GAY 75c

Volume 3 Number 69-B

# Iwo Jima Memorial Site of Gay Arrests

BY JUAN DE CASAS

Arlington, Va.—On January 6, the Gay Activists Alliance of Washington, D.C., staged a protest to demand cessation of the treatment received by gays at the hands of undercover agents of the U.S. Park Police in the woods near the U.S. Marine Memorial (Iwo Jima) grounds here. Six men were arrested on that evening.

Demonstrators were gathering about 5:15 on a cold blowy dusk on the grounds of the monument with posters and torches when Park Policeman Lt. Kinsey asked the crowd if it had a permit to demonstrate. He added that the group had fifteen minutes to move out of the park or arrests would be made. His delivery indicated that he would act on his word. A spectator's comment: "He really has stage presence."

With that, the group slowly moved to the outer edges of the park, which many believed to be city property. At this location, Bob Jonson, president of the Gay Activists Alliance of Washington, read a statement to those gathered which included representatives of the major television and radio stations of the Washington metropolitan area (incidentally, all gave wide coverage to the news item). The statement denounced the treatment homosexuals have suffered from the Park Police undercover agents who have been



The Marine Memorial in Arlington, Virginia, has been the site of some extraordinary carryings-on.

patrolling the area. The agents, in their twenties, dressed in un-police-like garb (long hair, tight pants, etc.) have reportedly engaged in the practice of enticing and making sexual overtures before arresting gays who frequent the area, and in one recently witnessed case, actually beating an arrested suspect.

After the statement was read, Dr. Franklin Kameny, president of the Mattachine Society of Washington and well known civil rights activist, said that he would enter the park as a private citizen and invited the others to join. The demonstrators followed and started to parade around the Memorial itself, which action brought fourteen uniformed policemen who proceeded to arrest the demonstrators. As the police were seen approaching the statue, some activists left hurriedly, but six of those remaining were taken into custody. When everything was over, about an hour had elapsed since the arrival of the first few.

Charged with "demonstrating without a permit," the activists were released on personal recognizance bonds. If convicted, the law prescribes a maximum sentence of a $500 fine or six months in jail or both. At the present time the American Civil Liberties Union is considering the merits of defending those arrested.

For about the past four months, more than sixty men have been arrested by the Park Police plainclothesmen and charged before a U.S. Magistrate Court with "obscene and indecent acts," which carries a maximum penalty similar to that of the demonstrators. Most have been fined $50 and have been given suspended jail sentences upon promising they will not return to the area for six months.

The various gay civil rights organizations in the Washington area have been receiving complaints about treatment which the Park Police has been inflicting on homosexuals arrested in the three-acre wooded area. On the afternoon of December 26, Mr. Lacey H. Rich, Jr., a resident of an apartment building across the monument grounds, witnessed a man in a plaid jacket beating another who was not making any attempts to resist; Mr. Rich was later informed by police that an arrest had been performed by an undercover agent answering to the description of the man in the plaid jacket.

On the night of January 5, the GAA, triggered by Mr. Rich's complaint as printed on January 3 in the *Washington Post*, met and accorded on immediate ac-

*(continued on page 3)*

# Activist Beaten at Muskie Dinner

BY ROBERT RAFFONE

New York, N.Y.—On January 5, outside the posh Regency Hotel on Park Avenue at 61st Street, about 25 members of the Gay Activist Alliance held an orderly, but noisy, demonstration in hopes of eliciting a stand on gay rights from presidential hopeful Senator Edmund Muskie. Muskie, who was the principal speaker at a $500-a-plate fund-raising dinner, was entering the hotel when about fifty policemen appeared and broke up the demonstration. One of the officers, who became especially enraged at the spectacle, pounced on one of the demonstrators, Bruce "Charlie" Brown, kicked him in the groin, threw him to the ground, and beat him with his nightstick.

The other policemen, upon noticing the presence of video cameras, formed a circle around the policeman and the demonstrator in order to hide the violence. Brown was arrested for harassment, taken to the 19th Precinct and booked, even though bleeding profusely and scarcely able to walk. The other demonstrators were ordered to return to the picket line or disperse. Most of them returned to the Firehouse headquarters at 99 Wooster Street, where an executive session was in progress. Bruce Voeller, a professor, was sent to the precinct to escort Brown to the hospital. He waited outside the police station and when Brown emerged, still scarcely able to walk, asked a nearby plainclothesman to give them a lift. The officer refused. Voeller demanded to see his badge. The detective shoved it in his face and yelled, "That a girl." Brown and Voeller had to find other transportation to The New York Hospital, where Brown received three stitches in his scalp.

Brown was arraigned on January 7, given a conditional discharge, and placed on probation by Criminal Court Judge Hyman Solnicker after having refused a dismissal offered by the prosecutor. According to Brown, the dismissal was contingent upon his signing a waiver not to take action against the police officer who beat him. It is GAA policy not to make deals with police officers, district attorneys, or other public officials. What action to take against the offending policeman is still to be decided by GAA and ACLU attorneys.

Of all the Democratic hopefuls, Muskie is the only one who has not, as yet, issued any statement on gay rights. GAA is planning to circulate the stand each candidate has taken on gay rights all around the country, and intends to make the candidates aware of the voting power of the gay community throughout the United States.

# "No Utopia Soon," Says NYU Prof

BY LEO SKIR

"Despite the hoopla, homosexuals have made little progress in the past couple of years in gaining their civil and human rights," the Mattachine Society of New York was told at a meeting Jan. 5 by Rosalyn Regelson, who conducts a course on "Homosexuality: A Contemporary View" at NYU's School of Continuing Education. She especially warned the audience of about 75 gays meeting at the Village Independent Democrats hall against any delusion that "the 'enlightened' press, the liberal psychiatrists, the New Left, women's liberation, and especially the so-called alternate youth culture have diminished the homosexual's isolation."

"The pretense of open-mindedness by the media is more dishonest than ever," charged Ms. Regelson, whose NYU course, open to the general public, meets Monday evenings starting Jan. 31. "The year-end issue of *Life* magazine ran a 10-page article that looked exactly like the one they ran on 'homos on the march' three or four years ago, which looked just like the one they ran three years before that. The pictures were deliberately tacky and depressing. The accompanying copy pretends to be unprejudiced but after duly noting the challenges to the homosexuality-is-a-sickness concept, it drags out the same hoary old quotes reaffirming it."

Ms. Regelson went on to note that the *Times* Sunday book section "chose Joseph Epstein to do the front page review of E.M. Forster's novel, *Maurice*, solely on the basis of his having written an overwroght confession in *Harper's* about his obsessive horror of homosexuality. The Forster novel is a major literary

*(continued on page 18)*

# WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT?

## A DIRECTORY FOR DISCRIMINATING DISPOSITIONS

## MANHATTAN

### MIDTOWN

**The Beacon Baths,** 227 E. 45 St. bet. 2nd & 3rd Aves. (687-0322). Take the elevator to the 11th floor and enjoy the many clean, modern facilities. Reasonable rates, popular, open 24 hours. Free, confidential V.D. tests every Wednesday from 3pm to 8pm. GM only.

**The Beaded Bag,** 951 First Ave. bet. 52nd & 53rd Sts. (486-9832). Super drinks and excellent prix fixe Italian dinners. Your host: Sonny. GM

**The Big Spender,** 315 W. 48th St., west of 8th Ave. (586-9880). Popular place for before and after theatre drinking; also the watering spot for the gay theatrical crowd. Here's where you'll find that glorious hunk who's third from left in the chorus line. GM

**Brothers & Sisters,** 355 W. 46th St., bet. 8th & 9th Aves. (247-8840). A two-story haven perfect for after-theatre fun. Hamburgers and light snacks, turntable and record jock instead of juke box. Boys and girls together. Fun.

**The Candy Store,** 44 W. 56th St. bet. 5th & 6th Aves. (581-4664). Piano bar, very popular with out-of-towners; hence a good source for new faces. Jackets required. GM

**The Continental Sauna Club,** 111 W. 56th St. Operated by the Continental Baths management. Elegant, but less grand (and less expensive) than the "mother church" on 74th St. GM only.

**Dirty Edna's Scoreboard,** 264 W. 46th St., east of 8th Ave. (265-9077). An unpretentious gay "saloon" where it's easy to score. Some "business boys" hang out here. GM

**The Four Seasons,** 99 E. 52nd St. The very elegant ones cruise here—cautiously, as it's integrated. GM

**Geraldine's,** 36 W. 48th St. bet. 5th & 6th Aves. (265-2291). Inexpensive dining in luxurious surroundings—perfect for before or after the theatre. There's also an intimate bar and dancing on weekends. Fred's your host. GM & GF

**The Lab,** 305 E. 45th St., bet. 1st & 2nd Aves. (LE 2-0290). A whole new scene for gay men and women. Cocktails, dinner and dancing with hosts Lou, Katie and Jerry. GF and GM.

**The Loading Zone,** 568 9th Ave at 41st St. (563-8212). The front is a gay saloon, full of those campy, raunchy denizens of 42nd St. In back, a cabaret with delightful live shows. Mostly GM, some GF

**Menemsha Bar,** Hotel Allerton, 132 E. 57th St. at Lex. The place the over-30 crowd retreats to when the Youth Culture gets too cloying. GM

**The Roundtable,** 151 E. 50th St. (758-0310). Dancing and live entertainment. Some say it's like dying and going to heaven. GM

**The Sanctuary,** 407 W. 43rd St. bet. 9th & 10th Aves. (247-4210). A church converted into a mad discotheque. Dancing, juice bar (no liquor). Int.

**Sauna Baths,** 300 W. 58th St. at Columbus Circle (above Child's) (PL 5-6880). A small p'lace which closes at midnight, the Sauna is busiest between 4:30 and 11 pm and on Sunday afternoons. Few facilities. GM only.

**Tamburlaine,** 148 E. 48th St. near Lex. (PL 1-0030). The current "in" spot. Groovy guys and gorgeous girls, all so fabulously dressed. Dancing. GM & GF

**The Troubadour,** 1078 1st Ave. near Lex. (755-1955). Sebastian hosts this beautiful (but inexpensive) restaurant. Busy bar, groovy people. GM

**Yukon,** 140 E. 53rd St. bet. Lex. & 3rd Ave. (421-8122). Where the older set gathers and the Midnight Cowboy scores. GM

NOTE: If you work in midtown, both the Troubadour and Geraldine's serve excellent, inexpensive lunches.

### UPPER EAST SIDE

**Britt Top East,** 1716 2nd Ave. at 89th St.

**The Country Cousin,** 1413 3rd Ave. bet. 75th & 76th Sts. (879-6614). The "in" eatery of the gay jet set. Excellent food and all the Beautiful People you could want to see. GM, some GF

**Harry's Back East,** 1422 3rd Ave. bet. 80th & 81st Sts. After all these years it's still the busiest bar in New York any night. Don't miss it. GM

**The Jungle,** 303 E. 60th St. bet. 1st & 2nd Aves. An outta-sight juice bar with dancing. One of the few after-hours places left. GM, some GF

**Piper's Lounge,** 1201 Lexington Ave., bet. 81st & 82nd Sts. (734-9305). Fire Island's own George Sardi presides over this "live musical happening" bar. You'll love it. Mostly GM.

**The Painted Pony,** 1485 3rd Ave. at 84th St. (744-9580). Piano bar patronized by very friendly people. GM

**New Jimmy's,** 1676 3rd Ave. bet. 88th & 89th Sts. (860-4509). Excellent gay restaurant/bar with pleasant atmosphere, great food and charming clientele. Recommended: Sunday Brunch (1-5 p.m.) $2.50, including drink. Mostly GM

**Three,** 314 E. 72nd St. at 2nd Ave. (734-9303). A charming, intimate bar which serves as the social center for East Side girls. Guys are welcome too.

**Uncle Charlie's,** 1049 Lexington Ave. at 75th St. (861-6132). The customers are friendly and the place is cruisy and always crowded. What more could one ask? GM

**Victor's Quarters,** 984 2nd Ave. An East Side neighborhood bar. Relaxing and unfrenetic bar full of very nice people. GM

BY DANIEL HANKS

### NEW YORK THEATER ENSEMBLE

There's a small loft upstairs at 2 E. 2nd St. where a lot of good new theatre is happening. It's the home of New York Theater Ensemble, an energetic young organization which is currently presenting six plays in three bills. We missed "Tripping" and "Confessional for Street People," presented at 7:30 on Fridays and Saturdays; but if the four plays we saw are any indication, this bill is well worth the $2 admission (tax deductible).

### POOF!

Starting the ten o'clock show on Fridays and Saturdays is a tiny comedy by Gerald Schoenewolf mapping an affair between a "sensitive young writer" trying to cope with New York and his psychologically sophisticated dream woman. Clever (if minimal) staging by Paul Pierog stressed the game playing behind the word facade—and showed just how unrelated "relationships" can be. Jeanne McClow was visually right for the woman, but her insecurity with her lines was distracting. Sean Michael, as the writer, managed to pull quite a few laughs out of a primarily reacting role.

### TWEE'S PLAY

Stanley Kaplan's drama, second on the ten o'clock bill, will twinge the gut-nerves of anyone who has tried or is trying to raise himself from a "no-good bum" to a "struggling young artist." In "Twee's Play," a writer's creative side (Stephen Feinstein) is fighting for existence against his accumulative side (Don Wakefield) who wants clothes and cars and a fancy woman.

This premise is powerful enough to move the play past some lazy writing and some even lazier acting to a frighteningly strong climax. Here Carla Joseph's rather ordinary staging takes fire; and the yes-dear role of the writer's girl friend (Carla White) becomes dramatically important for the first time.

I'm thinking this production will greatly improve during its run. It's full of latent dynamite just waiting for someone to find the fuse.

### ILONA AND THE EVIL EYE PEOPLE

Someone did find the fuse on Florence Miller's wonder-filled play and blew us all into another dimension. It's a potent brew of primal forces —the uncivilized passions of children, witches, savages and the insane, pitted against the restraints of society and the numbing wine of religion.

At first I tried to understand the piece as a Parable of a Woman's Awakening; then as a spiritual history lesson. Finally I told my brain to stop being silly and just let the images enter at their own level, which is somewhere around the solar plexus.

Director Rae Tattenbaum's firm hand has molded the complex of images into a trim, supple body, and Rod Clavery's dance staging has made the body move. The music, written and performed by Alvert Jacoma, could have accompanied a deep-forest Druid ritual. And all this was brought to brilliant life by a fine cast hurling themselves through births, murders, mock masses and cosmic disasters.

Barbara Reznikov was superb as Ilona, the foul-mouthed, vulnerable keeper of the secret of the Evil Eye People; superb in projecting her agony at being trapped in the "human" situation. Cynthia Woll was sweetly insane as Ilona's companion/godfry through several transmigrations. She was breathtaking in her rebirth as Ilona's daughter. Howard Wolowitz and Ilona (!) Mattson worked well together as the title character's guard/parents, and Ms. Mattson's love scene with Ms. Reznikov was quietly but commandingly erotic.

### ARRANGEMENT FOR CHILDREN

Robert Herron's full-length "stereoplay" is presented Sundays at 6:00 and Mondays at 8:00. It's a strange little play and really needs some careful pruning to be completely effective. "Stereoplay" refers to the counterpoint of dialogue in the second act—an effective device, although sometimes used only as device, whereupon it becomes a distraction.

The play concerns four men, each crippled in some way, who come together to father children by a beautiful moron (Women's Lib take note!). Sandra Lewenberg quickly establishes a solid and viable character in the role of the brain-damaged woman. J.P. Paradine dominates the proceedings with his strong characterization of a physically malformed and mentally warped doctor. The other members of the cast presented only bare outlines of their roles and seemed mainly preoccupied in remembering their lines.

I could quibble with Ossie Daljord's direction, primarily in the bedroom scenes. In an otherwise naturalistic treatment, the characters are forced into a convention, referring to their nudity when they obviously aren't. The stereo effect, and the actors' integrity, would have been enhanced if these scenes had been played in blackout.

N.Y.T.E. is an Equity showcase. It is also looking for playwrights, directors, technicians —anyone interested in working in a thriving, non-cliquish theatre group. For information and reservations, call CA 8-0900.

### UPPER WEST SIDE

**The Candlelight Lounge,** 309 Amsterdam Ave. bet. 74th & 75th Sts. (874-9607). A landmark bar that's been around forever. Now getting a face-lift. Neighborhood crowd; much socializing, lots of cruising. GM

**Chipp's,** Columbus Ave. bet. 66th & 67th Sts. A pleasant bar/restaurant popular with Lincoln Center audiences. Mixed.

**The Continental Baths,** 230 W. 74th St., west of B'way (799-2688). Much more than a bathhouse, "Connie" is a total gay environment, complete with weekend cabaret. Expensive, but worth it. Open 24 hours. Students half-price with student I.D. card. GM only.

**Picadilly Pub,** 324 Amsterdam Ave. bet. 75th & 76th Sts. (874-6632). Jimmy Sheppard, one of the most fabulous bartenders in town, presides over this, one of the most attractive bars on the West Side. All the sociability doesn't ruin the cruising. GM

**The Westsider,** 2160 Broadway at 76th St. (874-8013). One of the newest and most exciting bars in the city. Dining room and bar on street level; pool tables, etc., in beer bar downstairs. Tommy, Frank, Brian, Johnny and Billy work hard to insure everyone has a good time. GM

**Willie's West Side,** 224 W. 82nd St., east of B'way (874-9833). A crowded, very friendly dance bar where Blacks, Latins and whites mingle under the approving gaze of West Side liberals. GM

### UPTOWN

**The Charade,** 1800 2nd Ave. at 93rd St. Where Black is Beautiful, the age is young, the food and music are Soul and the dancing outta-sight! GM, mostly.

**The Gold Rail,** 2850 Broadway (MO 2-4704). Restaurant and bar popular with the uptown gays and Columbia students. Mixed straight & gay.

**Pauline's Interlude,** 2267 7th Ave. at 135th St. A Harlem landmark since before most of us were born. Mixed, but widely known as a gay watering spot.

### CHELSEA

**The Cell Block,** West Street and 11th Ave. We haven't seen this one yet, but with that name and in that location, we'll bet it's a new leather lounge.

**The Eagle's Nest,** 11th Ave. & 21st St. You won't be allowed in without leather or western gear. If you do slip in, they won't serve you. GM only.

**Everard Baths,** 28 W. 28th bet. B'way & 6th Ave. (684-8935). Old, raunchy and with an air of marvelous decadence, this place goes on and on with its band of devoted patrons. Open 24 hours. GM only.

**Gianni's,** 53 W. 19th St. (675-9809). A dancing bar for women only.

**Nine Plus Social Club,** 149 W. 21st St. (924-9387). A private club exclusively for lovers of leather. GM only.

**The Stockade,** 120 11th Ave., at 20th St. Genial Sid Wander ("The Hardware King") hosts this new leather and western spot. No admittance without appropriate attire. GM

### VILLAGE

**Bon Soir,** 40 W. 8th St. bet. 6th Ave. & Mc Dougal (473-9859). Headquarters for dance-crazy young Latins. Almost as much fun as a trip to San Juan—and a lot cheaper! GM

**Bonnie & Clyde's,** 82 W. 3rd St. bet. Sullivan & Thompson Sts. (GR 3-9304). Newly renovated and now managed by Elaine, this place has everything: a big dance floor, free movies, Sunday bruches, the works. Mostly GM

**Carr's,** 104 W. 10th St. (255-9742). This place is to Villagers what the corner pub is to Londoners. Don't miss it. GM

**Danny's,** 139 Christopher St. (929-9321). A Village landmark with one of the busiest pool tables in town. Very cruisy. GM

**Fedora's,** 239 W. 4th St. (CH 2-9691). A very friendly restaurant with excellent food at reasonable prices. Fedora has a large, devoted following so make reservations. Mostly GM

**Finale,** 48 Barrow St. (CH 3-7538). The other famed Village eatery. Ray, his lovely wife, and his humpy waiters treat customers like visiting royalty. Mixed, mostly GM

**Gay Dogs,** 180 Christopher St. A 24-hour gay hot dog stand and shackery.

**The Goldbug,** 83 W. 3rd St. (677-9874). A dancing bar for the young set. Features include buffets and live stage shows. GM

**Keller's,** 384 West St. near Christopher (CH 3-1907). The mother and father of New York's leather bars. The Landmarks Commission ought to put a plaque on the front of it. Still popular. GM

**Kookie's,** 149 W. 14th St. (242-9226). Still the most popular of the girls' bars, Kookie's packs them in every night.

**Julius,** 159 W. 10th St. at Waverly Place (929-9672). Internationally famous as NYU's local gay bar and for hamburgers. It's popular, and was popular even before the owners fought one of the landmark cases which helped "legalize" gay bars. GM

**Luigi II,** 104 W. 13th St. (929-9568). An intimate restaurant with a pleasant piano bar. GM

**New Danny's,** 140 7th Ave. South bet. Charles & W. 10th Sts. (691-8373). Dining, dancing and drinking in attractive surroundings. Opens at noon for day drinkers. GM

**One Potato,** 518 Hudson St. at W. 10th St. (691-6260). Reasonably priced restaurant/bar with very good food. Int.

**Paula's,** 64 Greenwich Ave. (691-3360). A mixed bar with something different: Mexican food, a welcome change from all that Italian cuisine. Sunday brunch, too. Int.

