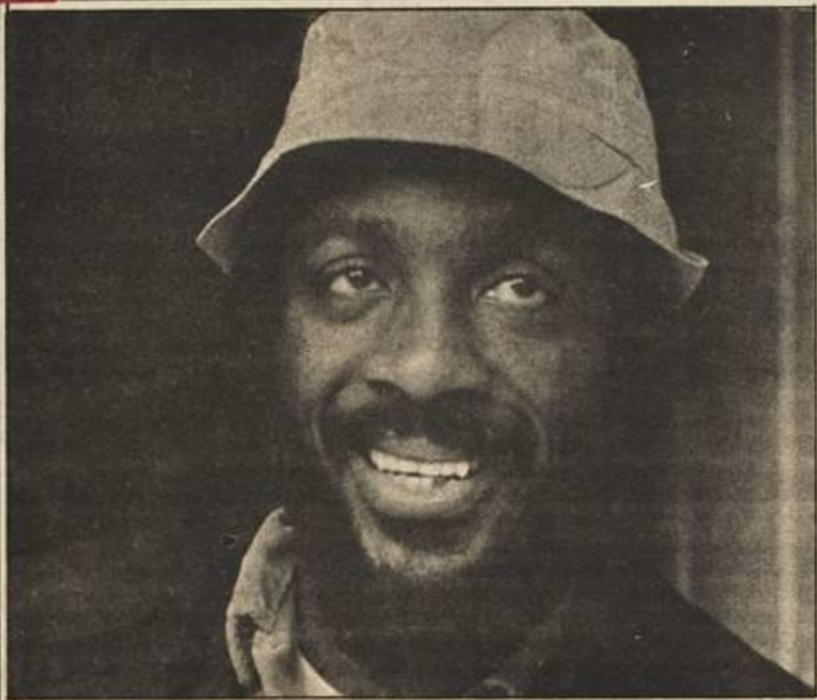


The Best of GAY 50¢

Selections From 1970-71

Volume 3, Number 69



Dick Gregory

Top Stars Play Continental Baths

New York, N.Y. The Continental Bath and Health Club (230 West 74th Street, Manhattan) is booking top name stars during the month of January.

On January 19th Dick Gregory will appear. On January 22nd, Cab Calloway is scheduled, and on January 29th, Tiny Tim will sing.

The appearance of these celebrities signals a new era in the evolution of the baths. Bette Midler, who rose to fame after her appearances at the Continental, will perform on January 15th.



Tiny Tim

Tuesday Bloody Tuesday Suffolk Police Jump Gays

BY NICHOLAS MARTINO

On Tuesday December 14, 1971, a group of 25 gay activists from the Long Island Gay Activist Alliance and the New York Gay Activist Alliance gathered at 11:30 A.M. outside the Administration Building at Hauppauge.

They had come to present affidavits of some 40 witnesses of a raid on the local gay bar, the Corral. The affidavits detailed the behavior of two undercover cops, Lewis Gentles and Peter Geoghegan, who had spearheaded the raid that night. The two policemen, not wearing uniforms, were reported by the eyewitnesses to have drunk excessively, groped the male patrons, kissed them, insisted on dancing with them. Three men had been arrested during the raid. These affidavits to be presented this day were to indicate that the charges against the bar patrons were fabrications.

The delegation from the group, headed by New York GAA President-elect Rich Wandel and L.I. GAA President Doe Hansen, went into the building and upstairs towards Aspland's office.

They were allowed into a room outside the District Attorney's office. The leaders handed over the affidavits and asked for a receipt. Their request was refused. They asked again. Suddenly 15 men, wearing guns but no uniforms or badges, charged into the office from an anteroom. They surrounded the group, blocking the exit and proceeded to beat up the members of the group. Coats were pulled up over the demonstrators' heads. Wandel's glasses were ripped off. Paul Martin was beaten till blood flowed from his nose and mouth. One member has a

cut mouth. A girl injured in the ribs had fainted. An ACLU observer (American Civil Liberties Union) Gregory Schmidt was pushed down the stairs, his camera grabbed. Two other ACLU observers observed the beatings.

The injured activists partly fled, were partly driven from the building. Three people were arrested: Cora Perotta, Charles Burch and Sylvia Rivera. They were handcuffed and taken to the station house a few yards away.

Their comrades regrouped and formed a picket line outside the station house.

The group was informed that in a few hours there would be an arraignment for the 3 arrested activists at a nearby building. A lawyer, a woman, had come and begun to handle the legal moves towards release of the prisoners.

Rich Wandel suggested the group move to another government building where the County Legislature was in progress. They sat down, fumpy and hip wilted-beat, an odd contrast to the legislators' bankers' grey. Presiding Officer John V.N. Klein (County Executive-Elect) immediately interrupted the business at hand to announce that the meeting was indeed public and that as soon as the item being discussed was dispensed with, anyone from the audience who wished to speak would be allowed the use of the mike.

In about five minutes he made good his promise. Rich Wandel strode to the podium. He explained that originally there had been no intention of entering the meeting but that events in Aspland's office, which he briefly described, made this move necessary.

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The Hearings on Intro 475: Part III

BY LEO SKIR

A third day of hearings was held at City Hall on Friday December 17th on Intro 475, a gay civil rights bill now being considered by the Committee of General Welfare for presentation on the floor of the City Council. The bill, introduced by Messrs. Clingan, Burden, Scholnick and Weiss, is "to amend the administrative code of the city of New York in relation to discrimination based on a person's sexual orientation."

The day began and ended with a statement from the head of the Committee, Mr. Sharison, that he would continue to request statements from the heads of the City Police and Fire Departments and the Board of Education before proceeding further.

The hearings started at 11 o'clock. Sharison after noting the absence of the requested representatives of the Police and Fire Departments and the Board of Education, informed the assembled audience of about 300 people which had packed the hall that there were many people to be heard this day, that since the hearings would continue only until 4 P.M.



Members of the audience clenched fists and screamed "Justice, Justice" at the Chairman

any cheers, boos, catcalls would interfere with the presentation of evidence and not serve the cause of those who wanted the bill passed.

The audience was much the same as at the last hearing, many GAA members and several of the anti-gay talkers. The anti-gays had come to talk again and had to be persuaded that no one was being allowed to give testimony twice.

Eleanor Clark French read a statement for Presidential candidate Senator George McGovern supporting the bill.

She was subjected to the harassment of Rep. de Marco, A Bronx Democrat who has been the chief opponent of the bill. Mr. de Marco asked if the Senator had campaigned for any legislation like 475 in his own state.

Chairman Saul Sharison rose and said he would stop the proceedings whenever such an interruption occurred for the length of time that had been lost by the interruption.

At once several members of the audience rose and advanced towards the desk behind which the council members were

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College Counsellors Confer With Gays

New York, N.Y.—The nation's first conference on College Student Personnel services and homosexuality was held December 14 at Queens College. It was coordinated by Dr. Ralph Blair of the Homosexual Community Counseling Center in New York. There were reports from Gay student groups in the morning and a panel of students and college counsellors discussing their problems in the afternoon. Two formal addresses were given. One by Dr. William M. Birenbaum of Staten Island Community College discussed the real nature of homosexual oppression, the show of prison and the insane asylum which, like McCarthyism, is never completely removed. The other talk, by Dr. George Weinberg, was on "Homophobia and the Sickness Myth Homosexuality" and examined the pathology of conventional sexuality in America and how sexual fears resulted in anti-homosexual reactions.

The counsellors noted that in general the homosexual students did not go to them for counselling. They said they un-



Dr. Ralph Blair

derstood that the reason for this might well be the previous history of school administrations as being anti-homosexual. The student groups in the colleges have had varying success in establishing gay student centers. There is now a central coordinating center for the students, the National Gay Student Center at 2115 S. Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20008.

The conference was attended by representatives of the counselling services of over 30 colleges.

The *New York Times*, the next day, the 15th, ran two articles covering the conference, one on the front page centering on the new gay autonomy. It was titled "Campus Homosexuals Organize to Win Community Acceptance." The author, Robert Reinhold, noted continuing resistance to acceptance of the gay groups. He wrote "a number of psychiatrists and psychologists are somewhat uneasy about the ready availability of homosexual social activities in the presence of impressionable adolescents whose sexual identities are not fully crystallized."

Tuesday Bloody Tuesday

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He explained that GAA's policy had always been one of non-violence, but that GAA members were ready to defend themselves against brutality.

The demonstrators called out "Right on!" and left for the room where the arraignment was to begin.

Sylvia Rivera had initially been housed in Women's Detention but after examination by a police matron was transferred to the men's unit. There he was re-united with fellow GAA member Charlie Burch.

She was later to tell the members what happened in that cell she shared with Charlie. The door had been opened and two men had been ushered into the cell. They were the detectives Gentles and Geoghegan who had been at the Corral the night of the raid. They told Charlie Burch that they recognized him as having been among the demonstrators who had carried signs about the detectives. The picket signs had read GENTLES AND GEOGHEGAN: GUILTY OF PUBLIC LEWDNESS AND THE REAL GROPPERS: DET. GENTLES AND GEOGHEGAN. The detectives-Sylvia said-had said to Charlie, "Tell your friends out there if there's any more of this they're gonna find you with a gun in your possession—dead." They had asked him if he understood, punctuating the question with blows to his face and stomach.

Charlie later was to confirm this account. Conferring with Rich Wandel he expressed his fears over staying in the jail. There was a cut on the side of his nose.

"Next thing that will happen is they'll find you committed suicide in your cell," said Rich Wandel.

Now the arraignment proceedings began. Sylvia was introduced as Tony Rivera. Bail for each was set at \$500. The lawyer negotiated with the judge V. Orgera who offered to accept an alternative of \$100 cash apiece. A Long Island GAA member offered the \$300 cash from his own funds.

The group left.

The Human Rights Commission of Suffolk County is already investigating charges of Suffolk police failing to investigate 40 charges of police brutality brought to government and public attention in 1971 by the Commission. The ACLU of Long Island does have prints of

the photos taken by their observer of the police actions this day. One of the ACLU observers, Professor Howard Lyman, has released a statement to the press. Dr. Charles Hoffman, chairman of Suffolk County, is considering instituting a suit against the County. Dr. Hoffman has wired the Justice Department in Washington requesting an immediate investigation of criminal violations by the police of the Federal Civil Rights Act.

GAY reporter Leo Skir went to the Firehouse on the morning of December 15th and took testimony from several people who had been in Hauppauge. This is a transcription of his interviews. He told us that by the time he got to interview Cora Perotta his hand (writing hand) was shaking so badly he was unable to decipher his handwriting later. Here then are testimonies from three people who were there. —The Editors.



CHARLIE BURCH'S STORY

"We were in that little room with the window and they had closed the little window and I heard someone say 'Take a look at that. He's the one.' I turned and it was some big burly guys. I didn't know exactly what he meant. I had been carrying the copy of the *New York Times* where the article about the Human Rights cases in Suffolk appeared. But also I was up for trial on the 16th for an August 22nd demo. I think that was it. They remembered me. I heard someone say he's the one and they grabbed my arms and handcuffed me and then, when I was handcuffed, started beating on me, wringing my neck, punching me, slamming my neck against the wall. Then they took me to the police station. I was kicked while I was questioned."

Question: "Were you allowed to make

the telephone call to your lawyer after you were told you were arrested?"

"No. They kept asking me who owned the cars we came in, who was there. When I wouldn't answer they said 'We'll bust your balls.' They asked me if Sylvia was a boy or a girl. I said I didn't know. They stripped me and gave me back only my underwear. It was very cold. I spent hours in a cell in the cold with only underwear. Finally the lawyer came and they were nicer. We were taken to the courthouse to be arraigned under heavy guard. One of the policemen said, 'I hope one of them makes a run for it.' We were put in cells in the detention center. We were one in each cell. Sylvia was in another cell. They took me out and put me in a cell with Sylvia. There were two men in the cell with me and Sylvia. They were in plain clothes. At first I didn't know they were policemen. Then they told me, 'Are you the cocksucker?' They gave their names. They were the two detectives who had done the raid on the Corral bar. We had picketed with signs with their names. They asked if we were the ones who had made the signs with their names. They slapped me around. They called me a cocksucker and Sylvia a cunt. They kept asking if we were going to do it again and then slapping me in the face, then hitting me in the face with their fists. They were drunk. Their breaths smelled of alcohol. They said, 'The next time you do that we'll plant a gun on you. We'll send you up the river for good. Now, you go tell your friends that. Will you tell your friends that?' I said yes sir, yes sir."

BRUCE GELBERT'S STORY

"We met at Union Square at 9 A.M. There were 22 of us in 4 cars. We got to Hauppauge at 11:14. We had affidavits about the arrests in the Corral Bar in Holbrook Long Island to give to the District Attorney Aspland of Suffolk County. We were in the reception area of the D.A.'s office. Doe Hansen, the president of Long Island Gay Activist Alliance asked to see the D.A. She was told he wasn't in. She asked to see the man in charge. She was told it was Lt. Calley. We asked Calley where the D.A. was. He said again only that the D.A. was not in. Where was he? We asked. He said 'Don't be silly; or "Don't ask silly questions" Arthur Evans said, "These are not silly questions."

We had a *New York Times* around with an article about the Suffolk Police. We asked them if they had seen it. They began to shut the little window from which they were talking to us. Three of us reached forward to hold the window open. Then a metal door on the side opened and I heard someone say 'Oh good! We'll be able to get in!'

