

# GAY

50¢

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## THE NINTH CIRCLE: STRAIGHT BAR TURNS GAY No Payoffs No Harassment

BY RANDY WICKER

"The Ninth Circle's change from a straight to a gay bar," Krivit explained, "was planned and deliberate. I'm not gay. I've owned the Ninth Circle for ten years.

world characters, the police . . ."

"That's bullshit. You know, people say that to me too. I'm at the Stage Delicatessen having a sandwich, talking to people who own theatres, some of them are gay theatres. They say to me, 'You're running

stuff they had just ripped off from apartments and stores. They're all minor problems but I, as an owner, know the liquor authority frowns on them and I spent a lot of time chasing people.

"Going gay also created some problems," Krivit elaborated. "I had to close my dining room. I used to get ten girls a week applying for waitress jobs in the

steak house. The bar went gay and I didn't get another applicant. The people who used to eat in the steak house also stopped coming. I also had a very strong gay following in the dining room but they stopped coming too. Apparently, they didn't want to be associated with anything that smelled gay."

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Owner Krivit, standing in front of the Ninth Circle

It started out with longhairs, artists, writers, painters and sculptors. These people are wonderful but they're also very flighty.

"When my partner, Mickey Ruskin, sold me his share and opened Max's Kansas City, they all left me and went to Max's. Now they've left Max's and gone down to places in Soho.

"For four years the restaurant did well. But you don't make much money in a restaurant, and the bar really wasn't doing well. I'm in a predominantly gay neighborhood. So, I told one gay fellow, John, who had been with me five years, go ahead, hire new people, turn the place gay. And I'm really happy I did it," Krivit continued. "There's much less hassle, physically, emotionally."

"Most people," I probed, "think that when you get into the gay bar business you get all sorts of pressure from under-

a gay bar in the Village, who're you with?" And I say, 'What do you mean, who I'm with?' And they say, 'Which Mafia family are you with?'" At this point Krivit broke into laughter.

"What are the big hassles running a straight bar that you don't have running a gay one?" I quizzed.

"In running a straight bar, a guy would be with his girl. He'd go to the bathroom. Somebody would come over and talk to his girl. Then he'd come back upstairs and there'd be a punch-out. That was a big problem.

"Dope was a big problem too," Krivit adds, "I'm talking about real dope. Heroin. The gay kids have drug problems. They take too many downs. Only if they do, they fall asleep and they don't bother anyone.

"There was 'swag' in the old days. 'Swag' was junkies coming in and selling

## GAY WRITER WINS COURT BATTLE AGAINST PUBLISHER

BY VICKI RICHMAN

New York, N.Y. In a legal battle that hinged on the right of a homosexual to be accepted as a serious, scholarly author, sales and distribution of John Francis Hunter's book, *The Gay Insider U.S.A.*



The cover of Hunter's court-blocked book.

were effectively blocked by Justice Max Chimera of the New York county Supreme Court. The decision, however, referred only to the cover of the book, as designed by Stonehill, the publisher, and not to the text as edited, altered and typeset by the publisher.

Hunter had sued Stonehill because he believed that typographical errors, incompetent and malicious rewriting, piracy of copyrighted materials, and false testimonials yielded a final product that he could not conscientiously claim as his own work. For example, he cited the publisher's omission of quotation marks around a passage that praised his previous work. Hunter said that this "leads the reader to the only logical conclusion that I myself am lauding my earlier work in the same vein . . ." Hunter also presented affidavits from author Merle Miller and GAY editor Jack Nichols, both of whom disclaimed the laudatory testimonials attributed to them on the cover of the book. They said that their remarks referred to an earlier Hunter work and that they had not read

the present book, contrary to the publisher's implication.

Jeffery Steinberg, the president of Stonehill, did not deny the errors and inconsistencies. His lawyer, Stuart Jackson of Royall, Koegel and Wells, tried to show that the improprieties were so common to the publishing industry that they could not reflect untowardly on the au-

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## COLLEGE PRESIDENT: 'KEEP OUT THE QUEERS!'

BY GERALD HANSEN  
West Coast Correspondent

Visalia, Calif. Nov. 20—Students for Gay Liberation at the College of the Sequoias in this San Joaquin Valley city lost its second bid to gain campus recognition. A court suit is planned.

College trustees reaffirmed at a meeting here Nov. 20 a decision it made previously to ban the group from campus. The board acted despite prior court rulings granting other campus gay organizations recognition. College president Ivan C. Crookshanks said at the time that otherwise "we can be the focal point for all queers between Los Angeles and San Francisco."

Jerry Glenn, Visalia, and others claimed that gay liberation and the American Civil Liberties Union are "Communist-oriented and backed." The gay group is seeking help from the ACLU. Board chairman Ned Baker admitted that trustees had already made up their minds prior to hearing spokesmen from the gay organization at the meeting. "It has no place on this campus . . . it has nothing to do with education," declared trustee Louis Sweet, Jr., of Tulare.

Crookshanks has virtually assumed the powers of dictator. "I have reached an arbitrary decision—I will no longer allow them (Students for Gay Liberation) further use of the campus for a meeting site nor will they be permitted to use the campus bulletin for their messages," he declared in a statement to the *Visalia*

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# WHERE WIL YOU GO TONIGHT?

## A DIRECTORY FOR DISCRIMINATING DISPOSITIONS

**CODE**  
GM—Gentle Males  
GF—Gentle Females  
TV—Transvestites  
INT—Integrated, gay & straight

**BY JERRY FITZPATRICK**  
Because many of your letters have asked how I rate the bars in this column, I shall attempt to tell you. I try to be objective, but let's face it, we are all human and have our own favorites. I realize that what turns me off or on may not do the same for somebody else. If I find a bar pulling any kind of rip-off, I'll let you know immediately. Otherwise, I'll attempt to give you as complete a listing as I possibly can.

**WEST VILLAGE**  
**Bon Soir**, 40 W. 8th St. (473-9859). Cha-cha ballads, mostly Latin. Bunny is on the bar during the day. GM & TV.  
**Bonnie & Clyde's**, 82 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-9204). Dancing, free buffet on Sundays. Elaine is behind the bar to make you feel at home. GF w/some GM.

**Carri's**, 204 W. 10th St. (255-9742). Neighborhood bar and crowd. Affia is the only one left behind the stick. GM.  
**Casa Laredo**, 551 Hudson St. (989-8520). New management has ruined this place. (My opinion.) Chuck is still hanging in but I don't know how much longer he'll be able to. I guess some GM.

**Cave**, Bank & Washington Sts. Young leather crowd. Crisly. GM.  
**Davey's**, 139 Christopher St. (929-9321). A very TOGETHER bar. Good conversation, cruising and food. Howie's at the helm with Tom and Jerry on the bar. GM/GF.

**Danny's Sheridan Square**, 170 7th Ave. So. Young heads and dancing. Buddy the Body is on duty. Marvin and Peter, nights. Jody will make sure that you enjoy. GM/INT.  
**Delaney's**, 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905). Good food. Joey and Martyn will take excellent care of you. INT.

**Fedora's**, 239 W. 4th St. (CH 2-9691). Jack and Larry on the floor to serve you. And Fedora herself making sure that you enjoy your meal. GM/some INT.

**Finale**, 48 Barrow St. (CH 3-7358). Seems despite some groovy help they are still losing business. Say hello to Jaime and Philip. GM/INT.  
**Five Oaks**, 49 Grove St. (675-9669). Village favorite off Sheridan Square. INT.

**Four Eleven**, 411 Bleecker St. (CH 2-2117). An old-time favorite. INT.  
**Friday's**, 550 Hudson St. (255-9741). My friend Ted has reopened as a restaurant. The menu is extensive and very reasonable. Bring your own wine and enjoy. GM/GF.

**Gas Station**, 70 Grove St. (242-1408). Disco dancing. Say hello to June and Maggi. GM.  
**Gay Switchboard**, (924-4036). Gays servicing gays. New to town? Want to get laid?  
**Goldbug**, 83 W. 3rd St. (677-9874). Dancing to great sound. Shows during the week. Younger crowd. GM.

**Horn of Plenty**, 353 Bleecker St. (242-0636). Delicious food and they have their liquor license. INT.  
**Jules Verne**, W. 10th St. Jason's place and Jack is there. Fantastic time and food. INT.

**Julius**, 159 W. 10th St. Hamburgers are great. Drinks are good. Hots of food. If it will take care of your drinks. The crowd is pretty, but don't count on making out. They still stare off GM.  
**Kellers**, 284 West St. Granddaddy of the leather bars. Keeping up with the times. Pool and some humpy prospects. GM.

**Kookie's**, 149 W. 14th St. (242-9226). The bar is clean but they don't encourage GMS. Kookie looks like a poor man's Zazou. GF.  
**Limelight**, 91 7th Ave. So. Another disco. Nice disco. GM.

**Meat Rack**, 500 W. 14th St. (989-2649). Big, roomy leather bar. Interesting cruising and types. GM.  
**Mattachine**, 59 Christopher St. (691-1066). The new offices are fantastic. Stop in and get an education. Among other services (legal and social) it hosts apartment listings for gays.

**Ninth Circle**, 139 W. 10th St. Say hello to Ed. GM.  
**One Potato**, 518 Hudson St. (691-6260). Frank has been made mgr. Beautiful Nancy Haskell during afternoons and my Bill and Peter will be there nights. GM/GF.

**Paula's**, Greenwich Ave. and 7th Ave. So. The food is very good. Chris and Elaine tend bar while Paula supervises. GF, GM.  
**Peter Rabbit**, 305 W. 10th St. (929-9279). Wild mixture of folks, cruising. Sexy Jimmy and George to tend your needs.

**Ramrod**, W. 10th St. Leather & western & a S.F. Sexiest Joe along with Carl and Don will see to libations. Don is host. GM.  
**Roadhouse**, 576 Hudson St. (CH 3-4214). The IN bar in the Village. Jammed any night of the week. Go and have a good time. GM.  
**Sammy's Peppy**, E. 15th St. near 5th Ave. (675-9840). Opulent piano bar. Leah is your host. GM.

Wild assortment of people. Int.  
**West Side Discussion Group**, W. 14th St. (across from the old Triangle). For over a decade, helping gays. Free VD tests. Just started a theatre group. Interesting people. Try it. GM/GF.

**EAST VILLAGE, WASHINGTON AND UNION SQUARES**  
**Club Baths**, 24 1st Ave. (673-3283). Mr. Clean must work here. Dynamic people in an open setting. You'll find someone here. Confidential VD tests Thursdays, 5-9 p.m. Half price for students. GM.  
**Eighty-Two Club**, 82 E. 4th St. (GR 7-1046). Home of the female impersonators. Tourists.  
**McSorley's Ale House**, 15 E. 7th St. (477-9363). Was very cruisy when we were kids. I doubt if it's changed all that much even though Women's Lib got there too. Int.  
**Max's Kansas City**, 213 Park Ave. So. (777-7870). A wild mixture of everything and baby, the prices are \$17FF. Int.  
**St. Mark's Baths**, 8 St. Marks Place (473-7929). Low prices because they wouldn't dare charge any higher. Run down. GM.

**GRAMERCY & MURRAY HILL**  
**Barb**, 232 Park Ave. So. (19th St.) (473-9080). Bringing leather to the east side. Lots of room. Reminds me of L.A. Neffy is your host, with Steve, Tiger and Sky doing the honors behind the bar. GM.  
**Beau Geste**, 239 3rd Ave. (475-9724). Very good food, reasonably priced, served by some of the best looking waiters in the city. Romantic atmosphere. Cruisy bar. Say hello to Thom and Jack nights, and Chuck and Gene days. GM.  
**Billy's Corner**, 696 6th Ave. (329-9571). New at press time. I'll let you know.

**Leo's Lion**, 57 Lexington Ave. (686-9608). Nice, friendly atmosphere. Your host is David. Go and have a good time. GM.  
**Our Place**, 381 3rd Ave. (686-9226). Norman has my "baby". Greg, on the bar along with those beauties, Arty and Bob. A good time. Try it. GM/GF.