**Peter Rabbit's,** 305 W. 10th St. at West. A new addition to the Village scene which we haven't checked out yet.

**Royal Roost,** 28 Cornelia St. (CH 2-9557). Small, intimate restaurant with a tiny bar. The perfect place to go with someone you love. Int.

**Squire's Nook,** 18 E. 13th St. east of 5th Ave. (255-4746). A luxurious, but moderately-priced, bar/restaurant with, as Lige & Jack put it, "an atmosphere for quiet romance." Lunch: 11:30—3; dinner 5—10 (midnight on Saturday). Mostly GM

**The Den,** 835 Washington at Little W. 12th St. (989-8999). A very cruisy leather lounge. The boots and jackets are often just costume here, so if you see someone you like but don't dig the S&M scene, suggest alternatives. GM

**The Roadhouse,** 570 Hudson St. at W. 11th (CH 3-4214). Give this new friendly Village bar a try. You'll like their wonderful ambience and the great food they serve Monday through Friday from 6 to 10pm. GM

**The (International) Stud,** Greenwich & Perry Sts. The best make out bar in the Village. GM

**The Triangle,** 43 Ninth Ave. This very popular bar of the sort where one is expected to be, or pretend to be, very butch (for cruising) is undergoing remodelling. Cruising goes on during renovations. GM

**The Wine Cellar,** 531 Hudson (242-6769). An inexpensive, and very popular, dining place with excellent food. Int.

**12th Night,** 281 W. 12th St., corner of W. 4th St. (989-9303). Intimate, very friendly bar presided over by Dee. Known for their good food and famous for their fantastic noon to 4pm Sunday champagne brunches. Int.

**Village West,** 40 Bedford St., corner of 7th Ave. The manager declares this is not a gay bar, so you can assume all those gay people inside are really straight. GM

### GRAMMERCY PARK

**Beau Geste,** 239 Third Ave., at 20th St. (475-9724). A split-level bar and restaurant featuring good continental food reasonably priced ($2.95 to $5.95). GM, mostly.

**Leo's Lion,** 57 Lexington Ave. at 25th St. (686-9608). Paul hosts at this friendly, reasonably-priced neighborhood pub. Nice people. GM

### LOWER EAST SIDE

**The Branding Iron,** 165 Avenue "A," bet. 10th & 11th Sts. (228-9984). A new leather/western bar, the first to venture out of the "leather ghetto" of the extreme West Village and Chelsea. GM

**The Club Baths,** 24 First Ave. bet. 1st & 2nd Sts. (673-3283). A lavish bath with luxurious, thoroughly modern facilities. Open 24 hours. Students half-price with student cars. A best bet. GM only. Free, confidential V.D. tests every Thursday from 5 to 9pm

**The Shaft,** 181 2nd Ave. bet. 11th & 12th Sts. The old Planetarium, redone and seeking a new image and new clientele. Mostly GM

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

**St. Mark's Baths,** 6 St. Mark's Pl. bet. 2nd & 3rd Aves. (473-7929). Rather rundown and a bit seedy, but the prices are low and the place is active. Open 24 hours. GM only.

## QUEENS

**The Alley,** 63rd St., off Roosevelt Ave., Woodside (429-9342). A friendly dance bar with nice extras such as a 3—5pm cocktail hour and 6pm buffets.

**Ev's 11th Hour,** 193-14 Jamaica Ave., Hollis (HO 5-9846). Very friendly neighborhood bar.

**Fountain Blue,** 69-05 Queens Blvd. at 69th St. (429-9593). Dancing to live rock music, free movies on Tuesdays, champagne buffets Sunday nights.

**Lava,** 73-11 Yellowstone Blvd., Forest Hills (268-9355). Live stage shows, dancing, free Sunday buffet.

**60-05 Club,** on corner of Metropolitan and Eliot Avenues, Ridgewood (365-5351). Popular neighborhood dance bar with a free Sunday buffet.

**Three Jolly Pigeons,** 37-21 Greenpoint Ave. near 38th St., Sunnyside (937-9189). The newest in the growing list of Queens spots—and the first to serve the Astoria section.

**Trysting Place,** 120-31 83rd Rd., off Lefferts Blvd., Kew Gardens (846-8922). Very popular bar with a restaurant on a balcony overlooking the dance floor. Free Sunday buffet. Lots of girls.

## BROOKLYN

**The Circus Lounge,** 1369 Flatbush Ave. at Beverly Rd. (BU 4-9022). Live shows Fridays and Saturdays, free buffets every night.

**Danny's in Brooklyn,** 108 Montague St., Brooklyn Heights. A piano bar, one of the focal points of this very gay neighborhood.



# The Editors Speak

### THIS IS ISSUE 69

**Are you one of those baffled callers who swamped GAY's switchboard last week complaining that you'd missed GAY Number 68? Fear not. You haven't missed a thing.**

**As we explained in GAY No. 67, GAY would be a week late, allowing the paper to change printing schedules in early January. When the long-awaited issue (which should have been numbered 68) finally appeared, the printers got so excited by their proximity to Number 69, that they numbered Issue 68 "69" by mistake! Thus, there has been no GAY 68.**

**Instead, dear reader, because of a fluke of fate, GAY is one of the few publications in history—perhaps the only one—which has had two issues both numbered 69. There was no deliberate attempt to jumble the numbers. But if you are concerned about which issue is really Number 69, be assured that this current copy is the magic number.**

### LIP SERVICE LINDSAY?

**Mayor John Lindsay sent his representative to the hearings on Intro 475, a bill designed by far-sighted City Councilmen to outlaw discrimination on account of sexual orientation. The representative spoke on behalf of the bill, but Representative De Marco, the Bronx Democrat who is Intro 475's chief opponent, scoffed at the Mayor's stand-in.**

**The Mayor knows that Intro 475 hasn't any chance of passing unless he allows the city's Police and Fire Commissioners to testify on its behalf. This he seems unwilling to do. City Council Minority Leader Elden R. Clingan, a courageous man who is fighting hard for the rights of the homosexual community, has challenged the Mayor publicly, threatening him, unless he sends the Commissioners to testify, with competition in the California primaries.**

**It would seem that the Mayor, whose full attention is presently not on New York's problems, might be able to squelch growing rumors that he's a lip service liberal by requesting Police Commissioner Murphy and Fire Commissioner Robert Lowery to speak in support of the bill. If the Mayor fails to do so, he will alienate a great many former friends who once thought him to be a man who acts on his principles.**

**GAY's readers are urged to write to the Mayor's office and to encourage him to upgrade his support of Intro 475. Write to him today in care of City Hall.**

### ST. MARK'S V.D. PROGRAM

**GAY's congratulations go to *St. Mark's Baths,* 6 St. Mark's Place (East Village) for instituting a venereal disease checkup program on Wednesday nights starting at approximately 7 p.m. Officials from the health department are on hand and all checkups are anonymous. Patrons are given a card with a number on it. After the test, they may telephone the health department, give their number, and receive a report on their condition.**

**GAY promised that it would give publicity to each bath that instituted a venereal disease program. The newer-style baths were quick to respond. St. Mark's, although an older-style Turkish Russian bath, with few of the plush accomodations of the baths described in John LeRoy's review of the baths in the current issue, is keeping up, at least, with this one significant trend. It shows happily that the St. Mark's management has the health of its customers in mind.**

**It is wise, during these days of venereal disease epidemics, to get your free anonymous V.D. test at least once every three months.**

# Site of Gay Arrests

*(continued from page 1)*

tion against U.S. Park Police Headquarters in Washington in the form of a "zap" and a torchlight demonstration on the monument grounds the following evening. The zap at 11:30 pm was of little consequence, as most of the personnel of authority were not on duty. However, the "zappers" remained for about an hour, talking to members of the police, who apparently found them interesting. The officer in charge, Lt. Chadwick, asked why the group had chosen to come at that time of the night. The gays responded that since they were harassed at night, they thought it was only fair play to return the treatment.

The next evening, before arrests took place, Jonson of GAA-DC read the following demands on behalf of his organization:

*1. That enticement, beatings, and all undercover police practices in the Iwo Jima (U.S. Marine Memorial) cease immediately.*

*2. That such limited police surveillance as may be necessary be conducted only by uniformed police officers.*

*3. That the names and photographs of the plainclothes young men who have assisted the police in these lurid games be published immediately and that they themselves be investigated for immoral, unpaintable conduct and character.*

*4. That they alleged homosexuals who have been cowed into pleading guilty to Victorian police charges be exonerated immediately and their cases stricken from the books.*

*5. That the U.S. Park Police issue statements of policy as well as departmental directives to ensure that such vicious barbarities do not recur.*

*6. A meeting with Capt. Paul Burgus (Commander of the Park Police Criminal Investigation Brigade) and U.S. Park Police Chief Grant Wright at Chief Wright's office on or before 11 January to discuss these demands.*

So far the Park Police has not replied to the formal letter containing the official statement and demands presented by GAA.

"These actions taken in the Washington area," said a non-activist gay observer, "are indicative of the changes undergone here by gays who are no longer willing to be shoved around by ill-adjusted members of our society, and have increasingly been found to 'shove back' even in circumstances when such ludicrous things as a governmental permit is needed to vent unendurable practices of the government itself."

# Security Clearances Go To 2 Gay Men

BY JOHN P. LeROY

**Washington, D.C.—For the first time in history, avowed homosexuals have actually received security clearances. Otto H. Ulrich and Richard Gayer, two scientists, had their clearances suspended when they refused to tell the government the details of their sex lives. Last September (see GAY No. 61) U.S. District Judge John H. Pratt ordered the Justice Department to reinstate the security clearances of the two scientists on the grounds that the details of a person's sex life are protected under the First Amendment, and that a clear connection must be established between a person's admission of being homosexual and his ability to protect classified information.**

**The Justice Department, at first, ignored the court order because it couldn't decide whether or not to appeal the decision. Upon pressure from gay groups in Washington, D.C., and from ACLU attorneys, the government had to quit stalling. Officials from the Justice Department asked for a stay of reinstatment. The court denied it. The government appealed the court's decision. In early December, the Court of Appeals upheld the denial.**

As a last resort, the Justice Department applied to the Solicitor General, Irwin Griswold, asking him to have Chief Justice Warren Burger issue a stay order so that the Justice Department could have more time for appeal.

ACLU attorneys moved to hold the Justice Department in contempt of court for failing to promptly obey the original court order. With great reluctance, the clearances were finally issued to Gayer and Ulrich on January 4, only because a contempt citation would have been too much of a hassle, even for the Justice Department. It is probable that the case will be fought up to the Supreme Court. Only when a final decison is reached will it be known if the victory is to be permanent or temporary.

# Printers Refuse Gay Articles

**Madison, Wisc.—Censorship problems for underground papers are not the monopoly of the big cities on the East and West Coasts. An underground newspaper in Madison, Wisconsin, called *Take Over,* ran a portfolio on the gay experience in Madison containing some original graphics, a semi-autobiographical piece by a prominent Madison citizen, and an excerpt from an unpublished novel. Even though the editor, Mark Knops, claimed that the court guidelines regarding obscenity were observed, the printers found it obscene, and refused to put the issue on press without the written permission of the owner and publisher, William Schanen, III. Schanen was on vacation, and could not be reached.**

None of the other printers in the Madison area would touch the issue, even though Knops stoutly claimed that "as far as graphics go, I think the Ceiling of the Sistine Chapel has more pornography." Knops, who recently served a jail sentence for refusing to tell a grand jury the source of information in an article he printed regarding the bombing of The University of Wisconsin's Sterling Hall, refused to allow the local printers to censor what the courts found permissible. He simply had the paper printed in Chicago.

GAY

Publisher
Four Swords, Inc.

Executive Editors
Lige Clarke
Jack Nichols

Art Directors
Steven Heller
Howard Karsh
Ruth Ross

West Coast Representative
Donald Warman

West Coast News Editor
Donald Warman

New York Correspondent
Leo Skir

Midwest Correspondent
Erik Larsson

Washington Correspondent
Perrin Shaffer

Advertising Manager
Stefani Lyon

Wizards
Jim Buckley
Al Goldstein

Photos
Richard C. Wandel
Roy Leigh

Columnists
Dick Leitsch
Lige and Jack
Peter Ogren
John P. LeRoy
Gregory Battcock
Leo Skir
Aaron Bates
Sorel David
Thane Hampten

GAY is published BI-WEEKLY by Four Swords, Inc., P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Sta., NYC, NY 10011, with offices at 11 W. 17th St., NYC, NY. Telephone (212) 989-1660.
WEST COAST BUREAU: P.O. Box 26601, Los Angeles, California 90026.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES (First Class Mail): $7 for 13 issues; $13 for 26 issues; $25 for 52 issues. Application to mail at Second-Class postage rate is pending at New York, N.Y.

The official views of this newspaper are expressed in the Editorial. Opinions expressed in by-lined columns, letters and cartoons, however, are those of the writers and artists and do not necessarily represent the opinions of GAY. Publication of the name or photograph of any person or organization in articles or advertising in GAY is no indication of the sexual orientation of such person or organization. Entire contents of GAY Copyright (c) 1971 by Four Swords, Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or part strictly forbidden without written permission of the publishers.

New subscribers will receive whichever issue corresponds to the date on which they subscribe. Back issues of GAY are available for $1 from Four Swords, Inc. Submission of double-spaced, typed, 5-page manuscripts, as well as drawings and photographs, is encouraged. Unused materials will be promptly returned and published writers will be paid upon publication. GAY does not assume responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts. Advertising rates upon request.

Previous years' issues of GAY are available in microform. Inquiries and orders should be directed to Research Publications, 3903 Amity Station, New Haven, Conn. 06525.

# Rub a Dub Dub 3,000 Men in a Tub

## New York: Bath Capital of the World

BY JOHN P. LeROY

Within the past four years, the baths scene in New York has undergone a profound transformation. Before 1968, the year the Continental first opened, there was nothing but three slimy, filthy, rundown, smelly tubs to visit. The Everard, the St. Marks, and the Mt. Morris all had and still have the capacity to dampen the spirits of the merriest souls. They have changed little, or not at all, except for a bit of tile, cheap paint, or a few fresh rolls of toilet paper. So, if you happen to be one of those confirmed Puritanical masochists who can't get it up without being surrounded by filth, then read no further. I will dignify none of these establishments by giving their addresses, or any other information about them, except to say that, unfortunately, they still exist and are listed in the Manhattan phone book.

Perhaps the man who did the most to make New York the tubs captial of the world is Steve Ostrow, the owner and operator of the world-famous Continental Bath and Health Club at 230 West 74th Street (phone 799-2688). When there is live entertainment, he is the master of ceremonies. At other times, he can be seen smoking a calabash pipe, walking tall and proud, wearing a turtleneck sweater, a heavy belt with a huge key ring, and large boots. He is authoritative, yet friendly and outgoing.

Upon interviewing him, Steve's voice became choked with emotion when he told me that close to 8,500 people entered the portals of the Continental between Christmas and New Year's. "A great majority of these people," Steve continued, "constituted an influx from all over the country and the world. There were kids on leave during intercession, tourists, travelers on holiday vacation, as well as New Yorkers. Many of them experienced the Continental miracle for the first time. Their reaction was one of disbelief that they could be free to socialize with one another, to humanize with one another, to self-actualize their own potential, to move away from the facade under which they are forced to live, and to stop living up the the 'shoulds' and 'ought to's' that they have internalized themselves to believe.

"This creates an almost therapeutic release in an environment that vibrates not with sex, but with the cognition of a peak experience where one can let his emotions and his sexuality engulf him, and feel in that release no guilt, no depression, no-humiliation, but rather all the positive powers that are realized when one can be himself. It is obvious from their reactions that what we take for granted now, at the Continental, is still forbidden in most of the land and most of the world. Visitors from other states did not believe that they could step out on a dance floor and enjoy the freedom to do their own thing without fear of arrest.

" 'It's OK. You're OK. You can do your own thing,' I told a frightened visitor. 'This is not an underground operation. You are not an outcast because you are sexually attuned to a broader concept that other people would have you be attuned to. You are not a pervert because you can react to another human being. You don't have to rule out relationships and interactions with women who are permitted and are a regular part of the baths entertainment and social schedule. You don't have to be slapped in the face with drag shows and female impersonators.'

"When this person absorbed the impact of what I was telling him, a beautiful transformation took place. The tension and tightness went out of his body. His jaw relaxed. His eyes moistened. And why? Because somebody had stood beside him and, without evaluating and without judging right or wrong, good or bad, had simply said: 'I understand. It's OK.'

"He didn't have to live up to anyone's expectations any longer. He could function without the dire need of approval from others. All that's really necessary is to love one's self and that strength will radiate out to others. And that's the Continental miracle."

Steve paused, and then went on to give me his plans for the Continental in 1972. His philosophy is to let the world into the Continental because, he believes, the Continental has something to offer the world. He enumerated the innovations that have made the Continental so popular: the cleanliness, the courteous treatment of customers, the dance floor, the live entertainment, the swimming pool, the gymnasium, the restaurant, the sauna, the steam room, free buffet dinners, movies, color TV, anonymous VD clinic, come-and-go privileges, massage service, manicure service, yoga classes, community showers, pool table and table tennis, lending library, free toilet articles, laundry and valet service, hair stylist, weight-lifting and body-building instructions, hair dryers, waterbed, and no charge for extra towels. In addition, the restaurant-lounge-pool-dance area has a far-out space-age decor where colored lights, reflectors, spots, mirrors and ultra-modern furniture that puts one in a never-ending festive wonderland.

How is it possible to improve on all this when it looks as if the absolute limit has been reached? Steve showed me through a private door and into an unused portion of the basement of the Ansonia Hotel, large enough to house over 50 new rooms and 200 new lockers. The rooms, Steve told me with a glint in his eye, will be like nothing that has ever been seen in a bath house. I pressed him for details, but he would only say that designers are at work now, and nothing has, as yet, been finalized. He hoped to have them in operation by March 15.

Completely new ground is to be broken in the design of the new, enlarged steam room. Steve led me to the far side of the pool where carpenters, plasterers and plumbers were toiling steadily. The old steam room, which was beginning to look worn, is to be renovated, and a new section is to be added. Instead of tile or marble, a soft rubbery material is to be used. An abundance of nooks and crannies, together with soft lighting, will probably make the Continental steam room a special place to reach out and touch.

By summertime, the Continental Sun and Sky Club will be in operation. The entire roof of the Ansonia Hotel has been acquired, and sunbathing, barbecuing and eating facilities are expected to be in full operation. Even a place for pitching horseshoes is planned.

But probably the most stupendous achievement of the Continental for 1972 is the live entertainment. On January 19 Dick Gregory will be there. On January 22 Cab Calloway and Dawn Hampton will be making a joint appearance. And on January 29, none other than the world famous (or infamous) Tiny Tim will be there carrying on in full splendor. And if they can get Tiny Tim, can Barbra Streisand be far behind?

Not very. Her sister, Rosalind Kind, will be there in February or March, and Bette Midler will be back. After each show, there will be a free buffet, and discotheque dancing. The DJ will be Don Fielding, direct from the Fire Island Hotel. Dancing is not limited to show nights, however. Starting at 10 p.m. until whenever you get tired, disco dancing will be operating, every night of the week, and a special tea dance late Sunday afternoon will be thrown in for good measure. Guests who merely want to dance or just see the show can get in on a general admission basis without having to purchase any particular accommodation.

And so, the Continental is not so much a bath house, but a full-scale resort. When I asked Steve how he did it, how he fought and won all the vicious battles, he replied, "It is never forgotten by myself that the power of the Continental to have survived all the trauma of its formative years has always come from its loyal patrons—the ones who always keep coming back. It has made possible an interaction of management, staff and customers on a level of understanding and congruence and it is this that has achieved this unity."

