GAY

50¢

October 11, 1971 Volume 2, Number 61

GAY VICTORY OVER U.S GOV'T

Security Clearances Reinstated

Washington, D.C.— A major victory for homosexual rights was won here September 13 in a challenge to the Defense Department's traditional view that homosexually-inclined people are security risks. The blows to Defense Department policy have been hailed in major newspapers as "serious and perhaps fatal setbacks" to the Federal Government's antiquated policies.

U.S. District Judge John H. Pratt ruled that government security evaluators cannot subject homosexuals to "probing personal questions" about their sex lives or withhold security clearances when such persons refuse to answer such questions.

In restoring two clearances, those of Otto H. Ulrich (see GAY issues no. 20 & 21) and Richard L. Gayer, a San Francisco scientist, Judge Pratt said:

"(1) In normal circumstances there is a right under the First Amendment of an individual to keep private the details of his sex life. And this applies to homosexuals, professed or otherwise. (2) In the case of homosexuals where there is an admission of homosexuality there must be a demonstration of a nexus between that condition as a homosexual and his ability to protect classified information."

Both cases had been carefully crafted and fabricated in the Administrative Stages as test cases. In both cases the immediate precipitating issue which brought the cases to court was a suspension of clearance when the homosexual clearance holder refused to answer questions about his intimate personal sex life.

Both Gayer and Ulrich are publicly declared homosexuals. Ulrich, whose case had proceeded administratively one step beyond Gayer's, had been explicitly cleared of susceptibility to blackmail. Gayer has made a superb case for non-susceptibility.

Judge Pratt ruled separately on a third case, that of Dr. George W. Grimm of New York City, whose clearance was revoked a number of years ago. Dr. Grimm had answered all questions frankly in a far-ranging exploration of his personal life. His case was precipitated by his refusal to submit to a blackmail attempt. The Defense Department, by a logic incomprehensible to anyone else, had found that his lifestyle demonstrated his "unreliability, untrustworthiness, instability, poor judgment, recklessness, wantonness and irresponsiblity." Judge Pratt remanded that case (without restoration of clearance) back to the Defense Department for a demonstration of the nexus between the information on the record and the conclusions drawn from it in regard to Grimm's ability to safeguard secrets. In all three cases Judge Pratt made it clear that a strong burden of proof was being placed on the Government.

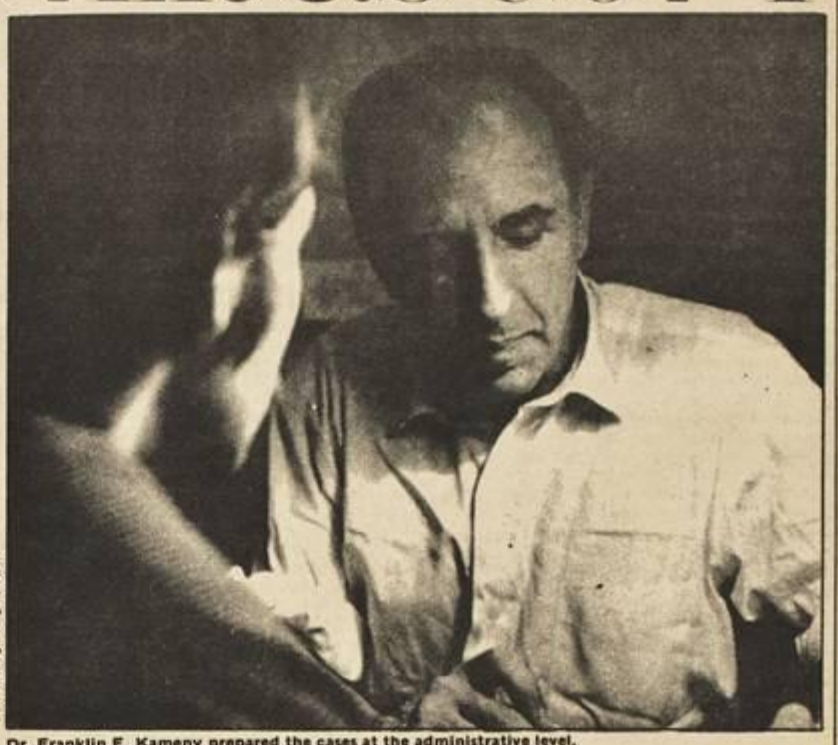

Photo by Kay Tobin

Dr. Franklin E. Kameny prepared the cases at the administrative level.

The Government's case, presented by some of the top lawyers in the Justice Department Security Division, was a pathetic and inept performance. It was characterized by stumbling, stammering delivery, parrot-like, cracked-record-like repetition of phrases from the Defense

(continued on page 4)

Los Angeles Clergyman Fights Police Smear

Entrapment Case Unites Gay Groups BY DONALD WARMAN

Los Angeles, Calif.—California's anti-gay statutes, already up for revision in the state legislature, are facing another serious challenge in the aftermath of what would have seemed a routine operation of the Los Angeles Police Department's vice squad.

Gay groups here, which traditionally take separate routes, have united in common anger at the arrest of a Unitarian-Universalist minister, the Reverend Richard Nash. Nash has been charged with having solicited a plainclothes police officer for an act of prostitution in downtown Pershing Square.

"This time," says a veteran campaigner for civil and homosexual rights who is a patriarch of the gay community, "they picked on the wrong guy. The police gave us just the tool we need."

The arrest of the Reverend Nash, a well-known and respected leader in both gay and liberal religious groups here, laid the groundwork for a "show trial" in which the LAPD's notorious policy of illegal entrapment of gays will be forced into an opening airing in court.

Two city councilmen have appeared at



The Reverend Richard Nash

mass gay gatherings to promise their backing for the defendant and their willingness to push the police commission to forceful action forbidding entrapment in "non-victim" crimes such as the one of which Nash is accused.

The mild-mannered, 36-year-old pastor's colleagues on the prestigious, predominantly straight Southern California Council on Religion and the Homophile have publicly stated their unanimous agreement to support Nash from their pulpits and in the news media. The promise is significant because many of the council's Protestant and Roman Catholic members occupy socially and politically prominent pulpits.

The event which brought together this unique and possibly overwhelming coalition was superficially a routine "queer bust" on a sultry Saturday night in July.

Nash had arrived by bus from Berkeley, where he had attended a ministerial seminar. He carried two suitcases from the Greyhound depot for a few blocks, in search of a bus stop on the Beverly Hills line. Passing Pershing Square, he used a notoriously "hot" men's room for the legally acceptable purpose, gathered his luggage and started out again to find the right bus stop.

A few steps from the toilet's exit, he was approached and casually greeted by

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FBI Chief Scolds "Straights"

Washington, D.C.— J. Edgar Hoover, 76-year-old bachelor and founder of the FBI, has placed a 17-year-old file clerk in his offices on probation for taking part in a sexless heterosexual sleepover with his girlfriend.

Suspended was John P. McKelvey, a high school graduate from Toms River, New Jersey. Mr. McKelvey slept on a couch, fully clothed, with his girlfriend, and was spotted by his roommates (also FBI employees) who reported him to Hoover the next morning. The incident was investigated by FBI agent J.A. Conley. The boy was told to account for every movement he'd made on the night



J. Edgar Hoover: "Most indiscreet!"

he'd fallen asleep—clothed—with his girlfriend on the couch. The file clerk assured Hoover that nothing "immoral" had taken place, and that "everybody's clothes were on."

His assurance fell on deaf ears. On August 23rd, J. Edgar Hoover sent young McKelvey a letter:

"It is obvious you exercised exceedingly poor judgment in this instance and your conduct did not measure up to the high standards expected of FBI employees... Had you given careful consideration to this matter, you would have realized it was most indiscreet and subject to misinterpretation. Because of the seriousness of this matter, you are being placed on probation."

McKelvey is said to be looking for less circumscribed work in Toms River, New Jersey.

WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT?

A DIRECTORY FOR DISCRIMINATING DISPOSITIONS

LOS ANGELES



HOLLYWOOD—LOS ANGELES

ALDO'S, 6413 Hollywood Blvd. Smack dab in the middle of Hollywood's hustle and bustle. Fine dinner at reasonable prices and the bartenders are of the Hollywood tradition. GM, GF

BJ'S, 2692 La Cienega Blvd. Located on lower "Restaurant Row," this popular little beer bar presents a show on its tiny stage that qualifies as one of the city's funniest. Features Scotty, one of the best Ethel Merman impersonators ever to shuffle across the board. GM, GF

BLACK PIPE, 2440 So. La Cienega. Packs them in. One of the most continually popular real bike bars in area. GM

BOLD VENTURE, 6357 Hollywood Blvd. The old Alley has had a complete refurbishing. Boasts a nautical theme throughout the aquariums and ship models in abundance. Rumor has it that the 6 am shift is now manned by the indomitable "Twiggy." If this is so, look for some wild action there between 6 and noon. GM, GF

BUNKHOUSE, 4519 Santa Monica Blvd. is billed as "a Western bar with a taste of leather." If this kind of bar is your bag, then you shouldn't miss it. The crowds are friendly and the atmosphere is unique. GM

CARRIAGE TRADE, 8077 Beverly Blvd. Excellent cuisine served at moderate prices in an atmosphere of quiet elegance . . . except for Sunday Brunch—then it bears more resemblance to a buffalo runt GM, GF

CLOSET, 7561 Sunset Blvd. Opening at 8pm weekdays, this popular tavern pulls in the young dancing crowd during the late week and weekend. Initially gained recognition because of the friendly atmosphere that prevails. GM, GF

CORNER POCKET, 8800 Sunset Blvd. No one seems to know why this is a gay bar since the majority of the clientele insists it's straight. However, this popular Sunset Strip club packs Hollywood's most beautiful bodies in night after night and seldom does anyone go home alone! GM

CROWN JEWEL, 754 Olive St. Downtown's only fun bar. For drinking and cruising stay in the bar upstairs. For dancing and unbelievable atmosphere run downstairs to the IN CROWD PRESENTS. GM

DAVID, 7013 Melrose Ave. This extravagant venture cost someone tens of thousands. The old Red Raven had opened with a blast of thunder and roll of drums . . . very mod, very chic, tons of shit hanging from the ceilings. People loved it 'til someone came along with another gimmick. DAVID then transformed itself into a dinner house. A couple of months ago, changeover was completed to restaurant and cocktail lounge with cathedral ceilings, sunken bar and very heavy on the mirrors. With all this elegance and change, one wonders when they are going to remodel their men's room and make sure there is soap in the washbowl dish before opening their doors. GM, GF

DON'S MALE BOX, 1087 Manzanita. One of the most successful real leather bars in town packing in mobs seven nights a week. The whole bar is like a chapter out of a Larry Townsend leather novel. Don recently acquired a bar across the street and called it THE OTHER BOX and is trying various themes to get it off the ground. GM

DOVES COVE, Charming cocktail lounge between Hollywood and the beach. Switches entertainment often for female impersonators to band to who knows what next. Has a rather cordial atmosphere. GF

DUDE CITY, 836 No. Highland. Possibly the most elaborate gay bar in existance. The main bar itself is paneled in unfinished wood with a bar right out of the old west. Through a rear door into the unbelievable. The place is actually a city! Complete with cobblestone streets, antique street lamps, shops, small entertainment area. It must be seen to be believed! GM

THE END, 7994 Santa Monica Blvd. Very popular with the young crowd especially as an after-hours gathering spot. Music blasts from opening at 8pm 'til closing at God knows what time. GM, GF

FALCON'S LAIR, 742 No. Highland. Lives up to its motto—THE bike bar. Offers off-street parking for bikers and very discreet entry. Watch for it or you'll miss it. It is so innocuous you'd never know it was there. But wait til you get inside. GM

FALLEN ANGEL, 2709 West 6th St. Beer bar that keeps grinding on year after year. Across from Richard Harris' Mac Arthur Park, pulls in a unique crowd that you'll find nowhere else in the city. GM

FARM, 7978 Santa Monica Blvd. Very hip, young crowd. Not really a makeout bar since everyone there is so busy having fun that they don't think about who they're going home with. One drink minimum on weekends and holidays. GM, GF

FOUR STAR, 8857 Santa Monica Blvd. New owners have completed three delightful rooms for dining: The Patio Room, The Old English Room and finally the Fountain Room. For the money, the best food in town but menu rather limited. Service excellent, and it's still one of the most popular 6am spots the city has to offer on weekends. GM, GF

1170 CLUB, 1170 N. Western Ave. One of the newer entries in the sudden rash of leatherbar openings with the rear entry and innocuous front that doesn't even tell you that it's there. GM

GARDEN DISTRICT, 747 North La Cienega Blvd. Popular bar and restaurant. Patio dining on fashionable upper La Cienega Blvd. and an interior unique. Hanging plants abound, flowers are everywhere, on the table, on the walls. See it. It's delightful. GM, GF

GASLIGHT, 1761 North Cahuenga Blvd. This is THE place for the 6am crowd on weekends. GM

GAS STATION, 6550 Santa Monica Blvd. One of the most personable bars in town. Decor is indescribable, and sound system can match or beat any of the straight rock palaces of Sunset Strip any night of the week. GM, GF

GOLIATH, 7011 Melrose Ave. is the only bar that weathered the police and the court decisions, stayed open, kept the dancers bare assed and reeling while the films kept rolling (there was one period where for about a week the dancers were covered). They are now reaping the rewards as people mob the room every night to find their pleasure where they may. GM

HANDLEBAR, Franklin Ave. A popular leather bar in the Hollywood area pulls its clientele just as much from the college campuses as from the bike runs. GM

HUB, 7864 Santa Monica Blvd. For nine years this veritable landmark has withstood competition right smack dab in the middle of L.A.'s gayest area. The people are friendly, it's always busy, but never hectic. GM

HOLLYWOOD MUSIC CENTER, 4658 Melrose Ave. Offers nude dancers, art films, dancing, coffee after-hours, and a host of surprises. It usually books a live band for the weekend and the people pack the oversized rooms. It's a natural for cruising since there are all sorts of alcoves and little stairways. GM

JAGUAR, 7511 Santa Monica Blvd. Popular room. Very cruisy with a line that stretches around the block every Sunday afternoon. GM

LEMON TWIST LOUNGE, 6423 Yucca. This quiet place halted the trend that had gays deserting the downtown Hollywood area for the nicer, more sophisticated bistros of West Hollywood or the Valley. It has a pleasant decor and personable staff. It's neither an entertainment center nor a sardine can, but a cozy, intimate place to socialize without all the gimmickery that seems so fashionable these days. GM, GF

LITTLE CAVE, 3111 Sunset Blvd. features dancing, and one of the city's strangest decors: it is a reproduction of an actual cave, complete with drawings, stalactites and all. GM, GF

LITTLE CLUB, 1725 W. Florence. It's not so little! Their show regularly packs a real wallop even though it only occurs on weekends. GM, GF

OFFICE, 1640 North Vine Street. Located just half a block from the famed Hollywood and Vine intersection. Has a marvelously corrupt atmosphere that the tourists eat up. This is perpetrated by a large number of transvestites, straights wandering in, kids from the suburbs in Hollywood for a "wild weekend," and every other type imaginable. Int.

OLIVER, 365 N. La Cienega Blvd. Delightful room serving cocktails and dinner from 4pm to 2am seven days a week. Menu is extensive and prices are stunningly below any other restaurant of its calibre in town. Atmosphere is that of quiet elegance. GM, GF

SEVENTH KEG, 7713 Beverly Blvd. Neighborhood tavern located opposite CBS Studios. Pulls most of trade from the kids in the neighborhood. Extremely friendly crowd and atmosphere. A stranger can't help but feel comfortable and at home. GM

SEWERS OF PARIS, 1608 No. Cosmo Ave. You walk up an outside flight of stairs, through a door, across a landing, then down a stairway to one of the most unique rooms in town. The wall to wall, ceiling to floor, murals were all done by John Klamik of BUCKSHOT fame. Whether you go for the excellent luncheon or dinner or the unbelievably loud live band that plays after-hours for dancing, you can be assured of a unique experience. Int.