"But out of the door came seven 200 pound men forming a wedge and coming at us pushing and punching. There had been no request to leave. Eight more men came on. They were—none of them, wearing police uniforms. We were on the 2nd floor. We weren't able to get out. I was pushed down the corridor into a corner and punched into the wall. I fell to the floor. Five or six people were punching and kicking me. I was punched in the face. Later someone told me they were using a blackjack on my face. Finally I managed to get out. I rushed down the stairs. About 24 people were outside. Three people had been arrested: Sylvia, Cora Perotta, Charles Burch.

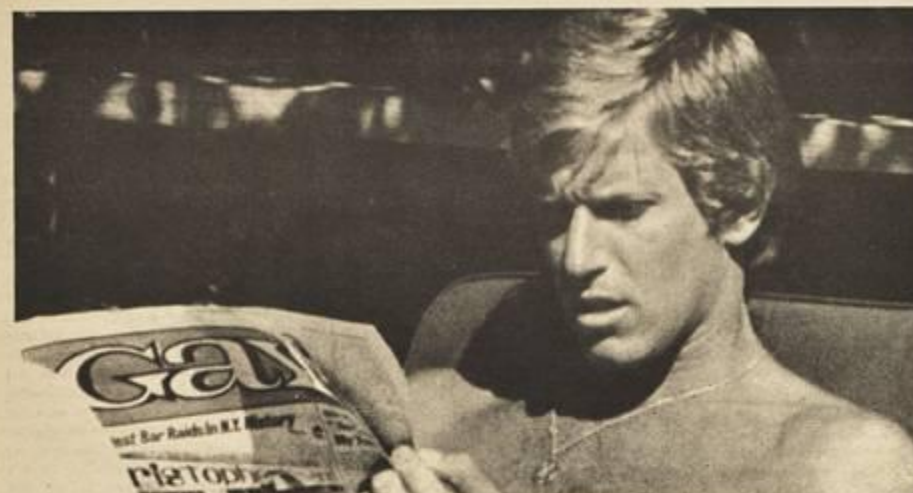
We formed a picket line outside the office. Peter Martin and I were bleeding a lot. There was blood on the steps of the D.A.'s office. There was a crowd of schoolchildren being taken down just then to see Democracy In Action. The teacher hurried them past us. She urged the class to ignore us. Someone came and quickly scrubbed the blood off the steps.

We went and picketed in front of the police station, and the court. There was a meeting of the executive council of Suffolk. We marched into the building. Father Ryan was asking for money for parochial schools. Arthur Evans stated what had happened. He asked time for a hearing. We were given five minutes. Rich Wandel was recognized by the chair. A statement was made.

In the original scuffle two people from ACLU were pushed. A camera was taken out of the ACLU man's hands and the lens cracked.

We resumed our picket lines. We had gotten in touch with a lawyer. There had been 3 arrests. We were told they would be arraigned that afternoon at 3 P.M. We debated if we should all stand when they came into the room and decided not to. The charge was disorderly conduct. Cora had bail at \$100, Sylvia \$500 or \$100

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Casey Donovan checks out GAY's Wanton Ads in a scene from Wakefield Poole's *Boys in the Sand* at the 55th Street Playhouse in Manhattan. The movie was filmed, in part, on Fire Island.



Anti-homosexual Congressman Rep. John V. Dowdy has been convicted in a \$25,000 bribery scheme, and is the first congressman in office to be found guilty of a criminal offense in 15 years. Dowdy attacked the Mattachine Society of Washington (D.C.) in 1963 and attempted to have its license to solicit funds denied. He introduced a bill (HR-5990) to prohibit Mattachine from asking for donations. He has been convicted on two counts of bribery and five counts of lying to a U.S. grand jury.

Bloody Tuesday

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cash, Charlie Burch \$500 or \$100 cash.

There were 6 people at the Smithtown Hospital emergency room. Vickie of Long Island Gay Activists Alliance with a tendon injured in a leg. Charles and Paul thought they had broken noses. Carol, a transvestite, thought she had a fractured leg. And there was a Long Island woman with possible broken ribs and a punctured lung. I had been kicked in the crotch and had 2 stitches in my lip.

SYLVIA RIVERA'S STORY

(Note: Sylvia Rivera is a male transvestite, a member of GAA and one of the founders of STAR, the Street Transvestites Action Revolutionaries.)

"I was stripped three times. The others who were jailed were only stripped once. I asked why they kept stripping me. They said it was regulations. They wanted to put me in a cell with 6 inmates. I said no, that homosexuals could be segregated, but they forced me, they roughed me up, they twisted my arm. Finally they threw me into the cell. The 6 men asked what I was there for. I told them. They didn't bother me."



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The Hearings on Intro 475

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sitting. Raising their clenched fists in the militant salute they screamed JUSTICE! JUSTICE! JUSTICE! for some minutes alternating with BIGOT! BIGOT! BIGOT!

Chairman Sharison got red in the face and looked unhappy. The police had come to the front of the room De Marco was smiling.

Sharison said, "You are destroying the very process of government. I am in favor of the bill."

Clingan said, "I want to say a word to you." (This to the audience.) He told them they were not helping their cause.

Father Robert Clement of the Church of the Beloved Disciple, speaking next, noted the disturbance but said that he, knowing the injustice gays had been subjected to, knew that they would no longer be "in the back of the bus." He said his secretary had twice lost his job when it was found he was gay. He was questioned on the subject of gay marriage. He replied that he was a servant of the spirit, not the state, and did not like serving the state's purposes when he performed heterosexual marriages. He said his "marriages," so-called by the press, were not civil unions by holy unions. Father Louis Gigante of St. Athanasius Church of the Bronx backed Father Clement's appeal to have the bill passed. He noted his own experience in youth in the Village witnessing the way gays were put down.

De Marco, a Catholic, said he regretted the father coming down with his collar, giving a Church presence to his private opinion as an individual.

"I'm here as a human," Father Gigante said. "Michael, you've seen me here when I came down to protest housing. I can't change myself. I was a priest then and I'd be a priest now. Even without the collar I'd still be a priest."

"I've talked to priests and nuns and they were opposed to the bill."

Apparently he hadn't asked the priests who were opposed to remove their collars.

"You're against sin, aren't you?" said De Marco. "And isn't, aren't, acts of sodomy sin?"

"I will not say if homosexual activities are sinful," said Father Gigante.

The father was asked if he was gay. He said no.

Rep. Manton also objected to the father appearing with his collar.

De Marco said, "Maybe I was taught wrong but I was taught homosexuality was a sin. Am I wrong? It is considered a sin, isn't it? I mean murder, if someone came to you and said he killed someone."

"HOW DARE YOU!" Pete Fisher, one of the Gay Activists in a front row shouted, "HOW DARE YOU COMPARISON HOMOSEXUALITY WITH MURDER?"

Quiet was restored after a short interval. Jim Owles, President of Gay Activist Alliance, was called. He explained that this legislation was "anti-closet" legislation, that many many homosexuals could not possibly come out and fight for their rights since the coming-out would expose them—and that this very situation showed the need for this bill and many like it. He noted that when the GAA had circulated petitions for the laws, many straight people signed the petitions (10,000 signatures were collected—he handed them to the board) but that many gays were fearful of having their names and addresses on a paper having to do with homosexuality.

Rep. Silverman questioned Mr. Owles on the list of people backing 475 presented by GAA. He said he—Rep. Silverman—had spoken to Garelik on December 16th and Garelik had told him he had

made no commitment.

Jim Owles replied that as far as he knew no name had been put on the list without written approval from the person. He said he would try to obtain a copy of the letter from Garelik from the GAA files before the day's end.

A rabbi was called, Rabbi Bert. S. Seigel of Riverside Temple in the Bronx. He spoke as an individual, not for his congregation and supported the bill.

A Vincent Vilelo of the American Legion's New York County branch of 20,000 members spoke representing the branch. He said that the major issue was the danger to the children if homosexuals were allowed to enter the schools. To support this he entered a letter from the Schoolman's Post of the American Legion. He said those members in the Board of Education were solidly against the bill.

A Rev. Magooa Kennedy who introduced herself as the mother of five boys, a Lesbian and a minister spoke. "If you fail us, we will declare our own candidates, have a gay caucus, go for all offices. Have a good day gentlemen—if you can!!!!!!"

And walked out.

Next Frank Baraff for Percy Sutton, Borough President of Manhattan. Neatly reproduced press releases were handed out. A statement was read. Lincoln's liberal sentiments. Polite applause.

Rose Jordan of Daughters of Bilitis described a police raid, then reminded the government-people "Harassment can be a two-way street."

Marvin Schick, Administrative Assistant to the Mayor, presented a statement "on behalf of Mayor Lindsay and the City Administration" supporting the bill strongly.

He was attacked by De Marco. Did Lindsay really speak for the commissioners? And if so, when had he spoken to them? And if they agreed with him why were they not here now? "The fact is this committee didn't believe Eleanor Holmes Norton—" he said.

"Correction," said Mr. Sharison. "Mr. De Marco, you are speaking for yourself."

"The fact is they are hiding, the Mayor is hiding. He says the commissioners are for this thing and they're not—Mr. Schick says it and they're not—"

"If it gives you solace to call me a liar you may do so," said Mr. Schick.

Mr. Silverman said he felt the bill had very dubious legality, that it ignored the status of the homosexual under State Pe-

nal law. Was the homosexual whose activity had become known and had paid for it (i.e. by imprisonment) less eligible for benefits? Was then the morality not to get caught?

The next speaker, G. Oliver Kopper of the New York State Assembly, one of the sponsors of the liberalization laws in the State Capital, answered the question. It was reserved to the State to change the bad law and yes, the New York City bill implicitly asked for revision of the State law and this was a good approach.

Francis X. Barron of Kings County Catholic War Veterans differed. He said the bill implied consent for homosexual acts. Telling the committee members (all over 30) that they no longer listened to anyone over 30 he asked them to inspect the lessons of history, the fall of Greece and Rome. It was "moral decay, one niche in the brickwork." In answering questions he explained he thought morality had in the past been legislated and still should be. He faced Councilman Burden and wondered how the councilman, a Catholic, could approve acts condemned in the Bible. What about his education?

Burden said his education had called on him to re-define morality periodically.

Bernard Bellish, State Chairman of Americans for Democratic Action, a professor of history at City College, spoke supporting the bill.

John Lassoe, speaking for Bishop Paul Moore of the Episcopal Diocese of New York, as Church representative, gave the official position of the Diocese: "The penal law is not the instrument of control for such practices" (as consensual sodomy). He urged the adoption of the bill.

Arthur Warner of the Nation Committee for Sexual Civil Liberties spoke in favor of the bill, noting, as a historian, that the theory that homosexuality caused the decline and fall of either Greece or Rome had not been proposed by any historian of note since the 18th century.

Jim Fouratt gave the committee a record of discrimination which he had encountered, one being his dismissal from his job by a fellow-gay who had seen him in a gay bar. Another denied him a cab license in New York when his draft record had indicated a homosexual background. He also noted that although CBS, which he had worked for, did not discriminate against him, it had a record of

anti-gay practices in employment.

Sylvia Rivera, a male transvestite, gave a history of police harassment on 42nd Street and said that she could not at present get a job while wearing women's clothing. She wore a red dress and red hat.

Bob Ruecker, a GAA member, presented the testimony of his apartment-mate who had been a doorman and had been dismissed from his job without due cause while being notified by his employers that they knew "what he was."

Pete Fisher of GAA opened his testimony by quoting the Declaration of Independence. He noted that gays were not asking for something new but demanding rights traditionally theirs but not yet given to them. "Are we to be equated with 'sinners'?" he asked. "We want our rights and we want them now."

Mr. De Marco began to ask him questions. He refused to answer any questions from Mr. De Marco considering his previous remarks as attacks on the homosexual community.

Arthur Evans of GAA gave evidence of discrimination within the framework of the agencies assigned to securing employment, one of which, Hadley, he had worked for from October of 1965 to March of 1966. He said Mrs. Hadley openly marked homosexuals with HCL—"high class fairy"—and blacks with the label "boyscouts." Mr. Evans noted that he had collaborated with this informing process. Those discriminated against, both blacks and gays, could not before this seek redress. Now the blacks can. And if this law is passed, so can the gays.

Richard Wandel, president-elect of GAA, gave only two instances, one of employment discrimination when a future employer had reversed an acceptance after a former employer had phoned to inform the prospective employer that Mr. Wandel was a "faggot." The second instance was in a bar, a public accommodation, Clancy's on Third Avenue near 53rd Street. One evening, some gays coming in wearing the lambs had been told to leave because "We don't want your kind here." Here was a case of discrimination in a place of public accommodation.

Charles Burch was given permission to speak, though he had no specific evidence of discrimination to report. The GAA wished him to make public notice of the threat against his life made by the Suffolk Police—the inference being that a police force in which gays are not represented is more open to anti-gay practices.

It was 4:15 P.M. Mr. Sharison informed the assemblage that the Commissioners and/or their representatives would not be able to appear this day, that the Commissioners would be asked to appear at another hearing which would be open to the public.

When the crowd was leaving the hearing-room Mr. Sharison answered the questions of reporters. He informed them that he had been and was now squarely behind the bill as a human rights issue but that the behavior of some of the militants had turned him against it.