**Uncle Charlie's South**, 581 3rd Ave. (584-2170). By gays for gays. Always jammed. Truly more of a club than a bar. Bob and Jerry deserve all the success they are attaining. GM.

**CHELSEA**  
**Eagle's Nest**, 11th Ave. & 21st St. If you're not into leather (black) and/or western, don't bother. You won't get in and why hassle the management or yourself. This is for leather people only. GM.  
**Gianni's**, 53 W. 19th St. If the girls are anything like Holly, Dee and Maria—Go! GF.  
**Nine Plus Social Club**, 149 W. 21st St. Exclusive after-hours club for the leather set. You must be sponsored by a member. Nice place.  
**Spike**, 120 11th Ave. (25th St.) Humpty stunts come here to relax and groove. GM.

**SOHO**  
**Gay Activists Alliance Firehouse**, 99 Wooster St. Get there early for the Sat. dance. Marvel at the CABARET every other Fri. Lesbian dance last Fri. of the month. FANTASTIC!!! 7th Ave. (RT to Houston). 8th Ave. (AA/EE) to Spring. 6th Ave. (DD/FF) to Broadway/La-Sayette. (RR) to Prince/Lex. (AV) RT to Spring. GO AND HAVE A BALL AND YOU MIGHT FIND A FEW OTHER THINGS OUT.

**MIDTOWN & MIDDLE EAST SIDE**  
**Beacon Baths**, 227 E. 45th St. (687-0322). Takes the elevator to the 11th floor. Fantastic. Drinks are good. Lots of humpy businessmen on the prowl. Free VD tests 1st and 3rd Wednesdays of the month—4pm to 8pm. GM.  
**Candy Store**, 44 W. 36th St. (581-4644). Serial stunts that can turn you on. Some beauties. Jackets required. GM.

**Continental Seams**, 111 W. 56th St. Not as grand nor as expensive as the "Mother Church" on W. 74th St. Good for a businessman's lunch? GM.  
**Godmother**, 309 E. 40th St. Sebastian has taken over.

**Lib**, 305 E. 45th St. (Lk 2-0290). The ensemble players, Jerry, Ellie, Lois and Jim, along with Gretchen and Ken, will assure you of a good time. GM, GF.  
**Mayfair**, 944 1st Ave. (EL 5-9259). Good food at a good price. They're leading out of their closets. Int.

**Roundtable**, 131 E. 30th St. One of the biggest discos in town, and the oldest. Show drawing them, Mario and Bobby at the bar. Shows during the week. GM.  
**Sauna Baths**, 300 W. 58th St. (PL 3-6880). A small place that closes at midnight. Busy during the late afternoons, tho. GM.

**Sebastian's**, 1068 1st Ave. (335-8052). Jany Sebastian is your host. Bill provides the excellent food. John Weston will whet your appetites. GM.

**BROOKLYN**  
**Danny's Brooklyn Heights**, 108 Montague St. (625-8844). Two floors of fun and frolic presided over by Paul. Sal is your daytime host behind the bar with "dizzy" Duke and Bruce taking over at night. GM.  
**Man's Country**, 53 Pierpont, Brooklyn Heights (624-3621). Masculine atmosphere for masculine GMS. A bath in Brooklyn complete with gym and an enormous pool. I think you'll like this one. GM.

**Piano Bar**, 103 Montague St. Just found this one. Kitty Kelly is M.C. during the day and Mike takes over at night. GM.  
**QUEENS**  
**Betty Ross Room**, 73-13 37th Road, Jackson-

Heights (429-8605). Friendly dance bar. Jim and Big Vinnie on the bar. Micky and Pete are hostess and host. GM/GF.  
**DANCE BELT & HELL'S KITCHEN**  
**Better Days**, 716 W. 49th St. Disco dancing. GM, why. GM.  
**Big Spender**, 315 W. 48th St. (586-9882). Lots of gypsies from the nearby shows. Some beautiful. Good time. Eric lends to the libations.  
**Brothers and Sisters**, 355 W. 46th St. (247-8840). Most of the players have left but some of the brothers are worth checking out. GM/some GF.

**Dirty Edna's Scoreboard**, 264 W. 46th St. (255-9077). Advertised as "The home of the Midnight Cowboys." Some of them look at it if they missed the last roundup. GM.  
**Haymarket Pub**, 772 8th Ave. (586-9360). They asked J.F.H. not to list them in "The Gay Insider U.S.A." But they are. Int.  
**Jimmy Ray's**, 729 8th Ave. (582-9507). They won't admit to it either. But you might find what you're looking for here. Int.

**Joe Allen**, 326 W. 46th St. (581-6464). Gypsies, name-performers, etc. Gay is the word for the bar while the tables will be mixed. Int.  
**Leading Zone**, 586 9th Ave. (563-8212). Some cowboys and lots of TV's. Would you believe GM/GF?  
**Tijuana Cat**, 350 W. 46th St. If your taste buds run Latin you're sure to find a tasty morsel here. Dawn Hampton's vocalizing a winner every time. GM.

**UPPER EAST SIDE**  
**Alibi**, 1546 2nd Ave. (249-7026). Show nights are Mon. & Wed. with the sparkling Ms. Saunders. Dancing. GM/GF.  
**Cabaret**, 1436 3rd Ave. (744-9873). Michael's cooking is unbelievable. Shows and dancing in the back room. GM/GF.

**Country Cousin**, 1313 3rd Ave. (879-6614). Drop in during the day and say hello to Mother Rice. Crowded dinner hour. Trilly and Harry are on the bar. Your hosts: Ralph and Lou. GM, some GF.

**Harry's Back East**, 1422 3rd Ave. (249-6991). Always cruisy. My man Sam with George and Johnny are there nights. Grandma Lue is on duty. Judy is your hostess. GM.

**Jack & Blue at Three**, 314 E. 72nd St. (734-9303). New management has brought humpy Dennis back to take care of the bar. Dining in the rear, cruising in the front. GM, some GF.  
**New Jimmy's**, 1576 3rd Ave. (560-4509). Carl's food, fine drink and service and the entertainment of Sassy-Saxton-Saxo-Flaming make this place a sure bet. Joe and Don are the hosts. GM.  
**Painted Pony**, 1485 3rd Ave. (744-9580). What more can you say when you say GAYPSY? An incredible talent. The beauty behind the bar is Eddie. GM.

**Piper's Lounge**, 1201 Lexington Ave. (818 & 82nd, 734-9305). Yours truly can be found here standing in for Tony Black Mon-Wed. Come in and say hello. We'll have some laughs. Dancing, crisy. GM.  
**Pleasure**, 1608 2nd Ave. (744-9658). New at press time. I'll let you know.

**Uncle Charlie's North**, 1049 Lexington Ave. (143-1321). Cruisy help and cruisy patrons. Good crowds. GM.  
**UPPER WEST SIDE**  
**Chipp's**, Columbus Ave. bet. 68th & 67th Sts. Popular with Lincoln Center audiences. Int.  
**Continental Baths**, 230 W. 74th St., west of 8'way. (799-2688). More than a bath-house, it's a totally gay environment seen down to a week-end cabaret. Expensive, but worth it. Students' price with I.D. cards. GM.

**Pleasidly Pub**, 324 Amsterdam Ave. (874-8632). Good cruising and friendly. Try it. GM.  
**Westside**, 2160 Broadway (874-8013). Popular bar with humpy help. Bryan Murphy and the Westsiders provide the entertainment. GM.

**UPDTOWN**  
**Charade**, 1800 2nd Ave. at 93rd. Where Black is beautiful, the age is young, the food and music are soul and the dancing terrific. GmM.  
**Gold Rat**, 2850 Broadway (MG 2-4704). Restaurant and bar popular with uptown gays and Columbia students. Int.  
**MT. Morris Baths**, 1944 Madison Ave. (534-9004). This has a black majority. GM.  
**Pauline's Interlude**, 2267 7th Ave. at 135th St. A Harlem landmark since before most of us were born. Int.

**WASHINGTONVILLE, N.Y.**  
**Mister G's Round Hill Resort**, Rt. 208, Washingtonville (914 496-9845). 25 acres of good times. They will be open all year round. GM.

**GAY CINEMA**  
**David**, 236 W. 55th St.  
**55th St. Playhouse**, 55th St. between 6th & 7th Aves.  
**Jeant Theatre**, 12th St. & 3rd Ave.  
**Park-Miller**, 43rd St. betw. 6th Ave. & 8'way (BR 5-3970)  
**Tomcat Theatre**, 424 W. 42nd St.

**JERRY'S SPHERE**

**BY JERRY FITZPATRICK**  
I thought that I'd have one more column before Christmas. But checking with my ol' calendar I find that this will be my CHRISTMAS COLUMN, 1972.

As I promised last time, I shall name my TEN FAVORITE BARS for my readers, who have taken the time to write and ask. For you, my readers, who may be visiting New York over the holidays. And, please note that I've used the word "favorite." This is purely subjective. These are the bars I'd bring you to if I were your guide. They appear in no specific order of preference.

1. **JULIUS**, on W. 10th St. is a landmark in New York. It is merely a bar that attracts some of the most beautiful young men in the city. Most out-of-towners know of it and it is more than likely their first stop to find out what else is going on around town. The beauties are there but don't dash on making out. They are there to look around and be seen. It is more of a social club than a cruise club. But I think it's a hoot just watching the parade.

2. **THE ROADHOUSE** on Hudson St. I believe that I spent more time in this place this last year than any other. It is even jammy in the afternoons. The ingenious Tom Ross is your host. He and his boys, Ron, Rex, Tom, Keller, Dale, have come up with such wild things this past year, such as the Polish wedding, the "Godfather" awards and, of course, Bastille Day. You can always rely on a good time and good cruising. The ROADHOUSE is a definite "make-out" place.

3. **UNCLE CHARLIE'S SOUTH** is GAY run for GAYS. It is more like a man's club than a bar. Jerry and Bob went all out to create the ultimate bar for relaxing, rapping and cruising. They have damn near succeeded. The crowd came opening night and has never left. From cocktails to champing, yours always sure of a welcome, good drinks, a crowd and, unless you're unconscious, a good time.

4. **WALTER'S APARTMENT** is one of Goddum's newest and, in my opinion, best clubs. The decor gives the illusion of being in a penthouse overlooking New York's skyline. Walter Kent, along with his manager, Tom Deveny, take great pride in assuring you of an evening to remember. The food is good, as are the drinks. Marian Taylor has just completed a gig here and, I believe, the dynamic Joey Cord will be back shortly. A good bet any night.

**FRIDAY** (December 15th—starting at 8 p.m.) there will be an all-night film festival (great musicals) at the GAA-NY Firehouse at 99 Wooster Street. Among the films to be shown is *The Wizard of Oz* (color—on a full-size screen) and we're sure that more than a few will take friends and thrill once more to the adventures of Dorothy.

**A FILM FESTIVAL**

**A QUOTE TO REMEMBER**

Our heartiest congratulations to actress Joanne Woodward who told reporters from the snide *Women's Wear Daily* what to print when they questioned her about those "vicious rumors" about her marriage with Paul Newman. "It's all true," laughed Joanne. "It is a marriage of convenience, and we are sex maniacs and everything in between. I think it makes it so much more interesting. The children too—Nell, Lissy and Clea—all nymphomaniacs. And don't forget the chicken and the skunk."

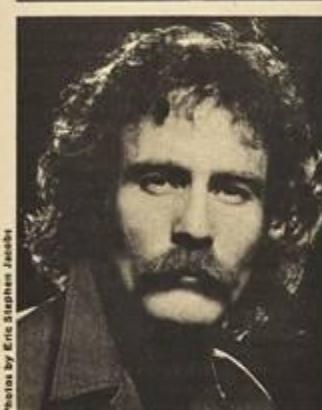
**THERE'S MORE YOU CAN DO TOO!**

**GAY's** congratulations to the Mattachine Society of New York for showing us all a bright side of the holiday spirit. Mattachine is collecting cigarettes, clothes, cookies, cakes, candy, and magazines and books for gay inmates at the prison on Riker's Island. If you have such items to contribute, you can drop them off at the Mattachine Society's offices (open in the evening between 6 p.m. and 9 p.m.). The Society has established liaisons with many gay prisoners whose existence is bleak indeed. You can help make some prisoner's lot more festive. The Mattachine Society is located in the heart of Greenwich Village (by Sheridan Square) at 59 Christopher Street.