SPOTLITE ROOM, 1601 N. Cahuenga Blvd. What can you say about a tradition? In this one's case, it certainly is NOT dull! Don't be deceived by its initial impression that it's strictly a rough type bar! There is absolutely no telling who you're liable to run into there. It is unique in Los Angeles. Int.

TRADESMAN, 7505 Melrose Ave. Hollywood's most popular after-hours spot. Giant black light murals give first impression that it's a head bar, but it pulls crowds of all ages from all walks of life. Serves beer before 2am. GM

VAGABOND, 315 E. Florence, Inglewood. Voted Most Outstanding Bar this year at MAGGIE AWARDS. Intimate cocktail lounge featuring dancing on a spacious floor, and tables tucked neatly away for the romantic. Busy seven nights a week after 10pm.

WAGON, 7832 Santa Monica Blvd. The most authentic Western bar in existence to serve cocktails with a rumored expenditure of almost $100,000. The place will undoubtedly see the hoards that once packed the old STAMPEDE again as the crowd there grows every night. GM

WESTSIDE, 6112 Venice Blvd. It is one of the few bars in L.A. that offer the combination of dining, dancing and cocktails. On weekends, the liquor cabinets are locked up at 2am and the place fills up even more for their swinging coffee hours. The cuisine is excellent and well in line pricewise with other restaurants in the city. Located across from Black Pipe. GM

WISHIRE CLUB, 674 So. Vermont. Beer bar frequented by neighborhood gays. Quite comfortable with a friendly group.

ZACHARY, 5414 Melrose Ave. A relatively new cocktail lounge dinnerhouse featuring luncheons Monday thru Friday and supper 7 days weekly. A little too far east for the chic La Cienega mob but building a fine reputation for its consistently good food. GM, GF

AT THE BEACH

FRIENDSHIP CAFE AND LIQUOR SALON, 112 West Channel Road, Santa Monica Canyon. Directly across the street from State Beach (roughly 75% gay), one must cross Pacific Coast Highway through a tunnel that spills out directly in front of this fun spot. After a long day in the sun, the bikini clad bronzed bodies pack the dance floor well into the morning hours. During the winter when the "tourists leave," the locals still make it one of the funnest places around. Famed clinical psychologist Peggy Sue Gomez reigns supreme during the colder months as "Empress of Crazy Canyon" as she sings, dances and wears pretty hats. GM, GF

HOLD, 147 West Channel Road. Friendly beach bar across street from 55 Friendship and Golden Bull. Follows the same trends from summer to winter as does Friendship. Features dancing. Very busy during summer on weekend afternoons. GM, GF

LA CARAVELLE, 54 Channel Road, Santa Monica Canyon. Pseudo-elegant cocktail lounge and restaurant. Prices are a little too high, but the food is generally above average. Their service has been known to send customers storming from the dining room. Just watch which waiter you get! The bar area is very gay and a party atmosphere prevails. Appeals to the older Malibu residents. Int.

MATCHBOX, 824 Ocean Front Walk, Venice. Popular little beer bar that packs them in off Venice Beach (almost as gay as State). Any bar in Venice is heavily populated with the female of the species since the younger gay male element in the area is too busy sitting home puffing on weed to get out to bars. Int.

PIER XII NORTH, 2722 Main St., Santa Monica. Large beer bar that features a rather well-produced female impersonation show on weekends and dancing during the week. For the price you can't beat their Sunday afternoon buffet. Int.

SAN FERNANDO VALLEY

ACROPOLIS, 6230 N. Sepulveda Van Nuys Blvd., SFV. A jumpy spot in the West Valley. Open only a few months, the tavern attracts a younger crowd with their very current jukebox and spacious dance floor. Beer only. GM, GF

ATTIC, 11717½ Victory Blvd. N.H. Campy with a fun crowd that can keep a newcomer glued to a barstool for hours! Whether you walk in at 2pm or 2am you can be assured of a lot of laughs. Probably the San Fernando Valley's most popular beer bar. GM, GF

BLA BLA CAFE, 11059 Ventura Blvd., SFV. A relative newcomer to town, it quickly became well known and patronized for a number of reasons. It's not uncommon to see big names from stage and screen getting up to "do their thing." The food is excellent and quite moderate in price. Regular entertainers there are live and generally far above the fare offered by most gay clubs. Int.

BLUE ANGEL WEST, 12179½ Ventura Blvd. Popular dance/cocktail club. Frequently features live entertainment. GM, GF

C'EST LA VIE, 11920 Ventura Blvd. Like a number of other entertainment bars on Ventura Blvd., this relative newcomer makes a strong pitch for the tourist trade. Usually three shows a night with dancing between shows. Cast changes regularly so what it lacks in coordination it makes up for with variety. Home of Jack deVine, voted Personality of the Year at 1971 MAGGIE AWARDS. GM, GF

FRENCH BULL, 5661 Sepulveda Blvd. Charming beer and wine restaurant offering some of the best food in the West Valley.

GALLERY INN, 11938 Ventura Blvd. Consistently full of attractive people and the food can't be beaten for the price. Boasts some of the best looking waiters in the city! GM, GF

GLASS ONION, 19723 Ventura Blvd. It's a long drive from the main action areas of Hollywood and the rest of the Valley, but worth it. Gays pack this popular spot every night. Generally a young crowd in there for the dancing and companionship. Beer only.

HANGED MAN, 10522 Burbank Blvd. Popular neighborhood beer bar just a few blocks from TONY'S. Boasts a friendly crowd, and some good conversation.

HAYLOFT, 11818 Ventura Blvd. Nestled in the midst of drag bars, elegant cocktail lounges, fine restaurants, and dance bars, this strange tavern utilizes its high ceilings to duplicate the appearance of a real hayloft. It has a funky Western jukebox, and is generally packed with numbers in Levis and T-shirts. Very cordial crowd if you leave the black patent heels at home. Manager's name is Ralph Rotten—he lives up to his name. GM

JOANI PRESENTS, 6413 Lankershim Blvd. N.H. Comfortable dance bar that attracts both girls and boys. Features dancing and entertainment. Highlight of the evening is invariably when Joani herself lets loose on the drums. She's something not to be missed. GM, GF

KEITH'S, 11801 Ventura Blvd., SFV. Valley landmark for years. Owners of Four Star acquired some time ago and utilized campy Western decor to establish one of the most popular restaurant/cocktail lounges in the Valley. Serves champagne brunch every Sunday for $1.35. GM, GF

QUEEN MARY, 12449 Ventura Blvd. Dates back to when full drag on stage was illegal in California. Ah, the good old days, with Sahdji sacheting down the runway with chiffon flying and wig coiffed to perfection. Underneath the gowns, the artists were required to wear slacks, shirt and tie. It got rather comical in the very dramatic numbers when they would wear those sultry off-the-shoulder gowns only to expose a white shirt and black tie. Today, however, in more permissive times, Sahdji and crew are knocking both straights and gays cold with their elaborate shows. Undoubtedly the most professional in L.A. GM, GF

STUD, 3913 W. Olive, Burbank. Unique as a leather bar since, instead of featuring the regular fare of leather bars like bike magazines and open meetings, they get their crowd with movies and one-night appearances by hypnotists and such. GM

TONY'S, 10618 Burbank Blvd. SFV. Having dumped the show CHANGES that brought people from all over town to this spacious room, TONY'S is going through some changes! Fire dancer Fat Andrews is now pouring there to a hearty crowd and that's really the only attraction that a club needs. GM, GF

The Editors Speak



Lige and Jack

A GREAT VICTORY FOR EVERYONE

Many readers may be unaware of the great personal struggles and sacrifices which have gone into the latest victory for gay rights won recently in Washington, D.C. The reinstatement of Otto H. Ulrich and Richard L. Gayer (see news columns) and the return to them of their security clearances marks the first time in history that known homosexuals have been granted the right, in court, to hold Federal Security Clearances. Behind this victory lies a long history of preparation—extending over a period of five years for the plaintiffs, and for as long as thirteen years, for those who prepared the cases.

Our heartfelt thanks, on behalf of everyone who trusts in the First Amendment, goes to Dr. Franklin E. Kameny, an indefatigable, forthright homosexual spokesman who has labored night and day for many years in order to shove this much-needed dagger into the heart of antiquated Government policies. Otto H. Ulrich, whose case Dr. Kameny nurtured with painstaking care, told GAY that "All homosexuals own an unpayable debt to Franklin E. Kameny for all of his efforts to lay the groundwork for a near-perfect test-case. It was due to Frank's efforts," said Mr. Ulrich, "and his brilliant preparation of my case's background on the Administrative level, that the case has been won at its present level."

Working with Dr. Kameny, and deserving of our unrestrained admiration for her extraordinary efforts, is Barbara B. Gittings, one-time Editor of *The Ladder* (A Lesbian Review) and a foremost expert on homosexuality and the psychiatric establishment. We know that Ms. Gittings has made numerous trips at her own expense, and has devoted numberless hours to assure the success of these cases.

Our congratulations and deepest appreciation also go to Dennis M. Flannery of the Center for Law and Social Politics, a Washington volunteer ACLU attorney. Mr. Flannery gave of his own time—freely—inspired by the highest principle of those to seek to protect the freedoms of all citizens. His courtroom assistant, Kathleen Graham, also deserves our fullest gratitude.

Last, but not least, U.S. District Judge John H. Pratt must be commended for his impartial, fair treatment of the homosexual plaintiff's cases. His decision means that the U.S. Government can no longer interfere with the private sex lives of its citizens, and that the fact of homosexuality, including homosexual conduct, used in the past to deny gay people the right to hold security clearances, has been eliminated as a valid excuse for withholding such clearances.

In other words, homosexually-inclined people are at last being protected by the Federal Courts, properly, under the First Amendment.

Knowing of the incredible amount of time and sweat which have gone into this victory, we are exultant, and, in fact, utterly thrilled by this latest court decision.

Baker–McConnell Wed

BY ERIK LARSSON



Photo by Paul Hagen

Baker and McConnell: Matching outfits and conventional nuptials

Minneapolis, Minn.—Armed with a marriage license obtained in Mankato, Minn., Jack Baker and his lover, J. Michael McConnell, were married before an ordained United Methodist minister in Minneapolis September 3.

The wedding, performed before a dozen friends in a second-floor apartment near Lake Street on Minneapolis' South Side, is apparently the first gay union by a parson of an old-line denomination on the basis of a legal license.

But the county attorny at Mankato contends the license is "defective," and the minister, the Rev. Roger W. Lynn, was rebuked by his bishop.

The ceremony itself was a simple 7-minute service performed by Mr. Lynn, assisted by another United Methodist minister, the Rev. James Clayton, who wrote the special service.

"Touch me," said McConnell, in his vows to his 29-year-old lover. "I am your lover; brother, sister and friend."

Said Baker, "Hold me. I touch your spirit; emotion, reason and flesh."

McConnell: "Keep me. I hold you in joy; health and sickness, poverty and wealth."

Baker: "I, Jack, take you, Michael."

McConnell: "I, Michael, take you, Jack."

Baker: "To be my wedded spouse."

McConnell: "To be my wedded spouse."

Baker: "To touch."

McConnell: "To hold."

Baker: "To keep."

McConnell: "Today."

Baker: "Tomorrow."

McConnell: "And yesterdays till death."

And later: "As a sign of my love, with this ring I marry you," the lovers repeated to each other.

Clad in identical knit suits designed for the occasion by Steve VanSlooten, a Minneapolis friend, the men—lovers for the past 4½ years—then kissed each other exuberantly and joined their friends for a reception lunch of pate and salad, ham and onion rolls.

The traditional white-tiered wedding cake was crowned with two tiny male figures in cutaways.

The wedding ceremony is the latest step in the two men's 1½-year battle to get legally married, a fight that has brought them international publicity. The fight will doubtless continue over the legality of the Mankato marriage license, and oral arguments were to be presented September 21 before the Minnesota Supreme Court in their luckless attempt in 1970 to get a Minneapolis marriage license—a case that law student Baker feels he must win to make the September 3 ceremony a genuine precedent instead of just a fluke.

Senator McGovern Speaks Out

Washington, D.C.—Senator George McGovern (D.—S.D.) has become the first major (declared) Presidential candidate to speak out on behalf of sexual civil liberties in general, and homosexual rights in particular. In a letter to Julie Lee of the Daughters of Bilitis (New Jersey), Senator McGovern wrote:

Thank you for your letter of August 22. The forms which you received from us were not in response to your earlier letter, but a mailing which we have been sending to woman across the country. We have no record of your first letter, and I can assure you that had I received it, it would never have been answered impersonally.

Regarding your earlier questions to which you refer, my position is that above all, I believe in the rights and freedoms of the individual. This applies to all individuals—homosexuals, "movement" people, women, blacks, Indians, Chicanos, and all others. Each person should be free to live life as he sees fit, as long as he does not infringe upon the rights of others. No one should have to fear repression by society because he does not adhere to certain so-called social "norms," or because he happens to belong to a minority group.

The psychological oppression you mention is, of course, the heart of the matter. My statement does touch on the second-class psychology, which I choose to symbolize with the metaphor of a glass wall, which teaches us all, women as well as men, to assume that women should not be considered seriously. I feel that the children's book area is one that can be fruitfully pressured to change.

My commitment to the "outs" of our society is complete. I hope my campaign will reflect that. Thank you for the concern in both your letters. I hope you feel able to join us in an effort to make an America that is good for every person.

Sincerely yours,
George McGovern

Gay

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ACLU Challenges Sodomy Statutes

BY PERRIN SHAFFER

Washington, D.C.—On September 9th, the ACLU (American Civil Liberties Union) Fund filed a challenge to the D.C. sodomy statute, on behalf of four Washington homosexuals, in the U.S. District Court for the District of Columbia. The suit asked the court "to declare that the D.C. sodomy statute may not constitutionally be applied to private sexual acts involving consenting adults." Because sodomy statutes are the cornerstone of discrimination against gays, this may be the most significant homosexual court case to date in America.

During the press conference following the filing of the case, Ralph Temple, Legal Director of the ACLU Fund, cited the subjection of homosexuals "to the threat that their homes may be invaded at any hour." But he was more concerned that employers label homosexuals "lawbreakers," thereby dismissing them or refusing to hire them. The federal government in particular began advancing this argument about a year ago, to circumvent U.S. Court of Appeals decisions here which denied the government the right to dismiss or refuse to hire homosexuals solely because of their orientation. Plaintiff Chuck Hall complained that the sodomy law had consigned homosexuals to a "non-physical ghetto" where "psychosocial" damage occurred due to the constant fear of arrest or job-dismissal.

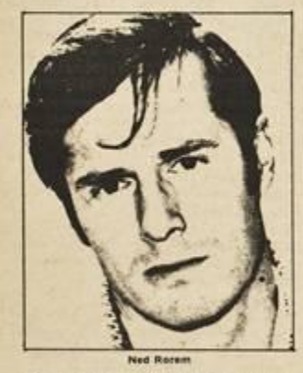
Section 22-3502 of the D.C. Code was passed by Congress at the turn of the century. The law prohibits *everyone* in D.C. from engaging in oral and anal intercourse. Penalties are 10 years' imprisonment and/or $1,000 fine. Regardless of how the case is decided, sex with minors and sex in public will not be affected. A separate statute deals with sex involving minors (defined as "under 16"). The penalties are double that of 22-3502. Several other statutes deal with sex in public, prohibiting far more than just anal and oral intercourse, but with far lesser penalties.

For years, homosexual leader Dr. Franklin Kameny has been searching for a way to test America's sodomy statutes in court. Although legislatures in Illinois, Oregon, Idaho, Colorado and Connecticut have abolished their sodomy laws since 1962, the pace has been slow. Court remedies are quicker, especially since the Supreme Court could void all such laws on the basis of any one of them. The pace will be slowest of all in the District of Columbia, where D.C. laws are made by Congress. Partly because of this, and partly because a test case will proceed farther and faster in the D.C. federal court system, Kameny chose D.C. to test America's sodomy statutes.