Of course, not everyone wants or needs all the added extra features that the Continental offers. A smaller, more intimate place called The Continental Sauna at 111 West 56th Street (phone 489-8124) is a good place for a quick stop-over. It offers a small gym, dormitory with wall-to-wall mattresses, a modest steam room, sauna, TV, gymnasium, whirlpool bath, clean shower and toilet facilities and a convenient midtown location. It took a while for this place to catch on, but a few recent ads in the *Village Voice* have brought in a new and swinging crowd, especially on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, from 4 p.m. till midnight.

If you dig the groupie scene, and if a lack of privacy doesn't bother you, try the Sauna Baths at 300 West 58th Street (phone 755-6880). You walk up a flight of stairs, get your locker key (there are no private rooms), enter the back dormitory room full of double-decker bunk beds, and go to it. The biggest crowds are there on week-days between 4 and 7 p.m. when a mature flock of commuters stop off on the way home from work. The toilet and shower facilities are adequate, and the sauna room is quite active. There's no time limit, but they close at 3 a.m. every morning and re-open at ten. Coffee and tea are on the house.

Across town, just a few steps away from the U.N., at the Beacon Baths, 227 East 45th Street (phone 687-0322), things will be kept pretty much in 1972 just the way they were in 1971. Walter Kent, Beacon's public relations director, puts it this way. "We just keep everything as clean and courteous as we can and attract the nicest clientele in the world."

Walter has a V.I.P. room ready and waiting for the first diplomat from the People's Republic of China. When he arrives, he'll discover a small, intimate shower-steam room dimly lit in soft blue, unlimited towel service, impromptu entertainment in the upstairs piano room where Metropolitan Opera stars have been known to sing and relax, dinners in every private room so that he could be his own lighting director and display himself in the way he thinks best, and a gym locker in every room as an added security measure.

The Beacon has acquired such a great international reputation that a newly arrived tourist from West Germany drove up to the building before checking his wife and family into a hotel in order to find out if it was open. The desk clerk assured him that it was never closed, so he put away his family and returned.

On March 4, The Beacon will celebrate its second anniversary and a champagne party and buffet is planned. Although there is no masseur on the premises now, the management is thinking of adding one, and may even hold auditions. But with or without masseurs, the thing that makes the Beacon truly unique is its 26 community rooms. They are located on the lower floor, and are available to any patron on the premises, thereby making privacy possible for everyone. The room is yours if it's empty and is up for grabs the moment you leave. A slide lock keeps your friends in and intruders out. The corridors of the Beacon become especially cruisy during lunch hour, evenings and week-ends.

If the vending machines don't have the kind of food you like, any of the attendants will send out for a Chinese dinner or a Chicken Delight, and have your meal delivered piping hot in a manner of minutes. The thing that makes Walter Kent most proud is the fact that owners of other bath houses from out of town come to the Beacon when they want to relax or take a little steam.

If you believe that cleanliness is next to godliness, then you'll feel like you're on Mount Olympus when you go to The Club at 24 First Avenue (phone 673-3283). You won't need slippers when you're there, for the place is scrubbed and vacuumed by a devoted young staff of porters and attendants several times a day. The atmosphere is such that you'll probably feel terrible if you drop a cigarette butt on the floor, especially since you won't have to walk more than a few steps before coming to one of the many round-cornered aluminum sand-filled ashtrays.

Your towel will have been the same used by the Waldorf, your room will have a hospital-approved bed, and, if you keep going back, as I do, the desk clerk and attendant will start calling you by your first name. The owner-managers, Bill, Nick and Richy, keep the air circulating and sanitized day-in and day-out, so that the peculiar and often subtle odors that characterize most bath houses are completely absent from The Club.

At present, the basement holds the best steam and shower facilities to be found at any gay bath house. The steam room is continually active, and the carousel showers bring people together. Special jets will be added to the small pool and a special furnace will keep the water comfortably heated. I don't know how they do it, but the sauna room at The Club is kept at just the right temperature.

The lounge on the ground floor remains the most relaxing, pleasant, and tastefully decorated area in any bath house I've been to (and that includes the ones in San Francisco). You walk past marble columns, fine statuary, and green plants. The walls are natural brick decorated with animal skins, erotic art, and indirect lighting. From the ceiling is suspended a huge lantern chandelier. The furniture is leather upholstered, and so comfortable, it's hard to get up. A color TV atop a brick three-sided fireplace beckons you.

The two upper floors are covered with plush carpeting which, after a year of the heaviest use, has only two cigarette burns. The lighting in the narrow corridors is sensual, and the dormitories seem forever busy. The patio, which made such a hit last summer, will reopen as soon as the weather gets warm enough.

Adjacent to the patio, a two-story building will be completed this spring which will not only greatly expand the facilities of The Club, but make it a very special showplace. The lower floor will have a special club room where movies, dancing, a juke box, and informal entertainment will take place. At one end will be a 10 by 25 foot mural which is now being worked on by a commissioned artist. The other three walls will be mirrored with carpeted bleachers in the style of an arena.

On the second floor, three different designers are at work planning and lying out an area that will be called "the maze." Most of the details are still under wraps. All that Nick, one of the owners, would divulge was that it would have three separate moods, that it was inspired by the T.W.A. Terminal at J.F.K. Airport, and that it would be completely different from anything ever seen before in a bath house. There will be lots more rooms, lockers and dormitory space, together with additional bathrooms and showers.

Come summer, the roof will become a sundeck, and you'll be able to stretch out in the nude. The following fall and winter the back yard is to be converted into a solariu, so that you need never be without a tan.

The student discount has drawn in a young, friendly, well-educated crowd, while The Club's reputation has attracted a huge variety of native New Yorkers, out-of-towners and internationalists. Even the clerks, porters and attendants from other bath houses come to The Club for their own recreation. On week nights, it's often packed and on week-ends it over-

(continued on page 19)





Photo by Roy Logan

(Upper left) Small foutains at one end of the Continental Bath and Health Club's pool (230 West 74th Street) are highlighted by colored lights and other visual aids.

(Below) On the way to their room at the Beacon Baths (227 E. 45th Street).



Photo by Eric Jacobs




Photo by Eric Jacobs

(Left) Welcome to the front door of the plush Club Baths at First Avenue and First Street.

(Below) Hot times in the old sauna tonight!



Photo by Eric Jacobs



Photo by Eric Jacobs

(Left) Dancing in Brooklyn Heights' new pleasure palace, Man's Country (53 Pierrepont Street).

# Mattachine Meeting Upset By Village Bar

BY LEO SKIR

New York, N.Y.—The Mattachine Society, moving into action, scheduled a meeting at the New Danny's on 7th Avenue the night of Wednesday, January 5th. After securing the agreement of the owners, they put an ad in the *Village Voice*. The day before the meeting Danny changed its mind. The Mattachine Society was able to secure room from the Village Independent Democrats at 224 West 4th Street only a block away, on the second floor.

The meeting was able to be held on schedule. Ms. Rosalyn Regelson, who is giving a course on homosexuality at NYU this spring, spoke.

Later there was a discussion of what action was to be taken with the management of Danny's. As a first step it was decided to badmouth the place and perhaps consider further action.

The moderator, John Hood, said, "I'm in the advertising business, and we know word-of-mouth is the most effective weapon. Tell everyone to keep away from there. We could picket, but that just puts that crummy place on the map. Why should we give them the publicity?"

GAY phoned the New Danny's (691-8373) at 6:30 P.M. Tuesday evening, January 11th. The bartender gave us the manager who introduced himself as Jody. We introduced ourselves and asked the spelling of his last name.

"I'm very busy," he said.

GAY: Shall we call later?

Yes, we should. In two hours.

8:30 P.M. we called, in person.

GAY introduced itself to the manager. There are only two small rooms but it took several minutes for the manager, Jody, to find GAY's reporter.

Jody:I'm very —

GAY: Busy.

Jody: Yes.

GAY is too polite to ask what he is busy with. The few people in the place seem to have gotten hold of a glass of something. We go over the matter of Mattachine's complaint.

Jody: The appointment was made by the previous manager.

GAY: His name?

Jody: Michael.

GAY: Michael—what?

Jody: I don't know his last name.

GAY: But you must know *your* last name. I mean, it's very useful if you're lost. You tell a policeman your last name and your address and phone number and he calls your mother—

Jody: I don't think it's important. I don't think this whole story is important.

GAY: Well, if your last name isn't important and the story isn't important, they go together. What is your unimportant last name and how do you spell it?

Jody: I'm rather busy at the moment. Thank you—

He rushes off so fast he seems to disappear.

GAY turns to the bartender. He seems like such a nice man. I do hope he comes back. I'll wait here for him.

Bartender: I was here when the Mattachine people made the arrangement. They were to stay here only till 8 P.M. But then they wanted to have a meeting later when we need the back for dancing.

GAY writes this down.

GAY: I'd like to speak to Jody some more. Tell him I like him. Tell him to come back.

Bartender looks at GAY and GAY looks at bartender and bartender says he'll go get Jody.

Jody comes back. Jody looks unhappy.

GAY: Jody, can you tell me if the bar is willing to let Mattachine use the back room?

Jody: We offered the back room from 12 to 6 Mondays through Thursdays.

GAY: But Jody, the Mattachine members work from nine to five in offices, most of them. They couldn't be here then.

Jody: Well, our customers work from nine to five and *we* need the back room from six on. We told them they could use Danny's in New Jersey.

GAY: New Jersey? That's quite a trip!

Jody: No, it isn't. You just go there.

GAY: I know. As the crow flies as soon as the ice freezes over the Hudson on my silver skates. What is the address of the New Jersey Danny's?

Jody: It's not important. It's on the Palisades.

GAY: Nice cliffs, those.

Jody: We couldn't let them have the back room that night. There was a dance contest going on . . .

GAY: A dance contest?

Jody: Yes.

GAY: And did the previous manager know when he invited them?

Jody: He must have. He instituted them.

GAY: Did you tell Dr. Henry Messer that there was this conflict? That there was a regular dance contest scheduled for that night?

Jody: No, because he was so nasty. He and a man named John threatened to picket the bar. We let them distribute pamphlets about the new place of meeting and put up a sign they had prepared telling of the new place. And we offered this place from nine to five Mondays through Thursdays and the place in New Jersey.

GAY: And you didn't tell Henry Messer to 'Get lost!'

Jody: Oh no! I never talk like that!

GAY: (Shakes Jody's hand) Thank you. Courtesy is a lost art. Why don't you write Mattachine telling their president, Bob Milne, of the misunderstanding. I'm sure he didn't expect his members to have to share a floor with competing dancers. And it's nice to know there's a Danny's across the river.

Jody smiles. He is unused to meeting people as nice as GAY we can see. As GAY leaves, the juke box plays "Bridge Over Troubled Waters."

# City Council Leader Threatens Lindsay on Gay Bill

New York, N.Y.—City Council Minority Leader Elden R. Clingan (L-Manhattan) has threatened to protest Mayor John Lindsay's "inaction" on Intro 475, a bill banning discrimination on account of sexual orientation. Clingan's threat was reported in the *New York Post* on January 7, 1972. He plans, said the *Post*, to campaign against Lindsay in the California presidential primary if the Mayor refuses to allow the Fire Commissioner and the Police Commissioner to testify on behalf of the proposed legislation (Intro 475).

Marvin Schick, Administrative Assistant to Mayor Lindsay, presented a statement on behalf of the Mayor during the third day of hearings on Decemeber 17th. Lindsay spokesmen say that the Mayor fully supports the bill. He has, however, withdrawn a promise to have the Police and Fire Commissioners testify. It is this fact which angers Councilman Clingan and gay activists who hope for the bill's passage.

Clingan's announcement was supported by Councilman Robert I. Postel (D.-Manhattan), who said that the testimony by the commissioners is "essential for the passage of the bill."

Richard Wandel, newly elected President of the Gay Activists Alliance, was quoted in the *Post*: "If this bill fails because Lindsay is giving it lip service we're going to trash his campaign every time he makes an appearance in California or anywhere in the nation."



City Council Minority Leader Elden R. Clingan

Photo by Richard Wandel

# Rights Commissioner Takes on Lesbian Dance Case

Minneapolis, Minn.—The Minnesota commissioner of human rights scored a breakthrough for gay freedom when he accepted a discrimination complaint from two gay women who were ejected from a straight bar December 27th for dancing together.

"We don't want your kind," the bouncer told Aggie Lindemann and Cindy Gelatis, during a scuffle at the Poodle bar in Minneapolis.

Three days later Commissioner Samuel L. Richardson was confronted by the women and gay activists Jack Baker and Dennis Hilger, and surprised them by accepting the complaint.

"Somehow or other, I got the idea that homosexuals are human beings," Richardson said later.

Richardson, a black and a former president of the Minneapolis NAACP, was appointed commissioner last July to succeed Conrad Balfour, whose speeches and activities on behalf of gay rights were unequalled by so prominent a public official.

Richardson had not spoken of gay rights before, did not announce his trailblazing decision to the daily press or TV and told GAY he will not make public statements on gay rights until he has educated himself and discussed the issue with his staff.

The Minnesota Human Rights Act does not mention gay people, but Ellen Lavin, Balfour's and now Richardson's enforcement chief, has said that she believes that both "sex" and "creed" can properly be defined to include the gay preference or lifestyle.

Richardson's decision will permit that definition to be tested in court although he said he can't "promise a damn thing. It's hazy ground."

The Minnesota prohibition of discrimination on the basis of sex is limited to jobs, so it will have to be "creed" which is interpreted to include gay people in this initial test of discrimination in public accommodations.

The two women, Mms. Lindemann and Gelatis, went to Richardson's St. Paul office after the Minneapolis Civil Rights Department said it could not help them, and the city attorney's office refused to lift a finger to prepare an assault complaint, after it learned same-sex dancing was involved.

In protest, over 30 gay men and women staged a "gay dance-in" at the Poodle the night of December 30, several hours after Richardson took the complaint.

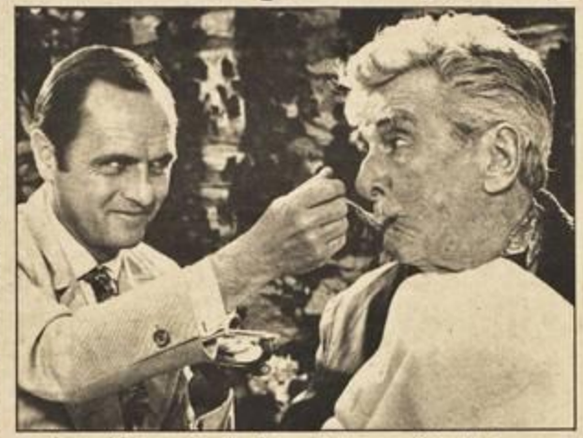
The "dance-in" went off without incident or interruption, but the Minneapolis women were again ejected from the Poodle when they returned alone on January 9 and began to dance.

Gay dancing would hurt business, owner Carl Blumenthal explained to gay activists who sought him out later that night. The "dance-in," he said, was "fine, it picked up business on a slow night."



# How to Be a Social Climber Without Really Trying

BY THANE HAMPTEN



Okay, the holidays are over. It's Back-To-Reality-Time and nobody hates it more than I. Sunday evening, January 2nd. Funereal rain teasing the windows in a lackluster way. Triple ugh. I'm in an appropriately vile mood and intend to take full advantage of it. One is supposed to start the New Year full of bright thoughts and good wishes. Fine. But there are some dregs I'd like to flush down first. I beg your indulgence. This is something that has been pissing me off for quite a long while now and it's as good a time as any to get it off my chest.

Perhaps a better time than most. I've just finished that enjoyable but dumb round of seasonal parties that brings out the best and the worst in us—with an emphasis on the latter (as Gwen Verdon used to say). They have once again made me acutely aware that gays are great perpetrators of one of the most idiotic social games. Most of the evils that straights accuse us of are without validity. This has been proven over and over again. However, we *are* guilty of one sin which we cannot, if we are at all honest, escape admitting. I never know exactly what to label it. I'm sure Dr. Eric Berne has a name for it, but I find it too complicated for simple classification. Before I give my makeshift term, here's some background.

First, let me say—at the risk of incurring great wrath and denial—that I do deeply believe that a good many gays live in some sort of fantasy world. Or, putting it kindly as possible, a *demi*-fantasy environment. True, we may have been more subject to this in days of yore when we haunted movie palaces and imitated a very artificial milieu. That particular stardust pathway did little to encourage in us a sense of reality and responsibility. But I have seen entirely too many teen gays lately who are as guilty of hallucinating as their elders. They have just made contemporary substitutions.

Secondly, I do deeply believe that gays are still involved with over-compensating for their gayness. What bewilders me is why we would feel compelled, unless it is from force of habit, to make this overcompensation so evident with *each other*. Who the *hell* are we *kidding*? And if there is but one positive result of Gay Lib, let us pray that it will be great and unfaltering self-esteem, so that we can tone down or cut out all the "compensational" muck.

Thirdly, I do deeply believe that gays, especially in the larger cities, are profoundly concerned with the phenomenon of social climbing. As other columnists for this newspaper have remarked in the past, it is easier to climb in the gay world, as sex—the common denominator—knows few if any boundaries. Gays are very conscious of the joy and value of social climbing; of being seen with the right people and doing the right things at the right time. And, let's face it, we are still a very theatrical tribe. We love to . . . *impress!* We enjoy *being* impressed.

The Pines is better than Cherry Grove which is far superior to Riis Park. Better to be known as a regular at The Roundtable than as a habitue of a lowly local souse stop. Nice to claim you have an unending supply of the finest pot and be able to prove it to friends who can only mooch your leftover roaches. The East Side is more desirable than the Village which is more desirable than Brooklyn. When I was living in the East 60's, I had far more guests than I now have. (And even I would prefer to visit someone on the East Side than in desolate Flushing or Flatbush Avenue.)

For social climbing gays who insist on, or *pretend* to cling to any form of religion, the choices are limited to Episcopalian or Unitarian. Catholicism is entirely too common, even if it is pleasingly ornate. (Where else can genuflection be done with such exquisite flair?) One might claim a very private interest in Zoroastrianism, Mithraism, or perhaps even Shinto—but such revelations must be made casually, and only at very large and pretentious parties.

Social climbing does have the virtue, in gay life, of giving any small town hick or penniless refugee a grab at the brass ring. Of course, the rate of ascent is predicated upon the person's physical attractiveness as the first rung of the ladder is always situated in the bedroom. Or if you don't possess beauty, you'd better have exceptional charm and wit, baby. And none of these assets will be of any use unless you have unerring ability to accurately imitate your betters.

But social climbing, as with anything else done to excess, can and does get rampantly out of hand. And, frankly, some people just do not have the ol' talent for social games. But they try. Oh, how hard they try. What they do not know or have, they . . . *invent!* The producer of these inventions is that familiar fellow, the prevaricating Put-On. (This specimen is not to be confused with the joker who simply likes to pull your leg.)

Any person exhibiting all of these characteristics is what I call, for want of a better name, the *Fantasocioput*. And due to some ridiculous and totally unnecessary quirk of fate, I seem to have met—over the years—far more than my rightful share of the ghastly species. He comes in all sizes, shapes, colors and social backgrounds. Generally he is indiscriminate as to whom he attacks because he is as concerned with impressing himself as with you. Sometimes he is subtle as a raconteur of personal exploits and worth, but usually his urgent desire to impress overrides sense and sensibility.

If you are naive, a sweet luxury few urbanites can afford, this character can get you by the balls and hang on. Youth and naivety go hand in hand and it is an obvious statement to say that he searches for ears that are still damp. I was somewhat green when I came to New York to live. (Who are you kidding, Hampten? You were an undulating emerald orb in a bed of fresh-mown grass.) "Easy Mark" was branded on my forehead. I swallowed it all; hook, line and stinkin' sinker.

The Name Dropper is one of the most common types. He is eternally plying you with firsthand insights into the lives of famous personalities. They are all referred to by Christian name. And they have always just done something especially naughty, which your dear friend (and theirs) absolutely *refuses* to divulge . . . unless his audience grows larger . . .

Another very prevalent type is the "I-Have-Seen-Better-Days" queen. He has come from an impeccable and very wealthy heritage. Due to cruel circumstances (or occasionally of voluntary action) he has left the opulent past and is struggling to make a go of it in vulgar New York. He doesn't really want to bother you with the dreary details of previous glory. But he does. And he never lets you forget for a moment that he is as good if not far better than you.