He called the demonstrators "ignorant and stupid."

Asked if he felt it was a GAA action he said no, he felt the GAA presentation was strong and allowed listeners to understand the weight of frustrations the gays had been subject to.

Councilwoman Carol Greitzer had been present at the hearings. Before this she had been confronted by GAA militants and accused of not backing gay rights demands. On this day, during the review of the list presented by GAA of backers of the bill she protested at the hearing that her name did not appear as a backer of 475.

Eversoft At The Everard

BY AARON BATES

With the influx of new, clean, elegant bathhouses, GAY's illustrious (and it seemed to me sadistic) editors assigned me to an arduous undertaking—reviewing that relic of past glory, The Everard Baths. An advocate of the more luxurious establishments, I was petrified at the thought of entering this reportedly moldy domain. Slushing over the mildewed floors, would I contract athlete's foot under my armpits? Would my youth subject me to torturous gang rapes by the slime-loving farts who frequented the place in alarming numbers, at least those who were still capable of getting it up? Trembling, insecure, feeling almost virginal again, I paid my \$6.50 (or GAY's \$6.50) for a room. A bored, bleary-eyed Puerto Rican appeared as if from nowhere and showed me to my chamber. He stuffed a mid-length hospital gown into my hands and left me to my dubious amusements. Alone at last, I surveyed my surroundings. The walls of my tiny room were a dingy, claustrophobic grey. They looked as if they had not been painted since 1933, the year that the present owners took over the building from the Police Athletic League. The bedsheets were clean, but not like the sparkling white ones we see in television commercials. The only other piece of furniture was a sad-looking stool—I preferred sitting on the comfy cot. I quickly undressed, wrapped the robe around my body—twice—and went exploring. Like ghosts appearing at a

seance, several octogenarians hobbled over to me, their long bony arms extended, their enormous paunches making them appear top-heavy. "Unhand me, you fools!" I cried out, dashing for

the nearest doorway and safety. Carefully, I descended the slippery stairs to the basement massage parlor, swimming pool, sauna, and steamroom area. A jovial looking man—Santa Claus without hair—was giving a customer a methodical rubdown. Both seemed to be enjoying themselves. The sauna room was empty so I meandered past the swimming pool into the steamroom.

"God," I cried, "it's the London blitz all over again!"

"What's that?" asked a three-hundred-year old man as he grabbed my wrist, his nails protruding into my flesh. He seemed rather desperate.

"Nothing, gramps," I replied. "I've never been here before."

"I heard about those new baths—like the Continental on 74th Street. Is it as clean as here?" he asked, stroking my arm.

"Spotless," I replied, breaking away.

"Come sit next to me," he implored.

"I'll take a raincheck," I told him, fully aware that he had two more months to live at the most. He immediately collapsed in a corner, and for all I know, his bones may still be there, crumbling to dust—like Quasimodo without his Esmeralda.

However, I now had my first opportunity of surveying my surroundings. The floors were intricately designed mosaics that hinted at a grander, more elegant period of Everard's history (or the Police Athletic League's history). Even under the grime of years, one could see that they were quite beautiful. The walls on the other hand had all the charm

of the nearest doorway and safety. Carefully, I descended the slippery stairs to the basement massage parlor, swimming pool, sauna, and steamroom area. A jovial looking man—Santa Claus without hair—was giving a customer a methodical rubdown. Both seemed to be enjoying themselves. The sauna room was empty so I meandered past the swimming pool into the steamroom.

"God," I cried, "it's the London blitz all over again!"

"What's that?" asked a three-hundred-year old man as he grabbed my wrist, his nails protruding into my flesh. He seemed rather desperate.

"Nothing, gramps," I replied. "I've never been here before."

"I heard about those new baths—like the Continental on 74th Street. Is it as clean as here?" he asked, stroking my arm.

"Spotless," I replied, breaking away.

"Come sit next to me," he implored.

"I'll take a raincheck," I told him, fully aware that he had two more months to live at the most. He immediately collapsed in a corner, and for all I know, his bones may still be there, crumbling to dust—like Quasimodo without his Esmeralda.

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of a Transylvanian crypt. I began to wonder if my deceased friend in the corner was Bram Stoker himself, that deliciously deranged author of *Dracula*.

I drifted back into the swimming pool area. Once again—fabulous mosaic tiles were on view. Water was being pumped into the pool through two elaborately formed brass heads (I think they were dolphins). These exquisite architectural touches far surpassed anything in the newer baths, which made the Everard's present condition all the more deplorable. I couldn't help but wonder why the owners did not rehabilitate the place. They had so much raw material to work with that the premises could easily, with loving care, be turned into an elegant bath palace.

The flow of customers was modest, to say the least; many of them no doubt abandoning the Everard for the cleanliness and modern conveniences of the Continental or Beacon or new Club baths. Though most of the remaining clientele seemed middle-aged and older, I began to notice several younger numbers filtering in. I noticed one young man who was quite handsome and seemed to gravitate toward the older-but-goody set. There were certainly enough father figures for the asking, and he was making out like a male Lolita.

In hopes of turning business into pleasure, but still rather dubious, I climbed to the cruiest third floor room area. The action was not terribly appealing. I began to fear that I would remain ever soft at the Everards. Looking up, I observed a number of exquisite

domes. Although the room was dark, they seemed to be stain-glassed, but I could be wrong. Prior to the Athletic League, the place had been a synagogue and the relics on the ceiling seemed to be all that remained of the House of Prayer. The years from God worship to Phallic worship had taken their toll. The spiritual nature of man had given the place what now seemed a wild, misplaced kind of beauty. The carnal nature had added the decadence.

I returned to my own room on the second floor, planning to leave this wreck of a once glorious building. But then I saw him, looking like a young John Derek (remember John Derek?). Our eyes met. It was love-for-a-night-at-first-sight and we returned to my room together.

"What's a nice boy like you doing in a place like this?" I asked, bewildered, amazed at my good fortune.

"I prefer it to all of the other baths," he replied. "I'm attracted by the decadence, by that feeling of another era."

"But there doesn't seem to be much of a swinging crowd here?"



Check out the check-in.

"There are enough," he told me. "There are also a lot of S and M numbers—steady customers, you know, with all that snapping off of leather? But that's not my scene."

I had been able to deduce as much. Later, before we both left, I ran into him again at the first floor snack bar, cheerfully camped up with posters of Clara Bow and Mae West.

"Maybe I'll see you again," he said smiling. "I doubt it," I replied. "I'm here doing research for an article." He laughed quite a lot. Apparently he'd heard that line somewhere before. I smiled back knowingly as he departed.

Looking around my room one last time, I decided that I had nothing to complain about. Those drab walls and slimy floors had been good to me.

Sesame Street has been brought to you today by the numbers 6 and 9, and by the letters F, U and K!



A Good Jewish Boy Attends A Christian Service

BY LEO SKIR

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

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

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

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



Leo Skir

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

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

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

I'm at the Emergency Desk.

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

Has astrology moved into St. Vin-



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

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

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

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

"What's that?" he asks.

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

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

(Isn't he the resident?)

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

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

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

He looks. "It's bleeding," he tells me.

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

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

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

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

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

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

I: No trouble. No pay. No income. Receptionist: Where do you live?

I: The same place I lived when you asked me ten minutes ago. The YMCA. It's got old pillows. If there's anything you want me to sign to say I've got no money I'll sign it.

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

She gives me a piece of paper with much writing.

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

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

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

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

Finding a used teabag in the city.

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



A solemn procession in the Church of the Beloved Disciple.

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

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

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

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

No more open fields.

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

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

Service is over with only solemn procession.

I see Arthur Bell with attendant radical crew there.

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

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

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

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

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

(continued on page 14)



BY DICK LEITSCH

In the last days of the 19th Century, Prince Maximilian Egon zu Fustenberg gave a party for the other notables of the Second Reich. While the Kaiser sat in the seat of honor and watched, General Count Dietrich von Hulsens-Haeseler, chief of the Reich's military cabinet, danced into the room wearing a pink tutu and a rose garland in his hair. He pirouetted and swirled several times around the room to tremendous applause. Then, while taking his bows before the Kaiser's chair, he dropped to the floor, dead of a heart attack. Concerned "sisters" carried him to his bedroom, where his body was left while the party continued downstairs.

The next morning the thought occurred to his friends that it just wouldn't be appropriate to bury a general of Max's rank in a pink tutu. Rigor mortis had already set in and it was reportedly quite a chore to get him out of the tutu and into his uniform. Everyone did agree, however, that he had danced "divinely."

At that time, the whole Second Reich was being run by a gay circle. They may not have run it very well, but they did a bit better than the predominately heterosexual Third Reich. The Kaiser was straight (though some say not), but his best friend, Prince Phillip zu Eulenberg, was sleeping with Count von Moltke, the military commandant of Berlin. Three Counts, all of the Kaiser's aides-de-camp, the Kaiser's private secretary and the court chamberlain were all gay. So were the King of Wuttemberg (whose lover was a mechanic), the King of Bavaria (in love with a coachman), and Ludwig Viktor, the brother of the Emperor Franz Joseph, whose death helped start World War I. Ludwig was madly in love with a masseur from Vienna who called him "Luzi-Wuzi."

Unless the school you went to taught history much differently than my school did, you probably weren't told all of this, and maybe even now you don't think it's very important. Maybe not, but it's no less important than information you were given, such as Catherine the Great's promiscuity, Louis XV's affairs, and the gossip of historians about whether or not Elizabeth I deserved the title "The Virgin Queen". Rather than arguing over whether Lizzie had affairs with her men friends or not, it might be worthwhile to investigate whether she might have been a drag queen or a lesbian.

Homosexuals have been treated poorly by historians and hero-makers. The only thing most historians seem to be willing to admit about homosexuality is that it caused the destruction of Sodom, and even that's in doubt since Biblical scholars decided that the sin of Sodom was more likely to have been inhospitality than "sodomy."

We, as homosexuals, have a glorious history which starts long before the glory that was Greece was even a glimmer on the horizon and extends to today. Nobody else seems to care, but we should. Nobody wants to study our history and many would like to completely ignore it, but homosexual leaders, organizations, and publications should pay more attention to it.

There is more reason for such

studies than mere curiosity or pedantic pedagogy. Members of groups, particularly "out groups", need their history and their heroes to help bind them together. Why else do Catholics have saints, Christians have martyrs and nations have national heroes?

All Americans, even the most alienated, must have felt a twinge of patriotism when the first men to reach the moon were American men. Every black man in the nation gained a bit of glory when the first Negro won the Nobel Peace Prize or gained a seat in the Senate. Probably every "revolutionary" shared in

write and publish a not very good lesbian novel, her later poetry, plays, novels and short works directly or indirectly influenced every great American writer of the last thirty or forty years.

Now she and Alice are both dead. The Museum of Modern Art wants their fabulous collection of paintings and Miss Stein's writing is constantly coming back into vogue. Books and articles about these two groovy girls are constantly being published, but most of them ignore the central facts of their lives; their homosexuality and their love for one another. Poor Alice, devoted lover, has

Facts Your History Teacher "Forgot" To Mention



the victory of Castro's take-over of Cuba and the sorrow of Che's death.

Homosexuals, like everyone else, need people to identify with. We need heroes, homosexuals who have "made it", to show what we can do if we try. We are doubly handicapped in the search: first, many of those who could qualify as gay heroes cop out by being closet queens, and secondly, when a homosexual does make it, the world that has accepted him prefers to ignore or deny his homosexuality. Gertrude Stein is an example. She lived openly with her lover, Alice B. Toklas, for many years. She had many admirable traits. She practically discovered Picasso and most of the other greats of modern art, and she almost invented modern American writing. While she did

been relegated to various roles by these biographers, roles ranging from "secretary" to "companion" to "housekeeper".

We need heroes to show what members of our group can achieve and to serve as models for the young. Increased interest in homosexual heroes and homosexual history would help solve the identity crisis so many homosexuals feel by bringing home the realization that we are not "freaks", but part of a group that has always existed and contributed its bit toward civilization and culture.

But such an interest would do far more than just help homosexuals make a better adjustment. Many in the straight world like to believe that we are some sort of strange eruption on the face of the

earth that will just vanish if they close their eyes and wish hard enough. Others think they can solve the "problem" of our existence with more laws, more police, more harassment.

A study of history would show them that their approach has been tried since the Jews first got back from the Babylonian Captivity and it hasn't worked yet. The Chicago cops think the way to deal with homosexuals is to constantly raid gay bars. The first such raid I ever heard of was staged in London in 1820, and those arrested were paraded through the streets and pelted with garbage. Over the years, the means of raiding bars and the punishments have changed, but gay bars have outlasted all of the laws and enforcers of the law.

The French cops raided a male whorehouse in the Rue Basse des Ramparts in 1847, and a gay Turkish bath house decades before that. The cops who led the raids are dead and gone, and dozens of French governments have come and gone, but there are still gay brothels and baths in France.

Voltaire lived near a cruising street in Paris, and was curious about the homosexuals he saw. He and a friend decided to get blow jobs one night, and did, later comparing notes. A few weeks later, Voltaire met his friend, who said he had tried it once again. Voltaire cautioned him: "Careful, my friend. One time, a searcher for knowledge; twice, a sodomist!" If street cruising has been going on that long, can anyone believe a little more harassment now will make any difference?