**HOW TO HAVE A MERRY CHRISTMAS**

Many of us know at least a few rum-soaked fruit cakes who get depressed at Christmastime and who sit about and feel sorry for themselves. Then there are those—on a milder scale—who simply feel a bit left out or lonely. Their families are far away. Christmas is a fond memory, a reverie of a childhood long past. Finally, there are the helpless masses who accept December's commercial idiocy with no idea of how to put a stop to it, but with a full realization that the "Christian" holiday has somehow gone out of control and is a sick exploitative joke.

# The Editors Speak



Photos by Eric Stephen Jacobs

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We find ourselves—more often than not—straining to conceive gifts for friends and relatives who already have everything. Why not remember them, we say, with some small tasty tokens: fruits, candies, or cakes. Why not put at least a few of the dollars saved toward a better cause.

What cause? Listen. The New York Post Office (or the post office in your local neighborhood) receives thousands of letters each Christmas addressed to Santa Claus. Hundreds of these letters are from very poor children: children in need, children with no shoes, no coats, and no hope at all for a warm, happy Christmas.

As long as even one of these children experiences the mournful dawning of Christmas Day—in a tenement or shack—without heat and without a decent meal—none of us has a right to be perfectly happy on that day.

As long as even one of these children wakes up on Christmas morn with nothing to look forward to, none of us has a right to be sad or melancholy either. There is something each of us can do to help.

The New York Post Office (Room 3016 at 33rd Street and 8th Avenue in Manhattan) will provide you with letters to Santa Claus. Take as many of these letters as you can. You may be Santa to some hopeful child. You can buy the much-needed pair of shoes, or the little coat that will keep a child warm through the rest of the winter.

Then, whether you laugh or cry on Christmas Day, you can do so freely, knowing that you've helped to make some little person happier.

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John Breslin is Secretary of SMG.

BY JOHN BRESLIN

Couples only" is a sign seen occasionally at restaurant entrances in Glasgow and Edinburgh on Friday and Saturday evenings. And "couples" to the restaurant staff means one male and one female. Two fellows or two girls don't count. This isn't evidence that there is a wide-scale bias against the homosexual "couple." For the sign is meant more to deter the single drunk or the group of drunks than to thwart the eating habits of the homosexual. As it happens, it points more to a total lack of awareness of a situation than to a deliberate prejudice against those in that situation.

Scotland is a small country where the bulk of the population resides in the Clyde Valley, the area of the river Clyde which is dominated by the city of Glasgow. Edinburgh, the capital, famous for its annual Music and Drama Festival, presides over the east coast of the country only fifty miles away. Dundee and Aberdeen are the two other principal cities, both lying further to the north. All four cities contain branches of the Scottish Minorities Group.

You have to consider the character of the Scot and the law as it exists in Scotland to appreciate that the chief homosexual organization in the country uses neither the word "homosexual" nor the word "gay" in its title. Scottish Minorities Group is the name chosen by its founders to describe the first and principal organization to cater for the welfare and the interests of homosexual men and women in Scotland. That was in 1969, two years after the Sexual Offences Act 1967 legalized homosexual acts between adult consenting males in England and Wales. Scotland, although sharing the same UK parliament whose members passed the Act, was excluded from its provisions. So if you do happen to be travelling on the overnight sleeper-train from London to Glasgow... Carlisle is the border town!

Scotland was excluded from the Act because public opinion in the country, dominated by the heritage of Calvinism, was considered to be opposed to the proposals. Certainly the annual General Assembly of the Church of Scotland came out against the Act, a decision it was to reverse the following year. By that time it was too late. Parliamentary procedure is long and complicated. So the law still stands in Scotland as enshrined in an Act of 1885. The title Scottish Minorities Group was designed not to shock an innocuous-sounding name for those who would be reluctant to enroll under a more openly descriptive banner. It served its purpose then. Now it is retained because the initials S.M.G. still form a cloak for those who require one and a veiled symbol for those who have lived with it over the years. It means something; for until SMG came on the scene there was no one to speak up publicly for the homosexual.

SMG has changed that. Public opinion

# SCOTLAND THE NOT SO BRAVE



A history of semi-transvestitism does not make Scots the divine hedonists we might hope for.

may have mellowed but it hasn't exactly altered. The image of the homosexual is very much a stereotyped one. And a solicitor can still say to his client—as happened the other day after he had just collected a fat fee—"You bastards deserve all you get!" Understanding has a long way to go when that kind of reaction is possible. Admittedly, that is an extreme instance. More and more people are coming to know more and more about what homosexuality really is. And education does bring understanding, however minimal. We in Scotland are a small group operating in the main cities and slowly recruiting one or two members from the remote villages whose contact has to remain through the medium of correspondence. The average highland village would crucify a known gay. But at least now, when someone publicly castigates the homosexual way of life, SMG spokesmen are ready to reply quickly. Earlier this year a public conference with the title "HOMOSEXUALITY—is it a problem?" was sponsored by SMG in Heriot-Watt University in Edinburgh—an unheard-of precedent. The press has, until recent months, refused to accept advertising which contains the word homosexual, homophile or gay. It has taken constant pressure from SMG to begin to break through this barrier. Even now it is no more than a handful of local newspapers which have carried SMG adverts. The national newspapers are solidly against the idea. Yet they will publish the occasional letter on the subject in their readers' columns. So pressure can be kept up this way.

On the law reform front, Scottish Members of Parliament have been approached by letter and in person to solicit support for a revised Sexual Offences Bill for Scotland. There is a great deal of sympathy, remarkably little opposition but little or no active enthusiasm for the measure. (One sympathetic MP is numbered among our honorary vice-presidents.) The general opinion seems to be that, even if a Private Member were to sponsor a Bill in Parliament, it would

have little chance of success. The present Parliament has witnessed a swing away from permissiveness. Not that the removal of discriminatory legislation against homosexuals is a "permissive" act. Public opinion would, however, class it as that. And elected public representatives everywhere have eyes more for what would appear to be than for what truly is. So legislative change would appear remote. Nonetheless, SMG continues its parliamentary lobbying and its public educational programme.

Without doubt, the most successful sphere has been the social. Gays, both men and women, whose lot hitherto had been isolation, now have some form of community existence. The burden of loneliness has been lifted, at least for the city dwellers. (It will be a long time before gays in the country acquire similar facilities.) Until recently only a few bars and toilets provided a rather unsafe or unseemly point of contact for gays. Now there are regular meetings where problems can be discussed, where social contact may be had, where the lonely and the timorous can feel protected. Police harassment, particularly in public toilets, exists. No such harassment affects SMG premises. This may originally have stemmed from the fact that our meeting places have tended to be church premises—both Catholic and Protestant, an essential mixture in Scotland which shares much of the religious intolerance which is manifest in Northern Ireland today. Not that the movement is church inspired. It welcomes the Christian and the non-Christian. Its Executive Committee is a heterogeneous collection of committed Christians and vociferous atheists, whose differing viewpoints enliven the debates without clouding the main issues. Whatever the background reason, the fact remains that the Group flourishes without any public interference from police or civil authorities.

Counselling is available for the troubled, for those who have particular problems or for those who simply find it diffi-

cult to accept the fact of a sexual orientation which is different from the norm. The majority of gays who come along to regular meetings or who merely seek a once and forever interview benefit chiefly from knowing that so many others exist who share their outlook on life. The sense of isolation, of being different, of being "abnormal" in their own eyes goes, to be replaced with the comforting awareness of being one among many, different from the norm but by no means unique. The sense of "freakishness" which may have been troublesome is allayed and life begins at forty. (Or at twenty, thirty or fifty; yet it's noticeable that a considerable number of folk who have been relatively untroubled by their homosexual feelings begin to become acutely aware of their demands around the age of forty. There is an important pointer here which space precludes my developing.) So many require nothing more than the assurance that in their own way they are normal. Meeting other gays who accept their homosexuality and are untroubled by it—perhaps even rather pleased and proud of it—is the simple and effective remedy for them. SMG creates this atmosphere of confidence. This alone would justify its existence and make its activities worthwhile.

The enemy to its progress is the common enemy of all homophile crusading. It is not confined to Scotland nor to the United Kingdom. It is universal and must apply in the United States too. It is the attitude which was described in the introduction to this article, the attitude which can display a "Couples only" notice. Most people are not antagonistic. They are merely unaware. The "Couples only" display is meant to ensure a well-behaved, free-spending clientele whose presence will not upset the harmony of the evening. It is not meant to be discriminatory against two male or two female homosexuals. Yet, in practice, it does discriminate.

For what restaurant manager would even give a thought to the possibility that he was excluding gays? Our existence hardly impinges on his consciousness. In other words, he just doesn't think of the homosexual. We are not a factor in his calculations. Even if he did think of us, it would be to dismiss us as an insignificant factor. For he doesn't know us. He—and in this respect he is typical of the majority of the population—has no reason to take us into consideration. Nor will be, until we ourselves make him aware of our existence, of our needs and of our numerical presence. For in the long run it is numbers that count.

Only when the world at large begins to realize that homosexuality is far from a selected deviation for an effete coterie, but an inherent condition for a sizeable section of the populace will that same world come to give the subject the attention it merits. It is in fact the reticence of the homosexual himself which has been responsible for the present ignorance, not only among heterosexuals and bisexuals but also among so many homosexual men and women. Homosexuality has hidden itself for too long. It could not help but be overlooked. It has taken until now for us to come into the open. SMG in this country has been the first manifestation. There is still much to be accomplished. Old prejudices are slow to disappear. Time and patience—however unacceptable to the young—are the main ingredients in altering public opinion. Steady pressure is the effective weapon in accomplishing change. It demands constant effort if it is to achieve its objective. But the patience which homosexuals have shown through centuries of intolerance and even active persecution is now being exercised more fruitfully in open and unflamboyant declaration of a right to a life style in accord with natural leanings here in Scotland as in so many other countries. The perseverance of the Scottish Minorities Group, like that of other activist gay groups, has already borne fruit, however much remains to be accomplished.

# THE NINTH CIRCLE

Continued from page 1  
"By the way," I noted, "rumor has it that the New York City Department of Health forced you to remove those barrels of roasted peanuts which have been your staple for years."  
"That isn't so," Krivit shot back. "I've taken them out because of a study being done in a Suffolk, Virginia peanut factory which so far has indicated that the dust kicked up from walking on and crunching peanut shells under your feet can cause throat cancer. Neither I nor any of my employees has come down with it yet, but I'm waiting for the final results of that study. If they find the dust doesn't



Inside the Ninth Circle: a congenial, relaxed atmosphere.

cause cancer, then the peanuts will go right back in."  
"Did you have a dollar minimum on the door when the bar was straight?" I asked.

"No, I didn't. But after we switched I had so many freeloaders I just didn't have the space. The dollar at the door gets them either a \$1.10 hamburger, a \$1.10 drink, or two beers. I had to do it because we were just getting 150 to 250 people a night who would occupy tables, eat the peanuts, look for somebody to leave with and then finish their drink. Economically it wasn't feasible. If you're going out for a night, you should be able to spend a dollar in the course of an evening."

"I'm not here to rip anybody off. I have a twenty-five year lease on the entire building. I pay \$550 a month rent. I don't have to bust anyone out. I don't have to water a drink. I don't have to give you a bar scotch when you ask for J&B. I give an eight-ounce hamburger for \$1.10. I've never gone anywhere where I could not look a person in the face because I felt I hadn't given them good value," Krivit emphasized.

"I don't make money on food but I figure if a person has that hot roast beef sandwich, he'll probably have a couple of beers too."  
"Our dancing floor has gone over wonderfully," Krivit continued. "On weekends, our two dollar admission gets you four beers. You know the people who own the Limelight? They're gay bar operators. They bust you out. They move. The D.A. at one time called these people 'gypsies.'"

