teal, author of *The Gay Militants* who has taken notes for me.

"Perry talked about 15 minutes. The service lasted about an hour and 45 minutes. He talked of Gay Pride week in L.A. The caterpillar float was arrested. Then the Sacramento rally. This is a quote, 'After the rain a rainbow appeared around the sun, a sign the real God was on our side.' Then something from Joshua, chapter four, twelve stones. He said 'I'm here to talk about love, I love to see minds blown and for one year this church has been blowing mine...'"

Then he said, "There's nothing more dangerous than a gay who's proud." there were lots of amens and applause. You should put that down. Then there was the investing of three members of the new order. There are 20 other applicants. They were wearing grey habits and Clement slipped a violet piece over their heads. Two women

The Cruising Photographer

QUESTION:

The Gay community uses a goodly number of slang words. Are there any to which you object?

Alan Glueckman, Manhattan: "Slang is shorthand. It's a quick way of communicating feelings and attitudes. Words like 'trick' and 'number' were adopted into gay slang from the lingo of prostitutes, and since these words were used originally to depersonalize and dehumanize the prostitute's customers, the same connotation carries over to their gay use.

Since I feel gay is good and beautiful, I don't want to depersonalize my gay brothers and sisters. So I'd hope people would come up with more loving slang. 'Humpty,' however, is a divine word."



Richard Graham, Manhattan: "The references to our brothers and sisters as She, Mary, or Dike are socially oppressive and also at the same time a put-down. Also when we refer to our own as Queer, Faggot, Queen or any of the slang



which has been labeled and used towards us by the straights, we have taken them as a form of camp towards our own people. If we expect others not to attack us with

slang words, then we must first set the example and in time others will follow."

Clint Spencer, Manhattan: "Personally I object to any words, e.g. trick number, chicken, etc., which dehumanize not only the human being at which they are directed, but more im-



portantly, the person using them. Other objectionable slang words are those which aid or abet the sub-rosa role playing sexist concepts (butch, fem etc.)"

THE LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

I think it all began with Grace Glueck, writer on the New York Times, because she sent a bottle of Champagne to the ship, addressed to art publicist Simone Swan. Simone and I are in cahoots; if she gets stuck with a bore she dumps him in my lap, and vice versa.

No doubt the reader will recall last week's column which was written (and read, no doubt) in great haste, prior to our departure on R.M.S. (Royal Mail Ship) Queen Elizabeth 2. Also the reader will recall Jill Johnston's humorous column in the Village Voice that dealt with the very same departure—how nobody showed up. Gregory was hysterical, Charlotte Moorman and Shirley Clark did their respective things, GAY did a non-coverage of the event, somebody sent a bunch of glads from Buffalo to Gregory's cabin. No need to go over old humiliations.

The voyage is over. On board the big question, as Simone put it: Why do people take this ship? Yet there they were, almost 2,000 of them, all types and sizes. They are, I suppose, of a conservative bent. One charming, long-haired youth announced, in the bar at 4 a.m., that he admired Goldwater and that Nixon was "... doing a good job..." I yelled at him, unjustly perhaps. Who has a right to expect intelligence in addition to charm from an 18-year-old high school graduate from New Jersey? Not I.

On board there was the usual range of brain-damaging movies, gypsy guitarists, flamenco dancers and dog acts—all the usual shit that would go out of business if it wasn't for ocean liners and Radio City. One night, "Nostalgia Eve" or something, they played "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag." They wouldn't fit, what with Grace's big bottle of Piper cluttering it up.



Gregory and his friend, Simone, aboard the Queen Elizabeth II

Yet dancing to loud rock on a rocking floor remains high on my list of highly intelligent things to do. What isn't so intelligent is sitting there for two and a half hours watching a flick called Waterloo. So take a plane but what plane has a gay bar? On the "Queen" it's the "Lookout." It's not exactly gay, but you know what I mean. It's more or less gay, with a lot of people playing games and chatting and you get a reasonable feeling of perversion and that's better than nothing.