Straights point with scorn at drag queens and flamboyant types, and they seem to love to ridicule homosexual in-fighting. What if they knew that one of the first governors of New Amsterdam was a full-fledged drag queen (his portrait, in drag, hangs in the N.Y. Historical Society Museum). Who could be more flamboyant than Jean Cocteau, Oscar Wilde or poor Richard III? And as far as bitch-fights are concerned, Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo carried on one that would put "The Boys In The Band" to shame!

Promiscuity and "trade" are nothing new, either. Giovanni Bazzi was so lecherous that history has almost lost his real name, and even the most uptight scholars and art historians refer to him as "Il Sodoma", a nickname he picked up because of his favorite pastime. Richard Wagner was happy enough to play "trade" to Ludwig of Bavaria, who helped him get started in the music business.

Not all gay historical figures have been praiseworthy. Some of the gay Popes were particularly awful, and it is rumored that Goering was gay. As straights have to acknowledge Hitler, Stalin, Eichmann and other unpleasant types, so I suppose we can afford to admit to the skeletons in our closets.

Schools offer courses in American History, parochial schools provide religious history, and there are courses for Negroes to learn of their backgrounds and traditions. But nobody could teach homosexual history, even if Yale wanted to offer a course and William Buckley would permit it. There simply are no books and no experts. Homosexual organizations and the gay press must encourage such studies. Until we find our past, we won't have much future.

THIS WAS OUR LIFE

Except for the photo of Troy in the pulpit which makes his wrist look uncharacteristically limp (if it were that would be fine), the standard pro-and-con "normalcy" editorial, and a few unfortunate omissions, the eleven-page *Life* spread on us militants (Dec. 31) was pretty good, very hip on doctrine and respectful of movement aspirations. Most of the photos got the message across that Gay is Angry, made it clear that the New Free Gay is no cream puff when it comes to her and his civil liberties, and illustrated how diverse we are. *Life* may have helped in staying violence, because its wide readership may have taken seriously the message that this is a no-nonsense political struggle, and men of good will who had been fed on nothing but pre-chewed distortions before may now, tasting truth, wish us well toward achieving freedom while continuing to find our sexual orientation alien and repugnant. That's fine, they don't have to sleep with us.

Regarding the editorial, I recalled the words of Jim O'Neil observing that having a de rigeur "balanced representation" of those who think we're sick and those who don't, those who can "cure" us and those who've despaired, together on a panel discussion is as offensive as recruiting a member of the American Nazi Party to appear alongside the spokesman for B'nai B'rith when you're discussing Judaism!

Omissions that marred the coverage included the crusaders of the gay press, without which the right hand of the movement wouldn't know or have known what the left is doing, unless they got to work learning the drums and training the pigeons. Lige and Jack, Dick Michaels and Bill Rand should have been named, for openness.

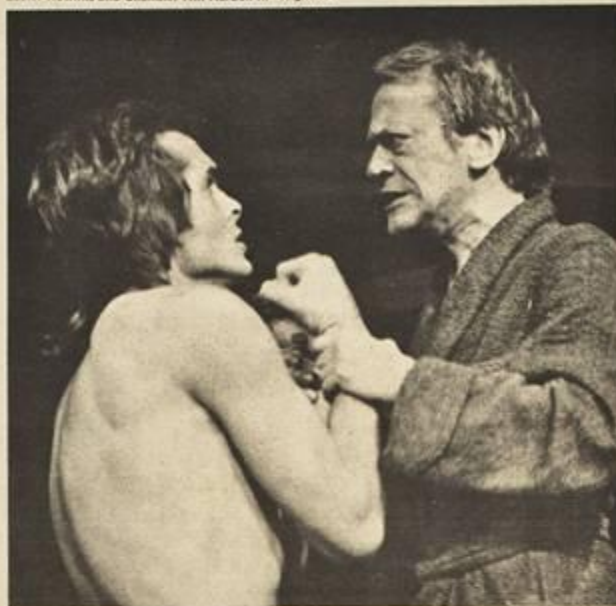
And without social visionary Morris Kight, perennial rallying point for the West Coast radicals, the Big Three didn't have its lead voice, as far as I'm concerned. To show Troy and Frank Kameny without Morris is like orchestrating numbers for a Broadway version of the life of the Andrew Sisters without Patty's line.

Had to chuckle at *Life's* thinking it was worthy of noting that Jill Johnston jumped topless into a pool at a women's lib party. They didn't mention what Jim did, on one of his off nights from storming police barricades, at the late-lamented Zoo!

SETTING THE RECORD GAY

Speaking of the Zoo and other nostalgia, I've got to provide a long over-due service to brothers west of the Hudson who may be coming to Sin City before my new guidebook rolls off Giodrias' mimeograph machine at Olympia, clutching the original *Gay Insider* in their moist hands, and fruitlessly seeking out the legendary orgy bars. Unlike the fabled Seven Cities of Gold of the Southwest, which were probably pueblos glimmering in the desert sun, these places did exist—until summer, when they were raided and the last hold-out folded at the end of October. I'd rather eat pussy than crow, but I have to confess to you that my prediction that Gotham night life would continue to coruscate until martial law was declared was wrong, wrong. You see, the feds swept in in the person of the New York Joint Strike Force Against Organized Crime; there has been this meddlesome and bothersome charade known as the Knapp Commission, and gay night life ain't what it used to be or ought to be. It may never revive to reach its old zenith of decadence—or nadir, if you're of another persuasion—until after the November elections, depending on whether the GAA and others trash Lindsay's campaign as they have

Lester Rawlins and Chandler Hill Harben in "Nightride."



The Gay Insider

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

threatened to do if he doesn't "break silence," only rhetorical wind. If he should be nominated for first or second spot, we've had it. He'll make of New York a Potemkin Village for the American Gothic voters' delectation.

The other Village right now is about as festive as New Year's Eve in a People's Republic just after a purge of confettimakers. Only the old established Stud, Julius and the Eagle (with its strict dress code) are consistently crowded. Except for Danny's dance bar on 7th Avenue South, Bonnie and Clyde's and the Bon Soir, most of the busy bars are throwbacks to the era of role-playing, posturing and non-smiling (though the Stud is looser, its patrons now into hair, and there are some androgynous who frequent Julius). Dancing? Open display of affection? Drag? The Roadhouse is popular, but some GAA people got squashed for kissing t'other night. Ho hum.

The Wine Cellar is now the Cellar, no dining, with pool downstairs. The Spike is the new name for what was the Stockade, grand opening set for January 14. Twelfth Night is neighborly, but quiet.

Uptown they're enjoying a kind of renaissance, but of an orthodox sort. The most unorthodox Tamburlaine burned. There's the new Alibi (once the Hot Line) at 1544 2nd Avenue, coming on strong, and Uncle Charlie's South will open soon, complete with game room (not orgy) at 38th and 3rd Avenue. The parents of these two, Harry's and Uncle Charlie's, respectively, enjoy great business in the face of tight money, or whatever afflicts silk-stocking neighborhood pubs not in the cross-fire of police and politics and families. Add Tommy Dowling's posh Sugar Man at 350 E. 81st.

There's new life on the tubs circuit which expands, even to Brooklyn Heights, as bar life falters in terms of imagination and "progress," if not, entirely, patronage.

HOLIDAY HANGOVERS

One of the two most spectacular New

Year's Eve bashes (rivaling the \$7.50-a-head affair at the Firehouse) was one billed as A Family Affair (entirely non-Mafia) by a cadre of former Fire Island Weekenders who occupied a factory in Valley Stream, dressed it up as fancy as the Palace in Houston (well, almost), and buzzed upwards of three hundred revelers out of Manhattan for a real bacchanale. Smoking, the zing of amyl nitrite (not nitrate, children) in the air, some nudity and sucking at the tables, champagne and buffet. Guests unfamiliar with Long Island geography were relieved to behold Nassau County Police emblazoned on patrol car bumpers and put aside their fears of some kind of Suffolk County P.D. Night-of-the-Long-Knives raid. Amanda and company demonstrated that they know how to toss a party—and proved by the genital ID jumble of their guests that the principle of "type" mix makes for the most fun. Glitter on clothing, including rhinestone accents on butch Levi jackets, a fashion legacy of the Cockettes and other gender-fuck proponents, showed that some N.Y. gays are catching up with L.A. and San Francisco in the sartorial sphere—signifying that among those who have their heads together role-playing dress is as vestigial as Ladies and Gentlemen.

GAY ONSTAGE AND IN THE WINGS

On the Off-Broadway scene *Nightride* hangs on at the Van Dam by a zipper tooth, thanks in part to: 1) the faith and tenacity of its producer; 2) favorable reviews in *GAY* and *The New York Times* (Clive Barnes said it's a "must" to catch the performance by Lester Rawling); and 3) word-of-mouth among the gays who dig good theatre and truthful portrayals of gays. Huge ovals punctuate the final curtain night after night. However, it's tough and go, this being a lousy season for Off-Broadway in the best of times, and tight money has already forced

the shuttering of *Kumquats*, *Black Girl* and *Marigolds*, all straight hits with the straight press.

Wanted, the Al Carmine musical romp about an omnipotent lawmaker named Jacob Hooper, depicted as a mighty unlovable latent homosexual, follows its highly successful autumn showcase run at the Judson Memorial Church with an opening at the Cherry Lane January 19. While New Free Gays will find many of the lines and situations offensive ("There's nothing worse than a power-hungry fruit!"), the counter-culture theme and presence of renegade anti-heroes and heroines such as Jesse James, Ma Barker and Billy the Kid, with whom all sympathies lie, the blazingly rich theatrics, music and lyrics, and the extraordinary performances of each and every cast member, oblige me to recommend it. You can always hiss the villain or villainy as you see it. Wit and style on the part of such actors as Jerry Clark, cast as Baby-cakes, the law chief's secretary and secret love, transcend stereotyping. Clark is so on top of it all you buy his character as an individual, which is about all we're asking. It's when they think they're cutting us by showing us all as Miss Mary Things that we have to get up-in-arms. As Deni Corvello put it at the Gay Lib conference at N.Y.U. last spring, "Until the effeminate male is more admired than the hetero-imitative butch, then we haven't obliterated male chauvinism." Think about it.

CROSS-COUNTRY CROSS-INDEX

In Wilmington, Delaware, the Alpine Room at 835 King Street is affectionately known among local gays as the Golden Greeks... Stay out of the Elbow Room, 241 S. Atlantic Blvd., in Ft. Lauderdale, where the owner, one Joe Hessman, doesn't like us. He threatened anyone listing his place in their "sick, perverted booklet" (meaning *The Gay Insider*, U.S.A.) with a law suit. So did the Blackstone Hotel, Omaha, though in more restrained terms... Only fifty-six establishments out of about 2500 queried in our exhausting survey of the nation wrote back saying they did not wish to be included in a gay bar guide, that they had changed policy, etc... The largest percentage of state-wide replies came from West Virginia. Four out of five. Florida returned thirty-three out of 102 inquiries, and to that we were able to verify the existence of an additional thirty-three. The Florida return was about average for the bigger states, forcing us to dig further. Certain unexpectedly cooperative cities like Milwaukee and Spokane came through with a hundred percent response, while Long Beach, California, for instance, where a great number of bars is known to exist, was represented with only one direct reply. Makes you wonder whether noisy mailmen conveniently lose mail directed to gay establishments. Curiously, though, the mortality rate of gay lib groups seems to be greater than bars, baths and restaurants, speaking relatively... The Love Inn at 1680 Coral Way, Miami, by the way, advertises as its slogan, "Everything is tolerated here except intolerance"... If you're going to or through Indianapolis, be sure to visit the Golden Horn at 3420 W. Washington St. It's one of those places that used to be uptight, but has since come out in a big bid for gay patronage and is now highly touted by correspondents from Chicago to Cleveland. So is the Woodward, 6426 Woodward, in Detroit. And Detroit's newest, the Voyager, 2452 Clifford Street, a leather and western bar... Want to feed your Song of the Loon fantasies? Think about spending an evening at the Alley Cat, 418 C Street, in Anchorage, Alaska, where the management specifies that "All gay travelers in the cold

(continued on page 14)



Lige Clarke

Until I had worked in the offices of *SCREW* magazine I'd never realized how many of today's men and women have virtually no means of obtaining sexual release. It's funny how often we assume that the joy of our own lives is somehow shared by others. While we eat a tasty meal, it's difficult to visualize 20th century children, elsewhere, who are starving to death. It simply hadn't occurred to me that most people, sexually, are chained to a wheel of despair whose spokes are society's conventional codes.

All my life I've enjoyed sexual abundance. Religious scruples never caught my fancy, although in the small Kentucky town where I was reared, Sunday evening church revivals were good cause for rejoicing. While adults praised the Lord inside the church, we young'uns, more practical by far, enjoyed automobile orgies in the parking lot out back. At an early age, you know, mountaineers often do a great deal of exploring. There ain't much else to do up in them hollers. Some call it spelunking. I called it cornholing.

But the Methodists and the Baptists won't let you have such good times forever. By the time you're twenty, your life in Kentucky is almost over. Early marriages are a must. At 24, I was the only member of my high school graduating class who hadn't tied the nuptial knot. Thank god.