"What do you mean, 'they bust you out'?" I asked.  
"They rob you. They take advantage. There was a time, ten years ago, when you had places like Dirty Dick's and the Cherry Lane. Gay bars were at a minimum. Gay kids got pushed and shoved and abused. This isn't necessary any more. They're welcome to go anywhere they want today, and they should be given the best service."  
"I don't drink and go to bars. I know,

though, that the One Potato is run very nicely. But when you get a Sal who owned the Colony and fourteen other bars, and a Seymour who blew a license at the Sanctuary, these people, they hit and run.

"I don't have to leave town. I have two children who live in the Village. I live here. My money is spent here. Eighty per cent of the people who work here live nearby. Congressman Ed Koch is a dear friend of mine. I'm not ashamed. Ed tells me to call him if I have any sort of problem with anyone."

"Who do you consider the other legitimate gay bar competitors in the Village?" I ventured.

"I think Julius' is. I think the Gas Station isn't. Danny's, I don't know that well. I've been to some places uptown. New Jimmy's seems very nice."

"How did you effect the change? Did you advertise, get bartenders who had followings?"

"It was unbelievably amazing. I had it

in mind for a while. I didn't want anyone who worked here to know about it because they would just rob and bleed the place. I closed on a Sunday night, called the help together and told them I was letting them all go because business was not good."

"I put a sign in the window which was a little bit freaky. It said, 'Re-opening Thursday. Changing the plumbing.' We had a private party which wasn't so private."  
"John went out and got eight new workers. I looked at them when they arrived and then told John, 'These kids look exactly like everyone I just let go. Are you sure you know what you're doing?'"

"One fellow lasted only two weeks, we caught him stealing. Of the other seven, five of them are still here. Not being in the gay world, I was amazed."

"Employees of some of the illegitimate bars," I interjected, "complain that they are paid off the books, get no unemployment insurance, medical disability coverage, etc."

"My operation is too big. I employ thirty-two people, about twenty-six of those are gay. I run everything above-board, legitimate."  
"How does the gay crowd compare with the straight crowd so far as tipping is concerned?" I continued.

"About the same, I'd say," Krivit replied. "Being in this business a long time, I will not allow stealing. I will allow a bartender to treat a good customer a little better, give him a taller drink, perhaps one on three or four. And I know that customers might tip the bartenders and everyone will be happy."

"The bartenders do exceptionally well. They happen to do better than when it was straight. The waiters make a little less. There isn't as much table service now as there was years ago."

"Is the downstairs dancing legal? You have a permit?"

"No, I don't have a permit, but my application is in and it's legal to proceed

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# MICHAEL GREER CONVERSATION IN A STEAM BATH

BY LEO SKIR

November 4th at the New York Continental, Michael Greer is holding forth and going up and up and up like a whiff from a popper and taking us all up with him.

He is standing on the stage. Behind him is a Mona Lisa, on his left Whistler's Mother, on his right Gainsborough's Blue Boy and he is talking about a boy from Ohio who had secretly in his closet—a large collection of earrings! Forced to go into the Army, he started—and really killed—the Germans with a fabulous outfit of earrings made from grenades!

Not so funny to repeat but hilarious in an atmosphere of hilarity which is Michael's thing.

He flings us into old-fashioned gay gaiety. Suddenly we are on the 20th Century Limited and it is sleek and new and swift as any jet and we are in California.



Darlings, it's me, talking to you from heaven!

land where daydream and nightmare blend and are one and he's there and he's got us all there up and down and up and down on the California roller coaster. He has brought California to us, the sadness and madness and gladness. He not only recites the names of the saints (Bette Davis, angel, Joan Crawford, devil) but becomes them.

Then it stops. A new phase. The lights are lowered. He sings Billie Holiday.

Another phase. He does a revised "Trolley Song," a hip girl picking up, turning on, a stiff Boston blueblood she meets in Disneyland.

Stop. Another phase. He sings Don McLaine's "Starry Starry Night." (Note: Greer's energies almost threaten to spill over. He likes to throw curved balls. Hard for him to be straight. So introducing "Starry Starry Night," he says he's not sure if it's about Vincent Van Gogh or Vincent Price.) But he sings the song straight and with soul.

Now for his big "act": Mona Lisa. He puts on a wig and gets into the Mona Lisa frame. Informs the audience it's late at night and pictures will talk. From which a tale unfolds. Mona is stuck between Whistler's Mother who is in reality Blue Boy's mother and Blue Boy. Blue Boy—well, "he turns over" and doesn't write his mother. His mother is snotty about Mona. Mona fights back, "Don't you come down on my case!" Mona is: the Id, an Italian Mollie Goldberg, a jumbo bag of no-class bad-ass, back-biting faggotry, a junkyard of Queen's vernacular.

It goes on too long. Flashes of damnation glitter around the country—Vincent

Price's horror garden, green mean giant plastic man-eating flowers from California. It hints of a non-gay gay bar with early morning coming, the party over and everyone still there.

He stops. We are tired. He's still strong. He sings again, the wig gone, his voice firm. Elton John's "A Song For You."

Applause. A lot of it. He goes off. I look at my watch. He's been on two hours. The longest single act goes on at the tubs is one hour. Tub people are a nice audience but their powers of concentration are limited.

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I wait later and get into the dressing room.

His friend Jeremy Stockwell, looking even handsomer than he did in Night-watch, is there.

Michael Greer is still not tired. He is

hyped up from the audience. "It's like the Palace," he says. But he's bitter that during the second half he lost the people standing/sitting near the pool. The Mona Lisa bit is visual and they couldn't see him.

He raps with me about Fortune and Men's Eyes—making the movie, living in Quebec with Queenie's dyed-blond hair, staying in/around the prison for the 3 1/2 months the shooting took. It was a real



Michael Greer: I'm selling you God from a very strange place.

functioning prison. Himself as Queenie? A gay identity? Hadn't he mentioned a girlfriend in an interview?

"I never said I was or wasn't anything. My interests are varied. I hope to have a family, children. I'm living with a woman now—and a man. We have a good relationship and a happy one. Flo is in show business. Chuck is an architect."

"Who writes your material?" "I do."

"What's coming up?" "Next to appear? Night of the Blood Moon. I play the Devil's son. I don't know what he's like sexually. I may be too candid for my own good. I live from day to day, from hour to hour. Nothing makes me upset or uptight. I don't like labels like 'she,' 'auntie' or 'queen.'"

Mona's a cross between Eileen Heckert and Mollie Goldberg. That frame is like the tenement window. She's talking to anyone, everyone. I do a Venus de Milo, all in white, draped to the floor but with t-shirt and levis. I never try to assume total drag.

"Acid? Yes, acid plays a certain part in my change of viewpoint. I don't want you to think I take it with my morning coffee. I've had trips, no bad ones."

"I want to be as creative as I can..." "Mona's a good friend to me. I'm not Italian. I wish I were. I'm Irish-English-Indian-American Indian."

"There's no malice in my act. My imitation of Mrs. Johnson? She saw it, loved it."

"My big thing is Tallulah in heaven. It's coming out on a disc. Eugenia Bankhead saw it, came back after my act. She's in her 70's, sounds just like her sister. She said, 'I feel that's probably what she's doing up there now.'"

"God is really a good friend of mine. To such an extent that just before this show I locked myself in the dressing room and prayed. I said, 'I'm calling You from a very strange place...' I have a real feeling for St. Jude. I love the midnight mass. I have a tremendous respect for all religions. I pity those who don't believe in anything. But all religions have—strange inconsistencies. I just ignore the inconsistencies."

"What's helped me most? Knowing some beautiful people. I'm 26. I know I seem older. They helped me grow. Also I have an old soul. I've had a lot of lives. About half the people I've been have been women. That's why I can get into them so easily."

"I'd like to be black, Jewish, everything. I have no prejudices. I have no love for it."

"My people are very open. I come from Illinois but we were all over. Both my parents have been married three times."

His manager cuts the interview short. It's 3 a.m. but Michael Greer could go on. He says he's not uptight but there's a feeling of all sorts of tensions, energies bounding about the place. Endless questioning, self-questioning...



Greer as Mona Lisa is an Italian Mollie Goldberg

# BEAUTIFUL BOYS UNLIMITED

BY RANDY WICKER

The lean lanky blond in their ad caught my eye, the studio's name—"Beautiful Boys Unlimited"—brought out the pedester in me. So, when Jack Nichols told me the studio's manager had dropped into GAY's offices and was willing to let us do a feature with photos, I made an appointment to check out the scene at 5 West 16th Street.

Chris, the suburban-haired young man who manages Beautiful Boys Unlimited, suggested I drop by at 6:30 p.m. 5 W. 16th Street turned out to be a brownstone adjoining the Young Israel Building just off Fifth Avenue.

Up the short steep steps was an open entrance way. Just inside to the left was a door bearing a small sign: "ring bell and walk in." The studio occupied the building's entire first floor; it's curtained first-floor show window jutted out a few feet above street level, unmarked except for "Boutique" in fading lettering above and a small blue 7 1/2 watt light.

Inside, a half-dozen boys and a half-dozen women lounged around on a sofa and some tattered overstuffed chairs watching television. Most of the boys were black-haired, swarthy in complexion, apparently of Southern European or Puerto Rican descent. Only one was strikingly goodlooking, with long light brown hair, blue eyes, smooth even features.

The women were a mixed bag. One or two were black, one or two had blonde or light brown hair. Most appeared to be in their late teens or early twenties. One or two were strikingly slim and comely, the others average looking. None looked like those hardened Eighth Avenue floosies.

Inside it was exceedingly warm. Chris took me over by a radiator and we talked. Occasionally he would stop, open his book, go over to a small electric clock on a nearby shelf and check, out his time schedule. Very businesslike.

"We screen the people who work here," he explained. "You go into most massage parlors and the models are high on drugs, nodding out on you. We don't let any of that go on here."

"We have seven guys who work here regularly. They are as young as is legally possible. None are over twenty-two, none younger than seventeen. Most are the slim, hairless, boyish-chicken types."

"We have a good turnover, new faces all the time. We also have more muscular types who we send out on \$30 residential calls, after we've checked out the names and the addresses with the phone company, phoned back and verified them." Chris grinned sheepishly. "We're even listed in Where It's At in John Francis Hunter's gay guide."

He explained that the studio currently had five rooms, although only three were visible, that plans were afoot to take over the floor below and double the available space.

"We have eight girls at present," he continued. "We usually have more guys than girls. It's a mixed studio with our clientele being about half gay and half straight."

The bell rang and a short, heavy man wearing a business suit and looking extremely nervous entered. An amateur shoplifter exiting Tiffany's with a pocketful of hot diamonds couldn't have looked more nervously guilt-ridden.

"Hello sir," Chris cooed meeting the man two steps inside the door, then walking with him past the roomful of models. He asked, "Have you been to a massage parlor before?"

The partially bald gentleman nodded nervously, his large bug eyes rolling in their sockets as he hastily glanced over the dozen available in passing.

"That's \$10 for half an hour, \$15 for 45 minutes, \$20 for an hour or \$30 for an hour and a half," Chris explained. "You make your own arrangement with the girl. Which one do you want?"

The customer coughed up \$30 for the hour and a half, whispered his choice in Chris' ear and then entered the small room while Chris returned to the front living room to fetch the girl of his choice.

"Are most of your customers so nervous?" I ventured.

"Oh no," Chris responded. "It varies a lot. Some are, and some aren't. If they are relaxed I introduce them all around,

not nearly so nervous. He picked one of the models and they disappeared into the last available room.

I talked with Ariene, an English girl, and a strikingly handsome black woman seated nearby while Chris made the arrangements with the newcomer.

Both claimed they worked in the plush East Side studios but that they preferred here.

"The people are nicer," the English girl said. "In those fancy studios, they soak the guys so much at the door that there is nothing left for the girls. Here, they're very reasonable and we actually



Want a massage? A rub? A touch? What star

but some would prefer for you to approach the one they like for them."

We continued talking. The heat poured out of the radiators pushing the temperature over ninety. "We keep it nice and warm because our work is done in the nude."

Chris described his customers as ranging "from eighteen to ninety-six," most of them being middle-aged businessmen between thirty-five and forty-five.

Beautiful Boys Unlimited, advertised in the straight press as Club Utopia, had been going for ten months. Chris himself had been a masseur for several years and still, at the ripe old age of twenty-two, took on some regular clients himself.