Kameny began discussions with Temple in early 1970. He learned that the best way to test the statute would be a case *not* involving arrests, like the current Texas and California cases involve. Such cases arise from public sodomy and must start at a lower court level due to their criminal nature. In spite of the comparative respectability of this case, one local TV station said that it didn't know how it could present news of the case to its viewers. Other local radio and TV stations refused to send anyone to the press conference, which Temple complained bitterly had never occurred during the two previous years of D.C. ACLU press conferences. However, reporters from **GAY**, *The Village Voice*, *The Washington Post* and *Washington Daily News* were present.

Kameny could not have found plaintiffs for the case during the more repressive 1960's. Richard Schaefers, Charles A.S. Hall, Warren S. Colison, and Terry Leigh range in age from 25 to 28. Schaefers is assistant business manager at Arena Stage, a local theater. He does not expect to be dismissed. Hall is an employment counselor with the U.S. Employment Service. He fears that his federal employer may dismiss him. Some of his friends are worried for their own safety: they've introduced him to their heterosexual friends and employers. Colison and Leigh have no job fears because they have no jobs. Two of the four have lovers, both of whom approve of their mates' participation in the case.

"Artists Are 2nd Class Citizens" Says Composer



Ned Rorem

New York, N.Y.— Composer Ned Rorem shocked men in the music world by publishing his very frank diaries back in the mid-Sixties. In them he discussed his own love life, gay life in general, and gay institutions. His *New York Diary* contains a memorable description of the local bathhouse scene in the days before Continental revolutionized the tubs.

In a recent *New York Times* article, Mr. Rorem spoke his mind on gay liberation as a prelude to his main theme: artist's lib. "More than Jews, blacks, women or homosexuals," he wrote, "artists in America are second-class citizens. Yet to proclaim this would provoke disdain not only from the Silent Majority but from Jews, blacks, women and homosexuals."

The composer-writer-critic-lecturer believes "Women's Lib and Gay Lib are diametrically opposed, the one being deductively formulated, the other inductively. Women, like blacks, want acceptance not as women or blacks, but as people. These homosexuals ask to be accepted as homosexuals first, and then presumably as individuals. Women want general behavioral rights, not women'r rights or the right to be women. The homosexuals want specific rights, and, like the Jews, want acclaim for what they are, as though the generic label were itself an accomplishment."

Mr. Rorem is not accepting membership applications for Artist's Lib. "... 'Artist' is a dirty word to us," he continued. "If both Revolution and Establishment concur that art is not among the First Things First, they ignore citizens of poorer lands who sell their bread and their name in the streets for art. The poor remain with us but the artist has gone, too late to organize an Artist's Lib."

In trying to get himself down to the "final particular" of identity, Mr. Rorem wrote, "I am not a homosexual, I'm a composer. I am not a composer, I am Ned Rorem. I am not Ned Rorem, I am my parents' child."



The Club Baths, 24 First Avenue (Manhattan), is now giving free, anonymous V.D. checkups on Wednesdays from 5 pm to 9 pm. **GAY** promised all baths that it would publicize V.D. clinics if such were opened, and The Club Baths was quick to respond. Pictured above, a young man's blood sample is taken by an officer from the Health Department. Get your V.D. test immediately if not sooner! (Photo by Eric Jacobs)

Security Clearances

(continued from page 1)



Otto Ulrich

Department's directive, apparently without realization that those phrases were the very ones being challenged and that simple reiteration of them convinced no one. The Justice Department's case was characterized by inability to respond to pointed questions asked by the judge (e.g. "If you are so concerned about the technical criminality of sodomist homosexual acts, why do you do nothing about widely prevalent heterosexual fornication which is criminal in a majority of jurisdictions?")

In its brief the Government had relied upon such psychiatric and other professional testimony as Edmund Bergler, Evelyn Hooker (quoted out of context in *Newsweek*), an unknown doctor (apparently a coroner in Corpus Christi) and the like. The matter was killed by a stinging memorandum, including hastily assembled affidavits from Drs. Evelyn Hooker, Wardell Pomeroy and George Weinberg (contributor to **GAY**), which was presented by the plaintiffs. Psychiatric questions were not raised in court.

Judge Pratt handled the case superbly. He had clearly done his homework, knew the case record completely, and was thoroughly aware of the arguments presented earlier and of details in earlier cases. He seemed to approach the cases openmindedly and apparently was swayed by arguments presented in court, particularly in the Grimm case.

The plaintiffs were represented by Dennis M. Flannery of the Center for Law and Social Politics, a Washington ACLU volunteer attorney, with the assistance in the later stages and in the courtroom of Kathleen Graham, a Stanford University law student. The Administrative phases of the Ulrich and Gayer cases were handled by Dr. Franklin E. Kameny and Ms. Barbara B. Gittings. Kameny remains as consultant in the judicial phase and in any future proceedings.

The Government has several alternatives. It can go to higher authority—the U.S. Court of Appeals—to seek to have Judge Pratt overruled. Or the Government can accept the remand back down to the Defense Department and simply resume the aborted processing of the Ulrich and Gayer cases without the answers to the interrogatories or other personal questionings. Or other charges can be brought, or the whole matter can be dropped. No indications have yet been given as to the Government's choice.

These three cases are part of an ACLU-supported quartet filed almost simultaneously last January. In the fourth case, Wentworth, an interrogatory dealing with the internal workings of the Industrial Security Clearance Program was presented to the Defense Department. The Government sought a protective order against the interrogatory. Judge Pratt denied the protective order. The Government has until November 2nd to respond to the interrogatory, after which the case will move forward with its posture much enhanced by the Ulrich, Gayer and Grimm decisions.

EVERYBODY LOVES BIG-EYED BETTE
The Toast of the Tubs Goes Bigtime



Have you seen Bette Midler on Johnny Carson? Don't miss her this week at the Upstairs at the Downstairs (Manhattan).

BY LEO SKIR

"I'm a sensation!" she is singing. It's the Continental Baths, Saturday night. The place is packed. The audience is dressed almost entirely with simple white towels around their waists. The decor of the place is futuristic space-ship but the lights, the atmosphere is the heat, the enthusiasm, the simple-mindedness of World War II. Bette generates it. Now she is singing "Chattanooga Choo-choo." The orchestra (just a piano and drum) is playing over her and she knows it but already her magic is working. She has the kids in the palm of her hands. How? How? Why are these kids so held, so absolutely held by this private joke Bette has, her own special blend of 40's and 50's Americana and soul-Dixie. Her nails are Rita Hayworth red. The dress is a joke of tastelessness, green-glass sequins.

The orchestra has stopped. Miss Bette Midler has stopped. She stands looking at her kids, her pendent breasts free behind the dress swinging slightly.

"You know," she says, "the pollution level in the Hudson rises 80% when the laundry from the Continental is done."

The kids howl.

"Yeah. Imagine an Arthur Godfrey commercial. He's holding up a Continental towel, examining the stains..." (Howls of laugher.) "Look, I'm going to do a 40's number I mean... you know what I mean...you dirty things... a number from the 40's, not in the 40's... You know Joan Crawford is a heterosexual? Yeah! You know I was going through Customs at the Canadian border with my Gay Liberation button over one breast and—I mean pinned to my dress. You know I know how to behave in public. Well anyway, and pinned over to the other side, my Women's Lib button, you know and then I was taped down and the tapes burst and all my poppers burst out and burst and everyone there was giggling... I guess that wasn't so good. Look, my pianist Barry Manilow has written a song and I think it's good and I'd like to sing it..."

She does. How good was it as a song? Impossible to know when Bette sings. If the song is "hers," it becomes her, one of the Bette's. This is the Bette-in-love and it's very good and very powerful and all-knowing. Love in a roast pink pig. Obscene. All-powerful. Succulent. The lights that play on her as she sings are pink. She is transformed. And as long as she sings this song I am alone with her. We are the lovers, the last lovers, the last true lovers. Not loving each other, but lamenting the death of love.

Her face lacks character. Almost formless. There is only a red-painted mouth and heavily mascared eyes, piercing and mad-looking.

The song has ended. The applause is deafening. The face lowered, raises in a childish grin. There is a turban made of a bath towel around her head. She is every Brooklyn and Bronx girl in the bathroom reliving the technicolor musical she has just seen. But the words coming out are of the New Broadway. It's "Sweet Marijuana." It is hilarious.

Again she speaks. "A gentleman told me he liked the 50's. I told him you can't have them back."

Laughter. Suddenly she has clapped her hands. It is an odd abrupt gesture. It is familiar. I don't know where I have seen it. But...

The piano begins. The drums are soft now. She is singing Dixieland. She has moved out of the love song she was singing. The love-song was the world I knew. It was the world of the woman caught in marriage. She had the home, the furniture. The husband. But he was out. The groceries were bought. He was out. It was raining. She was drowning in a river of tears. Everywoman.

But now another Bette was singing. The hands waited and then clapped, powerfully. But it wasn't the easy clapping of soul-rock, of black folk singing for the Lord. Oh G-d! Now I recognized the hand-clap. I had seen it first years ago, a middle-aged Western Union delivery man in my neighborhood. Mad. Quite mad. It was the clap of desperation. It was tragic. CLAP! Now I listened to the words... "I saw a man... Playing so good... Not for anything... He was playing... *so good... for free.*"

I looked at Bette's face. The eyes were those of an old woman. She was not mad. She was a skilled performer doing a number. But she had taken everyone in the room to that country where all are alone. Where we are the Little Match Girl and the last matches have been lit and it's very cold...

The song ended. The audience was wild.

"Now I'm going to take a short rest," she says. "And I know you people have a short attention span but I can remember where each and every one of you are and I want to see you all when I get back."

She leaves. I look around me. The small alcove in which I am sitting has a ladies' section where several (fully-dressed) women are seated, some with equally fully-dressed middle-aged men who look like husbands. On the floor in front of them is lying a fat lady wrapped in a sheet. I recognize Tally, a blues singer. There are several kids from the Gay Activist Alliance also fully-dressed. They've come to hear Bette.

Now she comes out in another costume, also a camp.

Some more camp jokes. Now she's singing a number which was the beginning of camp: "Going to the Chapel," tin pan alley manipulation of American sentimentality; it was hideous when it appeared and I found it a poor joke, but—as I have found often in comedy programs—stuff which is too coarse for me is very OK for everyone else. She clapped her hands, cute and childish, and folded her fingers in mock-child praying gestures, smiled funnily on the words "Going to get mar-ried." Simple-minded self-congratulations: aren't we smarter than those who lived to be engaged and married and have little homes and kiddies? Fuck off Bette! Don't put down the other guy's (or gal's) trip. It's just not cool.

It was over. She was getting towards the end. She went into Dixieland and sung a man's blues, a prison song, "I Shall Be Released," making it into a song of a girl in a whorehouse. And it was real. It was hers, all hers. She had that magic that Joplin had, years ago (only a very few) in the Straight Theatre on Haight Street when she had sung the word ROAD-BLOCK! ROADBLOCK! hundreds of times and taken a host of sisters and brothers through that block. So now, the gay guys sat while Bette took them back, back. Sorrow was there, deep, as exposed white of bone of compound fracture. Hell opened. *I shall be released* she sang. New Orleans. Sorrow pure as water from a glacier ran through my veins. My face was covered with an oily sweat.

Over. It had to be over. She was finishing her voice catching. And again, that handclap, like the gesture of a madman.

Over.

From the audience—pandemonium.

She went to the dressing room. I had an appointment to see her after the show. Now I found a line of people waiting, some of them the dressed straight older couples. But many of them gay kids in their towels just wanting to shake her hand, kiss her.

Finally I was let in.

There was a barber or dentist's chair in the room-middle. She sat in it.

"What do you want to know?" she said.

"Everything if you got it." I said.

"You know I got it." she said, "How'd you like the show?"

"You were good." I said.

"Yeah," she said, "acoustics were hell. You could hear?"

"Bette, you weren't whispering."

She smiles. "Yeah. Come on. Ask questions. Ask."

"You're not a homosexual?"

"Nah. But I dig gays. I was in love with a gay. I made it with him. He never went back to guys after me."

"How do you account for this thing you've got with gay kids?"

"No, no. It's not like that. I'm like that with everyone. Gay kids, they're like everyone else. I'm like that with everyone. Honest. I dig people. You get it? People."

A number of guys come in to congratulate her. She remembers each name, kisses each. Some of them kiss her on the lips. I watch to see if any shy away from close physical contact. They don't. She seems to know several personally, ask them if things are OK, they're feeling better, etc. For some reason her show of concern turns me off.

One of the gay guys is carrying on how wonderful it all was, how fun-ny the chapel song was and "I Shall Be Removed"—"That's the killer!"

I looked at Bette. If she is irritated, she doesn't show it.

"I'm glad you liked it," she says. He goes.

"But what's your thing with gays?" I ask.

She sighs. "Nothing. What do you want me to say? I am in the theatre. That's gay. I mean, pretty gay. I got into singing in the tubs when I got into singing. I was in the theatre. It bored me. I became a singer last July. I started in the tubs. And they taught me. I didn't know anything. I learned how to sing. I learned how to be interesting for a whole hour. But I don't limit myself—"

Some more gays came in. More kisses.

"How was I?"

"You had less jokes than last time."

"Yeah, I know. I wanted to sing more now. How was I? Tell me, could you hear me?"

"You were great."

"That's good. I was having so much fun. I always have too much fun."

He has left.

"I notice you don't wear a bra." I say, "But I have the feeling you don't wear bottoms either."

She bites a nail, looking very unpro-

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9 GAA Demonstrators Aquitted

BY RICHARD C. WANDEL





Photographs taken by GAY's Richard Wandel were used in court as evidence.

New York, N.Y., Sept. 9—I've often wondered if you could beat the police at their own game. As I made my way to the Criminal Courts Building at 100 Centre St., I thought I might find out. By 9:30 the Cuite Nine were ready to go on trial. The nine had been arrested on June 25 during a GAA demonstration against City Council Majority Leader Thomas Cuite at City Hall. It promised to be a quick trial; disorderly conduct charges are easy to prove. 9:40: "All rise, the Court is now in session, Judge Irving Lang presiding." Two other cases were before us, one for rape, the other for possession of marijuana; we sat waiting, thinking. Judge Lang, presiding judge of Manhattan Criminal Court, was well respected; appeals would be difficult. Mid-way in the second case someone noticed that the court stenographer was missing. You can't have a trial without a stenographer, so we waited while he was found. Finally at 10:15: "The cases of James Owles, Stephen Krotz, Arnald Kantrowitz, Arthur Evans, Robert Ruecker, Martin Robinson, Edward Casson, David Sklar, Michael Bardin." Seven people stood as defense counsel Harold Weiner explained that Sklar had sent a telegram, "In hospital, can't come." Bardin had disappeared, no one knew where. A recess was called to try and find Bardin but recesses aren't always what they appear to be. The D.A. wanted a deal—plead guilty to disorderly conduct and he'd drop the attempting to resist arrest charge against Jim Owles. No deal. 10:40: back in court with a motion by the defense for a jury trial on the resisting arrest charge. The D.A. had played his cards right, a charge of resisting was automatically a jury trial but attempting to resist was another matter. Defense motion denied, no jury trial.

A faint hope began to stir, maybe now the trial would start. All appeared ready, lawyers shuffled their papers, the judge sat up straight ready to listen, three police waited to testify for the prosecution. The D.A. wasn't ready; he had expected the defendants to accept the deal, now he needed time to prepare his case. A recess was called. Some people take a long time to educate. For over a year GAA has been getting people arrested; for over a year the prosecutor has been offering deals; for over a year GAA has been saying no deal. Now he needed time to prepare a case and try for one more deal. He'd give a conditional dismissal. If the defendants stayed out of trouble for the next six months the case would be dropped. In practical terms the nine GAA members would have to be cautious at demonstrations for the next half-year. Again no deal. By now it's after 11 and we're back in court. Again the prosecutor asks for a recess this time to prepare the disorderly conduct charges, the ones he presumed would have been avoided in his latest attempted deal. 11:30: the defense is ready to try the disorderly conduct charges, requests a hearing on the resisting arrest. The D.A. complains—he's prepared for a trial but not a hearing. There are some things he doesn't want the police to say if it's only a hearing. This time no recess. Judge Lang is as tired as the rest of us. He asks why the D.A. wants to supress some of the facts. The prosecutor stammers and the combination trial and hearing finally begins.