Now, when I return to the hills for a visit, I see deep scars of frustration etched on the faces of boyhood friends. The sparkle of their early years is gone. Today, they sit inside the church while their young'uns fiddle outside. Now they eye me with suspicion and envy. How come I'm not fat? How come I'm not married? "That's somethin' quare about that Clarke boy. Ain't natural for a man not to get married." They get me aside and ask what they think is a real "man-to-man" question: "Hey, Lige, did you ever do it to a colored woman?"

As long as I thought that strict sex codes were limited to my home town, and that frustration was a Kentucky product, I assumed that it was only the hills I'd escaped—which were out of step. Little did I know that men and women—people from the middle, upper middle, and upper classes were sad victims of the puritan heritage to even greater degrees. In the mountains, at least, we had learned to fuck wildly—at an early age, both heterosexually and homosexually. We were in touch with our bodies.

The Great Fucking Famine

BY LIGE CLARKE



Let Them Eat Cock

In the cities, I discovered that the curse of John Calvin was nailed to almost every door. Calvin's idea of a good time was sleeping on a board. The gloomy sexual codes colored by national Presbyterian petrification, combined with strict city toilet training (mountaineers are outdoor quick-shitters) and had created a great urban blight: an anally retentive population whose members can find no relief from spastic colons with Preparation H.

The message of sexual freedom falls hard on such ears. The Puritan mentality dies a slow death. It is very difficult for men and women to admit that their behavior codes are lies; that they have long been "controlling" themselves, "denying" themselves, "behaving" themselves and frustrating themselves for no good reason. To face the fact that they have missed out on life's most intriguing pleasures is more than they can bear. Jealousy, envy, and a thousand fantasies they'll never have the courage to live, converge on them, exploding with an intense rage that a sexually sane person finds incomprehensible. It's like the silly hatred of an old maid for her pretty niece. Life has passed her by and she can't abide another's joy.

When I began working with the *SCREW* staff, these realizations hit me with greater force. The Establishment could not abide a magazine which playfully examined the fantasies of the man in the street. And the man in the street is hungry, painfully hungry, for a taste of the freedom celebrated in *SCREW*. Society plays cruel-hearted tricks on him. His only alternatives to a chaste girlfriend or a frigid wife seem to be hideously painted prostitutes whose swishing often rivals the most flamboyant drags. Nightmares in an upsidown carnival! Before he can fuck, he must buy a license, and have some benighted clergyman mumble words over his head. Then, of course, he is caught in a financial trap from which escape is made as difficult as possible.

The average "straight" man is surrounded by an army of sex-gossips. "Mary's boyfriend, John, is supposed to be true to her, but he's been screwing Joanne on the side." In a small town such gossip is intolerable. It is the basis of "interesting" conversation. If Mary is married to John, such a tidbit is even juicier. Husbands and wives spend a great deal of time worrying about each other's sexual fidelity. Society forces both the married and the unmarried to seek

explicit sexual contacts under the most bizarre and tawdry circumstances.

Is it any wonder that the young are in revolt? Can we deny that the new sexual experiments now taking place are valuable? Now that procreation is seen for the heterosexual monstrosity that it is—having been emphasized all out of proportion to pleasure (which must now replace baby-making as the only sane ideal for avoidance of an overcrowded world) we can look forward to the emergence of wonderful new patterns, free of the horrid confinements of the past.

Sexual freedom will require that we conquer all forms of repression and censorship.

Sexual freedom will mean that the realization of a sexual act is sufficient reason—in itself—for that act to have occurred. No further rationalizations are necessary.

Sexual freedom will not allow that any sexual act, so long as force is not used on a non-consenting party, is worthy of blame. Sexual acts are fully in harmony with human dignity. Liberationists will destroy the belief that there is anything degrading about having freely performed a sexual act.

Sexual freedom will mean that sexual propositions, directed to members of either sex, will be taken as compliments, rather than as insults.

Sexual freedom will laugh at those who believe that their chastity, virginity, or abstinence is a mark of superiority.

The sexual act is like any other physiological function. Its consequences are beyond good and evil.

Sexual freedom will leave it to the individual as to how often he or she may wish to perform sexually.

Sexual freedom will advise us to ignore our neighbor's sexual activities. By doing so, we avoid the juvenile temptation to pass judgment on him. No one should be called to account, whether by an individual or the state, for a sexual act, unless, of course, violence or force is involved.

Sexual freedom will teach us that the free, open, and easy performance of sexual acts creates a more relaxed and well balanced person. The denial of such freedoms are at the core of America's massive neurosis.

The homosexual lifestyle, freed from ancient taboos and "heterosexual" bondage can point the way to a happier society for everyone. Petty jealousies, "butch-fem" role playing, and the concept of sexual ownership (i.e., I own your genitals and you may use them only with me) must be stamped from our consciousness. Heterosexual patterns must not be copied.

Look around at your "heterosexual" friends. What a horror it must be for the middle class "straight" who attempts his own alcoholically inspired version of Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice because he wants a little honest nookie on the side. Pity him because of the uptight suburbanites from whom he must choose his partners. Let us lead him away from his misery. Tell him: *If it feels good, do it!* This is not an empty slogan. Millions of unhappy slaves to the system are waiting eagerly for such liberation. Let us help them change their sexual lives from the compulsive clutching and groping of an ignorant past to the joys of deep erotic caresses which can be theirs in the eternal NOW.

BY DR. GEORGE WEINBERG

GAY is pleased to present the following word definitions and creations by a psychotherapist of matchless vision, George Weinberg, Ph.D.

Dr. Weinberg's many contributions to GAY, always in rhythm with the best spirit of the newspaper, are welcome reflections of thoughts which he long ago expressed as a leading psychological professional. In days when it was not popular to do so, Dr. Weinberg spoke out against the anti-homosexual prejudices of his colleagues. He continues to do so as a widely read author, now preparing what should easily be among the most popular and thought provoking of books on homosexuality by a first-rate psychologist. —The Editors

Within the next few years, someone is going to write a dictionary for sensualists. Meanwhile, if you don't like the words, or definitions that I will be presenting here, write in your own, and very possibly Lige and Jack will publish them.

The words I want to talk about are "homosexual," "gay," "to straight someone" (the verb), "homophobia," "coming out," "mature" and "homophile." These words need careful consideration.

HOMOSEXUAL. This word is to be distinguished from the word "gay," defined next. To be homosexual is to have an erotic preference for members of one's own sex. One may be homosexual for a minute, an hour, a day, or a lifetime. The Kinsey scale measures degree of homosexuality or heterosexuality on a scale from zero to six. Many people who write and talk on the subject are criticized for using the word "homosexual" without suggesting there are gradations involved. This seems like unwarranted criticism. The scale is used to classify people by their behavior over a lifetime, but when people talk about themselves it makes perfect sense to think about one's recent part, or present desires. Kinsey was a genius as a surveyor and classifier. But for most purposes in everyday life, it makes sense to use the word "homosexual" to talk about people's present outlook. As Dr. Franklin Kameny put it ten years ago, "Just as the heterosexual can abstain from sex completely and be no less a heterosexual for doing so, the homosexual can."

GAY. A homosexual person is gay when he regards himself as happily gifted with whatever capacity he has to see people as romantically beautiful. It is to be free of shame, guilt, regret over the fact that one is homosexual, that the searchlight of one's childhood vision of human beings shined more brilliantly on members of one's own sex than on those of the other. That, for whatever reasons, it illuminated those and gave them fascination—and burst them into sexual brilliance when the body learned to crave what it had been pursuing. To be gay is to view one's sexuality as the healthy heterosexual views his.

To be gay is to be free of the need for ongoing self inquisition, the sort that preoccupies those who feel abandoned and are searching for a reason. "How did I become homosexual?" "Is it a disease?" "Who's to blame?" "Should I go for therapy?" "Was Julius Caesar homosexual?"



WORDS FOR THE NEW CULTURE

Being gay means having freed oneself of misgivings over being homosexual. At its best it means not limiting oneself to a stereotype—a model of some previous homosexual—for one's personality, at work, at parties, with a lover. It means remaining free to invent, to imbue life with fantasy. It means being able to investigate one's preferences and desires in sexual roles where one chooses, without having to construct a personality elsewhere consistent with this, to justify it, to account for it. In essence, it means being convinced that any erotic orientation and preference may be housed in any human being.

This implies that homosexuality in a man renders him no less masculine than other men, and that homosexuality in a woman makes her no less feminine. Curiously, the larger culture has decided that in men homosexuality connotes weakened sexuality, whereas in women it is a sign of enhanced sexuality. Lesbianism, belittled and misunderstood, has served as pornography for heterosexual men over the ages.

Many homosexuals have, when they discovered their orientation, begun acting in ways they believed consistent and necessary for their identity as homosexuals. For instance, they adopted highly defined masculine or feminine roles and elaborated upon them. Where one's whole personality becomes frozen in such a role, there is doubtless a reduction of possibility—a capitulation to a stereotype to escape conflict and to accept being homosexual. But suppose the person enjoys the role vigorously. Who is to say that the loss is disproportionate, or that the highest aim of life is total flexibility of role? Individuals must make these decisions for themselves.

Civilizations have often tried to cultivate what they considered a lush garden without weeds—a wholly heterosexual population. This has never been done. Unwanted, homosexuals have sprung up apparently nurtured by the same elements as heterosexuals. And in each population some of these homosexuals have boldly believed in themselves and their rights while others have accepted the conventional prejudice.

Some have never recognized a choice in the matter. Others have come to the great void of discovery, unprepared, and have retreated. Society inculcated a romantic fiction on them. It told them that only one vision of life was sensible—monogamous, heterosexual marriage with children. The removal of this fiction creates the void. By the retreat, I mean the flight from accepting that there are many vistas and each of us chooses his own.

MATURE. "Mature" means "ripe, stuffy, rigid, ready to fall"—like a "mature apple." Mature means doing what other people want you to do. As part of my morning prayer, I always say "May I never be mature! May I never have friends who are mature!"

If you are not mature by twenty-five, there is hope for you.

TO STRAIGHT SOMEONE. To straight someone is to imply that he or she is straight, when in gay company. For instance, a bisexual girl goes to a lesbian dance on Saturday and there an acquaintance calls across the floor to her "How is your husband Arthur?" The girl has been straightened out of contention. With the fact of her straight life out in the open,

she has the same chance for romance with most of the girls there as if it were announced that she had syphilis. Who wants to start an affair with a dabbler? This is the usual woman's point of view. Then too, it is feared she may be cruising for her husband, himself too frightened to answer an ad.

Among homosexual men, "to straight someone" is often to benefit his courtship chances. To some, the discovery that a possible sex partner is straight is the highest form of praise. These men are often full of guilt and feel cleansed by the heterosexuality of the other person. And so, to straight someone means (1) if it is a woman, to blemish her chances for romance by attributing heterosexuality to her. And (2) if it is a man, to rule him out for some gay men, but to others it is to place him gently astride an elephant and call him a prince.

HOMOPHILE. Any humane person who has given serious attention to the status of the homosexual in our society, and pitches in to help—even by arguing the cause at cocktail parties. The practice of attributing homosexuality to all homophiles bespeaks the thought that people are not capable of sympathy for others but only of self-seeking motives. It is a practice that puts decent people in exactly the category that homophobes put them in. Most heterosexuals so fear the charge of homosexuality that even if their hearts tell them to fight for the cause of homosexuals, they are hesitant. Homosexuals must not make the mistake of discrediting people of good will who side with them.

The best definition of a homophile was given by Dr. Franklin Kameny off the cuff, when interrogated about a heterosexual member of the Washington Mat-tachine Society in 1964.

"She is a civilized person who wants to see a discriminated-against group of people—she wants to see their status improved, in precisely the same sense that there are many, many, many whites who are active members of the NAACP, and in fact officers, and I am sure there are many Christians who are members of the United Brethren Antidiscrimination League. They are civilized people who don't like to see other people persecuted and discriminated against."

COMING OUT. A change of mind produced by a change in action. The action consists of exposing to others some fact about oneself previously considered shameful and withheld. The action may be a direct disclosure, as in saying on the David Susskind Show that one is homosexual; or it may consist merely of allowing the trait to be guessed, as when walking into a gay bar for the first time, or down the street hand-in-hand with a lover.

But "coming out" most properly refers to the change of mind consequent on the bold actions. For instance, the person is a homosexual, or a transvestite, or a Jew, or is light-skinned and has decided to rejoin his black friends and be recognized as one of them. The change of mind centers on a vital truth: that repercussions are never as awful as they seem when contemplated from the shadows.

An old pal of mine, Billy —, had been ashamed of being homosexual; he was coming out slowly till an incident blasted him out, and he has been happy ever since. He was an accountant for a construction company and gave reports to six vice presidents who would meet around a huge mahogany table. Each had his own phone there. The group was listening to Billy tell of negotiating a delay on repayment of a loan. They were very happy at his handling of the bank president, when the conference phone rang. They picked

up the receivers of their phones around the table, in time for all of them to hear the gruff voice of the foreman of one of their work crews calling from the field. "Hey I want you to hear this." He went on nonstop. "That Billy —, who works for you is a homosexual. I just wanted you to know. A faggot. He sucked my cock on his trip to check up out here. Will you please tell him to leave me alone next time he comes around."