The studio has never been bothered, he sighed. The highly publicized police raids had been against two different types of studios, the 42nd Street "stalls" where the rooms were only cubicles curtained off, and the extravagant, plush places whose very existence created a respectable appealing image for studios generally which the police, in Chris' opinion, wanted to eliminate.

He described many of his customers as out-of-town businessmen who returned regularly, but sometimes at intervals several months apart when their business trips brought them to the city. Half were married.

He emphasized that this studio was the only one in New York City which kept a number of boys on hand. The others, like the Stallion Studio uptown, had closed. The Trojan's Den, another studio which advertised males, Chris insisted, only had one male available at any given time and frequently had no male on hand at all.

About this time, the girl who had entered the room down the hall with the gentleman returned to say he wanted the session cut from an hour and a half to forty-five minutes and could he get the \$15 difference back.

"Sure," Chris said, making the change in notation in his time book and handing her the bills.

Another customer entered. This one was a similar type, fortyish, well dressed,

do better."

"That's right," her black companion agreed. "And in those fancy studios, they expect you to sit there and not even talk to one another. Here you can socialize. I'm here twelve hours a day. I spend my life here, literally. Atmosphere is more important than fancy carpeting. The fancy carpeting in those places gets pretty shoddy pretty fast anyway."

"This room we usually don't use for

Continued on page 19



The Beautiful Boys service customers whose ages range from 18 to 96

# The Persian Boy

## MARY RENALT HAS DONE IT AGAIN!

BY JOHN P. LE ROY



The Persian Boy by Mary Renault, Pantheon, New York, 419 pages, \$7.95.

Mary Renault has done it again! In this sequel novel to *Fire From Heaven*, she continues with the life story of Alexander the Great. Here, we see him through the eyes of Bagoas, a Persian youth of rare beauty and noble blood whose father was betrayed and slaughtered. He was subsequently sold into slavery, gelded and trained as a courtier and nightly bedmate of King Darius, the powerful Persian monarch.

The Persians considered the Macedonians as nothing more than untamed savages, so that when news of the brilliant victories of the invading general-king reached the sumptuous palace, Alexander was not taken seriously. It was only when he marched north with the booty from Babylon did King Darius see fit to mobilize his armies, but his cumbersome strategy proved to be no match for Alexander's powerful phalanxes. After Persepolis was burned to the ground and the cities of Susa and Ekbatana had fallen, Darius was murdered after he had lost the will to live.

Bagoas, barely fifteen, and part of the royal household, is forced to flee, taking refuge among stray mercenaries. Destitute and adrift, he reaches the camp of Nabarzanes, a rebel Persian satrap who was responsible for Darius' death and who is seeking Alexander's pardon. In Bagoas, he finds a convenient offering with which to placate the conquerer and save his own skin.

That, coupled with an array of fine horses and an assortment of precious trinkets, proves sufficient to achieve the purpose. Bagoas is left behind to serve Alexander, and one of the most beautiful, tender, moving love stories in historical literature unfolds. With a wink in his eye, the young powerful emperor bids Bagoas to serve him as well as he served his former king.

Bagoas' troubles are only beginning. He must contend with Alexander's present lover, Hephaestion, the scorn, ridicule and lust of the Macedonian soldiers and squires, and the brutalizing effects of Greek customs on his refined Persian courtly sensibility. Feeling the passing of his childhood and the flowering of his youth, Bagoas feels within himself the desire to be Alexander's faithful lover and to win his sole affection, especially when

Alexander stops the soldiers from spearing him for sport.

Alexander often spent his evenings reading. Bagoas would sit quietly in the corner watching his every move. Gradually their differences melt away as Bagoas is taught Greek and Alexander becomes better acquainted with Persian customs. Here we get some beautiful insights into what Alexander's intimate personality might have been like:

"I doubt if he'd ever in his life lain down with anyone for whom he had not felt some kind of fondness. He needed love as a palm tree needs water, all his life long: from armies, from cities, from conquered enemies, nothing was enough. It laid him open to false friends... He needed love and never forgave its betrayal, which he had no understanding of. For he himself, if it was given him with a whole heart, [he] never misused it, nor despised the giver. He took it gratefully, and felt bound by it..."

Once Bagoas won Alexander's genuine affection to the point of jealousy, Hephaestion had no choice but to recognize it. Neither of them could bear to rob Alexander of anything he valued, so a silent understanding developed, even though Hephaestion could have easily disposed of Bagoas by having him poisoned, accusing him of some crime through false witnesses, or planting jewels on him and accusing him of theft.

From then on, a richness of historical insight and detail unfold. We follow the lovers and the fashioning of an empire that stretched to the very ends of the known world, through mountains, deserts, forests, rebellions, and to the final moment when Alexander, struck down by a wound that brings on fever, dies as

he fingers Bagoas' hair, his head on his breast. Only when the embalmers take his corpse are the two finally separated.

To read Mary Renault's marvelous reconstruction is to live it. Here is a world where men love their men or love their women, or both, and the distinction is never worth mentioning, so completely is homosexuality taken for granted. So exquisitely delineated are the details and the nuances of the relationship that I found myself dwelling personally on Alexander and his eunuch lover as if I had known them all my life. The life and times of Alexander come so breathtakingly alive, I felt as if I had just been transported from 323 B.C. back to the latter part of the twentieth century by some cruel time machine when I finished reading *The Persian Boy* which, alas, was all too soon.

In order to get the full effect of the book, it might be well to brush up on a little Greek history and familiarize yourself with some of the names and places of the period, for Ms. Renault expects you to have an educated knowledge of the period. Maps of Alexander's routes are supplied and it's best to study them before starting the novel so that breaking up the narrative in order to turn pages won't be necessary.

An author's note at the end of the book is instructive. It seems that modern historians, imbued with the Christian ideal of chastity, had supposed Alexander to have been celibate. According to Ms. Renault, nothing could be further from the truth. Because of his immense energies elsewhere, Alexander no doubt had a low physical drive, but had an insatiable need for personal devotion which he rewarded handsomely.

Bagoas was a real historical person and it is probable that he was of high birth, for his good looks would otherwise have withered away through malnutrition. Once captured, boys like that are almost invariably sold into prostitution and are especially trained to please their masters. Every look, gesture and caress is carefully rehearsed and practiced until it becomes second nature. Athenian historians were about as hostile to the Macedonians as Hitler was to the Jews and their accounts of what really happened should be read accordingly. Thus, severe alcoholism was said to have hastened Alexander's death, but anyone who has ever been high and tried to get an honest day's work done knows that anyone who could have survived lung perforation, unanesthetized field surgery and a desert march could hardly have been drinking too much wine.

*The Persian Boy* is by no means a definitive account of the life of Alexander, for it leaves out those aspects of his life that Bagoas would have known little or nothing about. It is thus an intimate angle close-up, dwelling on Alexander as a personality and especially as a lover. For a greater understanding of how a man so young, so brilliant, so attractive and so intense could gain so fervent a devotion from so many within his lifetime so as to become a god, it is necessary to go to Ptolemy and Aristoboulos, both of whom knew Alexander and whose lost memoirs have managed to survive.

After reading *The Persian Boy*, you may very well want to consult them, for they are the only sources that do Alexander justice. Arrian's account, drawn from them, *Life of Alexander* (Penguin), is excellent. Right on Ms. Renault!



For a quarter of a century Mary Renault has been writing fine historical novels.



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## THE NINTH CIRCLE

Continued from page 5

while my application is pending. I ran dancing for six months without making an application and I wound up getting five violations. I got the violations from anonymous letters sent to the Police Department."

"Do you have any idea as to the source of those letters?"

"Yeah, but it is only my own ideas and I wouldn't want to be quoted on it."

"I'm not asking for names. Just were they bitchy customers, ex-employees or unethical competitors?"

"I would suspect it was a competitor or two. It is also possible that there was a policeman who, at one time, tried to shake me down for a small amount of money. But whatever it was, I really didn't want to hear it. Some police who I know quite well tried to find out for me. The letters they saw were not signed but they said the language of the letters indicated they 'weren't' from a person on the street. Who knows, maybe a policeman wrote it. It's such a silly violation. Yes, I was violating a law."

"Do those five violations constitute any challenge to your license or are they very minor?"

"Well, I've had a license for ten years. It's a technicality. The Liquor Authority might possibly once call me in for a talking to. But now that I have my application in, and I think my application will go through."

"How long will it be before you know if your application will go through?"

"I'd say two months. But it's being handled by architects and lawyers with proper diagrams. What am I asking for? I'm asking for a thirty by thirty area, no live entertainment. You know, I'm going to tell them the truth. If I don't have the dance thing, I close my store."

"It's that bad?" I blurted.

"Well, I didn't run dancing June, July, August or September and my receipts fell off fifty per cent. But I really don't know if it was the dance thing or the summer. But I do know though, because I did dance some up in September and business did get better. People like to dance."

"Who's getting hurt? There's no noise coming out. I have the necessary exits in case of fire. There's one technicality. I'm in a residential neighborhood and I need a variance."

"You have no connection with any other place of business?" I pried.

"No."

"I really think the reason we do good," Krivit ventured, "has nothing to do with me. People get a ten-ounce mug of beer for half a dollar, a good hamburger, they're treated courteously."

"The people you have on the door are more pleasant than the grey-faced goons at some of the other clubs like the Gas Station and the Lighthouse," I volunteered.

Krivit made deep guttural sounds, imitating a gruff doorman, then added, "I understand the Lighthouse discriminates against blacks, discriminates against girls; we'll let anyone in as long as they behave."

"I have a heavy. He doesn't look like a heavy but he can handle himself if he has to. I might need him physically once a week to speak to somebody. Last Friday night four guys came in who did not belong. And they were going to cause trouble. They did. But that happens infrequently. We have had a total of two punches being thrown in eight months. Running straight, you'd have two

punches every week.

"Our only special problem has been some congregating outside. That gets a little bit heavy on Friday and Saturday night. I have concern for my next door neighbors who are trying to sleep. We didn't have that problem when it was a straight bar because we didn't have so many people. It gets warm on the dance floor and people go out to take a breather."

"We've had a couple of complaints. One neighbor complained about the noise so we put in some foam rubber to pacify them. We can't let it get out of hand. You hear those stories about the Forbidden Fruit, way uptown, and those after-hours clubs."

"I run a boat ride for the poor kids in the neighborhood here every couple of summers. I give to every charity. I have good rapport with this community. Switching to gay," Krivit concluded, "I thought might antagonize them a little bit but it hasn't. It really hasn't."

## GAY WRITER WINS COURT BATTLE

Continued from page 1

thor's reputation. Hunter conceded that sloppy grammar and irresponsible use of other people's material were common to pornography and exploitative publishers, but he was fighting the implication that the work of a gay writer must necessarily be classed with tawdry practices simply

because he's gay. He wanted the same standards to be applied to him that are used for any serious author.

Harold M. Weiner, the lawyer for the Gay Activists Alliance of New York, privately represented Hunter in his attempt to enjoin Stonehill from selling copies of the book, which had already been bound and were waiting for the trucks to deliver them to retail outlets and to subscribers. Weiner charged the defendant with failing to live up to the contract with the plaintiff by producing a finished product in which Hunter's "reputation for truth and veracity and reliability in informing the male gay community will be severely damaged, if not altogether destroyed."

But Judge Chimera repeatedly scoffed at the idea that a homosexual had any reputation to be besmirched. "Is this book the kind of gift people would put in a Christmas stocking?" he sneered after Jackson had requested an early decision so as not to close the Christmas market to the publisher. The judge also wondered if Hunter's lawsuit might be "blackmail" to force Stonehill to pay the \$3000 allegedly owed to Hunter. Weiner had to stress that they would continue to prosecute whether or not his client were paid, but the judge seemed to find it difficult to believe that the credibility of a homosexual was the real issue and implied that greed was behind the matter.