Approximately seventy-five percent of my close friends are Cuban. They are *good* friends and I love them. They are incredible people; vibrantly colorful, frighteningly industrious, and almost unbelievably clever. Castro's revolution was probably the best thing that ever happened . . . for the United States.

But because of their background and more flamboyant personalities, Cuban gays are often victims of this "disease." They have great imagination; fantasy comes easily to them (and is offset only by their intense practicality). They compensate not only for the loss of their native land, but also because they are often confused with other Latins. This horrifies them. (They have inadvertently created another minute social upheaval. I have met more than a score of Puerto Ricans in recent years who have claimed to be Cuban. Sometimes the atmosphere is so heady they even insist they are French.)

Cubans are marvelous at social climbing as it is very easy and natural for them. Many *did* leave The Good Life behind and have worked ferociously to continue it here. Those who didn't have it were always exposed to enough style to make imitation successful. (And due to severed diplomatic ties, they know that none of their tales can be checked for veracity.) My dears, I had no idea that so many families could possibly have been the sole owner of Bacardi Rum!

Those (of any nationality) who play these games really well often practice a form of inverse snobbery. This includes the type who vacations only in more obscure places; Istanbul or perhaps Paraguay. He never sends post cards (and his Christmas cards are miniscule black and white wood engravings. Calculatingly ugly). His favorite restaurant supposedly is housed in an old streetcar in Halifax, Nova Scotia. He goes to a gay bar in rags, but with a $60 pair of Guccis on his feet. (His dirty raincoat is mink-lined.) He often lives in immediate poverty but keeps one large bill to flash around. He disdains famous personalities, never impressed. (One acquaintance claims to have left a party in disgust because "that drunk, vulgar Garland woman walked in." Sure.)

In dealing with the *Fantasocioput*, I have learned a couple of things I will gladly pass on to the reader. The ones who brag the most invariably have, or have had, the least. Those with the greatest inferiority complexes are liable to be the most wildly inventive and most prone to live totally in their make-believe world. I spent a great part of one summer listening to one kid's tale of family wealth, his mother's close friendship with Gypsy Rose Lee (and the wonderful treasures Miss Lee willed her). I heard of the thousands he squandered in Vegas, and the new Lincoln Continentals he wrecked (and which were promptly replaced). And, of course! His torrid love affair with *You-Know-Who* in Hollywood. (Also note that the plainer the individual, the more fantastic and numerous his love affairs are apt to be.)

Another sport is descended of Spanish royalty. (His title bores him and he *never* uses it.) When he found he was gay, he had to pay his wife nearly a quarter of a million for his freedom (and, alas, had to sell his last villa to get the money. But it was worth it.) Generally, when you ask any of these types why they are living now in such penurious circumstances, the answer is: "I've had it *all* and it no longer has any meaning for me. Except *contempt*." Ah, yes.

I found out, at later dates, that neither of the two gentlemen in the above examples ever had a sou or a name. It was all fiction. They were ashamed of their ordinary families and everything they had come from. By the way, *one* of my friends lived simply and unassumingly. He never spoke of money or background, but I sensed genuine quality. I found much later (from a mutual friend) that his father was an ambassador and his mother a very famous lawyer. The homes were indeed Park Avenue and Palm Beach.

There are two serious and very great dangers in playing this particular charade. The first is that after continual and constantly more embellished and elaborate recountings of these fantasy lives, the author grows to believe them himself. (This is why the tales are superficially convincing.) The compulsion to lie becomes an automatic response to every-

*(continued on page 19)*

# Dennis Altman:
# Hip Scholar from Down Under

BY DONN TEAL
author of *The Gay Militants*

If concerned straights and gays read nothing else born of the American homosexual liberation movement, I hope it will be Dennis Altman's *HOMOSEXUAL: Oppression and Liberation*. It is a book to change heads—permanently. Superlatives and exclamation points jangle about my brain when I want to describe it—and we've all been Clive Barnes'd ("I adore it!") to death. But there's no holding me back: The handsome twenty-seven-year-old Australian professor's book is a "Sexual Politics" for the gay liberation movement. He/She who misses it misses the clearest and profoundest pro-homosexual statement yet made!

*HOMOSEXUAL* is a Something-for-Everyone trip. Radical and libertarian gay libbers alike will hail it—it is strongly pro-movement. Older and un-movement-committed young homosexuals will appreciate Altman's calm and his frequent criticism of what he sees wrong about gay lib policy. Liberated straights will be captivated by Altman's logic and delivery. And William Buckleys, Paulists, and asexuals will find it jolly teeth-gnashing "must" reading if they are to stem the militant tide of those whom Huey Newton thought possibly "could be the most revolutionary . . ." Part of Altman's broad appeal derives from his belief that, beyond politics and anti-politics, gay liberation *involves the construction of a new consciousness, a heightened sense of awareness of our position in society and a comprehension that we are not so much fucked up as fucked over.*

In a scant 227 pages, Altman with Anglo-Saxon aplomb gently takes apart arch-sexists Norman Mailer, Eldridge Cleaver, David Reuben, Joseph Epstein (with Mailer, a "latter day rabbi"), Andrew Sarris, Jerry Rubin, *et al.*, even nips a bite off sociologist Lionel Tiger's (*Men in Groups*) tail. Coolly (and if Altman is anything, he is cool!) and with professional pizzazz, he at one point assesses the anti-gay author of *The Prisoner of Sex: There is within Mailer a conflict between two heritages, the Judaeo-Christian guilt metaphysic and the libertarian, socialist-rationalist, and it is the almost unbearable tension between the two that makes him great. I dislike Mailer as a dispenser of morality; I have great admiration for his comprehension of the dynamics of sexual fears and fantasies.* Altman will offend none of the dispensers of anti-homosexuality—he does not catcall. Instead, he will confound them all by his almost-psychoanalytic comprehension of their hangups, and by his absolute confidence in himself as a gay.

The comprehension/confidence comes certainly in part from Altman's wide reading. One might think the young lecturer on American politics at the University of Sydney knew/knows Sigmund Freud, Herbert Marcuse, Norman O. Brown, Irving Bieber, Germaine Greer, Evelyn Hooker, Alfred Kinsey personally, for he has caught everything meaningful they've ever said about us. Likewise he has tapped all those major novels by straight or we-know-better writers in which the homosexual plays a (generally-not-too-pleasant) role—and has devoured every gay romance and tragedy from *The Well of Loneliness* to the Loon Series. Altman knows—has met many of our very own philosopher-activists—Kate Millet, Jean Genet, Martha Shelley, Carl Wittman, Jill Johnston, Arthur Bell, Steve Dansky, the Red Butterfly, and others—and tells them when he thinks they're wrong. *I would not dispute Kate Millett's aims. Yet it seems to me that liberation requires, as well, a general eroticization of human life and a move towards polymorphous perversity* (Marcuse and Brown, whom he explains) *that includes more than reassessment of sex roles.* And, slyly taking to task both our notorious French "father" and the men of Gay Liberation Front: *The white segregationist and the white radical share a fear and envy of the black, and for male homosexuals, confused as they often are by tension between the social images of masculinity and femininity, the Black Panther with his whole "macho" exterior is particularly attractive. It takes little imagination to perceive the sexual dimension of Genet's support for the Panthers.* Out of this immense mental library—and out of his own experience as a homosexual in gay liberation—Altman has smoothly and faultlessly built a case for the inevitability (and beauty) of gay lib, given the black,



Dennis Altman, author of HOMOSEXUAL: Liberation and Oppression

women's and counter-cultural phenomena. This and more: he has built a solid case against detractors of homosexual, bisexual and even promiscuous life-styles. For—and this may come as a surprise if you missed "born of" in my opener—*HOMOSEXUAL: Oppression and Liberation* is not the standard gay lib story.

Altman's first chapter is on the gay's "Coming Out: The Search for Identity": *It is in relation with one's family that the peculiar nature of our stigma cuts most deeply. Unlike those stigmatized by color or caste, our homosexuality is not shared by our family; unlike physical defect, there remains always the suspicion that we could rid ourselves of it if we wanted to enough.* Chapter 2 unfolds the ensuing "Oppression: The Denial of Identity." (The gay has accepted himself. Now he is a criminal.) *How many people,* asks Altman, *know that the Nazis sent known homosexuals, with pink armbands, to the gas chambers? Among the signs of mourning for the Jews, the Communists, etc., where are those for the fags?* And: *One of the more revealing ways in which self-hatred reveals itself is through the hostility that many homosexuals have for any kind of homosexual movement . . . Yet this is hardly surprising, for such movements threaten too closely the manner in which most homosexuals have arranged their lives.* And, beautifully: *It is impossible to know to what extent love is strengthened by being public, yet romantic ideals of secret love notwithstanding, I suspect that after a time lovers have a real psychological need for the support that comes from being recognized as such . . . We are all social animals, and highly dependent on the approval of others. Each time one's lover need be hidden, and jokes/excuses need be made about living with another man or woman, homosexuals feel the denial of what virtually all straights take for granted—and thus the straights don't see its importance. There is real pain in not being able to walk hand-in-hand with one's lover . . .*

In Chapter 3, Altman denies the presumed superiority of "normal" sex: *Anatomy has forced the homosexual to explore the realities of polymorphous eroticism beyond the experiences of most heterosexuals . . . There is among most homosexuals, I suspect, an awareness of their body, a knowledge of human sensuality, that is one of their strengths . . . The homosexual thus comes to represent a challenge to the conventional norms. This challenge makes him/her a revolutionary.* Then, twisting the dagger: *The argument that men fight each other because they are unable to love each other is a version of Marcuse's formulation that aggression results from a failure to give sexuality free rein . . . It may be that homosexuals, because they have rejected the need to suppress affection towards other men, are also able to reject the idea that violence is a means of proving one's manhood.* Bravo!

In a chapter on "Confrontation and Community" Altman lights the fireworks of gay liberation—and neglects neither women, transvestites (-sexuals), Third World, Gay Youth, nor the gay church. He tells, more than once, how handicapped he as a male is in speaking for the lesbian—then goes on to do what looks like a damned good job of it, seeing her as *doubly oppressed, both as a homosexual and as a woman . . . Gay women meet male prejudice within gay liberation and heterosexual fear within women's liberation . . . and yet, the lesbian occupies a particularly important position, for, in effect, she provides a link between these movements which are in so many ways complementary.*

Altman relates gay lib to the Big Three movements—black, women's, and left-antiwar-hippie—in a valuable chapter that tells where ours may be/should be going. He accepts that blacks' problems are more social and economic than gays': they cannot pass as white. But, he insists, *the knowledge of being black is not a realization that separates one from her/his family.* And: *both groups show similar marks of oppression. The parallel is most obvious on the psychological level, at that point, most destructive of all, where oppression is internalized.* White gays' racism he fully admits, and though far from forgiving of straight blacks' disdain of gays and the gay movement, like Radicalesbian Lois Hart he sees Cleaver's machismo as *the scar that a racist and sexist society has left upon him.*

Women's oppression, Altman shows, *is more subtle than that of blacks and gays,* and being "honored" and "glorified" women often don't recognize it; and he allows that women, like blacks, suffer economically more than do homosexual males. But: *gays and women are oppressed by similar conceptions of masculine and feminine roles, and by the assumption that the nuclear family is the ultimate form of achieving happiness. THAT is for both the ultimate oppression, and the alliance between gay and women's liberation thus becomes one that need be formulated in no treaties or coalitions, for it is imbedded in the essence of both movements. Each can only benefit from the strength of the other . . . Women's and gay liberation hold the greatest implications for straight men and, indeed, for full human liberation.* Amen!

Altman then DOES IT! to Movement heroes Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman (as well as to "puritanical" Movement women): *radicals' very act of breaking from the mainstream politically seems to make them more afraid of breaking sexually, just as, conversely, many homosexuals will be extremely conservative in their politics.* (Oh the boomerang wisdom of this Sundowner!) And: *There are too many* Dotson *Raders in the movement—on the one hand prepared to proclaim common cause with the homosexual, on the other still bearing the traditional cultural attitudes of superiority . . .* Altman doesn't spurn the Movement, however (and isn't gay lib part of it, anyway?): *The logical place for gay liberation to start affecting changes in others is among those already disaffiliated from the mainstream of American life.*

Altman sees separatism (the Alpine County takeover attempt was only an extreme example; the Gay Activists Alliance constitution *still* forbids general alliance with Movement groups as a stage that many blacks and some women have had to go through to "get their shit together." Maybe gays have the best reason of all: *homosexuality is a crucial part of our identity, not because of anything intrinsic about it but because social oppression has made it so.* But Altman argues that *Gay liberation will have achieved its full potential when it is no longer needed, for we see each other neither as men and women, gay and straight, but purely as people with varied possibilities. It is the fate of the Negro, James Baldwin once wrote, to carry the burden of both white and black Americans. It may be the fate*

(continued on page 19)



# A Moral to "Boys in the Sand?"
## It Pays to Advertise in Gay

BY AARON BATES

From all reports, *Boys in the Sand* is breaking all kinds of fuckfilm records. Well, kids, how is this fuckfilm different from all other fuckfilms? Maybe it's because the creator, Warhol-admirer Wakefield Poole, had smarts enough to realize that a story-line or concept, no matter how thin or shallow, does wonders to stimulate the fantasy lives of us (by this time) jaded voyeurs. Poole also had the sense to realize that just a big cock isn't everything (although it may be to some queens), while a big cock connected to a luscious body connected to a handsome face connected to an uninhibited brain makes everyone happy. So he cast a model pseudonymed Casey Donovan in the lead role. Sounds like a simple formula, doesn't it? Unfortunately, most gay filmmakers are too simple to grasp it and thus limit the appeal of their movies.

Although gay sexploitation still lags behind the straight stuff (if gays are more talented than straights, I sure haven't witnessed it), we may be coming of age. Of course, I've been saying that for years, but I choose to be optimistic.

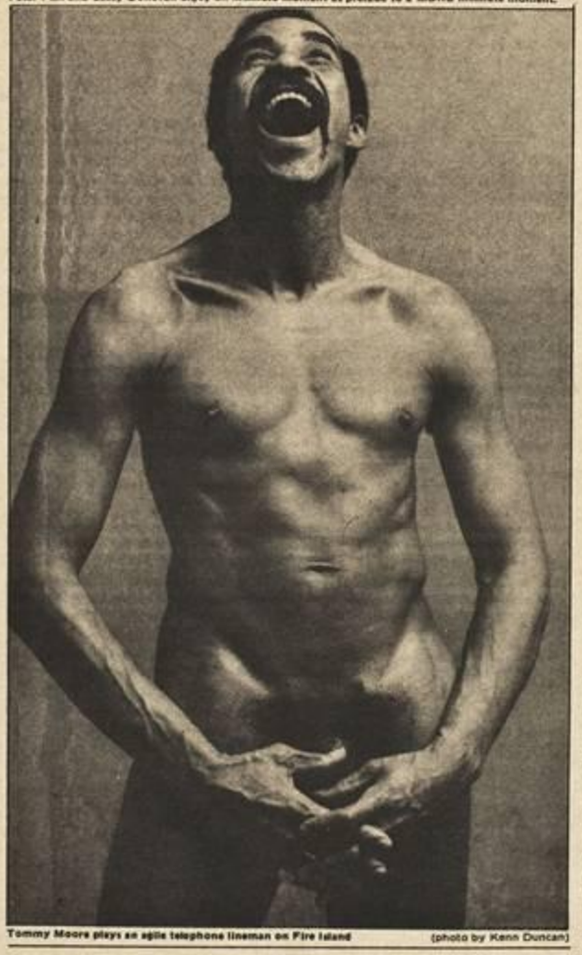
Well, now that I've glided over the preliminaries, I'll progress to the meat. In the first of *Boys in the Sand*'s three episodes, model Peter Fisk takes a stroll through the meatrack separating Cherry Grove from the Fire Island Pines. He walks and walks and walks. In fact, it seems like days but you must remember that Mr. Poole is a Warhol fan so anything is possible. After a while, Fisk's hike is over and so is our National Geographic tour of the flora and fauna of Fire Island. Goody! Fisk next finds a secluded bayside area and removes his clothes for a little of that old-fashioned sunbathing. Presto! Like a male Poseidon minus the beard and pitchfork, our hero Casey makes a slow motion (what else?) entrance from the polluted Atlantic and manages to survive till he reaches the beach.

This godlike visitation seems to answer all of Fisk's expectations, so the two men decide not to waste any time. Finding a comfortable little glade, they proceed to fuck and suck and do all those niceties that make life worth living. Unfortunately, only natural light appears to have been used so all those shadows of leaves and shrubbery obscure a bit of the action. Pity. Granted, the effect is arty, but why be arty in an otherwise simple-minded fuckfilm? At any rate the two men *are* attractive and respond well to one another. When the love-making is completed it is Fisk who returns naked into the ocean while Casey dons the former's clothes and walks away. Hmmmm. Makes you think, doesn't it? Well, if the change of identities makes Wakefield Poole happy, then I'm happy, although I'm dubious as to whether anyone in the audience is going to spend hours mulling it over.

Cut to the second segment. Casey sits by the pool of his lovely summer home and browses through a copy of GAY. I was going to add that he shows taste, but since he brushes over my column and heads straight for the Wanton Ads, I was hardly amused. At any rate, he finds something of interest and rushes into the house so that he can take off his clothes to compose a letter. He has lovely handwriting—graphologists take note. After dispatching the missive, he waits and waits and waits, like Penelope waiting for Odysseus. How to we know? Because we see the leaves of a desk calendar deposited, for some reason, on the beach. One by one the leaves catch fire. Just in case you missed the point, however, Poole has



Peter Fisk and Casey Donovan enjoy an intimate moment as prelude to a MORE intimate moment.



Tommy Moore plays an agile telephone lineman on Fire Island (photo by Kenn Duncan)

Casey swimming in the pool with flying calendar leaves superimposed on the water. Calendar leaves also manage to fly around the beach. After Casey has thus aged sixty years or so but looking young as ever, a reply finally comes. Frantically, our hero tears open the envelope and produces what looks like an Alka Seltzer pill. He tosses it into the pool and it starts to bubble. As you may have guessed by this time, it's an instant trick pill and handsome muscleman Danny Di Cioccio emerges from the water. Whoopie! Fucking and sucking once again and once again a little trouble from natural lighting and annoying shadows. After the carry-on is carried on, the two men walk down to the pier and pass our old friend Peter Fisk, dried off since his last exit. He watches Casey and Danny and then opens a copy of GAY to guess which section.

Episode three. Danny having apparently reverted to pill form, Casey is alone in that large beach house once again. But don't despair! As he gazes mournfully from the window he spies black stud Tommy Moore, the island's local telephone lineman. Tommy stares back. Casey pushes the draperies aside to show that he is naked, willing and able. Tommy seems interested but apparently goes about his business, leaving Casey to make do with his own devices. So he decides to fantasize the black man as he masturbates his way to bliss. Finding a black dildo in his hope chest, he screws himself silly, all the while imagining Tommy's amorous presence. Naturally, his imaginings become real for the audience and Poole cleverly switches back and forth to Casey and Tommy, then Casey alone. Finally, after the most graphic (and best-lighted) sex scene in the movie, Casey climaxes. But who can that be knocking at the door? You guessed it. Tommy shows up in the flesh, and though it is dubious that the real man can measure up to Casey's fantasies of him, the spent Casey welcomes him, all the while praying, no doubt, for strong recuperative powers. The end.

Now, for the technical aspects of the show. Some of the photography, like Warhol's, left much to be desired. Although generally consistent, certain small scenes were underexposed, overexposed, or lacked focus. Certain footage should have been scissored and if you read the preceding review, you know what footage I mean. Secondly, I found the musical scoring rather offensive, particularly in the first episode in which a choir of soprano banshees appear to be keening in the background while the lovers hump their way to happiness. This might be considered an improvement over the typical muzak found in this type of movie, but I wonder.

At any rate, *Boys in the Sand* ultimately succeeds in what it sets out to do. Thanks to Casey's versatility and good looks, there is ample food here for one's daydreams, as well as one's nightdreams. Although it (luckily) lacks the Penny Dreadful romanticism of a Pat Rocco, it gives the audience exactly what is needed—fresh and well-hung meat, plus a little bit more for the price of admission.