The six receivers went down almost in unison. One of the vice presidents said impatiently, "Billy. It's marvelous that you got us six months on the repayment of the first two-hundred and fifty thousand dollars, but are we stuck with a demand loan on that other deal..." Billy went on with his report. There was nothing else to do. Later he argued vehemently on a financial matter with another vice president. But no one mentioned the phone call. There was too much else to talk about. As the group put their papers in their portfolios and began filing out, they congratulated him on the deal once more. He had made considerable money for all of them. One of them, who had frequently engaged in heated arguments with Billy at the conference table, added, "By the way, don't give that phone call a thought." "No" added another bigwig. "He's fired." Fortunately, there was no homophobia in the particular group, who were all heterosexual, as far as Billy knew, and were married with families. Or if there was homophobia, Billy's talents had overcome it in the particular case. The nightmares of the guiltiest homosexuals sometimes assume the form of one's being found out in a dramatic way, as Billy was. Billy had previously endured such nightmares. But he told me that after the incident, he never had a night-

mare on the subject of his being exposed as a homosexual, and was very relieved as a result of the incident.

HOMOPHOBIA. This is the dread of being in close quarters with homosexuals—and in the case of homosexuals themselves, self-loathing. Volumes have been written by psychologists, sexologists, anthropologists, sociologists, and physiologists on homosexuality, its origins and its development. This is because in most western civilizations, homosexuality is itself considered a problem; our unwarranted distress over homosexuality hides from being classified as a problem because it is the prevailing view.

Despite massive evidence that homosexuals are as varied as anyone else, the public clings to misconceptions that appear to justify its quarantines. Among them are the belief that homosexuals are child molesters (though child molestation is preponderantly a heterosexual practice); the belief that homosexuals are untrustworthy, that homosexual men hate women; that homosexual women hate men—all unsupported by evidence, but held unquestioningly by millions.

If there is any doubt of the existence of homophobia, consider that in England and the U.S. for hundreds of years, homosexuality was unmentionable. In the courts, homosexual crimes were alluded to in Latin, or implied by circuitous language, and judges have sentenced people to languish in jail for acts considered so vile that they should not be talked about. For this reason, homosexuality has sometimes been called "the crime without a name."

The cost of any phobia is inhibition spreading to a whole circle of acts considered dangerously close to the illicit ac-

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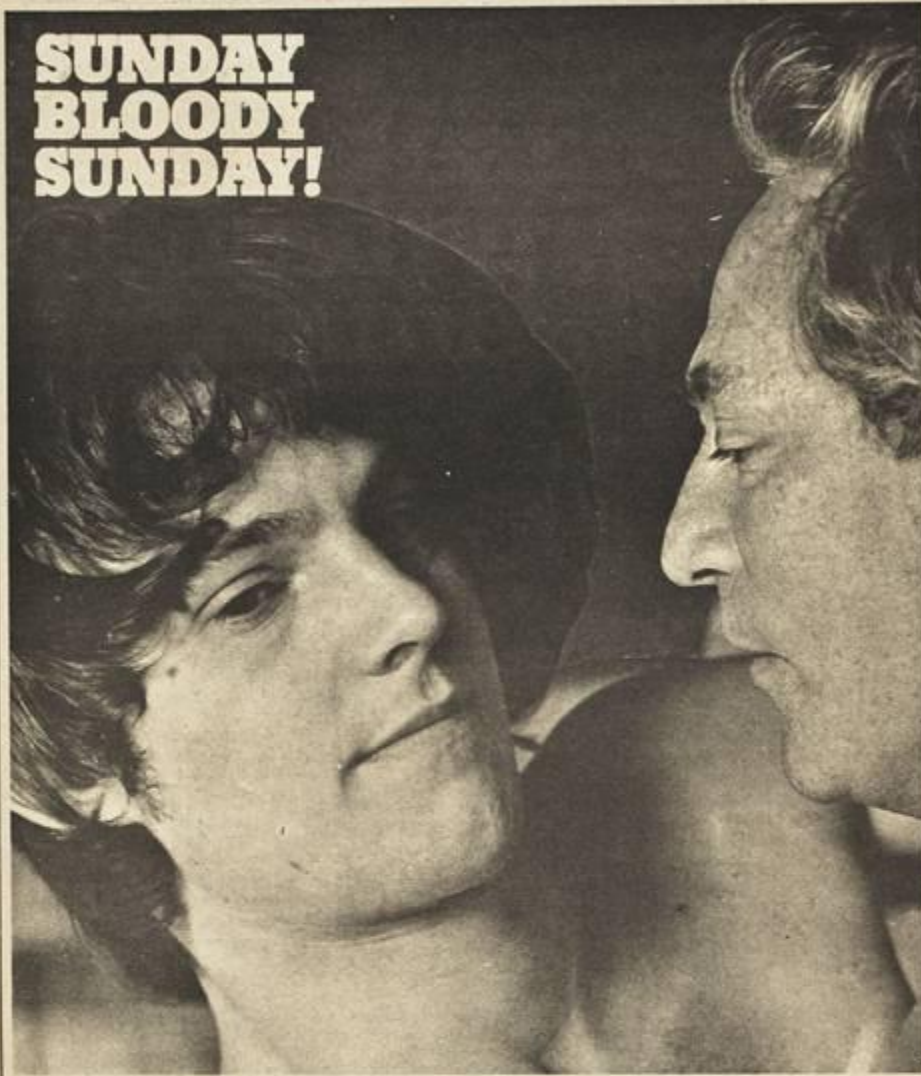


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SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY!



Murray Head and Peter Finch in "Sunday, Bloody Sunday"

BY THANE HAMPTEN

After the Sex & Sadism, what? I've been pondering this a great deal lately. It's all so asinine, really. Cinema striving to hold its own against Televacuity with the only turf it can still claim: exploration of taboos. Only, as I have been indicating in the recent past, we are rapidly running out of taboos. Incest will probably hold its time-honored place for a while longer, at least in Western culture, but one supposes that is because it lacks the quintessential allure of other naughtiness—(unless you happen to have been separated from an extremely handsome and well-hung older brother for many years. But that's another story.)

Dear, dying cinema. Almost as dead as theatre, and taking almost as long in the process of expiration. And who cares? Godard fans? Beaver-flick fans? You're aware that we are entering the TV cassette age, aren't you? Oh, goodbye! For at least the first whole year after you purchase your equipment you'll make a complete video-taped record of each Saturday night's hump. On cold winter Monday evenings you can play and replay that torrid three hours with passionate, dark little Jaunite. No commercials, no sagging Doris Day, no irritating FCC rulings, no dull stretches. But that's also another

story. In the meantime, we must content ourselves with what the wide screen has left to offer that the small screen still denies. Sex & Sadism and an awful lot of lesbian vampires. I appreciate the desire and necessity of competition, but come on, fellas, this is getting ridiculous. The backlash will soon be upon us. And it's not a question of morals, at least not with my friends or myself. I am simply weary of gratuitous sex scenes; hand-held cameras pointlessly shoved up the first non-descript twat in sight; the schoolboy leer stuck smugly on the face of the middle-aged purveyor. "I'm pleasing the hell out of you with my raunchy inserts, ain't I?" No, m'lord, you are not. Judith Crist and I have had our fill.

Back in the late '30's, when the public (that inconsequential protoplasm) had had quite enough of Ruby and Dick's campus tippytoes thank you, the frantic studios began pasting flyers over movie ads: "This is not a musical!" *The Singing Marine*, and its eight hundred sequels, was one of the industry's first real errors in judging audience levels of intelligence and tolerance. It would be far from the last boner. And it is time for me to respectfully submit that we drop the present ineffectually vacillating code ratings and simply label each film *Leer* or *Non-Leer*.

Example? Yes, of course I came prepared with a candidate for the first gen-

uinely adult *Non-Leer*. (We all have our lists of fatuous *Leer* pictures.) Beginning with this film, I would like to hear a great deal about *The New Maturity in Films*. *Sunday, Bloody Sunday* is about to hit town. No, that doesn't sound accurate. Rephrase. It is about to gently and subtly make itself available to you. First, let me hasten to say that the title (unless I'm missing some obscure irony) is dreadful, at least outside the United Kingdom. Even though I had returned from London only one day before seeing this film, I automatically assumed the bloody referred to gore instead of the moderately bland epithetical synonym for *damn*, of which the British are so fond. The title is a wistfully disgruntled sigh: "That damned, unnecessary Sunday." (You see, the boy leaves them on a Sunday. It's only a wretched coincidence that the dog is killed the previous Sunday. And few people are so perverse as to really care for Sundays anyway.)

It's actually rather difficult to review a film of this type. The director, John Schlesinger, has himself admitted it is without plot. It is simply a delicate, tender, and marvelously compassionate exploration of that archaic emotional state known as love. A middle-aged doctor, a divorcee, and the youth they are wise enough to share. Its theme is a quietly urgent instruction to us all: Life is a chain of compromises, a casualty but irrevoca-

bly forged structure that can only be seen objectively at the time of parting, or crisis, or death. Give and take what you can, when and where you can find it, and always—with compassion. Ask no more than a reasonable share of simple happiness and reciprocal pleasure. There is no other insurance against continual disappointment; the heartache and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to.

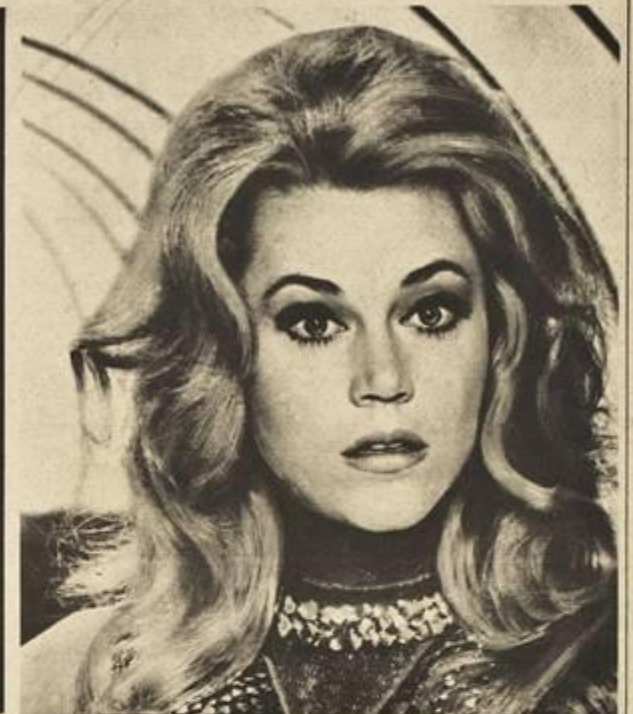
After the electricity generated by Schlesinger's *Midnight Cowboy*, more than a few people will likely be disappointed by the lack of violent emotion in this introspective film. It is an examination of embers rather than fire. As interesting as *Cowboy* was, I would like to feel that Schlesinger ultimately realized that its basic grotesqueries robbed it of the universality that all great art must strive for. *Sunday*, while perhaps not apologetic, is certainly antidote for the previous film's monomorphous concept of depravity as the *elen vital*.

It is also the first film I have ever seen that actually and honestly treats homosexuality in precisely the same way as heterosexuality. Here, there is definitely no apology. Hetero-Homo: opposite sides of one coin; neither is more important or more valued than the other. We are all the same. We live; we die. We eat, sleep, cry, laugh, and make love. We love. Schlesinger does not seem at all concerned with the usual obligatory placation of straight sensibilities. There is no chorus line of campy swishes doing the Parody Parade, no reliance on bizarre aberration as a means to achieve quick and cheap effect. When the doctor gratefully enfolds the boy in his arms, we are concerned only with their happiness. When they rest side by side in bed, contented after sex, our own pleasure comes from hearing them simply plan the immediate next hours. They never speak of guilt or perversion. These do not exist; they are terms devoid of meaning. And we are not at all astonished to find the boy equally giving, with the woman on the floor of her apartment. We accept what is natural as natural. We are only as irritated as they by the insistent interruption of the ringing telephone. (Telephones, by the way, symbolic of the price we pay for the uglier modern "conveniences," are the only real villains of this film.) Profanity comes, sparing and reasonable. When, at the end, the boy leaves them both, escaping London for the questionably greener pastures of New York, we know that his problem is one of facing life in general, and not an isolated confusion of gender differentiation. There is no retribution for any of the protagonists, other than final self-awareness and the poignancy of

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Triangular Lover: Murray Head



Gertrude Stein Meets Barbaraella

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 13)

The Gay Insider

(continued from page 8)

north will be given a warm welcome," or the Pastime at 1st and Cushman Streets in Fairbanks, where they promise "It will blow your mind." Huskies, anyone? ... What does this conjure up: The Silver Dollar Saloon, 86 W. Broadway, in Jackson Hole, Wyoming? Alas, though, it's integrated straight and gay ... Most of the bars in America which feature entertainment describe same as shows with impersonators; second comes dancing, mostly not "close."

THE PRAYING GAYS

Sometimes certain events seem too coincidental to be such, and you wonder if a few people are tuned into a power line you don't know about. Did it just "happen" that, on the day Troy phoned from L.A. to see whether I could help locate anyone with GAA who could house MCC Missionary to Gotham Howard Wells, sitting in the room was Richie Wandel, then chairman of its National Gay Movement committee and in charge of finding crash pads for just such newcomers as Rev. Howard? The latch was up. The organizational meeting of MCC here was held January 5, by the way, and services will be conducted the third or fourth Sunday of this month, place not yet known. Howard is diminutive of stature, but a committed little Daniel with Christmas tree eyes that reveal an inner luminosity, and when you meet him you'll find yourself pulling for him. He founded MCC San Francisco, which is now thriving, complete with its own community center that includes hotel room space.