After deliberating for two weeks, however, Judge Chimera agreed that Hunter "may suffer incalculable damage to whatever reputation for truth and veracity and reliability in informing the male gay community he may possess, to his future earning capacity as an author in that community at least, if the book were allowed to be marked with the cover containing on its back the repudiated 'early raves' attributed to Merle Miller, Jack Nichols and Lige Clarke..." The use of Weiner's own words established that Hunter's liter-

Continued on page 20

# What is This Thing Called "Leadership"?



Photo by Eric Strohen Jacobs

Rich Wandel gets ready for the 155-mile hike to Albany

BY RICH WANDEL

We movement activists sometimes spend so much time worrying about the need for our basic civil rights that we rarely stop to consider how much society as a whole has to gain from Gay Liberation. Elements of our struggle, once we look beyond first steps such as legislation, apply to the freedoms of heterosexuals as well.

One of the many put-down words in common use today is the epithet "macho." Any fool knows that if you're macho there's something wrong with you. According to some, if you happen to wear jeans or leather, and if you carry your keys anywhere except in your purse or pocket, then you're a macho. Somehow, I think, such definitions miss the point. The really macho-type person is someone who has the neurotic need or desire to play the role of a man, to be masculine. According to the dictionary, masculine means "having the qualities of a man; manly; virile; strong; bold." There's nobody as boring as he who insists on being strong and bold at all times no matter what the circumstances.

Images: Norman Mailer describing the function of women: a group of young men discussing who's on the list for their sexual favors with the underlying understanding that since they are real "men" no women could possibly resist. Standing in the bar car of the Long Island Railroad and laughing along with all the "virile" suburbanites telling of their latest female conquests in the stockroom or office. Some examples of machismo are obvious but others aren't.

Let's look at a court room scene. Gay Activists are once again on trail and, for a change, the press are there, notebooks in hand. The camera backs off for a long

shot as we watch the defense lawyer make a quick dash for the reporters. He's convinced that the essential facts such as the intricacies of law and what his latest bold and daring maneuver will be to outwit the prosecution. Surely everyone will agree that the lesser details such as the questions of civil rights can wait until later; it's far more important for the public to know that a *daring and bold* defense attorney is present! Machismo, the neurotic desire or need to play the role of a man; a man is virile, bold, strong, powerful; he is a leader and how can anyone lead unless his publicity is good? Machismo is more than a mode of dress or even specific, admittedly oppressive, remarks. It's more a way of thinking and both sexes often play.

Social groups everywhere seem to hover around a few specific leaders. Almost invariably they are men, either straight or pretending to be. Almost invariably they are strong, virile, bold. The one hangup that even the most "radical" seem still to be stuck with is the image of what a leader must be. Recently, the liberals among us looked for leadership to "a new populist," George McGovern. We took a man with some very good ideas and did our best to convert him into an infallible knight riding on his charger against the windmills of our society. He didn't make it. Somehow he wasn't really a new Messiah, and we couldn't handle that fact. Before him, we tried Eugene McCarthy and believe it or not, Hubert Humphrey was once our dreamboat. As long as we continue to believe that "being a man" means to be powerful, bold and strong, we'll always have similar dreams and we'll always be disillusioned.

The concept of man we hold is tied to our demands for certain types of leader-

ship. In Vietnam, more than anything else, we seek to prove our neurotic drive for some imaginary definition of manhood. When we cry out about all those horrible bums on welfare, what we're really saying is that those people don't fit our definition. They are "no good" because they're not powerful or strong, they are not men. Definitions are easy to deal with, categories are comfortable. Without a strong leader we just might be forced to actually think for ourselves.

Last spring about fifteen people including myself set out on a walk from Times Square to the State Capitol in Albany. We had decided to walk the 155 miles to spread the word of Gay Liberation to all the small towns along the way. We achieved our goal plus a lot more. Most of us had varying motives for marching to Albany. We all wanted to spread Gay Liberation but each of us also had private motives, subconscious needs to work on. I was the still-new President of GAA. By definition I was a leader. The walk was both my idea and my responsibility. I walked to the capitol to spread liberation but I also walked to prove that I could lead. I wanted, in effect, to prove that I was strong and bold and all the other things I had assumed comprised the character of a leader. For five days I led, rather well I suppose; I determined when to rest and when to start again; how far we had to cover each day and all those horribly important decisions. The others played their part, following directions and grumbling quietly about the slave driver in command. All was according to plan, exactly as predetermined by the roles assigned to each of us. But on the sixth day I collapsed; not at all like a leader but very much like a human being. I simply cried, and in the process purged a good deal of my attitudes about the role of leadership. I did manage to prove I could lead but I also learned that the prescribed role of leader didn't quite fit. I learned, too, that the others were, for all their approved role of grumbling, quite uncomfortable without someone to give the orders. No one seemed willing to say even the simplest things like "let's rest a while" or "we'd better get going again."

For all our protestations, we really want to be led by the proverbial strong, powerful, bold man. Many long for a great charismatic leader of Gay Liberation; I prefer simply to work out my own freedom and to work with others in facilitating the freedom of my brothers and sisters.



Photo by Eric Strohen Jacobs

Rich Wandel, last year's President of the GAA-N.Y.

Our fear of making decisions leads to many practical effects. We feel the need for governmental approval. If government, the church and the psychiatric establishment tell us that homosexuality is bad, we don't question it, we simply feel guilty. Laws against victimless crimes are totally absurd except that most of us want our private lives regulated; it's that many fewer choices we have to make. We will accept so many absurdities provided only that it frees us from a decision. We will even oppress whole classes of people, fight genocidal wars and destroy our environment before we will dare to accept the freedom implied if we begin to question not only our specific leaders but also question the idea of leadership and masculinity on which our leadership in any political party is based. I started by saying that there were many areas in which Gay Liberation could contribute to a society as a whole. Supposedly we show by our movement that humankind needn't play the prescribed roles of male and female. If we really believe our rhetoric about roles, we can begin to change all that those roles imply, including our concept of leadership. Gay Liberation and Women's Liberation are inherently radical in attacking these roles that society imposes. Unfortunately, many of the participants in both these movements don't realize that. Rather than dream of a new Messiah, we are in a position to work to end any need for a Messiah. Imagine, if you can, a world without leadership.

Images again: no leadership! Anarchy. Images quickly form along predetermined lines. A world without leadership is admitted, by definition, in a state of anarchy. So here I am, suddenly finding myself an anarchist. It's another dream, more worthwhile perhaps than dreaming of a Messiah but hardly any more attainable. Or is it? A Messiah dream can never be realized. One always has first to find someone to fit the role—some virile, strong, bold, powerful leader who never quite seems to exist. But anarchy? Admittedly, certain laws will always be necessary. Someone has to stop the muggers in the park, but many laws are not necessary, if we decide to make some choices on our own. Anarchy doesn't need a perfect leader and any number of people can play. All it takes is the decision to decide for oneself instead of automatically playing the prescribed role. Sounds easy, doesn't it. It's not.

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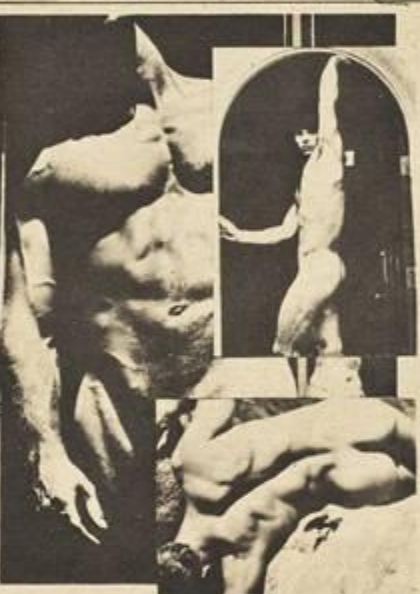
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# I ENJOY BEING A GIRL!

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

What do the following persons all have in common? Frankie Quinn, Walter Kent, Lee Brewer, Vito Russo, Pudgy Roberts, Bebe Scarp, Jerry Fitzpatrick, Hedy Lamar, Steve Krotz and George Weinberg.

That's a tough one, indeed, even for you who are "in" enough to recognize all ten and know that Frankie and Pudgy are costumed impersonators, Lee and Bebe are transvestites, Jerry and Vito macho-oriented activists/writers for GAY, Steve a one-time GAA officer and Vito's lover, and Walter and George non-gays who are allies of the gay community. Hedy is the most beautiful woman drag of the Twentieth Century. But you knew that.

You might have guessed that they're all pretty damned liberated, except maybe Hedy, who showed many signs of it in Ecstasy and Me, however. If that's what you guessed, you get points, but for the purposes of this article let me explain that all the above contributed to it before or during its preparation, perhaps inadvertently, but in a specific way. You'll see...

Going out in women's clothes, in feminine drag, a couple of times doth not a transvestite make, but it certainly can be consciousness-raising! I found this out gradually this fall, but especially through attending Frankie Quinn's Thanksgiving gala at the Diplomat Hotel, the semi-annual costume affair hosted by his Variety Club. I don't know who belongs to the organization but probably John Wayne, Jr., and they do give out trophies and make it all seem very clubby.

### FOLKS FOR ALL SEASONS

Walter was the host of our group—as usual a motley bunch that included three lesbian couples (some cross-dressed), a charming young Taiwanese lad who'd never seen anything quite like it nor probably ever had so much fun, several straight couples including Beacon Baths assistant manager Shawn and his wife Suzanne (who is one of the most beautiful creatures I've ever seen, a sort of Jackie Kennedy without the flaws), and some delightful gay male friends of Walter's. Also Jerry, turning heads because he is every inch a movie star, and people think they should recognize him. Plus Vito, Steve and me.

Vito and I were attired as S&M ladies. Oh, come on, you know what a dominatrix looks like, don't you? Turtlenecks, with ample boobs, vinyl double-breasted jackets (left over from a Provincetown revue called *Modcaps of '66*), matching caps, black tights (mine sheer to reveal the ass), ladies' boots laced up the front and edged in fur, wigs, lashes, lips—the works. Probably the most S&M thing about the trip was when I was forcing Vito into the boots we got on sale at S.J. Klein's from a very accommodating straight Latin clerk. Vito was complaining how badly they hurt his feet. I was threatening to cut off his little toes, and he said solemnly:

"The human body can endure a lot. Fred Halsted taught me that." (Remember the fist-fucking scene in *L.A. Plays Itself*?)

### WHAT IS A WOMAN?

We rapped as we got ready, seriously weighing what it means to be a "woman" in our society. God, the time and trouble it takes, the precision required in applying lashes, widening the eyes, all that. And, of course, the goal is to look pretty—even if you cop out and enter the Comedy division as we did. In self-defense. We were scared on that ramp, held on to each other for dear life—and our walks were not, as Lily Tomlin would put it, "good-looking." Women have to be graceful, just as men are supposed to be elaborately

awkward. (They're supposed to have, like my buddy Bunker, "extra-ambulatory" walks.) Society tells us that. Males and females are defined by their genitalia, men and women according to a rigid code of behavior, including mannerisms and byzantine protocol. Straight men and

I'm less a "man" and, therefore, less desirable? The cab driver almost ran over a gaggle of tourists in front of the Taft Hotel and a cop because he was so preoccupied ogling us over his shoulder. And Jerry meant it as a compliment when he said, "You've got more balls than I have."



(l. to r.) Pudgy Roberts greets John Francis Hunter and Vito Russo, both dressed as S&M ladies.

women, that is, and, alas!, gays who slavishly emulate them.

Straight society is built on the principle of competition, each person with the other, at all times. We discovered after we got to the ball that we were taking on characteristics of straight women, right and left. Assessing the put-together of every drag—or "real" woman—who came by, envying her poise, her finery, her carriage, her appeal. Women in our present civilization compete for attention based on their finery, just as male animals in other species do it with their markings, their plumage. Artifice, success in confining nature, minimizing flaws and emphasizing strong points is the current standard of beauty are also tricks of the woman's trade.

### OKAY IF VOLUNTARY

It's fun, by the way, when you aren't obliged to do it, when you don't have to please the "opposite sex." Males re-discovered in the Sixties the sensuousness and sensuality of feeling their own hair swirling against the neck and face, so the caress of the wigs wasn't an altogether unknown pleasure. The soft confinement of the panty hose was, though, and the surprise of the reflected image of a face heavily made up. Why, my lips were rather like Hedy's! I'll get back to her.