# Baron Von Gloeden:
# He Revolutionized an Island's Economy with Nudie Pictures

BY MARA MILLS

The Victorians, on whom we blame much of our inhibitions and sexual problems, were, in actuality, neither overly prudish nor extremely holy. They were, however, first class hypocrites. It was a well known "secret" that there existed, behind clean white picket fences and illustrations of angelic children reading their bibles, a voluptuous underground of sexual activity. For those, like Oscar Wilde, who refused to play the class rules and slept with waiters and stable hands as well as aristocrats, public disdain and punishment were called for to soothe the righteousness of the Victorian image.

The "smut" market for photographs, whether of young girls by Lewis Carroll or young men by Baron Von Gloeden, were sold (again to soothe the morals of Prudes) for "beauty's" sake. They were enjoyed for many other reasons. Von Gloeden is mentioned by Brian Reade in *Sexual Heretics* (1971) as "a German who established his studio in Taormina, Sicily, entirely to accommodate the rising demand from homosexuals for photographs of young men." Obviously times have not changed so drastically.

Baron Von Gloeden lived on Taormina for 41 years, from 1890-1931, and is buried there. In that time he made 3,000 photographic plates of Sicilian boys. His collection covers three generations, mostly photographed in their teens. The young men were available for other pleasantries besides modeling.

His photographs received a warm welcome among gays and pederasts of many countries. Besides bringing them vicarious enjoyment, the photos served as bait to lure "admirers of male beauty," (the Victorians had such nice ways of putting things), to Taormina. The tourists helped Taormina rise from a dirty backward poverty area to a resort mecca of villas and pavement. Peryrefitte, *The Exile of Capri*, states that Von Gloeden was the uncrowned King of Taormina whose natives honored him for bringing rich idlers flocking.

In his role of unofficial host to the international Gay community, Von Gloeden kept a guest book signed by some of the most famous homosexuals of the period. Oscar Wilde, after ending the affair with Lord Alfred Douglas in Naples, went to stay with Von Gloeden, with whom he was apparently previously friendly as he had sent him a copy of *Reading Goal*. Hopefully the models of the photographs helped comfort Wilde for the loss of Douglas and the jail term he had suffered.

Other visitors to the island, either for solace, enjoyment or to admire the sights, were Philip von Eulenburg and General Von Molke, German lovers who, although friends of the Kaiser's and whose extravagances earned him notoriety and deportation in Capri, was also a collector of Von Gloeden's. Kaiser Wilhelm himself saw the photographs and , it is rumored, indulged.

From Venice John Addington Symonds (writer), who had gone in search of male beauty, sent photographs to Edmund Gosse (editor and writer) in England. According to R. Croft-Cook in *Feasting with Panthers* Gosse "was so excited by one of these (pictures) that he took peeps at it during Robert Browning's funeral service," I might add that I don't find that at all in bad taste; anything that reaffirms life at a funeral seems marvelous. Besides I am sure Browning would have approved.

Alexander Graham Bell and his wife brought back some of Von Gloeden's photos in 1898 and gave them to the *National Geographic Society*. I could not find out what *National Geographic* did with the photos, but if they were printed the prize for one of the first gay magazines would go to the Society.

Everyone viewed the photographs for their own reasons and therefore described them differently. Peryefitte using the character of Jacque as his mouthpiece speaks of them thusly, "figures...so complacently flaunted, were rustic and could only invoke the idea of slaves once adored by their masters." Jacque, however, was a snob and Peryefitte also gives credit elsewhere in the book to Von Gloeden for being the inspiration of several books and paintings.

Hart-Davis in a footnote to *The Letters of Oscar Wilde* describes the photographs as "Sicilian youths posed noble and nude and antique in the guise of Theocretan goatherds and shepherds." This description may seem somewhat flowery, for some of the photographs are indeed beautiful and the subjects lovely, the garlands and togas draped about appear more as an excuse than the actual reason for the photos. But again, times haven't changed. Magazines are published today titled muscle-mags or male body art, although they are for the Gay World.

As we, in the twentieth century look at the photos, their lovliness seems evident. However the very prettiness that lends the an air of innocence seems to date them. The poses, borrowed from Greek vases and sculpture, and the grey tint gives one the impression of looking through a mist; back to a softer and less harried time. And yet, the models still seem very real, and very touchable.





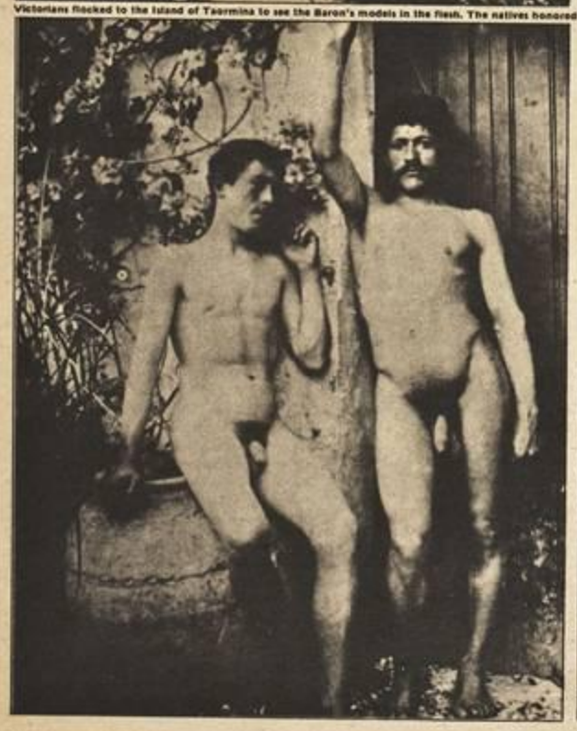
Victorians flocked to the island of Taormina to see the Baron's models in the flesh. The natives honored him for attracting rich idlers.







Hart Davis described the photographs as "Sicilian youths posed noble and nude."





# The Last Estate

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK



Gregory gets shopping cues from art dealer John Weber. (Photo by David Bourdon)

Poppers, they tell me, cause brain damage. I wonder what you can get from reading editorials in the *San Juan Star*? One that particularly impressed me concerned the presidential ambitions of John Lindsay.

"Colossal ego," "colossal ambition," "huge hunk of gall," "slick, upwardly mobile-no-matter-what," "political dilettante"... they aren't talking about Nixon, despite the latter's conceit, ambition, gall, deceit and countless murders.

Lindsay, at least, hasn't killed anybody in Asia. Yet, in reference to Lindsay's supporters, the *Star* had this to say: "Those who believe him... deserve whatever shock coursed through their gullible little nerve centers." And our editorial writer went on to trot out the usual anti-Lindsay cliches—about the problems in New York that Lindsay "... would like to get out of." What the *Star* finds most disturbing "... is that he seems made for this age of mass marketing of so many kinds of products and their mindless acceptance by so many."

"Mindless acceptance." Ah, one cannot help but think of the millions still dying, inexcusably, in Bengladesh, while American bombs rain cats and dogs over Indochina and American statesmen continue to heap lie upon lie to excuse their vicious, racist versions of genocide the world over.

During all this I snuck off, yet again, to San Juan. As usual, the plane drunk plopped down next to me. He had a guitar and, along with his two charming sons who also had guitars, entertained the passengers in the "lounge" waiting to board our vulgar DC-8. The sons were placed in front, while we were in the middle. Our drunk screamed directions concerning the life-raft to his children a block away. "The stewardess will explain the life-raft to them," I ventured. "They don't speak English," he said.

When his tray came, he rushed to bring it to the kids. The stewardess brought him another tray, and he climbed out, over me and the guitar, and brought that one to his boys as well. The passengers were enjoying this episode enormously, laughing, and mimicking the old man, who remarked to a stewardess: "Just a piece of bread for me. Give all the food to my two sons."

Well, old hard-as-nails Battcock found all this touching, if not a bit disconcerting—that is, until our minstrel decided, with encouragement from the passengers, who were eager to have him remain a laughing stock—to give us a tune. It was all right in Spanish, but when he bellowed "My Gal's a New Yorker" in English, I put my foot down and informed the stewardess: "This has got to stop!" Of course, wouldn't you know, the man apologized, said he didn't want to disturb me, and sat there quietly for several minutes.

It seems the old guy used to be an entertainer aboard the old *Matsonia* on the San Francisco-Honolulu route.

Upon disembarkation, I bid the stewardess my standard fond adieu: "It was an ordeal, as usual," I said. "Oh, was it?" she smiled.

What San Juan needs is, I dare say, a Mayor Lindsay. You know, they used to have a little railroad that went all around the island, but they junked it in favor of the car and highways. They used to have little trolleys connecting the San Juan suburban districts, but these got in the way of cars. They also, I learned yesterday, have disconnected train service between New York and Montreal. The "old salt" who answered the "Amtrack Information" phone informed me: "It was a nice ride. Especially this time of year. Now there will be more cars and more pollution." "Well, I'll have to take the plane," I said. "Well, you can go by train via Cleveland and Toronto," he suggested. Our reminiscenses ended on an optimistic, if not foolish, note. "The tide is turning. The trains may come back," said the information clerk.

I have to go to Montreal because, in order to get to London without paying—there's some kind of regulation—I must go via Montreal. We are off to England with a bunch of articles solicited for a special issue of *Art And Artists*. However, I'm afraid that when they see the shit they may raise an eyebrow. Jill Johnston has contributed something that insists: "The whole art world sucks cock; all art critics suck cock..." and ends up about how everybody is a Lesbian. David Bourdon has transcribed a cute telephone call with Andy Warhol... all about Warhol getting fucked by some artist. Then there are a few sophomoric pieces edifying artists—accepted only because it may succeed in getting the artists—intense publicity seekers, every one—off my back. Upon our return from London—via Venice and Milan—we are off to yet another meeting of the College Art Association in San Francisco, promptly followed by a meeting of the International Association of Art Critics (of which I am NOT a member) in San Juan.

On the plane to London—first class in Swissair—I will wear dungarees and an old Levi jacket with a star and a Puerto Rican flag affixed. I'm taking my beige suit that I bought in Paris in November; a Gucci tie that I bought in Rome in December; a CITY UNIVERSITY T-Shirt with yellow stripes that was a gift from Pat Sloan; my sheep skin coat that I bought in Sweden last year; some back issues of GAY to give out to bores; the Michelin Guides for Italy; Sunday's *Times*; and three jars of shampoo that are a present for my friend George.

I'm leaving behind an invitation from Ambassador Piero Vinci, Permanent Representative of Italy to the United Nations, to a reception To Honor Maestro and Madame Giorgio de Chirico.

Cheers,
Gregory

# Pen Points



## JEWISH GAY CHRISTIANS?

*Dear GAY:*

Recently I subscribed to "Gay Magazine," and found myself in the wonderful world of wonderland. However, your January 24th issue shocked me, so I have decided to "come out" with a bold statement, which I should like you to publish in LETTERS TO THE EDITOR!

Your article, "A Good Jewish Boy Attends a Christian Service," by Leo Skir was far from being a true statement of the Church, as he admits that he spent a great deal of time in St. Vincents. I am shocked over some of the statements in the articles in general, and would like to submit an article about the Church, which has ORDER, LOGIC & REASON ... but for the time being, I feel it necessary to explain some things to the little Jewish fellow:

First: Mr. Wayne Frederick of Allengency College in a questionnaire found that the congregation was 23% Jewish, so Mr. Skir certainly was not alone.

Second: As to pictures being taken, many people do work for a living, and in this sick society, one can lose their job for being the least bit different, being Gay is very different!

THIRD: IF YOU WOULD ASK FATHER CLEMENT THE REASON FOR HAVING THE CHURCH SERVICE IN THE PERFORMING GARAGE, HE WOULD HAVE EXPLAINED: THE CHURCH OFFICE NUMBER IS 691-4422.

With best wishes for understanding upon gay people in the Future, I remain, your Jewish church goer.

*S. Elliott Postol*

**ED. NOTE: Mr. Skir hopes to see you next year in Jerusalem.**

## ANGRY ACTIVIST

*Dear GAY:*

I would think that you are obliged to print this letter in your next edition of GAY since it was YOUR columnist that misrepresented and insulted me!

*Richard S. Amato*

*Dear GAY:*

Dick Leitsch's column in GAY is usually not worth reading, much less responding to. But his slanderous remarks about me in the No. 66 edition requires that I take time out of my efforts on behalf of gay liberation to answer this other would-be oppressor.

In my testimony before the City Council, I did not "sell out" transvestites, as charged. If Leitsch had been at the hearings he would have known that I testified on technical aspects of the Bill (Intro 475). The bill itself will not extend protection to homosexuals, as such, and it is certainly not a homosexual bill of rights. It merely states that one will not be discriminated on the basis of his/her choice of gender of sexual partner. It will thereby protect, for instance, the school teacher who has a draft record which contains information regarding this preference.

However, the definition of gay (or to Leitsch, happy homosexual) encompasses far more than just this preference. To the gay culture as a whole, it includes the trucks, the camp, transvestites, and the whole life style with all of its variations. However, all of this is included in our definition of ourselves, and not the bill's definition of sexual orientation. My testimony stated this fact, a fact recognized by city council writers and sponsors of the bill. I did however state that transvestites should be protected as should everybody, and therefore another bill would be needed to supplement Intro 475.

To call this a "sell out" of transvestites proves to me that Leitsch's reporting is not only bad reading, it is also unreliable. Had he attended the council hearings he would have understood the subject matter of my testimony (which dealt entirely with employers that do discriminate and the implications this bill has on this situation ... the transvestite issue came up in questioning). Instead, Leitsch chose to shoot from the hip on strictly hearsay evidence. With "brothers" like him, who needs "queer hunts"?

*Sincerely,*
*Richard S. Amato*

## THANE WINS AN OSCAR

*Dear GAY:*

Enjoyed Thane Hampten's piece on Oscar Wilde immensely as he has been my inspiration for years. My favorite saying of his is "You can't search for love, it must happen."

If the author or any reader is interested in examining some of the original manuscripts of Wilde, including his play, Salome, I direct them to the Rosenbach Foundation just off Rittenhouse Square in Philadelphia. The Rosenbach Brothers collected rare books from all over the world.

The Foundation is run by a groovy young man and his friend and they are most cordial to out-of-towners. A call for an appointment would be advisable. Perhaps GAY might want to run an article on the place. It's located on one of the gayest blocks in Philadelphia directly opposite Pearl Buck's Foundation.

The groovy curator holds a private 12th Night fest every January and invites 10 gays who hold important positions in the city. The party's highlight is the gold plate servfor 12 that is used in a room with 3 huge chandeliers surrounded by 18th century paintings and furniture.

*Sincerely yours,*
*D.D.*
*Dick Griffo*
*Brooklyn, N.Y.*

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



# Question: "Do You Sell Real Books or Just Filth?" Answer: "Just Filth."

BY DICK LEITSCH



Jim Buckley, SCREW's publisher, examines wares in an erotic bookstore

The two men didn't look as though they had any legitimate business in a gay book shop. They both had on fedoras (in the words of Elaine Stritch, "Does anyone still wear a hat?"), those shiny, baggy suits one buys at discount houses on Staten Island, and one even chomped on a toothpick. They tiptoed through the shop, examining every magazine as carefully as though it were a glassine envelope full of white powder.

"Watch them," warned Tobi, "I think they're the cops who arrested Parris (manager of the downtown Studio Bookshop) on porno charges."

I'd just arrived to relieve Billy, and while we counted the cash box the police drifted out. Later that evening they came back, choosing a time when the shop was full of good gay customers. We have a policy, Billy and I, of trying to say "Good Evening" to every customer. When I saw the same two men tiptoeing in on their flat feet, I put on my sweetest smile and loudly said, "Good evening, Officers."

They were wrecked, but not nearly as wrecked as the plainclothesmen who sidled up the the counter one afternoon while Billy was on duty and said, "Ya got any hard-core stuff?"

He was as obviously out of place in a gay book shop as Tiny Tim would be on the field in a Rose Bowl game. Billy smiled and said, "No sir, I'm sorry we don't."

"C'mon," continued the guy salaciously, "You must have some action stuff under the counter." Billy shook his head. "C'mon, whatsamatter, don't I look gay enough?"

Billy smiled sweetly. "You look plenty gay enough. I just don't have anything."

If Commissioner Murphy needs any reason to hire homosexuals for the police force, the ineptness of his plainclothesmen at passing for gays should provide one. Those very straight numbers are no more convincing when they try to pass for gay than are those gay people who try to pass for straight.

So far we've been relatively free from any police trouble at Studio 72. When the shop first opened, a cranky neighbor called the cops and complained about a couple of books in the window. The police paid a call, checking on the complaint. Billy apologized for creating any trouble and asked the police to tell him what to take out of the display.

The cops went outside, looked, looked again, and came back to say he should leave the window just as it was.

Then there was the evening two foot patrolmen trod in during my peak business hours. The customers got panicky looks on their faces and I just smiled and asked, "May I help you?"

"Yeah," said the bigger cop. "Do you sell real books or just filth?"

"Just filth," I smiled.

"Oh. Then can you tell me where I can buy real books?"

I pointed him to the nearest general paperback shop.

Perhaps our relative freedom from harassment stems from our habit of trying to run a friendly, neighborhood shop. They ask for trouble on Forty-Second Street by filling their windows with material which everyone knows is offensive to many people. They leave the front door open, daring the Vestal Virgins of Moral Uplift to look in, almost masochistically begging someone to call the cops or start a crusade. We try to be a bit discreet, alerting the neighborhood what kind of a shop Studio 72 is through discreet window displays and avoiding huge signs announcing "peep shows" and "adult movies" and the like.

When the neighbors drop in, accidentally or "accidentally" on purpose, we are polite, and as helpful as we can be. Ours is the only shop on the block which will give change for the bus, so bus-riding heterosexual neighbors would probably be the first to complain if the city closed down Studio 72.

The other night a little old man of more than eighty winters trembled in on his walker. In a thick New York Jewish accent he asked if I would change a dollar bill for him so he could take the bus. As I handed him the silver, his eye caught a rack of male nude magazines. He dropped the money, turned to me wide-eyed, and said, "Mein Gott! All those boys with their peanuts hanging out!"

Another older man (older than God, as a matter of fact), popped in one evening while Tobi and I were dishing at the counter. The browser hung around for over an hour, looking at every picture in every magazine. Finally he hobbled up to the counter and said, "Pleaz, have you gott no pichers of old menz naked?"

The previous customer had complained that all of the models were too old: "Hell," he said, "they're all so old they have pubic hair!" In the words of Tobi Marshr, "You just can't please anybody anymore!"

Not everybody is old. As a matter of fact, one of the biggest mistakes most people make is in thinking only older people buy sex toys, skin books and hot sexy novels. Two of our steady customers are male lovers, in their early twenties. They come in two or three times a week and pick out a skin book together. They call it their "marital aid" and use it to warm up for one another. One guy is 22, the other 24, but they have been together five years, which makes them an old married couple.

The hippies and lamda-wearers are fast discovering that politics is not an adequate substitute for sex, and that you don't have to be a dirty old man to love erotic material.

And we get celebrities. During the holidays, when all the gay papers were late, the door opened and a stunning guy—who looked vaguely familiar—ambled in. I smiled and said "Good Evening," and he grinned back and said "Hi" before heading for the newspaper section.

Trying to be helpful, I told him all the papers were late that week.

"Oh," he replied. "I'm looking for reviews of *Boys In The Sand*. Aren't they out yet?"

"No, but why read the reviews? It's a great picture. Just go see it."

He turned around. "See it? Hell, I'm in it!"

What could I say to Casey Donovan other than what I had said to Agnes Moorehead years ago when I worked at Tiffany's and asked her to whom she wanted her purchases charged? "Gee, you looked ten feet tall on the screen. I wasn't ready for you to be only as tall as the rest of us."

Then we have our live sex shows. There was the guy who asked Billy: "Do you think I could be a model?" Billy said, "You have a nice face, and your body looks pretty good in clothes. I suppose you could be." Billy turned to put an item back into a showcase. When he looked up again, the handsome customer was stark naked. "Do you think my body is good enough? Is my cock big enough?"

When Studio 72 first opened, Billy tells me, the gay stuff was all in the back room, behind a curtained doorway. The front room was all general-interest books. One day Billy was sitting behind the front counter when he happened to glance down and saw two eyes looking from under the bottom hem of the curtains across the back room door. He casually ambled from behind the counter and down the wall to the back-room door. There was an old mess of a queen laying bare-assed naked on the floor, buns pointed to heaven.

Perhaps I should call Commissioner Murphy and volunteer Billy and myself to be the first officially gay police rookies. I'm experienced. Five or six times I've had to deal with a gang of kids who think it is chic to be young, black and gifted as shoplifters. I've become experienced at dealing with exhibitionists (why is it usually the ones who most need to keep their clothes on are the first to expose their ugly bodies?), an occasional piece of trade looking for trouble, and junkies looking for a warm, dry place to shoot up.