First witness. Patrolman Vincent Esposito testifies to the arrest of Jim Owles. Owles, he claims, refused to clear the steps of City Hall and tried to fight his way up grasping at the hand railing. After his arrest he scuffled with the police. Cross examination reveals that no warning of arrest was given. Esposito states that Owles scuffled with a Sargeant, broke loose, ran around him and into the waiting arms of the arresting officer. There are innumerable stories about the police use of perjury to convict people they dislike. I've always allowed my own prejudices to sway my thoughts about the police but now it wasn't mere prejudice but fact. The officer's story did not square with what my own eyes had seen and what my photographs show.

Next witness. Frank Leone, arresting officer of Evans, Robinson and Ruecker. Robinson was warned of arrest and then arrested a few seconds later. Leone hadn't even seen Ruecker and Evans but had merely taken over filling out the forms when they were brought in. This cop was honest, no cross examination was necessary. He should have been a defense witness; I sat and silently cheered, the D.A. frowned and we all went to lunch.

2:10: lunch is over, the third witness is called. Patrolman Francis Mannion testifies that between twenty and twenty-five demonstrators tried to gain entrance to City Hall. They were warned of possible arrest and then three or four minutes later he arrested Arnie Kantrowitz. Krotz and Casson were arrested by another officer, Mannion filled out the papers. Sometimes it's difficult not to stand up and scream. Leone had proven that some cops are honest on the witness stand. Mannion was the second, out of three who testified, to be less than completely honest. My mind flashed to an imaginary TV commercial: "Studies show that one out of three cops speaks honestly in court." Back to reality—someone was calling my name.

As I walked to the stand a glance at the D.A. indicated that he was feeling reasonably secure; Leone's testimony had hurt but it was still the word of the police against the claims of the demonstrators, or so he thought. A witness stand is a strange place to find oneself. I wasn't quite sure whether to be deadly serious or to burst out laughing. I refered to "Mr. Owles" and "Mr. Kantrowitz" or simply to the defendants "Krotz" and "Rueckker," a strange way to refer to friends, some of whom I've slept with. I wanted to refer to "my brothers" as the police had refered to their "brother patrolmen" but I was playing a game pretending to be the impartial witness, a free-lance photographer who just happened to be there, camera in hand. The game fooled no one but we played it anyway. The atmosphere grew stranger yet when Judge Lang took the camera I had with me and stood looking through the view-finder and playing with the lens to determine how close I had been when I took the photographs.

Three photographs were quickly introduced as evidence: Jim Owles holding on to the railing at City Hall being pushed down the steps, not fighting his way up; Jim Owles running back up the steps one section over from the original incident. It was apparent that he didn't simply evade one officer and flee into the arms of another. So much for Esposito's testimony. The third photo showed Arnie Kantrowitz being pushed by a horse as he was headed away from City Hall, not towards it. The prosecutor began to get a pained look on his face. If you can't trust the police, who can you trust? Did I see the events surrounding the scenes in the photos? Yes, Jim Owles was met by a patrolman at the top of the steps, he went with him quietly, there was no scuffle.

Arthur Evans testified that they were speaking with Thomas Cuite's secretary at the door of City Hall when the police arrived and began pushing them down the steps. Robinson and Krotz told Judge Lang that the time between the warning and the actual arrests was only a few seconds, not the three or four minutes that Mannion had claimed. The strangest testimony came from Ed Casson; his arrest was an accident! He was standing next to Steve Krotz and Arnie Kantrowitz when they were arrested, he went with them on the erroneous presumption that he too had been arrested.

3:45: the testimony was over. The police had acted irresponsibly, at times illegally to quickly arrest the GAA officers. Arthur Evans had been approached by an officer and asked who the leaders were, the officer explained that he wanted to speak with them. When Evans indicated that he was a leader he was immediately arrested. Now we waited for the verdict. James Owles—guilty of disorderly conduct, given a conditional discharge, you're free but be a good boy. Krotz, Kantrowitz, Evans, Ruecker, Robinson, Casson—not guilty. Resisting arrest charge against Jim Owles is dismissed. Perhaps at times it is possible to beat the police at their own game.

MCC Conference Draws Over 1,000

BY DONALD WARMAN

Los Angeles, Calif.—Was it a nationwide religious conference or was it the largest serious gathering of homosexuals in American history?

The question was debated outside the auditorium of Los Angeles' Metropolitan Community Church often during the Labor Day weekend convocation of the MCC's Universal Fellowship, attended by more than 1000 persons, 317 of whom were delegates of the 19 churches and missions presently comprising the nation's newest and fastest growing denomination.

GAY's random sampling of those present indicated that it didn't matter either way. The conference was both. Its theme was, more or less, "The Lord is my Shepherd and He knows I'm gay."

The MCC's Second General Conference (the parent church was founded here three years ago) pointedly stressed the apparent contradictions of viewpoint the gay denomination was formed to resolve. It combined such diversities as choral singing of "God of Our Fathers" and a



Metropolitan Community Church (L.A.)

sermon by an MCC minister from Honolulu who appeared in Hawaiian garb and called himself "a spiritual chicken queen." (The Rev. Ron Hanson was referring to his church's emphasis on spiritual guidance for troubled young people.)

MCC is admittedly—and proudly—a hodge-podge conglomeration of gay men and women, a surprising number of them of college age and younger, who retain their emotional and ethical orientation toward Christianity in the face of what they see as their forced alienation from the orthodox churches from which they came.

Each congregation is left to decide for itself the particular form of Christian ritual it prefers. The common denominator is a celebration of homosexuality as a spiritual as well as everyday fact of life. Here, the Pentecostal background of the church's founder, the Rev. Troy Perry, is predominant, and that "Amen, Come to Jesus" exuberance was the keynote of the three days of worship and business sessions. But concessions to earlier Christian formalities were encouraged. (And at one service of Holy Communion, the altar committee volunteer assigned to buy the communion bread provided garlic pumpernickel.)

The single possibly controversial issue which arose during the secular sessions—a resolution declaring the church's moral opposition to war—was sidestepped when the resolution was modified so as to leave that conviction up to each member's individual conscience. A few delegates who had seen military service in Vietnam argued that they found moral justification for having been there.

THE FALLEN ARCH ANGEL BLOW ANGELO BLOW!



THIS IS ANGELO D'ARCHANGELO—



...Or "Uncle Fudge" as we used to call him.



Lately, Angelo's been hustling strange corners.



Hanging out with media freaks of all sorts.



Sucking up to hardline tightass revolutionaries.



Even dipping a finger into Women's Liberation!

Photo by Eric Jacobs



And it starts to look like he's stirring his fudge



...With a rusty eggbeater.

BY JOHN P. Le ROY

Love Book: Inside the Sexual Revolution, *by Angelo d'Arcangelo, Lancer Books, New York, 381 pages, paperback, $2.25.*

As a result of the enormous success of the *Homosexual Handbook*, that brilliant, witty, informative, and urbane guide to the ultimate in sexual satisfaction, Angelo d'Arcangelo was dubbed "America's foremost homosexual" by some unknown dull-witted admirer. I don't know what the phrase is supposed to mean, but I suppose it has something to do with fantasies of celebrated notoriety which often is bestowed upon best-selling authors.

I first met Angelo at a meeting of the Mattachine Society at which he was the principal speaker. He arrived two hours late, wore a blond wig, dark glasses, a false goatee, a violet sport jacket and a florid ascot. His speech was ill-prepared, and he could not adequately answer the charge often levelled against him of having listed in the appendix of the Handbook the names of celebrities whom he thought were gay, while he himself wrote under a pseudonym, thereby hiding his own true identity. Yet, so impressed was I with the Handbook that I chose to overlook the patent phoniness and affected mannerisms which he displayed that day, for the Handbook is sure to remain required reading for anyone who loves life and is willing to live it and enjoy it to the fullest.

His present volume is a sad disappointment. It is a conglomeration of various articles, essays, aphorisms, interviews and annotations on such diverse topics as the 1970 gay-in, women's lib, d'Arcangelo's life style and house boys, the New York GLF, the Vietnam war, the Nixon Administration, reactions to *The Homosexual Handbook*, the dirty linen of **GAY** and **SCREW**, V.D., S & M, interviews with Jim Buckley, Claudia Dreifus and Leah Fritz on the state of the underground press and women's rights, the bigotry and greed of Dr. Socarides, a zap at *Harper's* magazine by the GAA over an execrable article by Joesph Epstein, young people, the gay scene, and the GAA constitution quoted verbatim.

Much of the material originally appeared in **GAY, SCREW,** or other underground papers within the past year. Repeating this material now in book form is like serving us stale bread with a moldy crust. The passage of time has made Angelo's information and commentary neither interesting nor relevant to anyone but his most devoted admirers. For example, he describes his meeting with Jim Fouratt, one of the guiding lights of the now-defunct New York GLF, and how he spent some time at the GLF crash pad one flight above the **GAY** offices. He also relates how he got an article of his published in a revolutionary rag Jim put out called *New Times.*

Since then, Jim has been arrested in Texas for allegedly possessing marijuana, *New Times* folded after a few issues, the GLF crash pad has been replaced by a small dealer in religious objet d'art, and the New York GLF has been splintered into a number of disorganized consciousness-raising groups. Angelo reprints the article that the *New Times* published, emphasizing what was originally left out. He need not have bothered, for the deletions do not make the article on the trends of the sexual revolution any better. It is a shoddy piece to begin with. It is filled with truisms, cliches, generalities and inaccuracies.

On Nixon, Agnew, Billy Graham, Cardinal McIntyre or Vietnam, there's nothing worth putting into a book. By now, these topics have been done to death. The horrors of the war, the use of religion to propagandize the aims of the administration, and the cultural vacuity that these men symbolize have all been better dealt with elsewhere. Even disillusioned radicals are either emigrating to Amsterdam or joining the Establishment by using the ballot.

It is when Angelo describes his own personal life style that he is at his best. His telling of an orgy at his home in Staten Island, his efforts to get a frightened square to loosen up a little and join his friend for a boat ride, and an affair with a young drifter named Teddy who stayed at his house are the high points of the book.

Also quite good is his article on venereal disease, which should have been a part of the Handbook. Here he is specific, well organized and thinks and feels strongly about the problem of V.D. among gays. One of the reasons why syphilis and gonhorrea are so widespread is that most of the literature on it is moralistic, boring and disgusting. If the department of health were to reprint the V.D. section of this book, distribute it to gays all over the world, and have it translated into every internationally known language, the problem would all but disappear. The medical profession would have to reform itself drastically, as would our whole thinking about public medicine. This would be all to the good.

The rest of the book is consumed by interviews by Leah Fritz, Claudia Dreifus and Jim Buckley, a short diatribe against Socarides, the antigay witch doctor, and the GAA zap at *Harper's.* The interviews by the two women leave me with the impression that women's libbers spend as much time debating among themselves whether or not a vaginal orgasm exists, how to salve their fractured egos, and only marginally with how to get the male white Protestant power structure to grant them what is due them. Both ladies worked for the underground press and both of them forced **SCREW** to seriously consider the woman's point of view in making its editorial policy.

The interview with Jim Buckley isn't particularly informative or interesting. It reads as if Jim was trying to get the paper out while answering Angelo's questions. He doesn't reveal anything significant that couldn't be gleaned from *The New York Post, Playboy* or *The Village Voice.* Angelo devotes several pages to a scrap that developed between the writers for **GAY,** myself included, and Four Swords, Inc. over how much authors are to be paid for articles.

Jack and Lige, I thought, were generous enough, considering what other rags paid, but having been in dire financial straits, I could always use more. I sat in at the meeting, but, contrary to what Ange-

(continued on page 19)

The Divine Comedy of Pavel Tchelitchew, A Biography by Parker Tyler, Fleet Publishing Corporation, New York, 504 pages. $17.50.

THE DIVINE COMEDY OF PAVEL TCHELITCHEW

BY THANE HAMPTEN

In the Museum of Modern Art in New York hangs a most unusual painting entitled *Hide and Seek*. It is so well known, and has so much appeal to such a wide and varied audience that museum personnel are used to people coming eagerly to them, saying: "Is this the place where *Hide and Seek* is?" No other painting, with the exception of the Picasso *Guernica* is accorded such an honor within the museum. (Amusing. See later references to the relationship between the artist of *Hide and Seek* and Picasso.) I well remember the first time I saw this painting. I was astonished and literally fell into it, standing absorbed for at least half an hour (a tribute I don't always pay contemporary works). I had never heard of the artist, Pavel Tchelitchew (pronounced *Chel'*-ly-cheff) but noted the name to investigate more of his works whenever possible.

I found it unnecessary to have to remember. Generally, when I saw a Tchelitchew, I instinctively recognized it before I saw the signature. *Phenomena, Fata Morgana, Tattooed Man, Two Nude Boys*, the portraits of Charles Henri Ford. I wondered about my sensitivity to Tchelitchew's art, this curious empathy. Was I attracted to the styles? The subjects? The color? Or was it something else, something more? I had certain suspicions, but . . .

. . . Unfortunately, biographical material was not really available until Parker Tyler published his cluttered but magnificent *The Divine Comedy of Pavel Tchelitchew* in 1967, and it was then that I had the keys to unlock those hitherto private doors.

Tchelitchew was born on September 21, 1989 in Doubrovka, near Moscow. He was one of many children as his father was twice married. His parents were quite well off, owning a huge estate on which lived and worked a great many peasants. Little Pavlik was an aggressive, athletic, argumentative and volatile boy, characteristics that remained with him throughout life. He led; others followed. He knew at a very early age that he wanted to be an artist and his dedication never faltered. He was precocious, in more than one way, paying careful attention to the dress of the females in the family, designing for them and dictating their choice of colors and styles. This, plus his desire to study ballet, encouraged his father to bestow upon him the alternate nickname of "Panya" (Roumanian for "Miss" or "Mademoiselle"), which grieved Pavel for many years as there was nothing effeminate about him. *Nothing.*

Did I say precocious? A stronger word is needed. At the tender age of ten, our hero invaded his sister's library in search of more stimulating reading matter than *Ludmilla Malewich, Practical Nurse*. He chose Freud's psychosexual study of Leonardo daVinci. (I am humiliated; I didn't discover the book until I was almost seventeen.) We assume he found it satisfying and illuminating. He returned the book to his horrified sister, asking for definition of certain . . . *clinical terminology*.

However, it was an achingly long (and chaste) six years before Pavel could put his specialized knowledge to use. At sixteen, he expeditiously seduced his young valet. ("And why not?" well might you ask.) We have no record of the outcome of this adolescent romanza as that rather disagreeable revolution of 1918 was soon upon them. Exiled to Kiev, Tchelitchew laboriously made his way through Bulgaria and Turkey to Berlin. He began studying, painting in earnest, and designing sets and costumes for plays (for which he is as famous as for his canvases).

It was during this period that he met the first two persons to greatly influence his life. The first: Serge Diaghilev. (Their association continued until the brilliant, foolish, diabetic impresario succumbed to a surfeit of opera cremes.) The second: Allen Tanner, American concert pianist and Pavel's first lover. (Tyler on Tchelitchew: "He is a natural custodian of the male sex, proffering it an undeviating religious reverence.")

They were happy, deciding to live together almost immediately. There were no previous attachments to deter Pavel (as there certainly would be in the future). He painted; Allen instructed his pupils. All was well. Until the little house-painter with bad teeth surfaced astride a crimson swastika. Paris. Yes, that was the answer. Wasn't Paris *always* the answer—then?

Paris. Mecca. The golden epoch. The greatest international concetration of major creative talent ever assembled for mutual delight and consternation. "Super-endowed with magnetism," (to quote Tanner) Pavel soon fits into Parisian artistic society, gamboling in the garden of the gods with Brancusi, Duchamp, Leger, Stravinsky, Varese, Virgil Thompson, Picasso (mutual admiration, distrust, rivalry), and Cocteau (intense dislike, which distressed the noble Jean as he had been contemplating an affair with the young Russian).