Vito, incidentally, could have stepped right into the role of Irma La Douce, while someone told me the next day after the Mattachine champagne brunch that I looked like a hybrid of Jane Russell and Tony Curtis, which was not quite what I had in mind.

Part of me was definitely Tony, though. I found myself thinking very chauvinistic thoughts. Like: What will people think of me? Meaning men. That

We chauvinists consider it superior to have balls. Wonder what the pioneer women had who opened up this land, helping to wrest it from the Red Man (never the Red Woman)?

### ON JERRY'S ARM

Jerry was the dream drag escort. We snuggled up on either side of him and were hoping to dazzle everyone with our entrance into the ballroom. He was wearing his black tailored jumpsuit and a white jacket. His hairy chest showed. We were



Columista J.F.H., Jerry Fitzpatrick & Vito Russo

proud to be seen with such an image. Think about that!

The first mind-blower was the greeting at the door we got from Pudgy, whom I'd recently seen in stage drag at his show at Man's Country. (sic). Now, Pudgy has gams like Dietrich's and knows how to trail a fur. So how did he dress for Frankie's affair? In a suit and tie. Man drag, you see, since it was a drag ball. One up for Pudgy. (His butch lover was in a dress, to complete the put-on.)

Next came Lee, head of Queens Liberation Front, who had the audacity to

pinch my tittles. Disappointingly. They were rather too assertive. Lee was wearing a demure, somewhat matronly brown gown. Not competing, you see. Like Pudgy. Not slaves to the system. I hoped for approval from Lee. Nothing.

We pressed on. Being conditioned to walk like men, we had a bit of trouble negotiating the dance floor to reach Walter's ringside table. Later, doing the Flea Hop with Steve (man drag), I began to recall the dance school niceties of the Fifties style at which I had excelled: that you keep your knees together, take tiny steps, control the distribution of your weight kinesthetically. Soon I was spinning like Bette Midler.

### STEVE CAME 'ROUND

Steve, who had not been too keen on seeing Vito in drag, was utterly carried away and commented at the end of the party—in his radio announcer's voice that would shame the early Merle Miller—"I think next time I'll try it." (Well, I've got five of those vinyl vests...)

I found myself cruising other machos in man drag, the superior-looking escorts and husbands. This puzzled/puzzles me: How do you explain being attracted to machos, which I've found to be true of the most dedicated and articulate woman-transvestites? I mean, if you like yourself in drag and prefer that persona, why want to go to bed with a butch? Why not someone with familiar sensibilities, for harmony? Not even intellectual Bebe has answered that one to my satisfaction—and I won't reveal Bebe's first attempt here, because I don't think sh/he has come up with an explanation for publication, not yet. It's possible that I am revealing my narcissism, I guess, in assuming a liberated gay would be attracted to his or her own kind. See how going out in drag provokes thoughts that might not have crossed the mind otherwise!

I realized by going to the ball in drag, as much as by filing away my impressions, that I've come a long way from Hunger Rock and the bet-dominated world, with a long way yet to go. I'd been contemplating doing it since the Miss Fire Island contest in Cherry Grove in September, where I was a judge along with Gwen Saunders, non-gay Jan Wallman, Eric Stephen Jacobs, the editor of the Fire Island News and manager of the Monster Restaurant. The gang out there took a giant leap in the direction of New Order gender-defiance at their seventh annual impersonators contest when they applauded election of a somewhat androgynous queen wearing very little makeup as well as two muscular winners in non-specific garb as her runner-up, Miss Cherry Grove, and Miss Camp America.

### ANDROGYNE VICTORIES

A petite oriental in a diaphanous white gown vanquished some 40 other contestants, most attired in teased-out hairdos, Fifties-type evening dresses (we called them "formals" at the sorority Spring Sing), and other heavy touches that constitute the time-honored brassy showgirl caricature of American women (who are cartoons anyway, aren't they?).

The real knock-out of the day was statuesque "Ava" (Adolph to his friends), swathed in a white cape, white felt fedora and head scarf that barely concealed a lush pair of sideburns. Opening the cape with a Shakespearean flourish, Ava revealed a sheer white sheath clinging to a very obviously male body—without false tits. The crowd went wild.

The several hundred in the mixed bag of an audience also raised the roof over

Continued on page 18

# THAT'S FUNNY, YOU DON'T LOOK HETEROSEXUAL AN APPLICATION FOR THERAPY

(NOTE: Recently, a friend decided he was tired of being called a faggot by the elementary school kids on his block. He went to a leading metropolitan hospital for advice on the best way to achieve hetero-nirvana. The receptionist gave him the following application which GAY is printing, despite protestations of the American Medical Association and the United Nations Security Council.—T.H.)

### THERAPY TREATMENT APPLICATION

BY THANE HAMPTEN

Name of applicant ..... Age .....

Address ..... Hereditary taint .....

Phone ..... Occupation ..... Pornography .....

Number suicide attempts in past year ..... Beings from outer space .....

How long have you been homosexual? ..... Bette Davis .....

From birth ..... From adolescence ..... The supernatural .....

Since Stonewall riot of '69 ..... Your nanny .....

U.S. Constitution .....

Gore Vidal .....

Yourself .....

God .....

Lucifer .....

**BACKGROUND:**

Who or what do you blame for this wretched condition?

Parents ..... Siblings .....

Mutual masturbation with childhood friend ..... Hereditary taint .....

Seduction by dirty old man or scout master ..... Pornography .....

Monosodium glutamate ..... Beings from outer space .....

Unfavorable astrological conjunctions ..... Bette Davis .....

The Wizard of Oz ..... The supernatural .....

7th Day Adventists ..... Your nanny .....

Nature (magnetic currents) ..... U.S. Constitution .....

Fate ..... Gore Vidal .....

Lucifer ..... Yourself .....

God .....

**Toward which type of males are these insatiably perverted cravings directed?**

Caucasians ..... Orientals ..... Negroes .....

Sailors ..... Barnyard animals ..... Lumberjacks .....

Age preferred: ..... Between 10-20 .....

under 10 ..... Senior Citizens .....

Between 20-45 ..... (If none of the above, when were necrophagous yearnings first noted?)

List those personal fetishes you feel hospital personnel would find most amusing to discuss in employees cafeteria. E.g., navels, armpits, doorknobs, grapefruit, hairlips, record spindles, multiple amputees, helium gas enemas, Coast Guard uniforms, used prophylactics, ostrich feathers, collies.)

Have you really tried to seek out that good woman to change you with understanding, patience and tenderness? .....

**REASONS FOR DESIRING CURE** — (Applicant must check at least three in order to qualify for therapy.)

Employment advancement ..... Withheld inheritance .....

Fear of dishonorable military discharge ..... Religious guilt .....

Passion for conformity ..... Wish income tax reductions .....

A mother's tears ..... Fear of age .....

Must produce heir for sake of historically important name .....

Tired of being beaten by hustlers .....

Have chance to marry into wealthy family .....

Have broken with lover and

(a) haven't the courage to go through that sordid mess again .....

(b) want to become heterosexual in spite of him .....

Inability to stay with one partner longer than two weeks .....

Delicate of nature; terribly sensitive to pressure and criticism .....

Wish to marry so you can choose wife's wardrobe and hair styles .....

General all-consuming guilt pang .....

Profound desire to please Eli Seigal .....

**ADDITIONAL REASONS FOR DISSATISFACTION WITH DEVIATE LIFE STYLE:** (Applicant must check at least two in order to qualify for therapy.)

You are found physically unattractive by all except overweight girl next door .....

Embarrassed by your abnormally small genitals .....

Inability to develop sphincter muscles .....

Possess no genitalia .....

Tired of being blackmailed by

(a) unethical hustler .....

(b) police .....

(c) mother .....

(d) C.I.A. ....

(e) F.B.I. ....

(f) D.A.R. ....

(g) Ralph Nader .....

(h) unknown but powerful foreign agents .....

(i) creatures from outer space .....

You can't stand competition in the baths .....

General distrust of Napoleonic Code .....

Get sleepy in bars after 10 p.m. ....

**WHAT TYPE OF THERAPEUTIC TECHNIQUE DO YOU WISH:** (State 1st, 2nd, 3rd choice—not that you have any say in the matter.)

Orthodox psychoanalysis .....

Radical (Leftist) Therapy .....

Weight Watchers .....

**Aversion Techniques:**

(a) Pavlovian-Velickovsky .....

(b) Electric or battery-operated shock .....

(Note: If "b" chosen, state whether you wish restraining or free-thrashing)

(c) 19th Century flogging .....

(d) self-flagellation .....

(Note: hairshirt, \$6 extra)

**Group therapy** ..... (Note: specify type of group desired—e.g., tolerant, hostile, asexual, violent, predominantly Jewish, Democrat, Republican, bleeding heart liberal, WASP, Polish)

Just a good man-to-man talk .....

Any current fad as described in Readers Digest .....

**ALSO PLEASE INDICATE:**

Do you wish daily hormone shots? .....

What flavor? .....

Are you allergic to penicillin? .....

To radishes? .....

What is your tolerance to chemical aids used? .....

List preferred drug .....

(Note: amyl nitrate not acceptable)

Do you wish your analyst to be male ... female ... heterosexual ... a fellow queer ... neuter ... imported ... domestic ...

Would you be more at ease thinking of him as infallible .....

as crazy as you are .....

**When do you wish transference to occur?**

11:45 a.m. .... 7:20 p.m. ....

**DESIRED HETEROSEXUAL LIFE STYLE AFTER MIRACULOUS (CERTIFIED) TRANSFORMATION:**

Polo-playing playboy ..... Football jock

Model for Cosmopolitan Magazine Centerfold ..... Big game hunter

Conservative banker ..... Probation officer

President of U.S. (Senator, Congressman, Boy Scout master

Supreme Court Justice, FBI Director ..... Good husband and provider

Optimistic Vice Squad Captain ..... Opera Impresario

Construction worker or Gigoilo

generally obnoxious bully ..... Bathhouse attendant

Drill Sergeant ..... Pimp

Greek Orthodox Priest ..... Cowboy or lighthouse keeper

Aggressively butch male nurse ..... Aggressively butch airline steward

Corporate Head (ruthlessly aggressive)

**WHICH NOTED MASCULINE PERSONALITY MODEL WOULD YOU MOST DESIRE TO EMULATE:**

Joe Namath	George Plimpton	Charles Atlas	Burt Reynolds
Norman Mailer	John Wayne	Superman	Snoopy
King Kong	Richard M. Nixon	Tommy Manville	Woody Allen
Conrad Hilton	Jim Buckley	Godzilla	Steve McQueen
Norman Rockwell	Tarzan	Abbie Hoffman	Henry Miller
Zorba the Greek	Sonny Tufts	Al Goldstein	Wally Cox
George Washington	Mark Trail	God	Gertrude Stein
Michael Mayne	Ernest Hemingway	Ronald Reagan	Xavier Cugat

**RATES AND DEPTH-OF-TREATMENT GUIDELINES:**

**BARGAIN BASEMENT PLAN "A":** Entitles you to one 50 min. session weekly with renegade Jungian in last car of IND E (Canarsie) train. Treatment lasts 3 months. Guarantees you a more resonant baritone voice and an intense but platonic interest in pre-pubescent girls.

Cost ..... \$39.95 (patient required to supply own crayons and paste)

**MEDIUM MEDIOCRE PLAN "B":** Entitles you to three 50 min. sessions weekly, plus free sauna bath on Wednesday night. Analyst, clinic supervision, courses in creative double-think and embroidery. Treatment lasts 26 weeks with option to renew. Guarantees ability to kick sand in face of skinny guys on beach; intense desire to bite left breast of Raquel Welch and/or Madame Ngo Dinh Nhu.

Cost ..... \$587.53 (drinks not included)

**SUPER-DELUXE SUPER-HETERO PLAN "C":** Entitles you to seven 50 min. sessions weekly for minimum of 25 years. Total access to hilarious files on other patients. Includes field trips to Vienna, Zurich, Kharagpur and Denver. Graduation bonus: patient is allowed to call Dr. George Weinberg a charlatan on Dick Cavett show. Guarantees violent, total and possibly dangerous hatred of homosexuals; plus Karamazovian desire and ambition to rape all womankind without exception or discrimination. Includes full course in Javanese Art of Cunnilingus. (Joy-Jell provided.)