On the other hand, I think I'll stay a smut peddler. I'm having more fun, and meeting nicer people, than I did in all those years in the movement. In the gay lib movement we promised our brothers and sisters an Earthly Jerusalem we all knew we couldn't deliver. In the smut business we promise a fantasy for tonight—and produce it.

In the movement one meets all those people who don't know how to deal with sex and are looking for substitutes. In the erotic literature business I meet people who really like sex, often wallowing in it with all the orgiastic pleasure of a miser counting his money or a Pharisee listing his virtues. It's nice to be around positive people after so many years of associating with those negative ones.

# The Gay Insider's Crystal Ball: Predictions for 1972

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

*[Editors' Note: Following is a digest of the final chapter of John's latest book, THE GAY INSIDER U.S.A., Trip One, to be published by the Olympia Press in March. It is a guide to Gay America and an introduction to the newer gay lifestyles for the "average" Other Traveller.]*

Last stop on the Gay-Line Tour. The Big Conductor in the Sky is calling "Tomorrow." Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow. The rest of '72 and beyond. Where do we go from here, and what's it going to be like? Dancing in the streets in golden shoes, perhaps Jack Baker's high heels, with reward and not reprisal? Running through fields of daisy chains barefoot, holding up our little pinky toes, if we so please, while millions cheer and call Right On? Or is it back to oxblood brogans by day and motorcycle boots by night and Merle Miller's famous "radio announcer voice"?

I hope it will make less and less difference in the months and years ahead whether we are bassi profundi or castrati. Will it? Your guess is as good as mine. But let's play Cassandra on these remaining few miles/pages of Trip One. I'll stick my neck out, why don't you? Here's how it looks from my side of the bus. If you see it differently, write me. I'll show you mine, you show me yours. But first let's look at Morris Kight's . . .

In a pensive mood toward the end of our interview last August, Morris mused: "I really don't know what is going to happen, since so many unexpected things have already occurred that are so bizarre, so creative, so liberating, that just separating the gay issue from all other issues, I don't know what the world is going to look like for us. I know that we're undergoing another change, an exceedingly important one . . . Several years ago I think I could define fairly well what the direction in just the Gay Movement would be, but even that alone is a puzzler . . .

"Such groups as the Gay Fellowship here and the GAA/NY are enjoying some of the liberties that we fought so long for. This is good. I believe the gay revolution is about to recommence also, though this time into gay separatism, based on the widespread concept that Gay is Superior. I suspect that it will be biker-oriented, i.e., macho transvestites, sort of gay Hell's Angels."

Asked whether that is not just another form of male chauvinism and questioned as to whether he thinks that such a trend would be progressive, Morris replied, "Well, I don't know that it is a step up, but a man who is 35 and gay and at least admits it to himself and by associating with bike clubs finds a sense of community among his own is better off than foundering alone.

### GAY GHETTOS?

"As to whether separatism is more desirable than integration, I haven't resolved that for myself. I had always thought in terms of integration, but the Honorable Elijah Mohammed and Malcolm X may be right. Racial groups, gay people who want to separate themselves, should be encouraged to do so."

I thought this all over and thus began to see configurations forming in my own crystal ball. Rationales occurred to me . . .

Ghettoization because you have to live in a certain area is one thing, doing so because you want to is quite another. Going to dark bars to hide is one thing, while going because you enjoy them is quite different. However MCC/San Francisco's social center, the Firehouse or Beulahland in L.A. is a nice alternative to have. Voluntary separation . . .

I think Morris is right: we *shall* further separate ourselves this year and in coming years. Chiefly because, when we root out the old obsession with our "difference" as a sad, forlorn and accidental thing we shall seek the company of our brethren for another reason than that we feel safe with them or that misery loves company. It will be because we find in them tenderer feelings, more compassion, more human dignity and greater imagination in coping with the demands of the future of the race, as we emerge into greater confidence that our lifestyle holds greater promise than the heterosexual or the hetero-imitative.



Leather will be popular.

I also agree with Morris that the machismo manifestation as represented by the superbutch image of the leathermen, the bikers, will enlist greater and greater numbers, for a while. Because, as with the black and Latin and other Third World people who are over-stressing their prowess and potency and efficacy as male animals, many homosexual males must go through a period of out-chauvining the heterosexual males who have put them down and degraded them—in one way setting themselves up as heroes to be aped. But I think these are infantile impulses, taken on the mass imitative scale, that will also be overcome rather soon.

### SENSUOUS WRAPPINGS

The childlike among us—as distinct from the *childish*—will rediscover the natural, impetuous, extraordinary delicious delights of doing mad, foolish and impulsive things. Like painting faces and bodies, the way the Hippies did. Males will further adorn themselves with glitter, plunge into gender-defiance clothing, don dresses while sporting beards a la the Cockettes and the three dazzling brothers pictured in *Life*, end of '71 issue. As Women's-Lib makes headway, gay males will be able to begin to find the feminine, the effeminate, admirable. That is, the traditional feminine accoutrements, which they will take as their own, cock and balls not getting in the way. Feathers and chiffon and fur and flowing gowns are sensuous.

Eventually, slowly, macho Gays will, out of embarrassment for looking down upon a subculture within a subculture within a subculture of which they are also a subculture, begin to feel less threat to their masculinity and will begin to assimilate from the other dress-conscious and conformist element—the total transvestite—some of their daring in defying convention. They will be less and less gratified by the acceptance by straight society, acceptance they must learn by emulating. And even less interested in acceptance by each other in terms of how they look and will reject being identified by what they wear.

### DRAGS: THE FORGOTTEN CONTRIBUTORS

I am thinking of how subdued the macho element of GAA/NY was at the November nominations when Lee Brewster, head of Queens Liberation, in full drag, delivered an electrifying exhortation/denunciation/appeal/manifesto:

"We gave you the most precious gift of all, a gift no politician, no nothing could give you, at the Stonewall. With fires blazing, sirens blaring, hurling bricks and bottles, in our most unladylike fashion, we gave you and us *pride!* We founded the Gay Liberation Movement."

"Masculine" GAAs squirmed as Lee raged, preempting all the drama from the nominations speeches and question-and-answer period to come, rendering them anti-climactic.

Applause was loud and long for Lee, despite the shock of her "the-truth-hurts" message, her questions, warnings and accusations:

"Why are you so afraid of our image? Why so uptight? Are we a threat to your sexual prowess?

"You are the true faggots! You who have felt the sting of bigotry and discrimination may now try to sell your sister short and offer her up as a sacrificial lamb. We will not go! To be denied our rights by some straights is to be expected, but intolerable by our own community. We will not stand mute to help you prove your machismo."

We shall begin to take Lee Brewster more and more seriously, all of us, across the board. Just as we shall withdraw from our Lesbian sisters and they from us, each to do her or his own thing without interference one from the other, coming together only in political alliance when it is necessary—and it will be!

In the immediate months what?

### WOMAN TROUBLE

The Daughters of Bilitis and other gay females' organizations will continue to be harassed more frequently than the males' groups—probably because straight males in their abject gender confusion and fear will come to resent free females more desperately than gay males. Straights will feel they are losing ground with the objects of their sexual desire, but will not blame gay males for that, since they do not consider gay males as competition. Furthermore, they will begin to avoid direct confrontation group to group with the New Free Gays, seeing that "fags" can be tough cookies. Most straight males are bullies, the school system having encouraged them to be, the armed forces having demanded them to be, and bullies prefer to pick on the "weak." Or who they *think* are weak, by their standards. In their clouded vision, the stronger women seem to become, the more ardently heterosexual males will have to prove them *not* to be, by picking on them, come what may. They are slow learners . . .

### WILL THE ODD COUPLE COME OUT?

More specifically and in a lighter vein—but still quite significantly heralding progress toward a New Order—we shall behold by the beginning of '73 at least one gay television situation comedy, or at least an occasional segment of some regular series that will "dare" depict "normal-looking" Gays in light-hearted relationships. Maybe the history of Jack and Mike will become the basis for a series. At the same time, there will be more and more frequent drag appearances on the tube, with old camp virtuosi doing coast-to-coast turns. Great new artists like Jim Bailey, with the Ed Sullivan precedent behind him, will be frequent guest stars—not just sideshow novelties.

The *New York Post* will be the first important American daily to run a regular—meaning at regular, predictable intervals—column on the gay community—just as the *Village Voice* becomes anti-Gay, in the middle of the greatest ghetto, and generally more conservative.

We shall see several gay marriages legalized in this country before '74, but under "special" conditions, so that the preliminary rush will not begin until well into '73, after the national elections. However, if Nixon wins, there will be nullifications and delays.

Two, perhaps three, other states (besides the ones mentioned here and there earlier in the text) will pass adult consenting sexual behavior laws, one of them being Hawaii, another Wisconsin. Again providing that Nixon loses.

Progress will be made toward IRS recognition of the head-of-household status and subsequent tax advantages for same-sex partners. It will be under the guise, at first, of aiding those who have voluntarily assumed responsibility for



The incredible Jim Bailey

someone underage or disabled. There will be pressures applied everywhere by Gay Lib groups to open up low and middle income government housing projects to singles and same-sex couples, with some success in a few cities, probably San Francisco and Minneapolis, perhaps New York if there are not too many backlashes resulting from what will be a reckless Lindsay campaign.

### GAY POWER IS POLITICAL POWER

There will be gay demonstrations at—or as near as possible to—the national con-

*(continued on page 16)*



## Loosely About Women

# The Mayonnaise Critique

BY SOREL DAVID



I went to the Avant Garde Festival last week to see Gregory—you know, *Cheers, Gregory.* Yeah, him. Being an undying fan, I wanted to see what the wine wonder boy would come up with that was avant garde. And besides, I've always been interested in the avant garde, although the avant garde has never expressed the least interest in me. The avant garde is really big time now that John and Yoko are happening all over it. When I first walked in I saw a little telephone sitting under a thing which looked like a cross between a space helmet and a hair dryer. I picked up the receiver and it was John saying: *you are here, you are here.* I was too. Wandering around, no Gregory, but lots of elegantly handsome male homosexual types, a liberal sprinkling of liberals from New Jersey, or maybe the Upper West Side, married folks from the Upper West Side, with the kids in tow, which might as well be New Jersey as far as I'm concerned, trying to get a little 'cultcha' you know, plus very many unappealing women. God, I ain't never seen so many unappealing women all together at one time before. Avant garde arty womens sure do get themselves into some bad bags.

Intense. They're always very intense, severe, with the hair pulled back tight. And deep red lipstick. Floor length ox blood colored felt skirts. Weird. They have to be into something, but of course they're never into women's lib, oh no, anything movement or causey like that is just too hopelessly DG (derriere garde, my dears, derriere garde) for them. Hopelessly. But they can't just come on like your ordinary everyday chicks, I mean they are, after all, the arty-farts of this world, so they come on bizarre, loose-knit-see-through-sweaters over Transylvanian peasant blouses, with hot pants and black stockings, *the half and half look,* half milkmaid, half whoo-our, and all that make-up, terrible, terrible. Or else they're into the totally unaware of anything, and certainly not their bodies; look: baggy ski pants from the fifties with non-descript yellow sweaters wrinkling and ravelling up at the edges revealing select portions of bulging midriff when they move.

Finally I found a small table in one small corner on which there was a small piece of white paper bearing the magic markered message—Gregory will resume his *mayonnaise critique* at 9:00. It was 9:30 and I was there, but no Gregory. He must have been uptown chasing after some cross-eyed Latinos for a change. Oh well, a mayonnaise critique. Not bad Gregory, not bad at all. Rather good actually, possibly even a little, how you say —avant garde?

After leaving the festival I went up to the newest east side in spot for women—the Lib on E. 45th. The goings-on up there at The Lib made the Avant Garde Festival, in comparison, actually seem avant garde. All those suavely turned-out butches, smooth hips gliding around, stopping on a dime, cruising up the femmes, all lacquered hair and false eye lashes. It's just one more lame variation on the 'hey baby' mystique, which never was anywhere to begin with. What the hell am I doing here, I wondered after being there for about ten minutes. I mean, if I wasn't a gay person, if I was just a regular old ordinary person, a straight person, would I ever go to bars? Would going to bars be in any way part of my existence, say, if I wanted to meet someone, would I go to an east side singles bar, Maxwell's Puddendum, or whatever? I can't imagine myself doing anything like that, I'm just not the sort of person who goes to bars. I don't even drink. Why then did I feel compelled to check out this new 'in spot'? Why then did I stay there all night? Well, we all know the answer to that. There's no sense even going into it.

One is tempted to consider once again that age-old question of alternatives. I've always hated gay bars, there has always seemed something particularly pernicious and evil to me about gay bars. It's something implicit in the very concept of a 'gay bar,' an attitude, the bar itself represents, to me, a kind of tacit agreement between the management and the patrons (that's us, the gay folks) that we are somehow something less than human, freaks who must be kept off the streets, who must be herded into small dark areas where we are permitted to do our thing. There is a sense of recognition that this terrible thing we do is a necessity, is something we are compelled by our vile natures to do, like a weakness, a moral flaw. Thus the gay bar owner, by providing us with these specially designated areas, these dark holes known as gay bars, does a service both for us and the community at large. What I'm trying to say does not fall into the class of your usual anti-bar protest, syndicate control, high prices, exploitation of gays and like that. While all that may be true, and is certainly related to what I'm saying, my point is a far more subtle one. It's a question of atmosphere. Think of the way some of the 'girls,' the regular customers, relate to the goons: the heavy-set muscular guys that are an ever-present feature of women's bars. There is always this kind of jocular, it would be, if it weren't so studied, back-slapping comaraderie between them. It's a mark of status for those women who can come in to the bar and give that kind of 'hey Vinnie' wave or nod to the guy at the door (and they're always named Vinnie too) receiving a similar response, possibly even complete with first name in return. They are somebody then, it's a mutual acknowledgement that each is somehow 'okay,' a 'regular fellow,' in his own place. Each in his own world, though it is understood, acknowledged by both, that the gay world, with its necessity for a gay bar, is the lesser one. It is only here, under this special set of circumstances, this agreement which limits us, keeps us in our place, in a gay bar, that these two otherwise sworn enemies, the heterosexual men in one of the most macho incarnations and the gay woman, can, with such camaraderie, relate.

The particularly heinous thing about this, the thing you must remember, is that this agreement exists *mutually,* on both parts. Merely walking into a gay bar is to enter, in some way, into this agreement, this compact.

# Insider

(continued from page 14)

ventions. Feds are already at work to undermine the plans being laid cooperatively among Florida and California Gays with out-of-state brethren. San Diego will be an armed camp. Gay contingents from L.A. and the Bay area will suffer bloodshed in clashes with Reagan's state police. Though Florida law enforcement agencies will be ready and eager to break heads, Democratic leaders—particularly youth-vote candidates like McGovern and Kennedy—will intervene to restrain them. TV watchers will be treated to election-time interviews on network programs of gay activists, from Frank Kameny to young militants. But everywhere, at banquets, whistle stops and crossroads, candidates will be confronted by incorrigible, indominatable Gays—who will be roughed up, beaten and brutalized by Rightist gangs and hoodlums encouraged by the likes of Attorney General Mitchell.

### UNDERCOVER UNCOVERED

Crackdowns on so-called radical groups—including even some of the most moderate groups—will occur, as the growing realization that all groups, no matter how inconsequential, have been for a long time infiltrated—just as the Army confessed months ago. At least two gay leaders of the past, no longer in office, will be exposed as Federal agents.

Several gay leaders will be exposed for their syndicate connections, one turning state's evidence out of fear of being rubbed out.

Bar raids will increase in California, Dallas, Long Island, Florida and Ohio. There will be nasty incidents across the country at several afterhours bars catering to Gays.

More and more prominent Gays will declare themselves, at least three of national stature before the Christopher Street Liberation Day march in Washington. A D.C. march *will* take place in spite of opposition of many gay groups, principally in N.Y. A national convention of some sort, in which leading Gay Lib organizations from all over the country will participate, will be held. Perhaps these groups will be galvanized into unity in response to a general reaction setting in in the late spring that will be visible in raids and stepped-up entrapment in big-vote industrial centers. This congress will vote support of a CSLD/DC. And it *will* come off.

A quality gay publishing cooperative, Renaissance House, will offer its first titles before May and will include works of heretofore undeclared gay authors of considerable prestige. A new magazine will also be offered, a literary and Movement-oriented *AFTER DARK*.

### SHOW BUSINESS IS GAY BUSINESS

Several movies, Off-Broadway plays and at least one successful musical with a specific gay theme will gain favorable critical reception. The last will be on the boards by January, '74. The new wave, however, will be "bisexual," as more and more Gays will be taking out "insurance policies" and referring to themselves by the copout label, bisexual. *Sunday, Bloody Sunday*, with its lady-or-the-tiger ending, is just the beginning of a trend on the screen.

A council of planners disenchanted with the fragmentation and squabbles among gay groups and impatient to get on with the business of achieving law reform and a freer sexual climate for all, will take on as its frankly "subversive" goal the promotion of bisexuality as a lifestyle and the acceptance of bisexuality to phase out homosexual labeling. This in the face of rank-and-file separatism! It will take the position that "popularization" is the only way to attract the gay majority, the Closet Captives. Some observers will call this direction dilettantish, "Polysex Chic," but it will gain many gay adherents.

What about nudity and printed "pornography"? Well, adult bookstores across the country will suffer harassment and restrictive sanctions as local crackdowns increase nearing election time. Nudity on the stage, as well as on the covers of newsstand publications will go into a period of decline as do-gooders take advantage of campaigners' increased sensitivity to lunatic demands. We are already faced with the phenomenon of a government's becoming more prudish as the populace moves toward more permissiveness. If Nixon is reelected it will prevail for a good *length* of time—and may have to be rioted out of its Ottoman seclusion, isolation.

In the area of the gay church, the Universal Fellowship of Metropolitan Community Churches will exceed its own estimate made at its convention in September.

* * * * *

I cannot go into my final prediction, which is based on the discovery of a secret organization headquartered in the West which calls itself The Lavender Conspiracy—simply because Olympia Press feels it is "hot" and must be saved for publication of the book. So I will leave you with this:

### IT'S MY LIFE—<br>IT'S THE GOOD LIFE

Most of us do not yet realize that we, as homosexuals, are in control of our destiny. We *are*. This is the first time this has occurred in a major society. We are not idealized Greek mirror-image comrades, we are not Moslem makeshifts used in anticipation of some heavenly houri, captives subsissive to Mamelukes or exotic pre-Columbian priests. We are coming into our own as we *are*, not as an unrejectable transplant or ritually recognized because we cannot be otherwise "rationalized." We are becoming ourselves, defining a lifestyl that is ours. We shall, one day soon, say, "Come, all of you. Learn from us. Gay is Better."

When I am asked, usually by an incredulous gay friend, "Do you *really* think Gay is Better?" I reply, *"Certainly. For me. Otherwise I would be heterosexual."* This will be the answer of the future—and that is the only prediction that I would stake my life on. Just wait and see!


# NOW THERE'S A MAGAZINE FOR HIM



# MOBSTER TIMES.

As a youngster, he beat up all the other brats on his block, astounding cops and kids alike with his heroic antics. He was a boy among boys, a bully among bullies. Back then there was nothing a kid of his leaning could read. Now there is. Now there's a magazine for him. MOBSTER TIMES is for him. Now he could read about people just like himself. People like Joe Kennedy, rum-runner and big-shot politician whose blood money created a dynasty of world-wide importance; or John D. Rockefeller, whose spectacular crimes go unequalled to this day; Napoleon Bonaparte and John Dillinger; Ma Barker; Richard Nixon and Machine Gun Kelley; Lyndon Johnson and Dutch Schultz. .

Where else could they learn of new techniques for bugging and surveillance—and, sometimes more importantly, how to **avoid** and **foil** potential spies. As full-fledged Mobsters they would enjoy things like MOBSTER TIMES' Crossword Puzzle, testing their wits about famous crimes & criminals; the movie reviews which analyze movies like "The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight" or "The French Connection." MOBSTER TIMES has a special two-page diagram section each issue, outlining in the **minutest detail** spectacular plans of famous crimes, like The Great Mail Robbery, Topkapi Museum heist or the Billy Sol Estes Silo escapade; learn "how to disappear"; what the well-dressed criminal wears; follow our "Crime of the Month"; Crime Tips from guys still "inside"; Boners of Justice, and various short but exciting tidbits out of history.