And also: enter Gertrude and Alice. ("Naturally," you shrug.) The Stein has seen some of Pavel's work and is impressed. Her Eminence desires to see more. One day, she and A.B. appear at the Tchelitchew-Tanner domicile, unannounced. Pavel is not at home, and his work is locked in his room. Stein directs Tanner to search "Godiva," her baroque auto, for a large wrench. The door must be opened. Tanner protests, but one does not argue with Her Eminence. The lock is broken and the three enter for a private viewing. Allen shows them everything, except one oil which he explains "ladies may wince at seeing" as it is a *"profusely male nude."* (It is known that Tchelitchew kept a large collection of photos of male nudes. Purely for artistic consultation, of course.) The unwincing ladies demand to view the oil. Laughter and appreciatively raised eyebrows. (Penis envy, Gertrude?) Gertrude: "It's quite a peepshow, you're right, but it's very good. We like so much that we've seen." The quartet is quickly cemented in friendship. (Pavel forgives the shattered lock?) Stein buys some of Pavel's work. She hangs one painting in the dining room and pointedly seats Picasso opposite it one evening.

Aided in Stein's patronage, Tchelitchew's career is firmly established. Through the course of the years he becomes friends with the Nabokovs, Isak Dinesen, Marlene Dietrich, Djuna Barnes, the invaluable Peggy Guggenheim (whom he loves, platonically, but christens her art collection "a garbage can"). He also meets Cecil Beaton ("Who doesn't," you shrug), who is to become a prime confidant; also George Balanchine and Lincoln Kirstein—future collaborators. At this point, he begins to supplement his still meagre funds by accepting commissions for society portraits. He begins to have one-man shows. He is noticed; he is on the way.



Tchelitchew photographed in his studio by George Platt Lynes (1942).

In 1930 and 1931, two events dramatically change the course of his personal history. He breaks with The Stein. She is too . . . *possessive*. (By this time, Picasso and Hemingway have also left her hearth and ample bosom.) He begins to court her "rival sybil," Edith Sitwell. (Saving face, Stein prefers to think that she has "lent" the artist to the English high priestess.)

He is absorbed in his work, trying new styles, new combinations. Celestial Physiognomies . . . metamorphic figure compositions . . . assemblages . . . circus scenes . . . color experimentation . . . more portraits . . . more shows . . . an American debut at the Museum of Modern Art. He is happy and reasonably content. The domestic bliss continues, with Tanner sublimating his own career in order to attend Pavlik. The stage is set.

Enter: Charles Henri Ford. (Don't let the "Henri" fool you. He's from I'll ol' Mississippi.) The poet. Blond, large catlike eyes, generous mouth, appealingly boyish. Twelve years Tchelitchew's junior. Youth. Ah! (And—ah!—as Orpheus descends, we note how vulnerable are the gods; how prone to the fevers of mortality are even great artists. The reader will observe the many times Tchelitchew reveals he is as mortal as you and I; an encouragement to those of us who resent our envy of Heroes, and remain ignorant of their struggle with human fallibility.)

Pavel and Charles Henri are not to live together for four years. There are . . . complications. Not only is there Allen, but Chora, Tchelitchew's sister, now also residing in Paris. Pavel loves them both, but—(sigh)—they *can* be a burden. They love Pavel, and shouldn't he be protected from . . . certain influences? An alliance is forged. No matter. Ford is busy with his poetry, the magazine *tangents*, a rather naughty novel with Parker Tyler, and the heady aroma of continental life.

Pavel is occupied with stage design, a show in London (Thank you, Edith), a series of portraits of a muscular and heavily tattooed young friend, Charles Vincent. (These are among the paintings that first aroused my . . . curiosity.) The love/hate relationship with Sitwell continues. He adores her and is genuinely grateful for her influence. But both have tempers. He threatens on more than one occasion to kill her in delightfully melodramatic ways. In one instance, Beaton has to break down a door and physically intercede. (Dear Cecil is *always* there.)

But the paths of Ford and Tchelitchew continue to cross. Allen Ross MacDougall, Isadora Duncan's secretary and biographer, feels they need encouragement and brings them together at a Fourth of July dinner (on Bastille Day). Carried away anew in enthusiasm for all things American, Pavel begins to pen rather intemperate and amorous notes to "my darling huckleberries finn." They are even able to vacation in Spain together, accompanied by Beaton, a titular chaperone. (Dear Cecil, are you *always* there?) They return to France to find that The Stein has joined forces with the others against this union. However, in this case, it is Ford Her Eminence wishes to protect. So there! Ford is pleased to be the center of attraction. More love letters from Pavel. "Darling Charley, your presence is absolutely indispensable to me—your little figure and your two beautiful eyes are my stars and my ocean.") Ford writes Pavel of his recurring wet dreams. Pavel pronounces it "wheat dreams" and paints a lovely portrait of Charles Henri standing in a wheatfield. Ford decides the time is ripe to deliver his own ultimatum: either *he* or *they*.

Pavel is distressed. Which loves and loyalties to honor? A moratorium is effected and in November 1934, Pavel and Allen sail for America where Tchelitchew examines the skyscrapers and spats with his New York representative, Julian Levy. And who should shortly appear but Ford. Of course Pavel must meet Ford's mother and sister, Ruth (later to become Mrs. Zachary Scott, and the owner of many of the most remarkable of the Tchelitchew canvases I admire).

The New York critics are not overly kind to Pavel. He and Allen hasten to Chicago for another show and the critics there are in accord with their New York counterparts. Chicago is Allen's home town. His mother is ill. Pavel suggests he stay behind and comfort her. After all, a few weeks, would it? Tanner understands. Twelve years . . . struggle . . . sacrifice . . . devotion . . . protection. *Finis*. At the railroad station, they defy convention and kiss goodbye. Of course they will be together again, very soon. Of course they will not.

Pavel returns to New York, fresh and energetic. He is "adopted" by Mrs. Ford and her friends. He begins to gain admirers and patrons in the New World. He and Ford take a slightly delayed honeymoon, an idyllic summer on Lake Garda, Italy. They are now openly living together.

There is a successful show in London. Tchelitchew is now becoming quite fashionable. He begins work on the first of his three major canvases, the *Phenomena*, a fantastic and intentionally shocking freak show; hideous deformity of humanoid monstrosities. Dore, Dante, Dali, and a Bosch-like precognition of the approaching apocalypse with its culmination at Hiroshima. For good measure, Pavel points onto the grotesque freaks the faces of all his friends and enemies, creating an immediate and delicious scandal. Ford, Sitwell, Thompson, even Elsa Maxwell as "Serpentina" (!) Stein and Toklas are relegated to the background and given new names; respectively but not respectfully: "Sitting Bull" and "The Knitting Maniac." So there! Following hung for some years in the North museum at circus quarters at Sarasota, Florida. Apparently Nora must have taken the freaks literally. However, Pavel willed the painting, for some inexplicably obscure reason, to the Tretyakoff State Gallery, in Moscow. It has never been shown there. In his naivete, Tchelitchew failed to recognize the small matter of his "decadence." Hi there, Nikita!)

When the Second World War blackened Europe, Pavel and Charles Henri returned to New York, permanently. Work was begun on the complex *Hide and Seek*. Edith Sitwell and the artist began to correspond, voluminously. (This material now reposes at Yale University, given to their library under the stipulation that it not be made available to the public until the year 2000. Dare we anticipate some of the juiciest gossip of this century?) He also works with Balanchine and Stravinsky, and happily accepts a "commission" from Miss Gypsy Rose Lee. He designs the costumes for her performance at the 1939 New York World's Fair, even insisting on directing her routines. Much of this can be attributed less to love of Miss Lee than to the constant rivalry with Dali who has also defied good taste by having an exhibit at the Fair . . .

Hide and Seek is finished in 1942 and promptly bought for a retrospective of Tchelitchew's work at the Museum of Modern Art that October. Its fame is immediate. Metamorphic images in a strange, innocent agony. Twisted, convoluted, complex. Children that are not children; a tree that is anything but a tree; games that are probably . . . *deadly*. Tchelitchew's incredible technique has transformed a child's puzzle picture—("Try to find the hidden cow, dog, windmill, and President McKinley.")—into an overwhelming emotional experience.

From 1943 through 1948, Pavel experiments with what he is to call "interior landscapes," primarily heads, frighteningly X-rayed; stylized bone, sinew, muscle, veins—all as if illuminated, electrified. There are also the ever-present society paintings. Pavel complains that there is never enough money. Never. He is jealous of Picasso, Miro, Klee, not artistically but financially. In 1949, he and Ford begin to travel abroad again. Paris, and his sister. Italy, and retrospectives of his work. He makes up his mind to spend a great deal of his time there and in 1952, decides to make it his permanent home and return to the United States only at the end of each five-year period, in order to protect his citizenship.

He begins having problems with his health, including stomach woes (and a totally imaginary tapeworm!). He is becoming increasingly paranoid, and there is never enough money. *Never*. A group of his American friends and admirers band together to form a "syndicate" to protect him financially by sending periodic "contributions." They are not always prompt and the master often takes it upon himself to send reminders of their obligation. (I have never found just exactly how Ford made a living . . .)

By 1955, Pavel and Charles have been lovers for over twenty years. As is so often the case, romance has withered (alas, from proximity too close) but the necessity of mutual dependency is a secure bond. There are arguments, threats, reconciliations. Ford slings a glass of milk in Pavel's face. Pavel accuses Ford of finally being . . . *too old*. (What happened to the blissful summer days on Lake Garda, treasured "like diamonds on a string"? Gone. Gone.) Pavel often wakes at night to hear two pairs of footsteps on the stairs. Ford is not alone. Pavel threatens to move to a hotel, or to teach at an American university.

Ford decides he also wants to paint. He locks himself in his room to work. Tchelitchew snorts in disdain. He later climbs along the building's second floor ledge and over to Ford's balcony window—to see if he *is* painting, or otherwise occupied. Ford's mother has also been conspiring with her son to encourage a personal break with the artist. She will buy a ranch in Arizona and Charles can run it. Ford weighs the pros and cons, yet cannot break with Pavel, even though he writes in his diary: "I get no spending money at all, yet he clings to me like an octopus."

Ford begins to think again (it seems to be a perennial desire) of marrying and having a son . . . an heir. Yes. A family man on a ranch in Arizona. How nice. We've had our little fun; now we must settle down. It's not too late, is it? Yes, it is.

Life goes on. Pavel: "No, I will not have my gall bladder removed! It is my emotional organ and without it I could not paint."

Ford: "You're a *déraciné* Russian and I can't bear your accent."

Pavel: "I won't make any more payments on the car. You can go where you want!"

Stalemate.

Life goes on. Even the last of Tchelitchew's great works in a now totally ab-

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(Upper left) Tchelitchew's Portrait of Charles Henri Ford. (Upper right) Tchelitchew's Sketch for Hide and Seek. (Lower Left) Tchelitchew's Portrait of Alice B. Toklas. (Lower right) Tchelitchew's Final Sketch for Phenomena.

The Last Estate

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

Leonard Rose, the famous cellist, performed Francoeur's Sonata in E Major, a Debussy Sonata and god knows what else in the theater this afternoon. He interrupted his performance with a pitch for his colleague Rudolph Firkusny ("One of the very great musicians of our time . . .") who will play for us tomorrow afternoon.

Do I dare inform the reader I am, yet again, stuck on an ocean liner crossing the North Atlantic and, once again, we are in for a story about sex-starved stewards sneaking into my cabin at all hours . . ?

Who could care less. Besides Leonard Rose, a cellist not performing on board but who came to bid me goodby, was Charlotte Moorman. If Rudolph Firkusny is one of the very great musicians of our time, then Charlotte is the greatest musician of our time because, for Charlotte, music isn't just a lot of noise but everything that's serious and everything that's ridiculous and she knows exactly what to do at all times and places.

At one performance at Town Hall Charlotte climbed up a stepladder and submerged herself in a huge tank of water. Dripping, she climbed out, down the ladder and resumed her rendition of the Saint-Saens concerto.

At another recital, at Steinway Hall, Charlotte performed a cello piece using her colleague, the brilliant musician and technologist Naum June Paik, as the cello. During a performance at the boat basin in Central Park she shredded up a copy of the *Times* in an electric blender. In Venice she fell into the Grand Canal while presenting a John Cage number.

So, Leonard Rose is playing Ibert's "Little White Donkey" to a matinee audience aboard the Queen Elizabeth–he explained the piece is a good example of "humour as an important subject in music." Needless to say, nobody burst into laughter and most slept, happily, through it.

***

On Monday Rudolph Firkusny played a Beethoven sonata, a Schubert sonata and a Chopin mazurka in the theater. The chief medical officer threw a cocktail party and I had a 1957 Chateau Margaux at dinner. One might think a '57 Bordeaux an inappropriate wine for shipboard drinking; because of vibrations and waves, the wine would never settle properly and the sediment never get thrown off. The clever wine steward took the order at lunch: well before dinner he decanted the claret, filtering it through a coffee-paper filter. The result was a remarkably clear wine–though his methods would drive a conservative oenophile up the wall.

***

In the restaurant, they know exactly what to do to make the American diners happy. They set fires. Eyes light up as pre-cooked crepes are reheated in a blaze of perserves and Grand Marnier. No doubt if they decided to immolate the captain in the first class restaurant on the Queen Elizabeth, everybody would order him for desert.

***

Cunard tries hard. The problem is the food is terrible. If you don't want to catch botulin poisoning, stick to the Beluga caviar, foie gras, smoked salmon and grapes. One reason it's so bad is the American travelers; they have to be pleased but they are incapable of appreciating anything that hasn't been overcooked or served without a slice of canned pineapple. They should drown them. They are loud at table, insensitive to food and totally unaware of the expensive wines they dribble after three martinis. The whole country is nothing but rich cretans who, in this day and age, wear fur stoles to dinner in August, demand mashed potatoes, canned fruit, American cheese and "medium-well" beef. They should eat cake. No wonder the English can't cook: serve an American a fresh fish and he would get sick.

***

So, back in America, the problem is getting back into the old rut. In so doing, I picked up a Spanish lad on Riverside Drive who, it turned out, had the smallest cock I've ever seen. Now, that's a switch.

***

The next item is too good to leave out. It concerns my colleague in art criticism, John Perreault, and his friend Ira Joel Haber. They never read this column so I guess I can betray their trust without their knowing it.

On Saturday night I gave an elegant little dinner party for some visiting firemen–this time a professor from the University of Southern Illinois and his two lady friends. It was important to impress this bird because he's in charge of the lecture office and one can always use a lecture invitation, especially during these hard times.

Now, I knew the Illinois people would be boring beyond belief; yet I had to invite some important art world personage to the dinner party because it's what our Illini expected. They wanted somebody impressive. Who could I invite? Anybody respectable would never speak to me again, so it had to be somebody who doesn't get invitations very often and somebody who would want to meet the Illini. Of course, it boiled down to Perreault. He's famous enough ("I'm not interested in being famous" is his only memorable line) and he too would give his right arm for an invitation to lecture at Carbondale. So, Perreault and his colleague Haber were duly summoned.

My dinner parties invariably turn into fiascos. This was no exception. The distinguished professor from Illinois hit the scotch bottle; so did Perreault. Our lady friend, when asked for her drink order, requested wine. White or red, I asked. "Oh, it doesn't matter. I like all kinds of wine," she whined. Shit. Nobody likes all kinds of wine. Anyway, she got a nice glass of white wine: ten minutes later she remarked, after trying several sips of the beverage, "I'm getting drunk. I drank half a glass already."

Initially I had planned to make a paella. However, Perreault announced that his friend Ira ". . . is allergic to fish." So, I made a paella without sea food; arroz con pollo, in fact. I made two, with lots of pimiento, sausage, fresh parsley, white asparagus, black olives. We started out repas with fresh caviar, which nobody ate. "Reminds me of dead fish" was one incredible remark. Somebody else informed us: "That's what caviar is. Fish eggs." Brilliant. Would you believe I almost decorated the fucking arroz con pollo with slices of fresh whole truffles I brought back from Italy?