Anyway, for want of diversion I chased this pimply faced Polish youth all the way down to 5 deck, where he vanished. So I pretended to wait for the elevator which kept coming when I didn't want it to—all three elevators were there waiting



for my body heat to approach the electric button so they could open and I would have no excuse for remaining there.

GREGORY: FOUR PEE EM COULDN'T FIND YOU IN THE THEATRE & DIDN'T STAY BECAUSE FILM LOUSY. CALL TO HIGSTON DELAYED ME. PERREAU! HAD A GOOD TIME. MOVED BY CHAPEL. ROSELLINI FOUND HIM INTELLIGENT. RON WAS IN A TAXI ACCIDENT AND THOUGHT HE HAD A CONCUSSION BUT DIDN'T. JUST A CUT HEAD.

(Note from Simone Swan typed on manuscript carelessly left in typewriter.) Simone also wanted to know why people want to go to London when it would make no difference to the world if England descended giggling into the sea.

At Southampton we dragged Grace's bottle of Champagne onto the Ocean

Liner Express for London, where what I remember most is yelling at the man at the MGB depot for keeping us waiting 3 hours for my MGB and shit and how I occupied myself smiling at a nice young American who couldn't get anything to work on the TR6 he was picking up. (He couldn't drive it either.) George, my English chauffeur (and publisher), drove us back to London.

In England George has to drive me everywhere, even to Dover for the ferry. This time we decided to tour the countryside (i.e. Brighton). We packed Grace's bottle of Champagne, which somehow reverted from Simone to me and put George's mail clerk, who was going along because he wanted to visit his parents in Sussex, on the ledge behind the seats. We chose to rough it and stick to country lanes and shit and that's probably why it took seven hours to get to Brighton.

Simone came down from London, against everybody's advice. "You're going to Brighton? It's just like your Coney Island," they advised. Anyway, we all went off to Lewes, found a nice old place with a lovely garden and they were very good about not even batting an eye as we marched in decked out in the latest fashions that didn't go with their carefully affected "glynbourne" ambience. Lunch was an excellent leek soup, liver, a dismal cheese tray and English strawberries heaped with Devonshire cream. For wise, that lovely afternoon at Lewes, there was a sunny St. Emilion served by a gracious, blushing Spanish youth eager to please his discriminating and very non-English clients.

Our next adventure was a little trip in Normandie that began with lunch on the Newhaven-Dieppe ferry. The sunny, hot dining room was manned by attractive, charming English waiters. They brought us melon, cold fresh salmon with mayonnaise and a nice crackling Champagne—a 1964 Mumm's. After a little snooze Dieppe appeared: "What a dump" declared George. Actually Dieppe is charming. George doesn't like anything. At one place, where we were supposed to be admiring somebody's dog, I had to tell George to get it.

Next week: All about Jill Johnston in Paris and Richie in Cannes.

Cheers, Gregory

Fortune And Men's Eyes

BY TIM MARLOWE

A few years back Fortune and Men's Eyes, a small-budget (\$15,000), small-cast (four main characters) play by John Herbert, opened off Broadway. The author wasn't there—it was said that as an ex-con he couldn't get across the Canadian border into law-abiding America—but everyone else liked the production. It was good entertainment and it seemed to have a message about men in stir that could stir the public. After performances audiences stayed to listen to discussions on the penal system. The Fortune Society was formed to help those who had "paid their debt to society" get back into society.

Later the play was seen in London: more nudity, better dialogue, a tighter script. It was also revived in New York in a production by (yes) Sal Mineo: a more sensational show, homosexual rape, something for everybody. It wasn't The Boys in the Band, but it was a success. It wasn't, like Boys, a gay play for straights, but it seemed to be drifting farther away from saying anything significant about the homosexual experience that gays didn't know or that straights ought to know.