There you have it, the guts of the newest and most exciting publication to appear in America in this decade. If you're interested in crime, MOBSTER TIMES is a **must.** If you can't subscribe, buy the latest issue available on selected newsstands throughout America.

Simply shoot out along dotted lines and send this coupon to: MOBSTER TIMES, P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Station, NYC, NY 10011.
Dear Warden,
I want MOBSTER TIMES in my cell for the next twelve months. Here is my check or Money Order payable to MOBSTER TIMES for:
..... $6.00 for One Year
..... $12.00 for Two Years
MY NAME .....
(or serial number)
MY ADDRESS .....
(or cell block number)
CITY .....
STATE ..... ZIP .....



# Subscribe To Gay




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.**

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.

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.

BIG HARD MALE NUDES — sample photos $2. 12 photos $3. 24 photos $5. Cash please. State age. Lou Nations, 1168 Castle Ave., Cleveland, Ohio 44113.

INTELLIGENT SEX BOOKS? The Other Traveller series thinks erotic writing is far more exciting as part of a well-written story about believable characters. Our authors include Amory, Vanden, Townsend, Colton, D'Arcangelo, Coriolan, Flinders, Hunter. Catalog 25c from Olympia Press, Dept. GC1, 220 Park Ave. South, NY, NY 10003.

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

GAY EUROPE—MOROCCO '72. Swingers OverSeas. $3. Bars. Baths. Cruising. All details. Full directions, not just addresses. Accurate. Money-back guarantee. SOS, Dept.-G, Box 27781, Los Angeles 90027.

GURU SEEKS young Gay or Bi-Sexual Heads—in search of truth—for mystical/Chemical/Sexual initiation. (Tantric, Yaquic, etc.—no witchcraft or magic.) Photo, phone & frank reply—or no answer: SBR, Box 669, Grand Cent. Sta., NYC 10017.

COMPLETE GUIDE TO SAN JUAN. Guest houses, bars, beaches, restaurants, cruising places, advice. Send $1: EH, 11 Caleta Las Monjas, San Juan, PR 00901.

NUDE MALE MODELS. Pictures of nude young men, color & clear prints. Send $3 to: Color Pictures, Box 12231, Portland, Ore.

PUERTO RICO: Friendly guest house, convenient to all pleasures of San Juan. All rooms—air conditioned with private bath; near beach; short walk to Condado. Patio bar, free continental breakfast. Singles - $12; doubles - $16. For reservations or information, write to: El Doral, 159 del Parque, San Juan, Puerto Rico. Phone: 809-723-2699.

OVERCOME IMPOTENCY. Eminent doctor's formula plus list of aphrodisacs. $4. Audaz, Box 4937-FS, Yuma, Arizona.

CHICAGO HOUSEBOY wanted by attractive, 29, masculine 6' W/M. Must be 18-24, good-looking, sincere, clean-cut. Enjoy own bedroom w/waterbed in modern apt. overlooking beach & lake. Send photo & letter to: Occupant, Apt. 9A, 5601 N. Sheridan Rd., Chicago, Ill. 60660.

MALE MODELS NEEDED for active studio. If you need steady work send details to: Climax Studios, PO Box 68, New York, NY 10011.

LOVE YOUR LANDLORD? Here's one you'll love (literally). Less than an hour from NYC, he has a 10-room farmhouse with 3 acres of privacy. Only $400 a month plus utilities. Sleeps as many as you want in 5 beds. Write: Philip Little, 420 Field Point Rd., Greenwich, Conn. 06830. Include phone (a must) & polaroids (if available).

GAYS! Our great list of gays in all major cities. Names, addresses $5. Club Direct, Box 734, Kenner, La. 70062.

WANTON ADS

JOY GEL—orange, pineapple, strawberry, licorice and grape—$2 oz.* 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.

# Wanton Ads

I'M SOULFUL, sensual, affectionate, together, alert, alive, young, masculine, tall, dark-haired, built. My friend is also this, but shorter, slightly built. Both sincere, seek whatever comes; grows. Photo. Box 486, G.C.S., NYC 10017.

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 roomate, 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.

I'M SOULFUL, sensual, affectionate, together, alert, alive, young, masculine, tall, dark-haired, built. My friend is also this, but shorter, slightly built. Both sincere, seek whatever comes; grows. Photo. Box 486, G.C.S., NYC 10017.

WANTED: Gay couples, singles by butch couple for friendship & ? Occupants, PO Box 492, Altoona, Pa. 16603.

TWO COLLEGE STUDENTS in mid 20s would like to meet others for fun & games. No fems or SM. Will answer all. Richard, PO Box 8441, Cleveland, Ohio 44134.

GROOVY MALE MODELS for action-minded persons of the same sex. Various types, coloration, age category will be dispatched at your beck & call. Send name, phone & time to call. A. Ventura, PO Box 588, Peter Stuyvesant Sta., NY, NY 10009.

HANDSOME BODYBUILDER, 27, sincere, seeks young guys. Photo/phone. Box 497, NYC 10024.

PUERTO RICAN GAY, in college, medium height & build, seeks young man in his 20s, white or latin, masculine, sensitive, sincere; car buff but not essential, for friendship, possible relationship. Write, send photo, tel. no. Anthony, PO Box 253, Perth Amboy, NJ 08861.

ROBOTS. Rubber robots to stroke & caress 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.

WHITE MALE, 21, would like to hear from a serious Italian guy only, for a permanent relationship, who hates the bars, who is also masculine-looking, sincere, dependable & most of all who wants true love. Also want them with beautiful bodies, from 22-40 years old. Write & send photo & phone to: Mr. Robert F. Morgan, 20-50 33rd St., Astoria, L.I., NYC 11105.

MASCULINE, ATTRACTIVE, artist-designer, tall, slim, 35. Seeks reliable, sensitive guy, 25-35, for stable emotional relationship. Must be attractive, intelligent, self-supporting, slim body. Send photo. David Green, 152 W. 42 St., Rm. 504, NYC, NY 10036.

GAY MALE, 28, seeks male companion 18-28 for permanent relationship. I have my own pad in Bklyn. Mike Rothstein, 187 Hicks St., Bklyn, NY 11201.

WANTON ADS

MALE, 29, 5'7", slim; masculine, personable, educated; diverse interests, including ecology. Seeking new friends to 35, any race. No hustlers. Phone appreciated. Boxholder, Box 3042, New York, NY 10008.

NEGRO MALE, 45, 5'9", 158, employed, wants to meet white males, friendship &/or sex. No S&M, hustlers. Box 2334, VV, 80 University Place, NY 10003.

SOPHISTICATED, AFFLUENT theatre, communications exec wants to meet nice-looking, butch-type white gay or bi guy, 19-26, for occasional sex. No hustlers. If we get along OK, will consider long-term relationship, including aid to career, education, etc., if desired. I'm 45, 6'2", slim, attractive. If you're willing to gamble an hour in bed against a meaningful future, financial stability, devotion, travel, fun on the town—write fully. Enclose photo, phone. Fitch, Box 661, Radio City Sta., NYC 10019.

FRANK AMSTERDAM—getting together will eliminate problems. Any weekend, any place—you name it. Soon, please. Joe Saranac.

MALE, BLACK, 33, 5'10", 170. Affectionate, sincere. Send details & photo to: E. Berry, 602 Washington St., So. Philadelphia, Pa. 19106.

R.C. OF SYRACUSE, NY. Forgive me, I lost your address, I love you. Occupant, Box 19551, Phila., Pa. 19124.

WRESTLER, 21, 5'10", 165, attractive, seeks guys under 30. Photo please. Bill Ringstand, 525 N. Laurel Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

GOOD-LOOKING YOUNG MAN, 26, looking for good-looking males 18-23 for good times; have many interests, enjoy all sports, music, etc. Wish to share experiences with younger males. Send phone & photo to: Box 472, 1262 Post Rd., Fairfield, Ct. 06430.

WHITE, STABLE, SENSIBLE, sensual, hairy, horny stud, 170 lbs., 6'2", waist 32". Seeks white mate not over 36. Must be slim, passive in Greek & French style love. Only picture & NY area answered. Write: DVT, 102 W. 75th St., Apt. 56, NYC, NY 10023.

24-YEAR-OLD MALE, very attractive & bright, seeks lasting relationship with someone under 28. Must be butch & good-looking. Together let us make the process of life a joy to live. Photo appreciated. PO Box 4039, NY, NY 10017.


CLIMAX STUDIO
MEN MEN MEN
YOU CHOOSE THE MODELS
PRIVATE or GROUP
874-4316 874-4386

UNUSUAL DEVICES
71 Page Illustrated Catalogue of Chastity Belts, Scold's Bridles, Anti-Sitting Harnesses, Partial Penetrators, Spanking Blocks, Thumbcuffs, Ball Gags, Punishment Collars, Stocks, Slave Bras, Etc., Etc. Send $3 to KARAVAL, Dept. G Box 35719, Houston, Texas 77035

INSTANT LOVE POTION (GAG SUGAR)
Powerful, effective, designed to get action. Looks like regular sugar—When you add a little to a cup or glass of liquid for someone to drink, the fun will soon begin. They'll love you! Send $2.00.
NINA
324 So. First St.
Alhambra, Calif. 91802

Hi! Want to lay your hands on the hottest well written Gay Magazines and Novels that ever hit the market. Send $1.00 to Sovereign Adv. Co., Inc., Box 539 Phila., Pa. 19105, and get this amazing catalog. You also get free, hundreds of Gay ads from Gay guys that want to meet you. We help you find what you are looking for. Please sign statement that you are over 21 and wish to receive this material.

ATLANTIC CITY
*Rooms by Reservation Only.*
OCEAN HOUSE
127 S. Ocean Avenue
Tele: (609) 345-8203
Open all year Low Rates




GALLERY 5
This new issue of GALLERY contains 36 pages of all-new never-before-released photographs of Ledermeister, the most popular model Colt has ever presented. He's superman, superstud and superbutch all rolled into one. This is the definitive rugged male, upright animal and beautiful brute. And he's never looked better than he does in Gallery 5. This is an exceptional issue and is in limited supply. Order now—or we'll send Ledermeister after you . . . !
GL-5 . . . Gallery 5 ..... $5.00
(plus 50¢ postage and handling)
The Colt lavishly-illustrated catalog and several samples ..... $3.00
COLT
"We handle men only"
Box 187-G Village Station
New York, N.Y. 10014

SUPER NATURE TABLETS
For All The Things You Want To Do. No man should be a Sexual Weakling or Failure, for Virile Powers can be made to Respond at Will. NINA of Germany—that's me—I have the Amazing Superior Tonic Tablets. The pills that put Youthful Desire into Aging Bodies. A box of 30 for $3.00. Send to:
NINA OF GERMANY
324 S. 1st St., Alhambra, Calif. 91802

monsieur jacques
SPECIALIZING IN PERSONAL, DISTINCTIVE STYLING FOR MEN WITH LONG HAIR
• SCULPTURED STYLING • SCALP TREATMENT • MANICURE
• SCIENTIFIC SHAMPOOING • COLORING • PEDICURE
• HAIRPIECES & STRETCH WIGS • STRAIGHTENING • FACIAL MASSAGE
PRIVATE ROOMS AVAILABLE
MEMBER OF THE EXCLUSIVE PARIS MEN'S HAUTE COIFFURE
14 EAST 56th ST. Fourth Floor Call 838-0280

# No Utopia

(continued from page 1)

event, which normally would be reviewed by a specialist in modern fiction or a writer in tune with Forster's sensibility," Ms. Regelson said. "Epstein was selected because he had expressed strong negative feelings on homosexuality."

She also objected to Merle Miller's "Coming out all over the *Times* magazine—twice—with a lament about his homosexual affliction, begging for understanding and forgiveness. Which of course the straight world is only too ready to give, in return for reaffirming all their sickie stereotypes."

Ms. Regelson reported that "when Miller recently appeared on an all-night NBC radio talk show with Dr. Charles Socarides, one of the country's most maniacal psychiatric prosecutors of homosexuals, Socarides kept pouring approval over Miller, who lapped it up. 'You're not like those gay activists who think homosexuality is just as healthy and desirable as heterosexual behavior,' purred Socarides. 'Oh my goodness, no,' cooed Miller. 'That's ridiculous.' Ms. Regelson noted that Socarides has suggested clinics be set up over the country to cure the current "epidemic" of homosexuality. "He doesn't specify whether the cures should be voluntary or compulsory," she added drily.

Ms. Regelson also pointed out that after a short period in which it seemed the psychiatric profession had begun to let up its profitable vendetta against homosexuals, many of its members have suddenly taken a new aggressive line. They put down Freud's famous letter to a

(continued on next page)


FREE
A Complete Gay Catalogue

We will send you the most up to date male catalogue of magazines, paper-back, movies ever offered. Many of the items are best sellers from publishers around the World. Also they are the tops in nude singles, duals, and groups. The best in models, in photography and in color.

**This is a Gay Only Service**

We guarantee same day service on all of your buying.

**Owned and Operated by Gay Guys**

----RUSH COUPON----

SOVEREIGN ADVERTISING CO., INC.
P. O. BOX 539, PHILADELPHIA, PA. 19105

I hereby declare that: I am 21 years of of age or older; I am purchasing this material for my self for my own private interest; I will not exhibit this material to a minor or to any person who would be offended by this material; I am not purchasing this material to use against any person or group in any legal proceedings.

I Enclose .25c to Cover Processing Costs

(Legal Signature)_____
(Please Print)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Remember to Enclose .25c for Processing and Mailing Cost



A VERY SALTY TALE
GET THAT SAILOR



also very special Featurettes

PARK-MILLER
43rd St. (Bet. 6th & B'way) BR 9-3970
MIDNITE SHOW FRI. & SAT. NITE
ADULTS ONLY
Continuous 9:45 A.M. - Mid.





NEW CLUB!
This unusual publication contains hundreds of personal ads and photos, from men and women with a variety of exciting interests. Find your kind of contact! Send $3.00 to: KARAVAL, Box 35718, Houston, Texas 77035 Dept. G



HELP WANTED
Cashiers, Attendants, Kitchen
Apply in person ..... Manager
MAN'S COUNTRY
53 Pierrepont St.
624-1363



BONDAGE BOOKLETS
Photo-illustrated booklets of nude women in slavery; locked in spanking stocks, discipline harnesses, spread eagle chains, lady trainers, choke collars, fastened to spanking blocks, etc. For illustrated brochure: send $2. to KARAVAL, Dept. G 4834 Briarsend, Houston, Texas 77035



NUDE POSING
by a young well-developed negro male.
Also available for body massage.
Call Martin
982-0636



VISITING MONTREAL?
THE INN
"in the heart o' town"
$7.00 -- Guest -- $10.00
Single -- Rooms -- Double
$4.00 each add. pers. (per day, per room)
TV, RADIO, FREE PARKING
Reservations with deposit guaranteed.
1070 MacKay Street
Montreal P.Q., Canada
Telephone (514) 878-9393
As recommended by Guild Guide Int'l. and Most Homophile Publications



MASSEUR
Treat yourself to a complete Swedish massage. 80% of my clients repeat! Call Richard till 11:00. 595-6115.



BOB, CAROL
TED & ALICE
are alive & well, hiding at N.Y.C.'s swingingest nite spot for bi-girls & couples. Music, dancing & buffet.
INFO:
Box 527, N.Y., N.Y. 10010
CALL:
(212) 255-5015, 837-3768



COMPLETE MASSAGE
by graduate Greek masseur. For appointment, call
242-3710
Residential or Studio
22 W. 25th Street
TONY MEDES



3RD SMASH WEEK
1st MALE FULL LENGTH COLOR and SOUND WESTERN!
HARD IN THE SADDLE
...WHEN MEN WERE MEN!!!



ADULTS ONLY
THE JEWEL
3 RD AVE. BET 12th-13th ST, 260-1090
CONT. FROM 11:30 AM



ADULTS ONLY
LIVE STAGE SHOW
STARRING
BILL
PLUS
ADULT T.V.
ALL MALE FILMS



ALL COLOR AND SOUND
Tomcat THEATRE
424 W. 42nd ST
NEW SHOW EVERY MON.
DOORS OPEN 9 AM • MID SHOW FRI & SAT
CONT LIVE MALE BURLESK 12 noon til MID




mother saying her son's homosexuality was no sickness by stating that the profession is more advanced today. "Their new line is, 'Fortunately, at last we have techniques that make it possible to cure homosexuals.' These consist usually of a combination of aversion therapy, where they may strap the victim into an electric chair sort of device and give him unpleasant shocks when he responds to pictures of attractive males, plus group or individual 'talk' therapy. It's positively medieval. One cure-seller, Dr. Samuel Hadden, stated recently that homosexual organizations should concentrate on helping stamp out the disease of homosexuality as they would tuberculosis or cancer."

But even worse, according to Ms. Regelson, are the liberal therapists, like Dr. Wardell Pomeroy, long known as a friend to the gay rights movement. Ms. Regelson charged Pomeroy will accept a patient's homosexuality at the cost of making him or her into a bisexual. "He pushes gay people toward a hetero marriage, telling them to keep up their homosexuality on the side. He insists they pay obeisance to the hetero norms. Otherwise they're 'compulsive' homosexuals. Many of the new 'swinging' therapists talk this bisexual line. They replace the hard-line psychiatrist's term 'sick' with the new broadminded-sounding lingo, again giving a mental health label to a personal moral judgment."



Roz Regelson

Ms. Regelson then went on to talk about the "alternate culture" and its rejection of old norms, which many gay liberationists believe will help the homosexual cause. "Gays should have no illusions about the hip/youth/rock/drug culture," Ms. Regelson advised. "It's a media-created affluent white middle class trip, with all the social insiders playing at being freaks and outcasts. When gays are embraced by these 'cultural revolutionaries,' including the New Left politicos, it's not because they see homosexuals as human beings but precisely because they find them exotic and creepy. The politicos believe they can use the freaks to hasten the collapse of the empire." She went on to say that "This attitude follows logically from the traditional view on the left that homosexuality represents the last stage of bourgeois decadence, an attitude which holds despite their current courting of gays."

She pointed out that in Cuba, for all its hetero liberatarianism under the present regime, homosexuals were thrown into work camps as soon as Castro came into power. "And last summer, even as New York gay liberationists were chopping sugar cane in the Venceremos Brigades, a Cuban Cultural Conference in the People's Democracy issued a heavy anti-homosexual statement, noting homosexuals should be barred from teaching and other fields where they could corrupt youth. In the Soviet Union they put gays into mental hospitals with other dissidents, for cure. An Australian doctor who is an ardent supporter and publicist for Mao's regime states flatly that there are no homosexuals in China. Wonder what they've done with them?" Ms. Regelson mused.

As far as gays getting much aid from the Women's Liberation movement, Ms. Regelson said, her early hopes have greatly diminished. "They're off on a meaningless anti-male trip, which gives them permission to vent all their old hetero hostility toward male homosexuals as though they were making a revolutionary feminist statement." She quoted from a newspaper called "Women's World" an attack on gay men: "If they organize on the basis of their male supremacist sexual 'preference,' if they attempt to encourage and bring out this preference in more and more men, then they are the enemies of women's liberation." Ms. Regelson said, "After making the usual ignorant assumption of hostile heteros that gays are out to proselytize and seduce all the straights, the article goes on to a further cliche attack in terms of 'homosexuals symbolizing the effete snobbism of the so-called cultural elite'—a statement with curious echoes of Spiro Agnew." As for lesbians, Ms. Regelson said, "a good part of the feminist movement is out trying to pretend they're lesbians, which they define, as heteros naturally would, in terms of hating men rather than of loving other women sexually. Some of them go around trying to make it with other women as a political act. They're so ignorant of homosexuality they think it's something you turn on and off from a little word-box in your brain. At the same time their true anti-gay feelings come out in their charge that the real lesbians have sexist attitudes towards women."

# Social Climb

(continued from page 7)

thing. I can't think of anything unhealthier. Or more depressing. And it isn't a pleasant act to reveal your knowledge of these fabrications unless you are sure you are helping the individual. Generally you are just robbing him of something that is silly and sad, but harmless—and apparently important to him. I have only exposed the fakery after a saturation point has been reached and I am finally angered by their assumption that I'm a complete fool.