Leah Wallach

THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW GAY YEAR

"If sex is the basic form of creative energy, man has more than he can use in bed; he can make a rich culture with the sublimated surplus"—Leah Wallach in *Sexual Latitude: For and Against*, a book of essays published by Hart; "Only a struggle twists sentimentality and lust together into love"—E.M. Forster in *Maurice*; "Love which is not needed is a voice calling in the wind. Power which does not select its opportunities finds itself standing in a hurricane, commanding the winds to cease"—Paul Rosenfelds in *Homosexuality: The Psychology of the Creative Process*; "To approach self-togetherness in 1972 deny yourself nothing, especially not self-denial"—me. I've given up smoking, excessive drinking and promiscuity. Your prayers and thoughts for my well-being will be appreciated! (And send all news items to me c/o Box 439, Ansonia Station, NYC 10023.)

WORDS FOR THE NEW CULTURE

(continued from page 11)

tivity. In this case, acts that might be construed as invitational to homosexual feelings, or that are reminiscent of homosexual acts, are shunned. Since homosexuality is more feared in men than women, this results in marked differences in permissiveness toward the sexes. For instance, a great many men are withheld from embracing each other or kissing each other, and women are not. Moreover, it is expected that men will not express fondness for each other, or longing for each other's company, as openly as women do. It is expected that men will not see beauty in the physical forms of other men, or enjoy it, whereas women may openly express admiration for the beauty of other women. Ramifications of this phobic fear extend even to parent-child relationships. Millions of fathers feel that it would not befit them to kiss their sons affectionately or embrace them, whereas mothers can kiss and embrace their daughters as well as their sons.

It is expected that men, even lifetime friends, will not sit as close together on a couch while talking earnestly as women may; they will not look into each other's faces as steadily or as fondly. And the fear is inculcated in early life. Studies have been done in which children are

asked to place paper figures on a background, to indicate the degree of closeness between imaginary characters represented by the figures. For instance, the instruction is given to indicate that the play figures like each other, or are acquaintances, or are frightened of each other. In one study, sixth grade boys and girls were subjects, and the cut-outs were of children their own age. The girls showed a strong tendency to indicate fondness by putting the cut-outs close to each other; by comparison, the boys did not put the cut-outs of boys near to each other. The differences were so systematic as to meet stringent scientific criteria. The author, Dr. Carol J. Guardo, concluded:

It is common knowledge that in our society, females are allowed to assume closer physical interaction distances than males are.

She noted that

Sex differences in interpersonal spacing have been found on numerous occasions ... and observation shows that females can tolerate closer physical proximity than males in this culture. (Child Development, 1969 40, 143-151)

Society's fear of intimacy between males has implications far beyond the sexual realm. Apparently, boys learn it by the age of eleven, and it results in a significant deprivation of freedom for them.

An Australian psychiatrist named Dr. N. McConaghy conducted a study typical of many in which the aim was to help perfect a device for spotting homosexuals. In this study, he put the penis of each of his subjects into an apparatus designed to measure whether it expanded or contracted as the subjects viewed pictures of nude men and women engaging in somewhat sexual acts, like towel-drying themselves. Eleven heterosexual medical students served as the controls for a homo-

sexual population. In responding to the pictures of nude males, the penises of the heterosexual young medical students shrank! One understands easily why they did not expand, since presumably the medical students were not erotically aroused at the sight of the nude males. But why did they shrink? Fear seems like the answer. And if the sight of the naked body of the male has this effect on them, how will that influence them as practitioners, when they will be called upon to look at and handle the naked bodies of men?

Millions of heterosexual men who suffer from homophobia find it almost impossible to gaze at the bodies of other men, though they are understandably curious about them. By the way, in the study, many of the heterosexuals showed erotic arousal at the sight of the nude women, as well as at that of the nude men. The heterosexuals, much more than the homosexuals in that study, showed fear of members of the sex which was not the one they preferred.

When a phobia incapacitates a person from engaging in activities considered decent by a society, the person himself is the sufferer. He loses out on the chance to go skiing perhaps, if it is agoraphobia; or the chance to take the elevator to the street each day if it is claustrophobia. But here the phobia appears as antagonism directed toward a particular group of people. Inevitably, it leads to disdain toward the people themselves, and to mistreatment of them. The phobia in operation is a prejudice, and this means we can widen our understanding by considering the phobia from the point of view of its being a prejudice and then uncovering its motives.

A Good Jewish Boy Attends A Christian Service

(continued from page 6)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

the Union had not been performed.

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

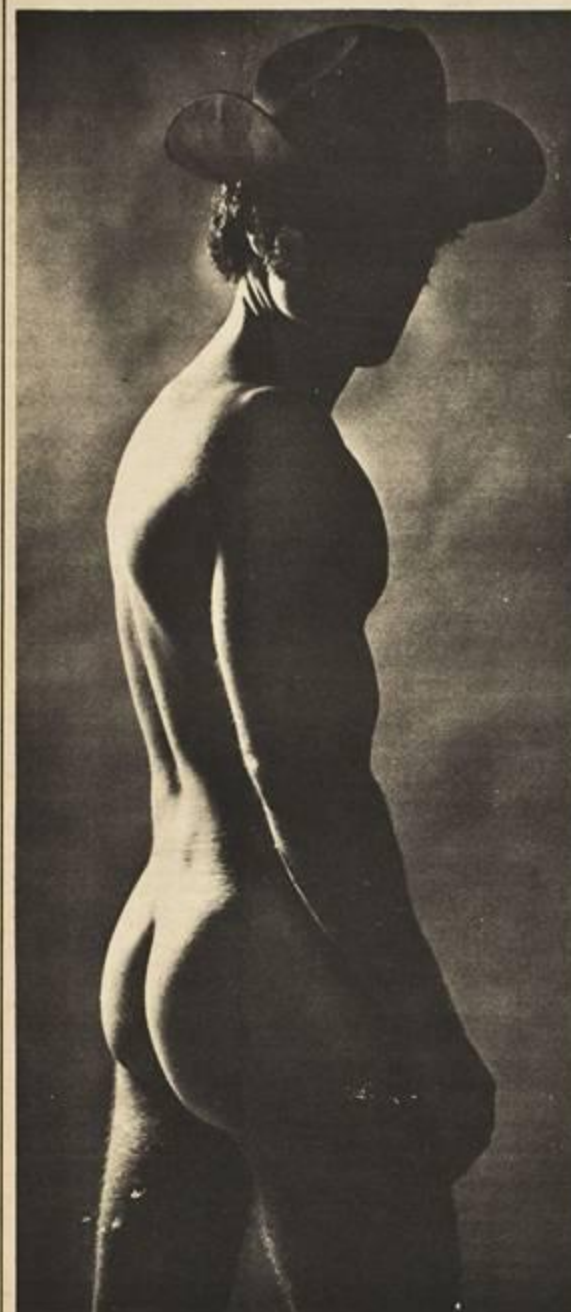
The couple hold a knife to cut it. A man who had been photographing the holy union now photographs the cake-cutting.

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

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

Indeed.

But not to discretion.



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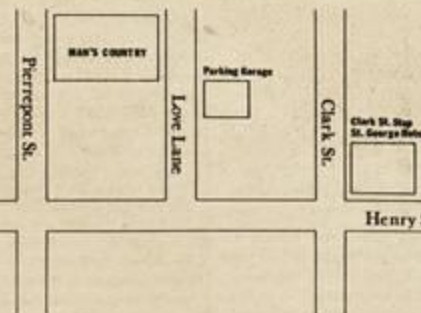
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The Last Estate

BY GREGORY BATTCKOCK

THE WINGS OF SCREAMING CHILDREN

Just got back from you-know-where. Some gory details, too good for exploitation by the fourth estate, will come later.

All I know is that our Eastern stewardesses, charming girls, got into a squabble in the galley of the DC 8—a squabble they kept up right through landing at JFK.

At one point on that landmark flight passengers got sprayed with wet rice and stringbeans that came flying out of the galley, having missed their target. "There goes a paella," remarked the drunk sitting next to me—he was referring to a "paella" dinner, composed of soggy, soupy rice, a few black beans and some frankfurter slices that was the luncheon entree. A stringbean salad accompanied this gastronomic eyesore.

Of course, you could have the "sir-loin" if you didn't want the paella. Fortunately I was sober enough to imagine what an Eastern Airlines "sir-loin" would be, but the very concept of an Eastern paella certainly stimulated the imagination...

Besides the drunk next to me, there was the screaming kid in front, with his toy hammer that mommy gave him so she would be free to concentrate upon picking up stray Puerto Rican youths on the plane. The child used his weapon to pry off some panelling from the wall, and he banged it all the way to New York. I wrote Eastern suggesting they change their slogan, from "The Wings of Man" to "The Screams of Children." I have never flown that unhappy airline without suffering untold agonies at the hands of Spanish-American children who, along with their deaf mothers, are lured aboard with discount tickets and disposable diapers.

In Puerto Rico, while musing over some back issues of GAY, I was appalled to discover many mistakes in this column, on a regular basis. For instance, in the piece on the Erotic Film Festival, I wrote about how Arch Brown is owner of Club Orgy. That, of course, is ridiculous. Actually I'm not sure who Arch Brown is, unless he's the chap who used to make those films that screened at the film club on 14th Street that got busted and went out of business.

Also, in the same column, I wrote about how Jud Yalkut was a former photographer for *The New York Free Press*. Actually I had been thinking of Elliot Landy. Yalkut, of course, was a writer, and not a photographer. And I completely forgot to mention that my friend Tom Spence was a contributor to the festival, but I don't suppose it matters.

I should like to point out a few short cuts for the benefit of all the doctoral students of the future who will pore over these pages in search of truths and documentation about our benighted age. For accuracy of detail, I direct the researcher to Leo Skir's reportage. For first-hand investigation, one should consult Thane Hampton's musings. For sheer slander and remarkable irrelevancy, Aaron Bates takes the cake. Those scholars in search of interminable mauling will be delighted to discover Dick Leitch. For socially progressive and utterly pointless editorializing, turn to the speculations of our GAY editors on page 3. Finally, those in

need of thoroughly misleading, pompous, egotistical and banal reportage—not to mention incessant repetition, boring lists, slavish devotion to a neo-capitalistic pleasure principle, a remarkable commitment



"It's another obscene phone call, Gregory."

to consumerism, undisguised racism and chauvinism—will have to content themselves with this column.

At Edinboro, Pennsylvania, where I gave a lecture recently, they didn't even want to know I wrote for GAY. "This is the heterosexual capital of America," remarked one fairly realistic professor. "Yeah, it looks it," I stammered.

Fortunately San Juan isn't the heterosexual capital of anyplace. Just as I was struggling with bag and baggage, late for the airport, my friend Tony, who has successfully eluded all attempts at preventive detention, showed up with two little friends:

"Look what I found downstairs," said Tony.

"But I'm just leaving. The maid is in the room. I'll get rid of her. Maybe I should give her some money. Why are you so late? I'll miss my plane. Did you bring some string?" I asked.

"Just be calm. They were too good to pass up. Let them look at the magazines. Here's the string. Don't leave this money lying around," Tony said.

"I just put the money there because I didn't want to forget it," I explained.

"Never leave it lying around. I told you that already," he admonished.

"Yeah. Do they speak English? We have to hurry. They're very nice," I volunteered.

"Where's the rum? I want a drink. *¿Tu quieres una bebida?* Are you leaving all these Cokes? I'll take them with me. Where's the wrapping paper?" he asked.

"I think the maid took it. Go out in the hall and get it back. We have to wrap up the projector. Otherwise they'll think I stole it," I said.

"OK, why don't you start on that one," he suggested.

"What's he saying. He doesn't want to do it with his friend watching? OK, I'll take him in the bathroom. Come on, venga. OK?"

"Now, let's switch. You take this one..."

And now, dear reader, with the sun setting over the banana plantations, we leave lovely Puerto Rico and all the happy, friendly people who worked so hard to make our visit a comfortable adventure... Cheers, Gregory

Pen Points

FLORIDA SII

Dear Editor:

Your fine welcome newspaper arrived to this subscriber again this week. As always, it is a worthwhile contribution to my life being informative, interesting and entertaining.

This particular letter is being written to you as I found your comments on "Miami, Florida" in "The Editors Speak" (Dec. 20, 1971 issue) unfortunately quite inaccurate, out-dated and badly in need of correction. I am enclosing the article from Dec. 10, 1971 *Miami Herald* concerning the ruling as "unconstitutional" as to serving homosexuals at bars. This article is significant and rates space in your paper. Incidentally, Florida's most powerful influential newspaper, *The Miami Herald* (Knight newspapers), had the courage (during the month since the raid you reported) to print many letters on the Editors' page all in favor of homosexuality and this unfair incident.