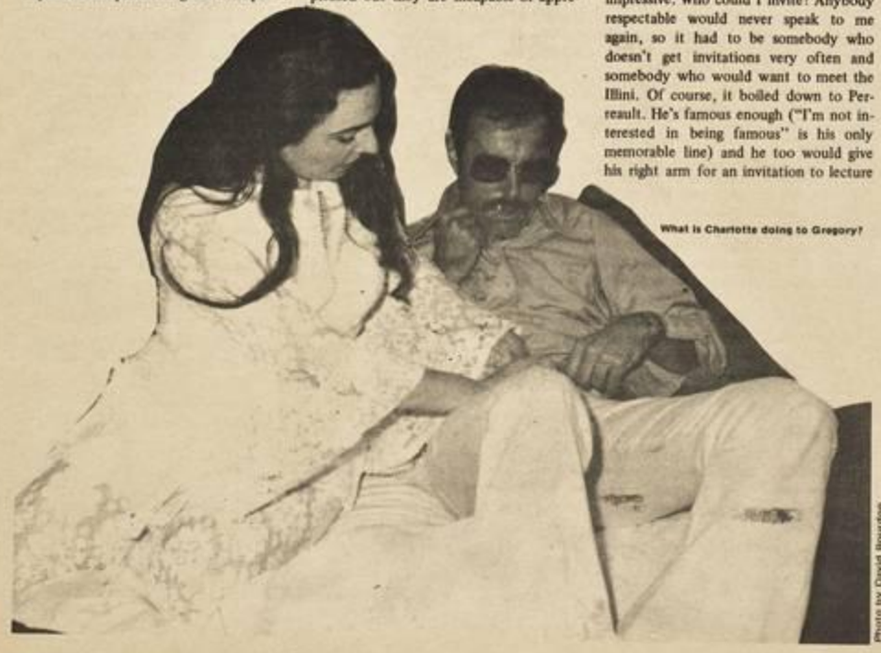
Wine, that balmy Saturday in August, was a 1970 white Frascati and a 1966 Chateau La Grace Dieu. I think I'll go buy a case of Cold Duck for occasions such as these. Conversation at table was tedious. Perreault complained about Jill Johnston being rude to him. The people from Illinois talked nonsense; at one point they were telling us how unsafe are the streets of Carbondale after dark. "I never had asparagus like this," remarked one of the broads. Another asked: "We want to take the Staten Island ferry. How do we get to Brooklyn?"

Without pause, Perreault kept refilling his glass with Scotch, ignoring the wines; Ira drank enough for both. The professor from Carbondale was drunk as the lord. Finally, in response to Ira's repeated urgings, Perreault announced they were leaving. They hadn't been gone two minutes when there was a terrible commotion out in the hall. Perreault came back in, completely disheveled, bleeding and in a state. We were still at table. Were you mugged? I asked. No, he had had a fight with Ira.

Then the doorbell rang. Perreault went. It was Ira. The fireworks began. Wham, bang, crash, they went at each other, bookcases knocked down, neighbors in the hall peering in through the open door. I remained at table with my guests, who sat there petrified. In a calm voice, one of our ladies remarked: "I know how it is with gay couples. They always fight. I know a gay couple in Cedar Rapids." she confided. "Oh, and straight couples never fight?" I said. "No, it's always gay couples."

Things actually got worse. Perreault threw Ira out; he called up a half-hour later to announce he had taken some pills (aspirin, it turned out). Our distinguished professor proceeded to put the make on me, our lady guests lay down on the living room rug to "get some sleep." I went to bed, locked the door; in the morning they were gone.

Cheers, Gregory



What is Charlotte doing to Gregory?

Photo by David Bourdon

BUGGER ME NOT ON THE LONE PRAIRIE

BY AARON BATES

How many of you wonderful people out there have ever been to Albuquerque, New Mexico? Well, as you may or may not know, Albuquerque is one of the fastest growing cities in the country, due to all that fresh air and eternal sunshine. On my way to L.A., I stopped off to see whether or not gay life had reached the area yet. Oh, it's there all right. It just needs a little time to develop, say about twenty years.

On arriving, I decided that the best place to begin researching the matter would be the local YMCA. After all, what better place is there for boys to be boys? Well, that turned out to be my first mistake. On discovering that the local Y did not rent rooms, my second mistake was asking the joker at the desk for a reasonable place to stay in the neighborhood. "Try the Savoy Hotel," he drawled. "It's just a block away."

Ahah . . . the Savoy! Images of plush carpets and elegant staircases, chic ladies with diamond tiaras, the works! Could I afford all this western majesty? Bet your ass. It was only $3.20 a night . . . and wasn't worth it. The desk clerk had all the charm of W.C. Fields with a hangover. "Your money," he snarled.

I opened my wallet to pay him and ten pairs of eyes took note of the contents. These were the local derelicts, imported no doubt from New York's Bowery. I smiled demurely, hoping that they were merely admiring the design stamped on the leather.

"Are you sure you have a room?" I whispered to the desk clerk as I gingerly held back my money.

He grinned and grabbed the bills out of my hand. "This way." I followed Quasimodo up the creaking stairs, through the long tortuous hallways, past the shower room imported from Auschwitz, to my own, barren little two-by-four.

"Here," he groaned. "Eighty-six."

"Gee whiz," said I. I decided to tip him for his trouble. He looked at me, startled. "Thanks," he said, his face brightening up. No one had ever tipped him before and I think the strain was too much.

I will spare you a description of the room, mostly because it hurts me to remember. I simply pulled myself together, hid my jewelry, stuck my money inside my underpants, jotted down the name of the major gay bar, and carefully made my escape from the Savoy.

I was happy to find that I was near the right street–Central Avenue, but I was about seventy blocks off. I took a bus, but the bus went only a quarter of the way. Then I began to walk and walk . . . and walk. I had never seen so many motels and neon signs in my life. And still, I walked. After an hour I began to see indications that I was reaching a Western prairie and began to think I'd made some kind of mistake. I had. I wanted to go to 4217 Central Avenue, N.E. However, I was headed toward 4217 Central Avenue, N.W., the opposite direction. Not traveling by car and realizing that the buses were no longer running, I decided that hitchhiking was my only answer.

Luckily, it was very easy. It took me three cars to arrive at the Heights Cocktail Lounge, but I made it within twenty minutes. Was paradise waiting for me within? Not really, but it was a nice thought.

Actually, the Heights is an attractive place. It's quite spacious and there are loads of rustic chandeliers and lanterns dangling from various parts of the ceiling. Like most gay bars, the decor is predominately deep red. It's spotlessly clean and both the bartender and waiter service is excellent. In short, if you're stranded in Albuquerque, this is the place to go.

Since I was there on a weekday night, it's hard to judge what the weekend crowd would be like. Even so, business was brisk. Although most of the patrons were not beauty contest winners, they were friendly, outgoing people, comprised of businessmen who lived in Albuquerque because of the open spaces and the climate, as well as university students who flocked there from all over the country.

Deciding in advance that I had no intention of sleeping at the Savoy, I ingratiated myself with several college students who had their own apartment. Luck was on my side and several beers later, we found ourselves safely at their home and gossiping about the New York theatre. To keep in touch with the East, they subscribed to *After Dark* magazine. An odd choice, I thought, but it fills a purpose.

The conversation next turned to the subject of orgies. They were all in favor of them. In fact, one of my hosts claimed to be the best orgy organizer in Albuquerque. Needless to say, I was thrilled to be in such distinguished company. Unfortunately, there were not enough people around for him to organize, so he suggested that he and I make it a twosome. I was hoping that his humpy roommate would join us by and by, so I consented.

After he was spent and had fallen asleep, his roommate did join us in bed. He had one of the most delicious asses I'd ever seen, so I did my utmost to take advantage of the situation. The rest of the night I will leave to your imaginations.

The next morning my hosts drove me to the Savoy and after discovering that my hidden valuables were all safe, I immediately checked out and left my bags at the bus depot. Now I was on my own and ready to explore the mysteries of this exotic city.

By this time, the sun was beginning to eat through my shoes and my feet were burning, but since the heat lacked the humidity, I didn't mind. If I can only get a tan, I thought, any sacrifice is worth it.

I lunched at a marvelously inexpensive Mexican restaurant and astounded the waitress by eating the hottest food she could dish out. (After living on spicy Indian food for a week during a low period in London, I knew I could eat anything.)

Despite the food and the climate and the surrounding mountains and the postcard skies, I discovered that Albuquerque was deathly dull. In broad daylight, the low, box-like houses and neon lights seems to go on forever. The people of whom I asked directions were helpful and friendly and unsuspicious. They would never fit into the New York scheme of things, and it was doubtful that I could ever fit into theirs.

Before I caught my plane for Los Angeles, I sent postcards of Indian maidens to everyone I knew, explaining that they depicted me in full drag. I also purchased some Indian trinkets for the loved ones back home, although the piece of sun-dried brick or a neon light might have been more of an appropriate remembrance.

Next issue: Did I Find Heaven in the City of the Angels?



Colt Studio

Los Angeles Clergyman Fights Police Smear

(continued from page 1)

an attractive, well-dressed young man Nash later said he was certain had been watching him moments before while he was inside, standing at a urinal.

Nash said the stranger offered small talk which included information that the man was a stranger in Los Angeles, was "lonesome" and was "looking for some action."

Nash replied that he himself was unfamiliar with the area and that he intended to put himself and his suitcases on a bus as soon as he found out where it stopped.

According to Nash, the man offered to get his own car and drive Nash wherever he was headed, but said Nash would have to wait a few minutes there while the stranger brought the car. Nash said he thanked the man for the offer but added that he didn't want to impose on a stranger, and he walked on. Moments later, his would-be friend and another young man ran up to Nash, seized him and made the arrest.

(In the police report of the July 17 incident, Nash began the conversation himself by approaching the first cop, complimenting him on his handsome face and physique, and adding: "I'll bet you can fuck. I'll give you four or five dollars if you'll fuck me.")

Gay and straight acquaintances of the minister, who is an acknowledged homosexual, disbelieved the police report for various reasons:

Nash is circumspect and scrupulously straightforward. He has a lover whom he had already notified of his return from Berkeley. He was burdened with luggage at the time of the arrest.

("Besides," a close friend of his told GAY, "getting fucked in the ass is not Dick's thing at all.")

Nash stated his case at a hastily summoned special meeting of the SCCRH and went away with its statement of unequivocal support. Simultaneously every significant gay group in Los Angeles was offering or preparing separate statements of backing.

The gays' endorsement was to be expected. The activities of the LAPD vice squad are all too well known to them. The crucial statement was that of the SCCRH, which read, in part:

". . . Therefore we extend our support to Rev. Nash in his current battle with the Los Angeles Police Department. We protest the use of a police decoy on the part of the vice squad in this arrest for prostitution. We further believe that the conversation alleged by the police decoy, which is the sole grounds for the arrest, never took place."

The first attorney Nash approached to defend him, a well-known trial lawyer who often defends homosexuals in such cases, told Nash his chances for acquittal were practically non-existent and suggested that Nash allow him to "make a deal . . . bust it down," perhaps to disorderly conduct. No Los Angeles jury would accept the word of a homosexual against that of a cop, the lawyer warned him.

Nash was directed to Bar Sinister, a combine of activist lawyers who specialize in litigation involving minority rights. Two of its youthful members, Earle Tockman and Carson Taylor, mapped a multiple line of defense which, no matter which way it goes, poses the possibility of pulling the rug out from under the vice squad.

One avenue is to have Police Chief Edward Davis, a bluntly vocal queer-hater, and responsible vice squad officials subpoenaed to testify to LAPD policies and practices regarding gays. It isn't likely, though, that any judge in Los Angeles would imperil his establishment standing by signing such subpoenas—none ever has.

Tockman, Taylor and Nash aren't disclosing what else they have in mind. But ultimately they will ask the jury to decide which of the two men told the truth.

Trial has been set for October 7. Gay groups have promised to pack the courtroom throughout the trial.

The Nash case has triggered a number of surprises in this sweltering, overlong summer.

A combined push to register gay voters in bars and at gay dances has been started by the new Gay Community Alliance and HELP, Inc., which was formed to arrange bail for members and others arrested on gay charges. Simultaneously, the new voters are being asked to sign petitions addressed to both houses of the California Legislature prodding for action on the state's sex law reform bill (AB-437) which would, among other things, lower the age of legal consensual sex relations from 21 to 18.

The bill's sponsor, Assemblyman Willie Brown (D-San Francisco) has appealed for assistance from homosexual voters to get his measure through the lower house, where it has lain uneasily dormant since January of last year.

Of particular interest to gays in Brown's measure is effective eradication of the "solicitation" statute by requiring that the complainant in such a charge must be someone other than a cop.

Albert Ellis Defends Sex With Ex-Patients

Washington, D.C.—Dr. Albert Ellis, 57-year-old sexologist and author of *Homosexuality: Its Causes and Cure*, told a meeting of the Association for Humanistic Psychology here that he has established ground rules for sexual relationships with his patients.

Ellis said that he would not go to bed with a patient until she had been out of therapy for at least a year. He established a second rule: that he must be sure the patient is not quitting therapy so that she might go to bed with him a year later.

Other therapists argued vigorously with Ellis, debating the psychiatric "couchside manner," and questioning the propriety of a psychiatrist's entering into casual sexual relationships with patients. Dr. Martin Shepard, a New York psychiatrist, said that when a therapist goes to bed with a patient there is always the danger of "sexploitation" in that the shrink uses the patient for fulfillment of his own needs. Other doctors, many of whom seemed to think that charging their patients for "a friendly romp" was a good thing, stated that the patient often benefits from such encounters.

The most telling response to this view, however, came from a gentleman in the audience who said:

"Ask yourself, 'Am I willing to go into a homosexual relationship with a male patient who really needs it—or a woman who is old or ugly or fat or has only one breast?' If you can honestly say 'Yes' to this, then you are ready to go into a sexual relationship with an attractive patient."

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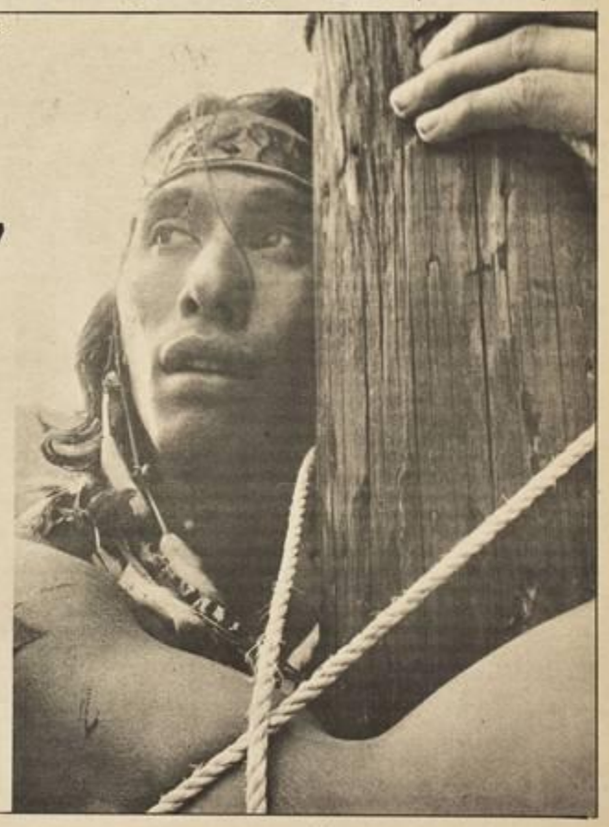

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Gertrudestein meets Jane Fonda (in a laundromat!)