Now Fortune and Men's Eyes is a movie. MGM put up half of the \$700,000 needed and the producers are Lester Persky and Lewis M. Allen. Allen is the "serious" one. You may recall his Broadway entry Slow Dance on the Killing Ground and his movie hits: Fahrenheit 451, Lord of the Flies and (well, it was one of the worst movies I ever saw, but you must have known it was around, at least) The Balcony. Persky seems to have been the dominant one here, however, and he has brought to the filming of Fortune and Men's Eyes all the exploitation you saw in his DeSade Illustrated and all the schlock that made Boom (even with Burton and Taylor) a bomb. These people have conned the Canadian Film Board into investing in it too, partly by casting a Canadian (Danny Freedman as Mona Lisa) and partly by filming it in a Quebec prison. Persky told Robert LaGuardia of After Dark:

Herbert's play, you know, is supposed to take place in Canada. And then we couldn't find a suitable empty prison in New York, and even if we had, there would have been too many blacks and we wanted the picture to be general, not look racial.

Calling Sal Mineo's production "vulgar," Persky and his cohorts set out to make a flick that would be (a) sensational, (b) make money, (c) use a little of Herbert's script, if possible. The basic play was to go out the window, though. Now we were to have, instead of an improvement on the somewhat sketchy

character study we started with, a documentary of prison life (director Jules Schwerin wanted "the prison as protagonist"), an up-to-date Jimmy Cagney pic in a Quebec clink all freshly painted for the occasion and crammed with prisoners there on bum raps, sadistic guards, Little Guys who rebel against the tyrannies of the convict Big Guys—you've heard the whole thing before.

Jules Schwerin (who directed a lot of Fortune and then was fired, replaced by one Harvey Hart) is hardly an unbiased reporter, but here's what he said about Persky:

He was only interested in the exploitation element. Any time I tried to inject humanity, or make the characters seem like the victims they really were, Persky would object. He wanted only 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...

Well the only frontal nudity, really, is when Queenie "flashes" at the warden when he breaks up her drag routine. As a sex fantasy you won't get your money's worth. The big sex scene is a gang rape which makes Mineo's version seem not only more sexy but even more artistic. Michael Greer as Queenie dominates the cast, but he is not as funny as Queenie on the stage and, though the camera does make him look very frayed, the "mutilated man" bit is hardly there at all. Queenie is a figure of fun, which ought to outrage people as different as squares and transvestites. He has a number of zingers well delivered but not in it with Emory (as played by Terry Scully in the London production of Boys or even as portrayed in the movie by the original, Cliff Gorman), and maybe not even with the people some of you remember camping it up at Fire Island or New York parties in the Fifties, when this kind of screamer was a standard homosexual type. Greer is a first-rate actor but the character, which ought to have been developed from the original David Rothenberg production, is only diminished, despite all Greer's efforts. A wonderfully comic moment written into the film, when Greer taunts a patient in a straitjacket in the prison sick bay, shows that had the undercurrent of disappointment and sadism in Queenie been allowed to develop, the character would have been a creation worthy of Greer's talents.

Wendell Burton looks like a good Smitty, but when the actor refused to do a good rape scene with Rocky in the shower, the film lost its possible big draw and the "name" he brought to the production (in case you're wondering he was in The Sterile Cuckoo, that time in a nut house) doesn't make up for it. Danny Freedman as Mona does the best he can with the part but the camera seems to



Little pleasures snatched in prison here: their terror-filled compensations.



Queenie (Michael Greer) sits on his bunk, behind him his wall collage, which is his unfinished "art."

be afraid he'll introduce too much sincerity, maybe even a convincing gay love affair into it all, and is wary of him: one gets the feeling he's acting but that his best bits are off-camera. Zoery Hall looks a lot better than the creator of the role on stage, which helps, and has a fabulous face, but he just isn't "rock" enough in the clinches and the big struggle scene with Smitty finds them wrestling (not naked, of course) in the shower in a most unconvincing way. Surely they'd have been trading punches, not just tangled and terrified...