I'm afraid I must tell you as a 6-year Miami resident that your comments on such town are several years behind the times. Our police are anything but "savage"—nor do they "run ruthlessly" over gays! During this particular (and unusual) "raid," the police warned the over 50 in number gays at the bar that for their own good to avoid arrest to leave the bar before they booked a few quite drunk and lewd gays. We have dozens of bars (and some nice baths) actively in action till 5 a.m. night after night, month after month, year after year unharassed by our local police. "Savage?" To the contrary. Most every bar has dancing and affection among patrons. We Miami Gays are hardly in a "Homosexual Mississippi" as you call it. The harassment and brutality of New York do not exist here, and we are not repressed in the slightest. Your most accurate report on this situation is the shift in our State Attorney's office—Richard Gerstein was quite defensive toward our position which should make the conditions even better. Florida is still a "vacation land," not the closet state of the 1950's and 1960's as you've reported.

Sincerely,
G.C.
Miami

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bond \$150. We were mugged, finger printed and given the usual works. While this happened early in the afternoon, it was 9:30 p.m. before I was released on bail.

At first my lawyer said it would be a simple matter to have the case thrown out, but later he said it was far more serious, that it was not a local St. Pete case, but a state case. We were arraigned the following day.

Another reason to say out of Florida: crime is rampant. There are more cops in the rest rooms than on the streets. During the past three months women have been raped, murdered and robbed coming out of supermarkets to their cars. In the past two years, a jewelry salesman was murdered in cold blood in broad daylight while boarding a bus at the Tampa Greyhound Bus Station.

All is reminiscent of the terrible days of the early 60's and the infamous Johns Committee. So stay out of Florida unless you come in overwhelming numbers and give us a "Gay Liberation Day" as they did in the Village a year ago.

Since I live in "America The Free?!" (I cannot tell what lengths they may go to get more to add to what they already have, I am not signing this. If because of the lack of a signature you can not print this—then at least I tried.) May your good work go on, and my last request, since I am a veteran of World War II, will be that they do not desecrate my remains with the U.S. flag.

A. Felon
AN EVENING AT THE TRUCKS

Dear GAY:

Let me thank you for your publication of Marco Vassi's perceptive and well-written article, "An Evening at the Trucks," in your Dec. 20 issue of GAY. Such an article is unique and thus is quite a contribution to your paper. Let's hear more from this gifted writer.

Sincerely,
Lucien Whitaker

ISOLATION IN THE NORTH COUNTRY

Dear GAY:

I have been subscribing to GAY for about three months and am delighted with it. Reading it makes me feel like I belong to a great community of beautiful people. It helps overcome the isolation most of us feel up here in northern lower peninsula of Michigan.

I got a charge out of reading the letter in a recent issue from Michael E. I know just how he feels! He should come to this lovely city of 18,000 and visit some of our local watering spots. None of them are gay bars, but there are two or three where you can usually find a friend! Without trying I could rattle off the names of a couple of dozen gays of all ages whom I have met in less than a year... and each of them can name more. So, for a small city we are a significant number. Maybe it's the four-season resort aspect that keeps so many of us here. (It sure isn't the wages!)

I've been "out" less than a year—came through 17 years of marriage, six kids, and a divorce to this point of realization that I was trapped and miserable in the closet. Now I know who I am! And you know, I've had sex with four different married men during this past year who are as miserable as I was.

My lover and I have been talking about some kind of organization of gays for this section of the state. If you have any suggestions or referrals to make, we'd be most appreciative.

Again, thanks for being such a great newspaper!

J.D.
Michigan

CLASSIFIED ADS

Classified Ads

CLASSIFIED AD RATES: 20 cents per word for Wanton Ads or for Classified Ads. MAIL TO: Four Swords, Inc. P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Station, NYC, NY 10011.

GAY is unable to accept phone numbers for either Wanton Ads or Classified Ads. Phone numbers will be printed only on display ads.

TRAVEL Travel opportunities. Only gay need apply! Keep your present positions. Weekend & holiday get-aways. Ballard & Weber, Dept. GD, Key Largo, Fla. 33037.

PHOTOGRAPHS—PORTRAITS. Want to capture a special occasion? Put it on film. All types of photography. Reasonable rates. New York area only. Call GAY's photographer, Rich Wandel, noon to 8 p.m. (212) 284-0226.

AT LAST! A correspondence club for older & elderly males. Young fellows who appreciate the old ones, also welcome. Send \$1 cash. Holiday Bulletins, Box 1208, Minneapolis, Minn. 55440.

GAYS: TRAVEL & ENJOY IT! On-Le Tours is now organizing flights to Europe. Just like regular flights? Not exactly! Each flight will carry a staff of young, very friendly male guides. Want to join us? Come! Be happy & unharassed in the sun. For detailed information, send \$2 to: On-Le Tours, Labyrinth Inc., Box 31, E. Lansing, Mich.

OPENINGS STILL AVAILABLE for male guide positions. Send money to: On-Le Tours, Labyrinth Inc., Box 31, E. Lansing, Mich. For information on how you can travel free. Support gay enterprise. Gay is good!

YOUNG WRITER, 24, seeks NYC apt. to share, hopefully with own room, inexpensive. Box 575, Wall St. PO, NYC 10005.

NAVY SAILOR, fighting a test case with assistance from the American Civil Liberties Union, needs to demonstrate that homosexual behavior, by homosexuals but especially also by sailors who consider themselves & are generally considered by their shipmates to be heterosexual ("straight trade") is widespread in the Navy, that it is generally winked at & not subject to prosecution, & that the "trade" behavior is not considered by the sailor sub-culture to indicate homosexual orientation. Therefore asks any former Navyman, or any civilians who have had extensive experience with sailor "straight trade," who are willing to let the Navy know their names & addresses, to please write a statement describing their experiences, in as much detail as possible (but not pornographic), tending to support our argument and send same to: RMSN Robert A. Martin Jr., USN D105351, AF South, Box 148, Fleet Post Office New York 09524; speed is important due to impending hearings.

CURRENTLY EMPLOYED 25-year-old white male, 6 years business experience, seeks good employment (career opportunity) with understanding employer in NYC & vicinity or New Jersey. Please write to: Occupant, PO Box 1285, FDR Sta., 909 3rd Ave., NY, NY 10022.

PICTURES OF NUDE MALES. For pictures of nude males in living color send \$2 & statement of your age as over 21 & for private use. Send money to: Color Photos, Box 12231, Portland, Ore.

GENUINE 13½" cock photo. All-time biggest prick. 8x10" clear glossy print of handsome go-go kid's super huge cock, 7" around. Comes sealed, 1st class, with valuable brochure. \$3 from Mort Sloan, Box 714, NYC 10022.

WASHINGTON, D.C. AREA—young, white, clean, slim to medium gay guys wanted for: a roommate, a houseboy, friends, etc. (in D.C.). Send photo if available & write to: Larry King, PO Box 7305, Long Beach, Calif. 90807.

BLACK & LATIN friends wanted by sincere, flexible, well-endowed, blond, blue-eyed guy. Well established, 31, hot, wide interests. Promise a fantastic time & sincere relationship, if desired. Photo & phone a must. Give it a try. Occupant, Box 308, Gracie Sta., NYC.

MAN, WHITE, 35, tall, slim, masculine, good-looking, sensitive & sincere, seeks friendship with attractive, slim, sensitive young guy, the younger the better, from New York area only. Write, photo, to: Philip Leslie, 152 W. 42 St., Rm. 504, NY, NY 10036.

WANTED: male friend by hip teacher. Box 723, Amherst, Mass. Sincere, close, lasting relationship.

WANTON ADS

BI-MALE, 26, seeks other males for groovy times. Photo if possible. Write: Box 5834, Toledo, Ohio 43623.

WANTED: male lover. I'm 29, blond, Europ., attr. body & mind, sincere; seek lasting relationship; photo a must. Box 12481, Hartford, Conn. 06112.

BONDAGE & DISCIPLINE — The new sensualism. Illustrated catalog of spanking, flogging, dominant-submissive publications, personal contacts, bizarre sexualism — \$1. Ameda, Box 497, Union City, Calif. 94587.

PSST! Want to lay your hands on a free brochure describing the hottest well-written adult gay fiction? If you're 21 & ready, write for our gay brochure & expect an immediate response from: Library Services, Inc., Dept. G, Box 20308, San Diego, Calif. 92120.

JOY GEL—orange, pineapple, strawberry, licorice and grape—\$2 ea. * 5 for \$9.* Orgy Gel—a hint of mint in a vitamin enriched lanolin base. Savory passion fruit with vitamin E added. \$3.50 per 4 oz. jar. * Prices include shipping & handling. The Pleasure Chest, Dept. B, 152 7th Ave. So., NY, NY 10014.

YOUNG BUCKS with pink carnations & pick-up trucks. —American Pie. Golden Oldie freaks: groove on Martini Hop. Pretty Little Angel Eyes! I'm 24, you're under 29! Get by with unlimited help from your friend. Write: Basic, Box 936, Utica, NY 12503. Tequila.

DO YOU FLY with Loftleider, PAA, on your trip to Europe via Iceland? We are here 2 young gay same would like to hear from you. We are very handsome, slim, dark & blond; are you interested? Please drop a few lines with photo. Write to: Ricco d. Silva, Hveragerdi pr, Reykjavik, Iceland.

WANTED: conscientious young man, 5'8" or taller. Must be neat dresser & have a dynamic personality to handle retail music business upstate NY. No experience necessary. Send particulars to: Stereo Tape Center, 496 Albany Ave., Kingston, NY. Working hours will be 1:00 to 9:00.

ROBOTS. Rubber robots to stroke & carry you. The Ejaculator will tickle your hole & massage your thing. We make sex machines to intensify the act or replace it. Our catalog \$1, refundable with first order. Enterprise 291, PO Box 291, Mendocino, Calif. 95460.

YOUNG GUY, 21, good-looking, slim, seeks same, 18-23, for friendship & groovy times. PO Box 163, Parkchester Sta., Bronx, NY 10462.

MANHATTAN, nice-looking young black guy interested in meeting & enjoying people who love life, sex, rock & reforming the world! Photos if you have. J. Worob, 33 Greenwich, NYC 10014.

GAYS! Names, addresses of young gays near you & all major cities \$5. Club Direct, Box 734, Kanter, La. 70062.

PICTURES OF NUDE MALES. For pictures of nude males in living color send \$2 & statement of your age as over 21 & for private use. Send money to: Color Photos, Box 12231, Portland, Ore.

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WASHINGTON, D.C. AREA—young, white, clean, slim to medium gay guys wanted for: a roommate, a houseboy, friends, etc. (in D.C.). Send photo if available & write to: Larry King, PO Box 7305, Long Beach, Calif. 90807.

BLACK & LATIN friends wanted by sincere, flexible, well-endowed, blond, blue-eyed guy. Well established, 31, hot, wide interests. Promise a fantastic time & sincere relationship, if desired. Photo & phone a must. Give it a try. Occupant, Box 308, Gracie Sta., NYC.

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NEW NEW NEW

LOOKS LIKE A CIGARETTE LIGHTER

Bloody Sunday

(continued from page 12)
tentative loneliness.

The film stars Glenda Jackson and Peter Finch, with personable newcomer, Michael Head, as the boy. Head brings just the right touch of physical ambiguity to lend credence to his attractiveness for both the other parties. Masculinity fused with feminine vulnerability. Finch imparts the same warmth and total dignity to the role of the Jewish doctor as made his portrayal of Oscar Wilde so touching some years ago.

Miss Jackson? Well, for those of you who felt I was too unkind, regarding her performance as Nina in *The Music Lovers*, I am pleased to report that she has at least temporarily abandoned the more baroque neuroses and involuntary muscular spasms. I dislike seeing an excellent actress rely solely on mannerisms and stereotyping. In *Sunday*, she is a believable modern woman, arrogant, yet unsure; proud, yet sensibly humble enough to plead for the love she knows is slipping from her; spoiled, generous, selfish, selfless. It is a perfectly conceived and performed role and it renders Miss Jackson's Academy Award premature. I cavil only with her perpetual freedom in exposing what is not one of the world's more attractive bodies. Freedom from inhibitions should always be tempered by realistic knowledge of one's physical limitations. In other words, the dame looks better draped. Or, as one gentleman says to another in the film, when an ancient and drunken ingenue tries to disrobe at a party: "Oh-oh, here comes the tired old tits again."

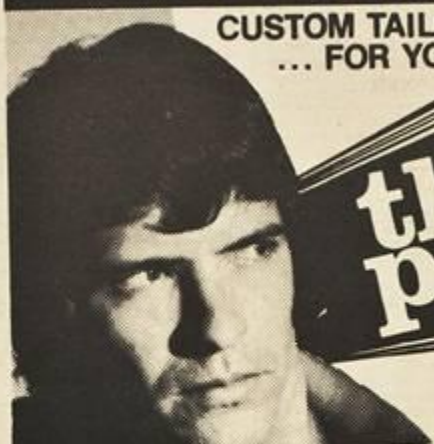
Sunday, Bloody Sunday is not a picture for or about gays. It is for and about reasonably sensitive human beings. If you need hard-core, hie thee to the Park-Miller, or wait patiently for the video cassette christening. However, I cannot help but specifically recommend this film to all the gays who have been continually hurt (or left unsatisfied) by intentional and unnecessary misrepresentation on the screen. Schlesinger's forte, as with that of the other few accomplished directors, is in the artful employment of chimera, bits of mosaic which add up to a believable and satisfying whole. I urge you to spend a couple of hours investigating the product of truthfulness and integrity.

Barbarella

(continued from page 13)

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.

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