"TOASTED SUSIE IS MY ICE CREAM"

BY SOREL DAVID

Sitting in a laundromat, leafing through an old copy of *Life* mag, the issue must have been from about February of this year. There were two articles that interested me, one about Jane Fonda and her new radicalism. It was the pictures, the pictures were the thing with this article. I mean I don't give a damn about Jane Fonda's new radicalism and what it's doing to the world and the motion picture industry but I sure to like to look at her out there on that picket line, demonstrating and all that. The other article was about Gertrude Stein, the four fabulous Steins and their art collection actually, the issue apparently came out during the Stein exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art. So—via that great all-American medium—message or whatever, the people of this fair land must come to terms with the phenomenon Gertrude Stein.

Old Gerty—billed as an eccentric, of course, a famous art collector, and lastly a writer—is currently experiencing a small literary revival, is what the man said. So much for Gertrude. Alice, dear Alice, was another story. Alice B. was ever so tactfully thrust upon the mid-American consciousness (now I know that looks like a bona fide Jill Johnston effect, but I swear it was a typographical error) as a satellite, Gertrude's satellite. Satellite indeed! Well, satellite isn't all that bad a word, I suppose, even if it does seem to skirt the main issue a bit. Lesbian, nobody wants to say lesbian. *Life* magazine wouldn't dare even breathe the sound of it to their most respected readers. But the world has to get used to it, lesbian—*lesbian, lesbian, lesbian.* Gertrude Stein was a lesbian, not an eccentric, a *lesbian.* The world has got to know that lesbian is a perfectly wonderful sounding word and a perfectly nice thing to be. It's better than a satellite anyway.

Speaking of satellites, I decided that I don't like the idea of those astronauts crawling around on the moon like that. I don't want them up there, it spoils things somehow. It's just not the same moon shining up there mysteriously, a remote and distant silvery object, a magic orb belonging to no one, therefore belonging to everyone. Because of its universal inaccessibility, the moon has come to have symbolic significance to all human beings everywhere. But now that's changed, it's all different now that there are men up there. I mean how can it be the moon and spoon in June with a bunch of crew-cutted creeps crawling around up there collecting rocks. It's bad enough that they all have crew cuts and wear uniforms but they have to be doing something as mundane as collecting rock samples yet, too. It's not my moon anymore, it belongs to them and they own everything except for a little tiny space inside my head.

Meanwhile, back in the laundromat, a lady is looking at me. A lady! Well, yes—you don't find women too much in laundromats, just a bunch of ladies, mostly it's a lot of regular ladies that hang out in there. This one is staring at me, she thinks I'm cute, isn't that cute? Well it's not unusual anyway, women have always been attracted to me, not just lesbian types, all types, mothers, career girls and older women especially. From the time I was very young, way before I knew a dyke from a hole in the wall and even during that period, when measuring myself against the tall slender blond all-American ideal of beauty, I considered myself very ugly. I was aware of this special appeal I have for the female sex. It has to do with the fact that I'm small and young-looking with chubby cheeks, a chubby cherub type—it's the maternal bit. And though I can't say that I haven't used this on many occasions to ease myself in and out of difficult situations, I don't much like it. It rather annoys me to be regarded so lightly, as a little cutie, a little nothing really.

But wait, this woman is looking at me with more than the usual motherly warmth. She's fascinated with me, enthralled, titillated almost. It's because she knows I'm a lesbian. She knows, of course she does—I look like a lesbian. Oh yeah, well what does a lesbian look like? I dunno—but I look like one. No, really, there's a certain look, a style, or maybe it's an attitude reflected in my mannerisms, my way of being. Anyway, you can tell, you can always tell. I mean I could tell by looking at me, besides, who else would be sitting in a laundromat reading an article about Gertrude Stein? With an attempt at nonchalance, she leans toward me slightly to confirm that it is, in fact, the Gertrude Stein article I'm perusing. A small self-satisfied smile plays about her lips. She wants to be cool but she can't, the whole thing excites her too much. She's really staring now, she can hardly keep her eyes off me.

Vaguely, I entertain thoughts of seducing her, thoughts which are more for my amusement, sitting there in the laundromat, than for anything else. They're certainly not for real, but I look her over anyway. Basically she's sort of nice looking, about thirty-five, with longish brown hair, some sort of a Caucasian Oriental mix. This is Mott Street, just north of the Chinatown border. Probably part Jewish, Jewish and Chinese, a nice combination. She has that lazy kind of sensuality and voluptuous fleshiness of Jewish women, with a hint of Oriental fineness and class brushed lightly across the features. But the way she's dressed, the way she's turned out is a total turn-off. Overdone, wearing much too tight cotton pants with a ridiculously hued floral pattern. She has several big flashy rings and about a ton of make-up. Her bright red smeary lipstick makes her look like a cross between one of the suburban mah jongg set and a Chinese dragon lady whore. She's obviously very ill at ease with her sexuality and the feminine role, as is often the case with women who overdo things like that.

And then—her boyfriend arrives dragging a small dog along with him. She's delighted, she makes a big display of greeting him, hugs and kisses and squeals, keeping one eye on me the whole time to make sure I'm taking it all in, to make sure I pick up on the fact that *she* has a boyfriend. I find him a much more sympathetic character than her, a great big warm and friendly-looking hulk of a man. He's clearly embarrassed by her carryings on. Judging by her performance, if she likes him a lot, she's crazy about the dog. She practically comes all over the poor animal in her enthusiasm. The boy-

(continued on page 19)

The Cruising Photographer

QUESTION:

What do you think about gay bars? Are they a good social outlet or an oppressive institution?



Ken Burdick, Manhattan:
"I like some of them a lot! They can be, and usually are, both oppressive and at the same time good places for social outletting. The secret is to find the spots that are relatively unoppressive and then to patronize them. Needless to say, no one spot would be to everyone's liking. We are fortunate in this area to have a much wider field to choose from than most of our brothers and sisters elsewhere. So make your choice and do it now."



Bruce Buchy, Manhattan:
"I think that gay bars are basically a good social outlet for a lot of people who are afraid to be themselves anywhere else. Most people must enjoy the bars or they wouldn't go in the first place. As for myself, I only enjoy them if I'm with people I know. For me the atmosphere and conditions of the bars are oppressive. The bars are usually crowded, dirty, unfriendly, and serve bad drinks. If you like standing around in an unpleasant atmosphere paying high prices for bad drinks they are fine."



Doe Hansen, Valley Stream, L.I.:
"I feel the gay bars in existence today are not really good social outlets. Although they provide a means of meeting other gays, they should not be the only place to meet people. Most of the time they charge exorbitant entrance charges, plus expensive, if not watered down, drinks. Why should anyone have to pay an entrance fee when there is no live entertainment? Also there is a certain stigma that bars produce. It is usually a rather oppressed atmosphere in that they may be raided and patrons arrested on trumped-up charges which never hold up in court. I think it's wrong to blame the bar owners entirely (with the exception of syndicate-owned bars). The basic problem is this–as long as laws exist which oppress gays, there will never be a bar which will be totally unoppressive."

QUESTION:

What is your idea of good gay literature?



Bob McPherson, Los Angeles:
"Without a doubt the most significant homosexual literature of all time is Plato's 'The Banquet.' Plato sets out, in discourses of Socrates and his pupils, his principles of homosexual ethics and ideals as goals to which all can aspire but which very few ever attain. I really dug 'Some of My Best Friends,' a beautiful recent paperback novel. But since the author is my roommate, perhaps I should skip that. For sheer laughs, I enjoyed 'Fruit of the Loon,' a clever take-off on those awful Richard Amory books."



Jay Jackson, Hollywood,
"It depends. For good reading I would say The Last of the Wine *by Mary Renault. For erotica the 'Loon' novels were fun. For news there was the Advocate, but now we have* GAY. *But the greatest homosexual literature, I think is found in* The New Testament. *By today's standards, a man with long hair, romping across the country with twelve other men and calling them his beloved . . . Christ, how would you translate it?"*



Mike Blakeney, Malibu
"In answer to this question one piece of excellent work comes to mind, The Panther's Feast. *In dealing with an actual period and personage the author has presented a candid and documented work concerning the inner sanctum of Col. Alfred Reidle, as well as his dealings with his mentors, the Russians, and his own autocratic society.*

"Here is a man who finds himself trapped due to his, as well as our, emotions and feelings, primarily his homosexuality. He performs mild miracles in the juggling of his affairs so that he can retain his position that he has worked so hard for. In the end he is found out and in the classic ending, tragic in that he is a tragic person, commits suicide.

"The piece is relevant today even though the situation, its conception, was of another era. The ageless tacit situation of our or one's being chastised and ridiculed, and eventually destroyed because of his preferences still prevails.

"In reading the 'heavy' work, I think the reader will be capable of finding parallels to his situation. It is a work that will long be remembered by, after reading it, a more in depth and sensitive individual.

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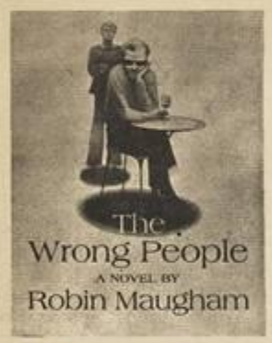
WHY SHOULD WE LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER?

BY DICK LEITSCH



Robin Maugham: Tangier Plotweaver



Most "gay books" are outrageously bad and disgraces to a community that includes some of the greatest writers of our time–and any other time. The major fault of most "gay books"–fiction and non-fiction–is that they are about homosexuality, rather than about people who happen to be homosexuals.

In *The Panther's Feast* (a good gay book, now remaindered for $1.00 or so at Marboro's), Rupert Croft-Cooke wrote "homosexuality . . . is not in itself of remarkable interest and [is] nearly always a bore in fiction." Croft-Cooke can hardly be discounted as anti-gay as he was a modern Oscar Wilde figure (his conviction on sodomy charges in 1953 was one of the factors which contributed to the creation of the Wolfenden Committee). He was a close friend (and biographer) of Lord Alfred Douglas and is an expert on gay literature–particularly the literature of the British gay renaissance of the late 19th Century.

Just how boring homosexuality is as a subject is amply proven by the abysmally low sales figures of recent "gay books"; how stultifying it is in fiction is demonstrated by the heaps of unsold copies of gay novels even the discount houses won't bother with. And there's the spectacle of those expensive gay films playing to empty houses across the country.

Nobody, not even the "average homosexual"–whoever that might be–is interested in *homosexuality*. The proper study of mankind is still man and people are the most interesting subjects. The best books about homosexuality aren't about homosexuality but about people who are gay, but who suffer, feel, experience, triumph over or flounder under, those universal things that affect all, gay and straight.

The best play about homosexuals on the boards in New York at the moment is *Company*. Sure, the characters are heterosexuals and the plot concerns their actions and interactions, but the points made apply equally to heterosexual and homosexual relationships. Do that play with an all-enale cast, make a few minor line changes, and you have an accurate portrait of a gay experience.

Robin Maugham's novel, *The Wrong People*, is probably the best gay novel of the past few years–maybe the best since *Myra Breckinridge*. It's a fine suspense novel in which a 35-year-old middle-class school teacher goes to Tangier and meets a lecherous, malicious, rich old queen. Through sexual blackmail the older man manipulates and controls the younger, forcing him to–well, read the book. I'm not going to spoil the suspense.

The Wrong People could easily become a heterosexual story with a few changes. In other words, it magnificently and accurately reflects a human, though not an attractive, relationship of exploitation and the evil men do to one another. Like *The Servant*, Maugham's gay novel which became an almost heterosexual film, *The Wrong People* deals with people, not homosexuality.

A recent issue of GAY mentioned a gay author who complained she couldn't sell her manuscript because the publishers complained there was "no tension." I've not read her book (which she had privately printed) because I can't get excited about reading a book with no conflict.

A few years ago Donn Teal wrote an article for the Sunday *Times* in which he called for more accurate portrayals of the homosexual experience on stage, in films, and in books. I welcomed his article because I'm as tired as everyone else of the constant outpouring of gay tragedies that were so much a feature of the 1930's, '40's and '50's. But Donn went too far to the other extreme and called for a *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* fiction.

The title of his article, "Why Can't We Live Happily Ever After, Too?" gave his game away. Who lives happily ever after? Fairy tale princesses, characters in the novels of Grace Livingstone Hill and the simpering, unrealistic denizens in stories in Lynda Byrd Robb's ladies' magazines.

Ian Young, a Canadian gay writer whose work I greatly admire, once did a magazine piece called "Theatre of Reassurance." In it, he argued that the pupose of plays like *The Killing of Sister George*, *The Latent Heterosexual*, and the rest,

> ..seem to be to reassure their white, heterosexual, middle-class (but not necessarily middle-aged) audiences that (1) As their lives are "normal" and well-adjusted, they are the standard by which all others must be judged, (2) People who don't live as they do are ridiculous, ugly and pathetic, (3) It is possible, however, to be extremely liberal and tolerant and sympathetic to such people (between the laughs)..

It is probably true that the Marcus and Chayetsky plays to reinforce the heterosexual audience's self-image as the salt of the earth, and the effect of such plays in replacing hostility with at least grudging "tolerance" is some sort of progress. There is also the gay "Theatre of Reassurance," of which the very fine *And Puppy Dog Tails* is a sterling example. There are novels of gay reassurance too, some explicitly sexual, as *Nine Easy Pieces* or *Mad About A Boy*, and others less so, as *The Lord Won't Mind*. They may be reassuring but they aren't literature.

Writers, playwrights and others have taken it upon themselves to be socially relevant and they have begun to preach at us with all the subtlety of the authors of children's books published by religious book publishers. That's not literature, it's propaganda.

What America needs, in addition to a good five-cent cigar, is a sub-genre of literature which deals accurately and meaningfully with the varieties of homosexual existence, a literature in which people, not Homosexuality, are the characters. England has produced Christopher Isherwood, W.H. Auden, Lord Maugham, and so many more. France has a long and often glorious gay literary tradition which includes Proust, Gide, Genet and Peyrefitte, and scores more.

If, as he says, Gore Vidal is the last great American novelist, he'd better turn out a shelf of novels dealing with people who are homosexuals. It'd be nice if others gave him a run for his money, though, and entered the sweepstakes for the Great American Novel About People Who Are Homosexuals. America should not go down in history as the only civilized country without a great homosexual literature.



ANGRY DUTCHMAN

Ref: Aaron Bates' article (GAY 58) "Flat Asses Amsterdam"

Dear GAY–

I have had to stomach a stupid article about Amsterdam:

1. Most of the bars mentioned aren't bars, but "bodegas," attracting a largely old-ish, straight clientele.
2. Most Dutch bathe daily; apparently the author has a sickly penchant for dirty looking boys, which in this country are in abundant supply, indeed, as he in a sense concludes towards teh end of his epistle.
3. That the Dutch are flat-bottomed and wide hipped because of bicycling makes me wonder whether he wasn't on Mars.
4. The Dutch language is very close to German, but has nothing in common with English
5. Dutch, and foreign, homosexuals enjoy a degree of tolerance and freedom which in this country is unknown, period; as such, paraphrasing Judy Garland, in the *Wizard of Oz*, "there's no place like home" is stupid, and provincial.

Yours,
Hans V.
West Haven, Conn.

ED. NOTE: You'll be pleased to hear that Randy Wicker of Wicker Basket fame has just returned from Holland and says "I for one think God must be a blond, blue-eyed Dutch boy."

VIETNAM VETERANS AGAINST THE WAR

Dear GAY–

I am a gay Vietnam vet and an active member of *Vietnam Veterans Against the War*. I am interested in contacting other gay Vietnam Vets who are interested in joining V.V.A.W.