Greer's Stanley Newman said the film was "paced well" and "interesting throughout." He's entitled to his opinion. Mine is that the movie lacks an end—it just stops—and that most of the scenes lack shape: the big gang rape segues into a silly water fight, for instance. The only flick around right now that I can think of that is worse directed than Fortune is the Jack Nicholson mishmash called Drive, He Said, and after Five Easy Pieces Nicholson deserves indulgence and I'm not going to damn him for one bad first try.

The scene in the hospital ward is one of the few that has Aristotle's requisite beginning, middle, and end. The meshall scene is exciting, the scene in which Matso is beaten to death may turn on a few in the S and M set (who'll be turned off by the fact that "the camera is in the wrong place" in the gang bang scene), but crucial scenes in the cell suffer from a director who doesn't know clearly what he wants and hasn't got the sense to confine himself to pointing the camera at Greer and Freedman and letting them give him good performances, uninterupted by his decisions, which are most often wrong.

The Walt McDermot setting of the Shakespeare sonnet from which the title

is taken is a disgrace, when you consider he wrote Hair. He must have done the music for this flick on an off-day. It stinks.

I know some of our readers will be unhappy to see a gay movie panned in GAY. Sorry—but essentially this is a bad prison movie, not a gay movie. If you want a socially-significant documentary, go see Robert Kaylor's Derby. It certainly isn't great, but it has Fortune beat a mile. If you want a gay sex movie, go to one. Fortune isn't as sexy as any of the hardcore stuff around town. If you want a touching, sentimental, campy late-Fifties sort of gay movie, go to Pink Narcissus if you have to. We'll never get Hollywood (and/or the Canadian Film Board) to back good gay movies if you go to crap like Fortune. You might care to see Fortune if you're really interested in penal reform, but for penal form—no. What they've done to John Herbert's play is a crime. And it's not even a Sal Mineo turn-on or put-on.

Of course you'll probably not take my advice to miss it. You'll want to see Michael Greer in action, and I must say he's the funniest camp next to Charlie Pierce that you're likely to see in a month of Sunday brunches. But couldn't you wait until it leaves the Trans Lux East and the Trans Lux West and comes to your local, preferably on a double bill? Meanwhile, run, do not walk, to the Luchino Visconti version of Thomas Mann's Death in Venice. Here's another film that departs from the original material, but Visconti has immense style and the sex is more explicit than in the book, not shoved out of the way by documentary makers. And Venice is so much prettier to look at, if the background has to get in front of the actors, than a Quebec jail, even one newly painted for the occasion.

ONE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

Admittedly the magazine had it's faults, and some were grave. But these were generally reflections of the present society in general. At the same time, there was a great deal of genuine value. There were the constant editorials against censorship. (They personally had much trouble with Granny Post Office. Examining ONE's careful purity in retrospect, I can hardly believe that this was ever true, even though I'm depressingly sure it was. The word *homosexual* was itself a flagrant turd in the chalice of Common Decency.)

There were exposes of little hoods who had murdered their benefactors on threat of seduction, and were rewarded for their social consciousness with acquittal. There were repeated urgings for political responsibility. (Gays and political responsibility? In the 1950's?)

And there were articles on making religion compatible with gay life, hints on income tax preparation, and advice columns. ONE also saved me a great deal of unnecessary mental anguish by forewarning me of dear Dr. Bergler and his ilk. And, for many years, my only exposure to, and understanding of lesbians (outside of the novels of Ann Bannon) came from the pages of ONE.

I did allow myself some nostalgic fun last night, while thumbing through these issues and finding references to topics of the day, such as the hilarious Profumo-Keeler scandal. (How delighted we all were to know that straights could also be security risks!) And how completely I had forgotten the old New York bars. Who remembers possibly John Francis Hunter, now remembers Mary's, Lenny's, Old Colony, Main Street, Ce Soir, and Mai Oai? Gone with the wind and Robert Wagner.