Secondly, the *Fantasiocput* will always be found out, sooner or later. The length of time depends only on the cleverness involved. The greater the compulsion, the less time is spent on cleverness. It can become quite asinine. "X" claims to eat only the finest French cuisine at all times. He is Latin, loves his country, but despises its "peasant food." I catch him in Victor's, stowing away an enormous plate of black beans and rice; blissful expression on his face.

"Y" used to regale me with stories of his many trips to Europe. At that time, I had never been there. I felt like a clod and "Y" enjoyed my discomfort. Until his mother sadly informed mine that "Y" had always *wanted* to travel abroad but they had never been able to afford it.

"Z" used to tell me of his beautiful and fashionable mother who was often assumed to be an older sister. Her collection of Puccis and Valentinos would make any woman green with envy. I paid an unannounced visit one day and found a weathered little walnut of a crone sitting in the corner. It wasn't the upstairs maid. . . .

The thing that aggravates me the most about all this crap is that I have gotten to the point where I feel like demanding proof of everything a person tells me—if it is the least out of the ordinary. This is tedious, demeaning, and can nip a friendship in the bud. Yes, this vagary can be an amusing diversion, but I freeze at the slightest hint of it now. And since the *Fantasiocput* has recently begun to pop a prodigious amount of pills in order to further free his fertile imagination, my strongest impulse is to run for the hills.

Well, I'm going to try very hard to stick to my New Year's resolutions. *Honestly.* And I'd like to beg all my friends and acquaintances—past, present and future—to do the same. At least promise to cut out the excessive bullshitting, please! One of these days, I'm going to meet a *real* marquis with oodles in his number Swiss account. And I'll make the unpardonable mistake of bloodying his patrician nose and ruining my rosy future. Then I'm back where I started. Thanks a bunch.

# Baths

(continued from page 5)

flows. Though not the largest place physically, if you measure by the number of men per square foot at any given time, The Club would be near or at the top so far as continual use is concerned. Even though its East Village location has made some wary of the neighborhood, you won't find any drunks, loudmouths, drug abusers or troublemakers there, either, for the staff knows how to keep these people out. Because it is only a half a block away from the IND Second Avenue subway stop, no one has ever failed to get to and from The Club in safety. Just look for the green brownstone with the black shutters, and the wood-panelled doors.

If you've seen an ad in the recent issues of SCREW or GAY having something to do with a place called Man's Country, you'd better believe that it's the best thing that ever happened in Brooklyn since the Dodgers beat the Yankees. Except for a cruisy promenade, a few neighborhood bars and a gay lib group at Brooklyn College, Brooklynites like me have always had to cross the East River if we wanted any real action.

As I write this, Jim, the handsome young entrepreneur who is bringing Brooklyn its first gay bath house in its entire three-hundred year history, is going without sleep and working round the clock with an army of plumbers, carpenters, electricians and handymen to get things ready for the grand opening, January 7. I dropped in when the paint was still wet, the varnish still sticky, and the plaster not yet set, but it doesn't take much imagination to predict that Man's Country at 53 Pierrepont Street in the Pierrepont Hotel in Brooklyn Heights (temporary phone 624-5518) is going to be a winner.

It will have two floors, three dormitories, one with wall-to-wall mattress, and a large steam room. The decor will evoke strictly masculine imagery. The lounge and snack bar will be done up in browns, reds and yellows with saddles, antlers and horns giving it the flavor of a lodge or ranch. Later in the spring a massive swimming pool is to be added, even larger than the one at the Continental, at a cost of $16,000. The roof of the Hotel Pierrepont will become a sundeck-penthouse with garden and a truly spectacular view of the Manhattan skyline and the New York harbor.

The rooms are to be equipped with foam mattresses on built-in springs, and later on special luxury rooms done up like a good hotel room with double beds will be available at a premium price. The lounge and gym will be carpeted and there will be come-and-go privileges.

And that's about what the baths scene will be like in 1972. I wish I could guarantee that the man of your dreams will be there waiting for you with bated breath. Unfortunately, real life is quite different from the reel life of grade F movies. Having visited and spoken with the owners and managers of all the places I have described, I can unequivocally state that all of them feel that they are doing as much for gay liberation as any of the gay activist groups simply by providing decent facilities at reasonable prices so that gay people can practice the things they are trying to officially win the right to do, and feel good about it.

A GUIDE TO THE NEW YORK BATHS (in alphabetical order)

BEACON, 227 E. 45th St.

| | |
|---|---|
| capacity | 64 rooms, 200 lockers |
| time limit | 24 hours |
| price | accommodation |
| $ 8.75 | Room before 4 p.m. |
| 6.00 | Room after 4 p.m. |
| 6.25 | Locker before 4 p.m. |
| 5.50 | Locker after 4 p.m. |

CLUB, 24 1st Ave.

| | |
|---|---|
| capacity | 50 rooms, 60 walk-ins, 200 lockers |
| time limit | 15 hours |
| price | accomodation |
| $ 8.50 | Room |
| 6.50 | Walk-in locker |
| 4.50 | Gym locker |

CONTINENTAL, 230 W. 74th St (see note)

| | |
|---|---|
| capacity | over 1,000 total capacity; no breakdown available |
| time limit | 24 hours (15 hours for rooms weekends) |
| price | accomodations |
| $12.50 | Room Fri.-Sun. |
| 10.00 | Room Mon.-Thurs. |
| 8.50 | Walk-in Fri.-Sun. |
| 7.50 | Walk-in Mon.-Thurs. |
| 7.50 | Gym locker Fri.-Sun. |
| 6.50 | Gym locker Mon.-Thurs. |
| 6.50 | Half-locker Fri.-Sun. |
| 5.50 | Half-locker Mon.-Thurs. |

CONTINENTAL SAUNA, 111 W. 56th St.

| | |
|---|---|
| capacity | 34 rooms, 126 lockers |
| time limit | 24 hours |
| prices | accomodations |
| $ 7.50 | Rooms |
| 5.50 | Lockers |

MAN'S COUNTRY, 53 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn (see note)

| | |
|---|---|
| capacity | 76 rooms, 176 lockers, 200 minilockers |
| time limit | 15 hours |
| price | accomodations |
| $ 6.50 | Rooms |
| 3.50 | Lockers |
| 2.50 | Minilockers |

SAUNA, 300 W. 58th St.

| | |
|---|---|
| capacity | 60 lockers, no rooms |
| time limit | none, closes 3 a.m. |
| price | accomodations |
| $ 4.50 | Lockers |

NOTE: The Club, The Continental and The Continental Sauna give discounts of 50 percent to all students under thirty with a validated student I.D. which is good for all accommodations except private rooms on week-ends. If you're fast asleep or if you're horny when your time limit is up, don't worry. Most places will charge you not more than a dollar per hour overtime, and some will not press the matter if you're over by just a little bit. The prices at Man's Country will probably go up shortly, so get there as soon as you can, or you might have to pay more.

# Scholar

(continued from page 8)

*of homosexuals to liberate both gays and straights.*

I stare at the rest of the Altman material I've bracketed in my sample copy and know I've got to halt—when I haven't yet raved about his interpretations of the counter-culture (Theodore Roszak saw little of gays' influence on it, could have cared less about its influence on gays) and his descriptions of Paul Goodman, William Burroughs, and Allen Ginsberg and their impact on America's changing consciousness. *HOMOSEXUAL* includes a hefty bibliography of articles and books on homosexuality and gay liberation. I wish the author had included some notes to indicate *exactly where*, in Marcuse, Brown, Goodman, etc., he lifted the beautiful passages he uses, but that's a small complaint to lodge against a masterpiece. Altman will simply set me to reading, as he has already set me to thinking, thinking, thinking . . . .



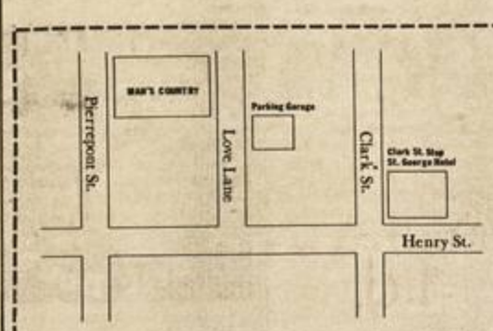
# MAN'S COUNTRY

# NOW OPEN

- Gym
- Sauna
- Private Rooms
- Restaurant
- TV Lounge
- And More

COME and join your friends in a masculine atmosphere.

MEN ONLY




## NEW NUMBER 624-1362

Take the 7th Ave. IRT Express to Clark Street, just one stop past Wall Street.

**MAN'S COUNTRY**
53 Pierrepont Street
Brooklyn, N.Y.



## FOR YOUR HEALTH AND PLEASURE



## NOW... BATHS IN 15 CITIES

**THE CLUB DETROIT**
7646 Woodward Ave.
Detroit, Michigan
313-875-5536

**THE CLUB CHICAGO**
609 N. LaSalle St.
Chicago, Illinois
312-337-0080

**THE CLUB EAST**
1105 Cathedral St.
Baltimore, Maryland
301-727-9320

**THE CLUB STEAM BATH**
1448 W. 32nd St.
Cleveland, Ohio
216-961-2727

**THE CLUB LAGRANGE**
4 LaGrange St.
Boston, Massachusetts
617-338-8952

**CLUB FAYETTE HEALTH SPA**
532 Fayette St.
Hammond, Indiana
219-931-2992

**AMHERST CLUB**
44 Almeda St.
Buffalo, New York
716-835-6711

**THE CLUB NEW ORLEANS**
515 Toulouse Ave.
New Orleans, Louisiana
(504) 581-2402

**THE CLUB CAMDEN**
1498 Broadway
Camden, New Jersey
609-964-0095

**THE CLUB STEAM BATH**
902 Jefferson Ave.
Toledo, Ohio
419-246-3391

**THE CLUB ST. LOUIS**
600 N. Kinghighway Blvd.
St. Louis, Missouri
(314) 367-3163

**THE CLUB EAST II**
20 "O" St., S.E.
Washington, D.C.
(202) 547-9631

**THE CLUB BATHS**
24 First Avenue
New York, N.Y.
(212) 673-3283

**THE CLUB NORTH**
49 Broadway
Newark, New Jersey
201-484-4848

San Juan, Puerto Rico—
Special discounts to all Club Bath members at the fabulous St. Marks South Baths, 152 Calle Tanca, in old San Juan.

**SEX STIMULANT**
**The Magic Lure**
Advanced Spice for Arousing A Woman! You can bring a woman to an almost frantic state of excitement – One-dram bottle with directions $3.00. Be Careful How You Use It!
OBADIAH
Suite 536 152. W. 42nd St.
New York, N.Y. 10036

**ADULTS PARTY PILLS**
Frenchie's "MAKE THEM HOT" PILLS, a Real Stinger that works. 12 for $2.00.
Frenchie's WHISKEY PILLS. When you put one in someone's drink, they won't forget you for a long time. 12 for $2.00.
GWEEN
P.O. Box 239 Dept. G
Gary, Indiana 40401

*massage*
*YOUNG BLACK ATHLETE*
*christopher*
*799-7046*

HANDSOME NEGRO MALE MODEL
866-2237
Beautiful set of nude photos $5.00
David Alexander
PO Box 1275 Manhattanville Sta.
New York City, N.Y. 10027

**MEXICAN SPANISH FLY**
**IN LIQUID FORM**
A great gag! It is powerful – just a drop or two will start the fun. Keep a supply on hand for parties, conventions, etc.
1 Fl. Oz. $3.00
R.H. - P.O. Box 239
Gary, Indiana 40401

CPD, box 206-df
Brooklyn, NY 11210

**INCREASE GENITAL SIZE**
Now, a remarkably effective method for development of the male organ — based on ancient Arab secrets of Phallic cultivation. TREMENDOUS gains reported. You, too, can add those extra inches. Satisfy, startle her, achieve greater, more exciting pleasures of manhood. A NEW book — "THE ART OF PHALLIC CULTIVATION" — sent promptly, plain wrapper, only $2.95. AMAZING results GUARANTEED or full refund. ACT NOW!!

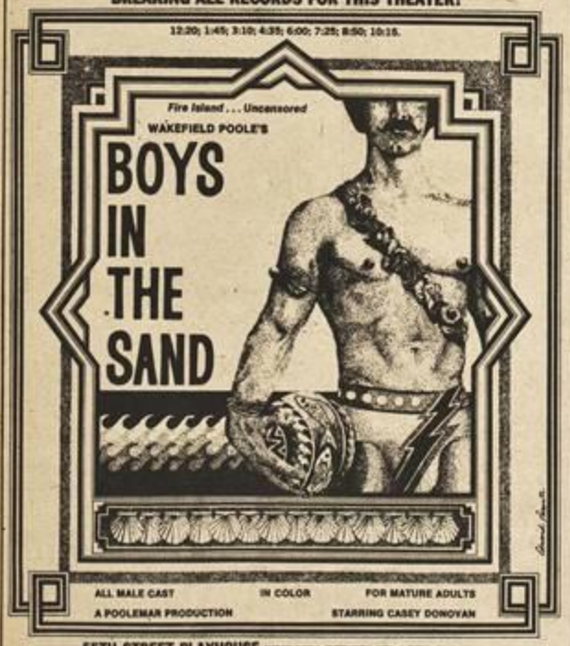
**AD-LIB**
P. O. BOX 1853
CHICAGO, ILL.
60690

EVERY MONTH WE PUBLISH GAY M & PHOTOS FOR GUYS WHO WANT TO MEET YOU IN ALMOST EVERY PART OF THE COUNTRY. Send $1 for the current monthly issue. YOU WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED.

I certify that I am over 21.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

**BREAKING ALL RECORDS FOR THIS THEATER!**




55TH STREET PLAYHOUSE WEST 55TH (BETWEEN 6TH & 7TH) JU 6-4090

COME ONE COME to COME ALL

## Beautiful Boys Unlimited

Waterbeds
Foambeds
Sunlamp Treatment

5 W. 16th St., Corner 5th Ave.
Telephones inoperable; no appt. necessary.

Full Body Rub
Photography
Showers

The boys you want are the boys we have. Every type male model available to thrill you and place you in 7th Heaven with their massaging know-how. If you're looking for a male model, we've got him here. Come to:



BEAUTIFUL
BOYS
UNLIMITED
5. W. 16th St., corner 5th Ave.

We promise you if you come once, you'll always come again.



NORMAN KNIGHT
presents



The St. Thomas Bikini Swimsuit & National A.A.U. type Competition Swimsuit.
Choice of many colors & patterns, $8.00 each in all sizes.

Sunwear – Funwear – Swimwear

militavi, ltd.

17 E. 13th STREET N.Y., N.Y. 10003
(212) 255-7390



# Brilliant, Compassionate, Infuriating, Convincing —

"...ally revolu-
...must easily
be. Logic, humaneness and imagination are...
—GERMAINE GREER, *Author* The Female Eunuch

"I recommend this book, with some sense of urgency, to all parents and teachers in this country. It is a highly informed statement in the best American tradition of social criticism and fair play. This is a truly loving book."
—DR. EDWIN BARKER,
*Associate Professor of Public Psychology, Harvard University*

"Dr. Weinberg is the only therapist I know who has taken the trouble to learn how to write, as a result, he is a pleasure to read. What's more, in *Society and the Healthy Homosexual* Dr. Weinberg has something very important to say to everyone, no matter what his sexual preferences are. I think this is an enormously valuable book." —MERLE MILLER, *Author*

"*Society and the Healthy Homosexual* is the best thing that's happened to the gay community since Cory's *The Homosexual in America*. It will be read and quoted for a long time to come."
—REVEREND TROY PERRY, *Metropolitan Community Church*

$5.95

## Society and the Healthy Homosexual

Dr George Weinberg

...ailable next month
...ing bookstore

...'S PRESS • 175 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10...



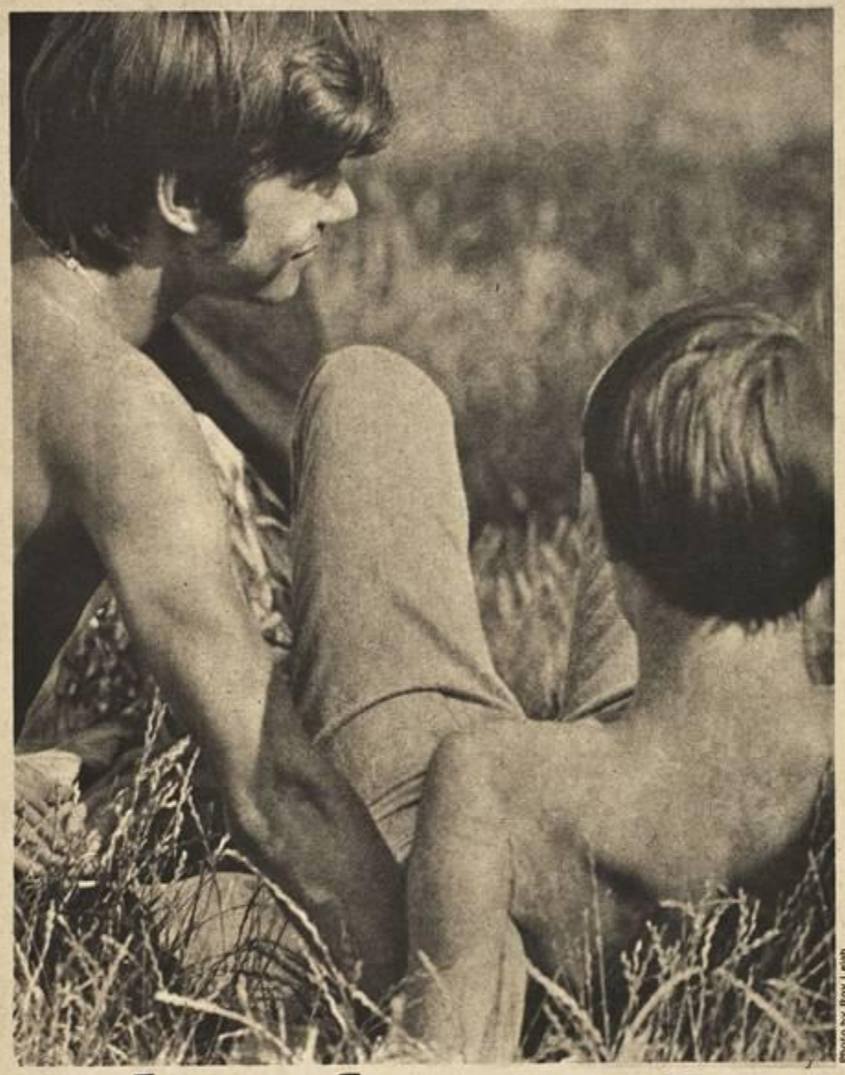



Photo by Roy Leigh


# Subscribe To Gay

**GAY** is a new experience in reading delight! It means JOY as well as homosexual.
**GAY** is interesting, entertaining and informative on its own account and not simply because it deals with taboos.
**GAY** beleives there is only *one* world. *Homosexual* and *heterosexual* are mere labels.
**GAY** looks forward to the day when sexual labels will disappear, leaving only *people* who, like this newspaper, are interesting on their own account, and not simply because they belong to a group.
**GAY** is a *lifestyle* newspaper which points the way to new values. It is the newspaper of sensual freedom. It says: Open wide the doors of your mind and body!
Edited by **SCREW** columnists Lige and Jack, **GAY** contains news of events from around the world as well as places to go, play reviews and interviews with well-known personalities. **GAY** is into its second year of publishing.
Subscribe sooner than immediately. **GAY** arrives in a plain brown envelope, first class.



I understand that I will receive a copy of GAY in a plain brown envelope (first class mail) and that I will receive:
..... 13 issues of GAY for $7 ..... 26 issues of GAY for $13
..... 52 issues of GAY for $25
GAY is Bi-weekly, sent 1st Class.
Please allow three weeks for your subscription to be processed.
MAKE CHECK PAYABLE TO: Four Swords, P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Station, NYC, NY 10011.
I certify by my signature that I am over 21. .....
.....
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
CITY .....STATE & ZIP.....
ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS MAILED IN PLAIN BROWN ENVELOPE

The "ENVY" of all Bathhouses

# THE CLUB BATHS

an Experience

NYC's ★ ONLY ★

# DOUBLE STEAMROOM

...and the only way to enter the double-steamroom, is through our CAROUSEL shower! Four carpeted floors. Total security...

...YOUNG *Music Sounds*

E CLUB



STUDENT RATE $2.50




Tel. 212-673-3283

CLUB BATHS

24 First Avenue Between 1st & 2nd Sts

VISIT ALL 14 Fabulous Club Baths throughout the USA


BGSU Libraries
A11354467091