I am also compiling information about gay men and women who have been less than honorably discharged or who have been harassed by the military. I am preparing an article for our monthly publication, "1st Casualty," concerning gay people in the military. Hopefully my organization may be able to assist brothers and sisters who have been denied their basic human rights in the military. Please contact me at:

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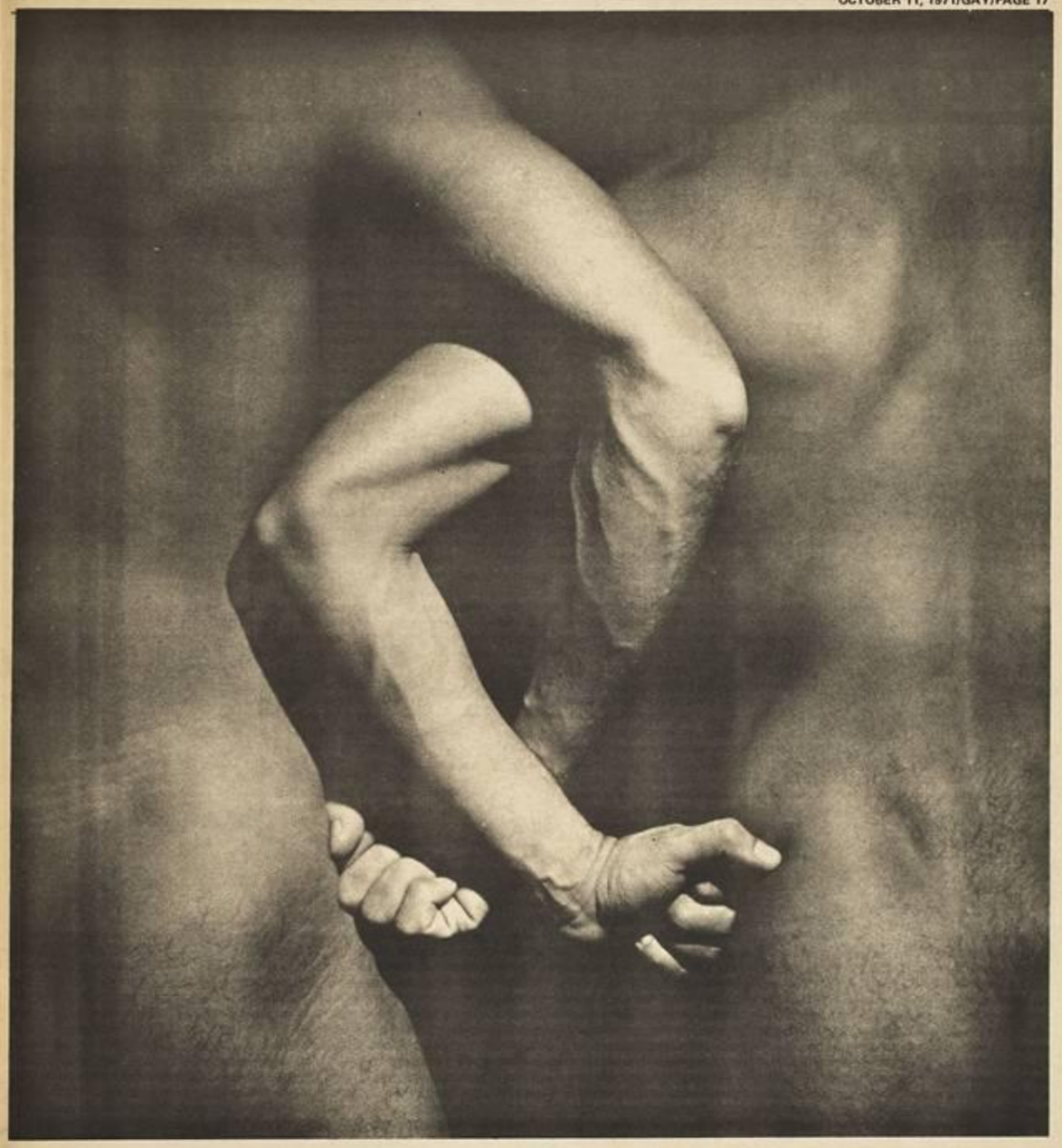

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THE FALLEN ARCH ANGEL

(continued from page 7)

lo reported, I signed no manifesto, and I did not lose my job with Milky Way over that. I told Angelo, John Francis Hunter, and the others present at the meeting that I knew that their protests would be futile, and that I would have to further consider whether or not it would be worth withholding my writings in hopes of depriving the paper of written material. I later decided that it would be a rather ineffectual and petty thing to cut out the only steady publisher I had.

Angelo's chaper on the GAA zap at *Harper's* and his review of Epstein's atrocious article is good as far as it goes. Unfortunately, it tells more about Angelo's feelings about the whole affair than it does about what actually happened, how it happened, why it happened, and the results of it. It would have been a first-rate piece had Angelo seen fit to stand back from the situation a little bit more and give us the reportage of a detached observer, for the surest way to bring about change is to expose the status quo for what it is—no more, no less. When done dispassionately, there is no way to defend it.

He concludes with a plea for freedom, democracy, equality, separation of church and state, and an end to racism. He exhorts us to fight the good fight, but on the last page, he tells us he is off to Amsterdam, where he can get *his* freedom.

And so, this *Love Book* is nothing to put beside the Handbook in spite of its virtues. I suppose the need for dollars can force greater people than Angelo to collaborate with greedy publishers whose sole [illegible] is to make a quick buck on past successes. It's not a very angelic thing to do, but [illegible] must look after his own soul.

All I can do is hope that Angelo's European sojourn will help him write something more interesting and useful the next time he decides to publish.



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BIG-EYED BETTE

(continued from page 5)

tected, very Joplin. "Yeah, I don't wear anything underneath."

"Where do you get your costumes?"

"I make them myself. I just throw on anything five minutes before I go on."

"And your material, your act?"

"I make it myself."

"You seem to have a New York Jewish humor as your base. Do you come from New York? Brooklyn? The Bronx?"

She shakes her head. "No. I'm from Honolulu."

I stare at her. "But the voice—"

"I affect a lot of accents. That's just one of them."

"What do you think about Janis Joplin?"

She looks a little uncomfortable. "She was a good singer when she sang—"

"What do you mean by that?"

"She would lose control—"

"Who is your favorite woman-singer now?"

"Aretha Franklin."

"I'm a little puzzled still about your delivery. When I heard you sing I was tossed right back to my Brooklyn childhood—"

"And I draw from my Honolulu childhood. Y'see it's like this. It's the Media. We were bathed in the same Media. Did you read *The Disney Version*?"

"No."

"Well, it tells about how Disney was able to bring a different perspective of life to an entire generation to affect their whole world-view."

"But it's not your world-view." I say. She stares at me.

"I mean—" I say. "Bette. Well, no one is ever going to say you remind them of Snow White—"

She stares at me and I stare at her and she stares at me.

Then she says, "I'll be at the Downstairs at the Upstairs for two weeks beginning September 20th."

TOASTED SUSIE

(continued from page 11)

friend and the dog decide to wait outside and contemporaneously my drier stops. As I start to fold up my clothes, I see her still watching me, the silly self-satisfied grin on her face seems to say—I'm glad I have a man. If you only knew, honey, I think to myself. Mostly I felt sorry for the guy though, going out with a woman whose main interest in him is the status having a boyfriend brings. For an instant I contemplate dashing over to DOB for a bunch of women's lib leaflets to give her but then, growing suddenly very impatient with a still damp sheet that won't fold properly, I stuff the remainder of my wash into the bag and rush out the door humming snatches of "I Enjoy Being A Dyke" between my lips.

THE DIVINE COMEDY

(continued from page 9)

stract form: *Inacheve* (which was first shown to the public at the Tchelitchew exhibition which opened the Huntington Hartford Gallery of Modern Art in March 1964. Dali present.). Pavel and Charles love Italy but isn't it time to visit the United States again? Pavel feels too weak to go. The plan is abandoned. They continue to entertain a few old friends even though there is a dryness in the stale atmosphere. No, things are not what they used to be.

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****

A short time before his first heart attack, Tchelitchew visited an astrologist in Rome. After some consultation, she refused to prepare a complete horoscope and he concluded that she had foreseen his death. He glared out defiantly at the world: "Fuck 'em all!"

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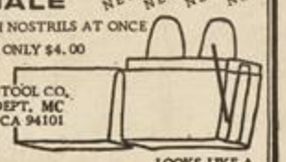

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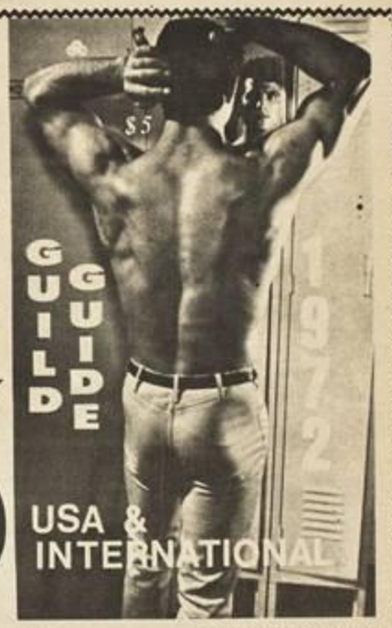

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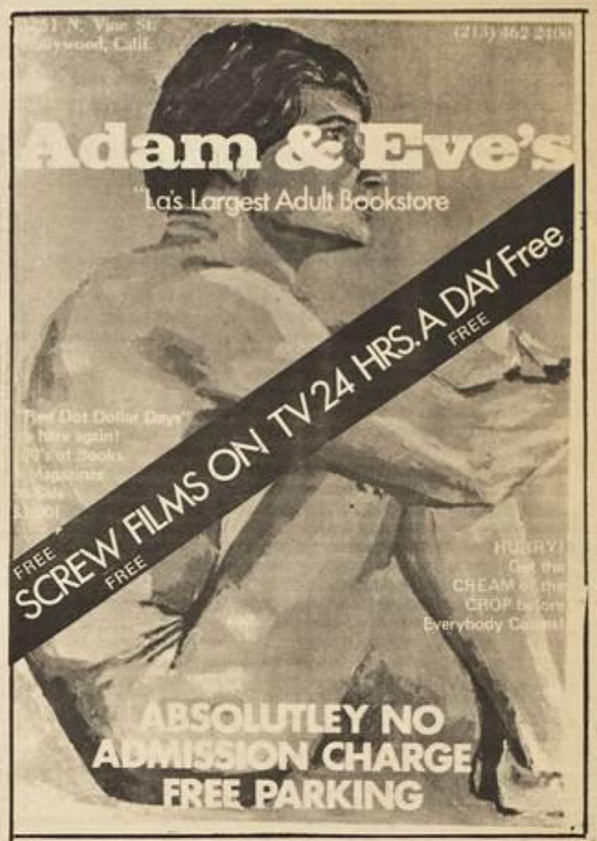

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New York Night Spots Drink, Eat And Be Merry!

THE BARREL INN, 568 Ninth Avenue, bet. 41 & 42 Sts. (563-8212) Basic, as its cory 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 chubby chaser's bar, now mixing all gay male types. Manager Sonny 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 hunk 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 Latins. Also known as "a bit of San Juan in old New York." GM

BONNIE & CLYDE'S, 82 W. 3rd St. bet. Sullivan & Thompson Sts. (GR 3-9304) 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 cliquish, 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 Villagers 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 outasight! 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 gayer and gayer. GM

CHRISTOPHER'S END, 180 Christopher St. Neither rain, nor snow, nor sleet, nor gay puritans nor Federal raids can repress this indomitable gay club. It's back in business, now with gay cabaret shows. GM

COUNTRY COUSIN, 1313 Third Ave. bet. 75 & 76 Sts. (879-6814) The "in" eatery for the gay jet set. Excellent food, fine liquor and all the Beautiful People you could want to see. GM, some GF

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 ads 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. & 21st 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 Barrow 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 4-9665) 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

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

GERALDINE'S, 36 W. 48th St. bet. 5th & 6th Aves. (265-2291). New gay cabaret features dinner, dancing, entertaining and drinking. Popular piano bar. 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

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 3-1907) 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 congnescenti. 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 girls who haven't been toughened by New York. GF only.

LEO'S LION, 57 Lexington Ave. at 25th St. (686-9608). Paul is your host at this charming, and very friendly, "neighborhood pub." Reasonable prices. GM

LUIGI II, 104 W. 13th St. (929-9568) 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 Allerton, 132 E. 57th St. at Lex. Where the over-30 crowd retreats when the Youth Culture gets too cloying. GM

NEW DANNY'S, 140 7th Ave. South bet. Charles & W. 10th Sts. (691-6373) The only really "in" place in the Village for afternoon drinking. Dancing nightly. 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.

ONE POTATO, 518 Hudson St. at 10th St. (691-6260). Very friendly bartenders dispense the drinks at this reasonably-priced restaurant/bar. Good food, too. GM & GF, neighborhood straights.

THE PAINTED PONY, 1485 Third Ave. at 84th St. (744-9580) 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 sell 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. (874-8632) One of the newer and busier Upper West Side bars. Lately it seems to have become headquarters for very tall gay

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

THE SQUIRE'S NOOK, 18 E. 13th St. off 5th Ave. (255-4746). This luxurious bar/restaurant advertising itself "for peasants with money" may bring back elegance. Lunch: 11:30-3 pm.; dinner 5-10 (midnight on Saturday). 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 (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 closing-time panic. GM

TAMBURLAINE, 148 E. 48th St. near Lex. (PL 1-0030) 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

THREE, 314 E. 72nd St., at 2nd Ave. (734-9303). The popular kitchen is closed for the summer, and the delightfully intimate bar is now the social center for East Side lesbians. GF, some GM

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 justly 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 mture, but not senile, clientele which causes members of the Counter Culture to shriek and run away. This pleases the Victor's Quarters set GM

THE WESTSIDER, 2160 Broadway at 76th St. (SU 7-9791) New and exciting Upper West Side center with dining room and bar on the ground floor, beer bar and game room downstairs. Brian and Frank dispense the drinks and the charm. 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 pleased 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

A NEW RESTAURANT IN THE VILLAGE!

Since the closing of J.B.'s restaurant (on West 13th Street, Manhattan) deprived those of us who eat out in that area of a much-needed spa, until now no comfortably elegant eatery of comparable quality has tempted our palates.

Thus, we're tickled lavendar by the recent opening of The Squires Nook at 18 East 13th Street, right off Fifth Avenue. This luxurious little bar/restaurant is a credit to its owners, two male lovers, and to everyone who enjoys intimacy, excellent food, and an atmosphere for quiet romance. The waiter, Don, is a gentleman of top calibre, and Frank, the manager/bartender, creates cozy camaraderie in his corner of the Nook. Prices at The Squires Nook are moderate, ranging from $3.50 for Sliced Beef Steak to $6.50 for Lobster & Steak Combination.

If you're tired of all the old spots in which you've been dining, give The Squires Nook a try. And if you're into fish, don't pass up the Shrimp Scampi Mediterranean, which is served with a large fresh salad you'll long remember.

The Baths

THE BEACON BATHS, 227 East 45th Street (687-0322). Take the elevator to 11th floor. Features: New Observation Deck overlooking Manhattan's fabulous skyline, Sauna, Wet steam room, Piano lounge, color TV, snack lounge, dormitory and private rooms. As a special public service, the management conducts a free and confidential V.D. clinic every Wednesday between 3 pm and 8 pm. In the heart of Mid-Manhattan. Popular public relations director Walter Kent works hard to make Beacon a best buy. Highly recommended by John Francis Hunter in "The Gay Insider." 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, sauna, TV lounge, library, futuristic lounge downstairs with dancing, massage, VD clinic, roof deck for summer sunbathing, private rooms, dormitory, you name it, they probably have it. Open 24 hours. Students half-price with student card. GM

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

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

ST. MARK'S BATHS, 6 St. Mark's Place (473-7929). Low rates for rooms and lockers. This ancient building is the birthplace of James Fenimore Cooper. Recent improvements signal management's belated desire to keep up with the times. Open 24 hours. 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.

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BY LIGE & JACK *They co-edit* GAY

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Continued

made for the modern man. Rates are reasonable for either private rooms or lockers. There is a game room, a swimming pool (small, fed by natural springs), a steam room and sauna (spotless), and a TV lounge, a dormitory section, carousel showers, piped-in music, lush red carpeting, and four floors of the humpiest humpers who may be humping that evening. Outside, during the summer months, you may sunbathe on the patio, fully equipped with comfortable chairs, awaiting, if you are a romantic, that peculiar lighthearted twinge that comes when a smiling uninhibited spirit nudges you suggestively as you sit glued to the page, reading the latest issue of GAY.

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