And now, ONE's magazine, for all intents and purposes, is also gone with the wind. What has happened to the staff and contributors? J. Lorna Strayer, Sten Russell, Allison Hunter, Eve Ellore, William Lambert, Marcel Martin, Lyn Pedersen, W. Door Legg, and many others. Only the editor, Don Slater, has recently come to my attention, accidentally, by way of his letter in the July *Playboy* regarding the Committee to Fight Exclusion of Homosexuals from the Armed Forces.

Undoubtedly the ONE that existed during those passive yesteryears would be looked upon with casual disdain and contempt by today's youth, (as will GAY in 1984, which is—yes—thirteen Orwellian years from now). It may not be accurate to say that without the groundbreaking done for us by organizations such as ONE and Mattachine, we would not have progressed as rapidly as we have. But the seeds, my children, the seeds were planted then and there. The germination was ridiculously slow but it finally came to pass, in a more fertile and well-prepared ground.

I finished this article with the 2nd Gay Pride Week in full swing, and the Sunday parade a few short days away. Therefore, it seemed appropriate to pay some sort of tribute to the man who spoke, thirteen years ago, of being proud of his homosexuality—and to the men and women who shared his views, and published them. We can all march to that tune, at all times.

Federal, State Cops Hit Unlicensed Clubs

continued from page 1

appear on none of the gay guides and apparently were not gay clubs.

The most unusual aspect of this Strike Force action was the revelation that the raiders have been observing the establishments since last February and that two Federal agents had become friendly enough with the management of the *New Showplace* to be able to buy a \$5,000 share of the business. They used that connection to discover the true owners and details of the operations of that establishment.

Joseph Murray, manager of the *New Showplace*, allegedly told the federal agents that he paid \$700 a month to Nicholas DiMartino (described as an "unimportant" underworld figure) and \$100 a week to Paul DiBella, an alleged "soldier" in the underworld family of Carlo Gambino, the reputed "boss of bosses." DiMartino is the stepson of DiBella, who is listed as a "corporate officer" of the Tele-Starr Holding Corporation which

owns the *New Showplace* premises. DiBella was also connected by the police with the other raided clubs in ways not specified at the time of the raids.

The raiders estimate that the clubs, with a \$3 admission charge and a \$1.50 price tag on drinks, averaged a nightly profit of \$3,000. The federal investors are said to have made little profit on their investment. "I hate to say they were poor businessmen," said Paul Harvey, another official connected with the planning of the raids, "but most of the profits were skimmed off by organized crime."

Officials believe there are about 600 illegal after-hours clubs operating in the city. The Knapp Commission has pinpointed them as a source of police pay-offs and is said to be investigating them. Police Commissioner Murphy is holding precinct commanders responsible for what occurs in their commands, and raids on such illegal clubs have increased all over town in recent weeks. This is particularly the case since July 16 when Commissioner Murphy relieved six police offi-

A Good Jewish Boy Attends A Christian Service

continued from page 13

and one man, combined. I think that's something. We don't separate the sexes in our order as they do in the other churches. Put down that Arthur Bell and other gay superstars were there. Can you mention me?"

"I'm only a pervert, Donn" I say. "Not a thief. I'll tell them you gave me the info."

Kiss/kiss. He splits. I with *Post* lady into taxi and we to Wooster Street and long wait in Performing Garage for wedding to start. I'm a little apprehensive. While *Post* lady (Barbara Trecker) and I were trying to get a cab a car of tougher looking guys had pulled up, asked where the wedding was, sped on to another car.

Arthur Bell comes in. I tell him there might be trouble. "I hope something happens," and looks around at the seating arrangement which is radical and totally disarranged at many levels, little poop-decks, etc. "This is simply mad," he says, "This is lovely."

The place is full and over-full. The kids are yelling to each other. "Don't you recognize me without my hair?" "Oh, ya." "Hey! Don't take off your shirt! Be respectful! This is a church!" "Get you, Mary!"

A kid from the choir tells me. "Write that the choir is superb is not angelic." I write it. The spirit of the place is not holy, god-filled. Apparently the quiet and respect was for the church. A little re-

seating and Performing Garage atmosphere has transformed the worshippers. I look around. Except for Arthur Bell, here as a *Voice* reporter and Eric Jacobs, my GAY photographer, there is hardly anyone here I know. This church-gay world is a world-apart from the political activist gay world, or so it seems to me. Though I know that in Los Angeles the Reverend Troy Perry is at the head of the activist movement, leading protests, marches, etc.

Troy Perry has come in and is greeted by shouts, whistles, applause. A few minutes later in front of a set-up altar with the purple crosses of the Church of the Beloved Disciples (founded by Rev. Clement) Rev. Clement is united in a Service of Holy Union. The text has been given out to us. I quote the ending:

The Priest: *Go forth into the world with gladness in one another, and let your light so shine before men that they may see the strength of your love, which glorifies your father which is in heaven.*

The couple kiss. Then they kiss the Rev. Troy Perry hugging him, kissing the attendants. The crowd applauds. Exit.

I'm offered a ride by one of the older men, who complains to the others that the kids pass him by, won't accept a ride. He tells me he is part Inco, and from the shaman-priesthood at that.

He squeezes my crotch. "I'm gay and I'm bold," he says (all through the marriage ceremony someone had been calling "No pictures?"). We are now returning to the Church of the Holy Apostles where

cial from their commands for failing to act against an illegal (straight) Harlem club.

Reaction in the gay community to the raids has been generally good. The owner of several East Side gay spots waved a clipping from this newspaper which referred to "syndicate bars." "Gay bar owners are stereotyped," he said. "Everybody thinks of us as fronts for the Mafia. Most of us who run licensed gay bars are gay, and our money is honest money, raised by us and our gay friends. I say 'right on!' to the cops. The underworld competes unfairly with us, hurts our business and ruins our reputations. I'd like to see them all in jail."

A Village bartender, who likewise declined to be quoted by name, said, "Sure I'm glad to see them raided. They only hurt the good guys in the gay bar business. I never could understand why gay people go to those places when everybody knows they are run by the Mafia to exploit our community. I guess some people are so masochistic or guilt-ridden that they want to be exploited."

A customer of the *New Showplace* who was caught in the raid and driven out into the street with the other patrons said, "It was a good raid. Nobody hassled us and the cops were actually pleasant. I guess this is the end of the after-hours clubs and orgy bars." With a knowing smile, he added, "But there's always the baths—and at worst, the trucks, right?"

Joseph DiBella, the alleged Mafia contact who police say was observed taking "a brown manila envelope" out of the *New Showplace* and depositing it in a nearby bank, said through a spokesman, "Why did they have to go and waste the taxpayer's money in making that arrest? Why don't they go out and arrest the ones who burn flags, the Communists?"

the Union had not been performed.

There is a good half-hour wait outside the meeting room of the church till we are ushered in. We are served squares of poundcake with sugar icing and some sangria. In the middle of the room is a white wedding cake with white-sugar roses and swans and bells. Only the traditional bride-groom miniature is missing.

The couple hold a knife to cut it. A man who had been photographing the holy union now photographs the cake-cutting.

On the side Rick Nielson of the Legend Gallery is there with his prize model, with them another couple, two young Spanish gays. Most of the people are older. There is one man in drag. The photographer, who has been taking pictures of the cake-eating and sangria-drinking explains to someone: "Everything I shoot will be given to Father Bob and he's most discreet."

John Noble is chatting with some people, very happy. He is now dressed in a satin-like white top (he and Rev. Clement had worn rather elaborate doily-like top-pieces for the "union" ceremony) and brown velvet-like pants. The Church which had asked him to leave and go somewhere else for his union had allowed him to return to eat his icing-cake. A victory. The Lord had done great things. Had not, some time ago, the walls of Jerico fallen?

Ined. But not to discretion.

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