Cost ..... \$10,975 (includes wedding ceremony on The Tonight Show to Playboy Playmate of the Year, plus lavish reception at Grossinger's)

**CREDIT CARDS HONORED:**

American Express	Diners
Bankamerica	Master Charge
Shell Oil	Korvette's
Carte Blanche	Continental Baths Easy Kredit

# I'LL TAKE MANHATTAN

BY VITO RUSSO

Well, here we are again. Time sure does fly when you're having fun. After the things I said in my last column about drag balls, I ran into a lot of "Don't knock it if you haven't tried it" types. If I don't tell you, Jerry Fitzpatrick probably will, so here goes. John Francis Hunter and I got ourselves up like a couple of dime store hookers and tipped off to Frank Quinn's drag ball at the Diplomat Hotel. Officially titled "Two S&M Ladies," we were swept (with a broom, practically) to the gala affair by our escort Jerry Fitzpatrick who refused to walk the 12 blocks from John's house and hustled us into a cab just as we were beginning to do some damage to a few passersby.

So, now I've been to a drag ball and what can I say about it? I'm told by various veterans in attendance that it didn't measure up to better days and better times. I can believe it. From our ringside table, courtesy of Walter Kent, we had a terrific view of the passing parade and various entertainments. It's quite a strange experience being in drag for the first time. Men keep lighting your cigarettes and every time I picked up my drink I hesitated and thought to myself: "This glass isn't mine, it has lipstick on it." For my part, we could have done a quick chorus of "I Enjoy Being A Girl" and split, but JFH, being the trooper he is, insisted on staying to enter the comedy competition. There was only one other contestant and we lost. I'll spare you the gory details. All in all, it was an interesting evening at best. The grand parade was right out of Fellini with costumes of unbelievable proportions indicating more time and money than I care to think about. The two knockouts of the evening were both named Brandy. Brandy Alexander of Club 82 fame did a magnificent strip, ending up in a pair of baggy shorts, pounding his chest like Tarzan. Representing New Jersey, at a ringside table, was the fabulous Brandy of Paterson, all fire and ice, shining for all she was worth, proving that the New Jersey crowd has still got the edge on glamour in this department.

The show outside, after the ball was over, was better than on the inside. An irate lower turned in the fire alarm and the street was a mass of red trucks, hysterical drags and bewildered firemen. A drunk leaned out of a car window and shouted to us "Hey, you girls must be cold." "Yeah," I shot back, "we're freezing our balls off." Whesupon Jerry Fitzpatrick hustled us both into a cab muttering, "Never again!"

\*\*\*

I went to another drag this week at the



Brandy, of Paterson, New Jersey

# THANKS BROTHERS, WE'RE APPLAUDING!



Larry Paulette, a singer of considerable beauty... witty and imaginative.

46th Street Theatre: *No No Nanette*. I've never seen so much uninspired bullshit on one stage in my entire life. I attended the first Sunday matinee and from what I overheard, half of the audience was seeing it for the twelfth time. They all looked like a bus dropped them off outside the theatre. I suppose that it is pleasant and harmless and all that, but at the Bergen Mall in Paramus you can see pleasant any time; in New York, pleasant just isn't good enough. My reason for going at all, of course, was Martha Raye. She alone made it possible for me to sit through all that sugar n' spice without being sick to my little tummy. From the moment the curtain rises, she takes over and for the few scenes she's on stage, the play is worthwhile. Martha Raye, you should know, is a genius of untold magnitude. I am convinced that the immensity of her talent will not be fully appreciated until she is long gone from us. Aside from her superb singing, her comic sense and timing are equalled only by Chaplin and Keaton. You have only to look at her films for the past 40 years to become aware of how good she really is. In pictures like *Hellzapoppin*, *Navy Blues*, *Boys From Syracuse* and, of course, *Monsieur Verdoux*, she proves that she can rise above bad material and match good material to emerge a winner every time.

I mention this for a reason. You may have read about *When We Win*, the new club opening on January 5th. It will be the first attempt at combining film, theatre and cabaret under one roof for a mixed gay and straight audience. To open the weekly film series, which is my job by the way, I have decided to do a retrospect of Ms. Raye's films. I spoke with her about it and she loved the idea. To use her phrase, "Are you kidding? I'd shit!"

We will probably open with *Hellzapoppin* or *Boys From Syracuse* and Martha has promised to be there to introduce the series so it should be quite an event.

On another front, *When We Win* is actively soliciting scripts of any kind to be performed at the club. Anyone wishing to submit a script may contact me through this newspaper. Their first production, *Boy Meets Boy*, a new musical from London, promises to be a smash.

\*\*\*

Paul Newman's *The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-In-The-Moon Marigolds* is a major disappointment. I saw the play on NET before it was produced off-Broadway. It then starred Eileen Heckart as the mother and was performed very simply, using only Paul Zindel's script to make its point. It was a lovely play, full of insight and gentleness and sadness. The film, starring Joanne Woodward, expands the play and embellishes it to the point of parody. The cast has been enlarged to 16 people, most of whom have nothing to do with anything Paul Zindel wrote. It might be called *The Adventures of Beatrice* as interpreted by Joanne Woodward. The science project in which the child Matilda sets out to show the effect of gamma rays on man-in-the-moon marigolds, the basic metaphor of the play, is almost an afterthought in the film. Instead of serving as the center from which we learn about all the characters, it becomes just another episode in the struggles of the mother to deal with her stagnant life. The performers are good, especially Neil Potts as Matilda and Roberta Wallach as her sister Ruth. Joanne Woodward, however, has too many all-stop-out, bravura scenes in which she seems to say, "Look, aren't I

being brilliant?" The general tone of the film is reminiscent of Newman's first (and better) directorial effort *Rachel Rachel* in that its soft tones and subdued, understated photographic style create a shoddy, realistic atmosphere. It will probably do fairly well at the box office on the strength of Woodward's name, but those who saw the play will find nothing in the film to remind them of the quiet despair they felt at the end.

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Two performers, as different as night and day, caught my eye this week and I'm glad I got around to catching their acts. I went to see Larry Paulette at the Mercer Arts Center last weekend and had a ball. So did Larry Paulette, it seems. He is a singer of considerable beauty whose act contains a substantial amount of wit and imagination combined with a genuine sense of what is funny. He came out wearing a pair of pants embellished with so many mirrors that to sit down in them would be risking a century of bad luck. He mixes comedy with serious song very well, opening with "Somebody Come and Play" from *Sesame Street* and moving on to a rendition of "Tell Laura I Love Her" that had the audience in stitches. His interpretation of "Rubber Duckie" is one of the most low-down, sensual things I've ever heard—all without changing a single word. It's good to know that sexual innuendo is not dead.

His polish as an entertainer is established with "Trolley Song" for which he has written his own lyrics. He makes both the song and the audience soar. Mr. Paulette is headlining at the midnight show at the Continental Baths on Saturday, December 9th. If you miss him you're crazy.

My other encounter was more in the nature of a pleasant surprise. I'd been meaning to see Joey Cord for a long time, so when I walked into Walter's Apartment with my mother last week for her birthday dinner, it was a bonus to find that he was singing that night. Joey Cord is a singer of more traditional nature than Larry Paulette, singing songs of life and love with an obvious weakness for both. The way he mesmerizes with songs like "If You Go Away" and "Maybe This Time" are overshadowed only by the realization that he can sing "Hava Nagela" and make you believe you've never heard it before in your life. He turned Walter's Apartment into a gathering of relatives at a wedding. His monologue about the time he was "straight" and dating Camille Cacciatore brought back everyone's high school days in an avalanche of bubble-gum corsages, teased hair and rented tuxes. Joey seems to adore being before an audience. That's why his choice of a Garland medley is so very good—it contains all the old vaudeville numbers which satisfy his passion for communication with his audience.

So, here's to Larry Paulette and Joey Cord; two more in a growing vanguard of gay entertainers who spend their days and nights thinking of ways to make us laugh, cry and applaud. Thanks, brothers, we're applauding.

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Bette Midler's album *The Divine Miss M* is finally very much with us. For a first album it's a knockout. It combines the best of her nostalgia trip with solid renditions of the more contemporary music she seems to be getting more into these days.

Continued on page 16

# THE LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure-dome decree;"

As we pointed out last week, one of the great pleasures in life is discovering a new restaurant before the *Michelin Guide* even lists it. Not only have I discovered a restaurant worth listing in the *Michelin*, I think I have found a new restaurant that before long will, to venture a risky prediction, have a star in the guide.

The last time I made a prediction concerning stars in the *Michelin* I was wrong, having predicted that the two-star *Cote d'Or* at Chatillon-Sur-Seine would rapidly gain a third star. It hasn't. Perhaps I was under the influence of the extraordinary menu I enjoyed there; dinner that evening in the summer of '71 began with a flashing smile from the black-haired, wide-eyed bus boy, and ended with the crepes of the house.

I spent the hours before dinner in my room overlooking a lovely garden, sipping a nicely chilled Chablis. In the dining room the 48-franc menu offered, first, a terrine de caneton with a generous piece of foie gras and black truffle. Next, with a fine Mersault, came several ecrevisses (like baby lobsters) that had been carefully broiled and served swimming in a heavy cream sauce. Lastly, and washed down with a fine Vosse Romanee Beaumont 1966, was a cute little quail, boned, replaced in its skin and then baked in a pastry shell.

Why is one meal so completely memorable and another, perhaps equally good, so quickly forgotten? In this case surely the pleasant surroundings of the inn, the lovely garden, the blushing, youthful waiter and bus boy (obviously brothers), the lack of pretention, and, perhaps mostly, the genuine effort to please by doing things nicely...

Today's story and prediction of a future *Michelin* star concerns a restaurant I can feely write about without fear that, tomorrow, it will be ruined with too much business. It is the *Ristorante Villa Gregoriana* in Tivoli, near Rome.

I did not stumble on the Villa Gregoriana by accident. In fact, we had canvassed every restaurant in Tivoli and finally settled on Villa Gregoriana because it seemed better than the others; the head waiter seemed more patient, the decor less offensive, the menu more varied and



Gregory titles for a party while Jose dices

unlike some other establishments, there were no marble slabs on the wall with names of royalty that had dropped by at one time or another. Why you would want to advertise the fact that Queen Paola or Princess Margaret ate there is incomprehensible. People who would choose a restaurant because a royal party had been there would, no doubt, select their tricks on the basis of what college their M.A. came from.

At any rate, it was particularly important to find someplace decent because I was treating Colin Naylor (Editor, *Art and Artists*) and his loud-mouthed friend Mark; when the company is less than desirable, it is especially important that the restaurant be acceptable. We could not have made a better choice.

We were loud and kept changing our table even though the place was empty. We demanded and got a "view" even though it was pitch dark, and the gardens we overlooked were just as black as everything else. I couldn't choose between a wine I wanted and one the head waiter was pushing, so ordered both. First we had the fettuchini, made in the restaurant's own kitchen, and offered with a fragrant "Bolognese" sauce. Next we all three settled on the trout. The bus boy was sent out into the darkness to "catch" our fish and several minutes later appeared with his fishnet containing our three flapping trout. The fish were presented in a splay, sharp sauce of capers and carrots, of all things. It was brilliant, just as alive

as had been our fishes minutes earlier. I found an inn near Tivoli, the Resimore; from Milan Swissair took us to Zurich. The economy passengers got orange ice cream. First class got instant coffee.

And Swissair dragged us from Zurich to New York. There was a time when Swissair produced something edible. There was some lobster and it was good and fresh. A trout was old and soggy and had to be sent back. A slice of beef was raw, at least. The wines included the usual boring Swissair selection; a mediocre Swiss red, a dreary Swiss white, lots of Mums NV "French Champagne" (as though there were any other kind) and a good Bordeaux, "Smith Haut Lafite." Then they throw a free Kirsch in a little bottle, boxed, at you. "A present from Swissair."

The nicest thing was the new champagne glasses. Midway through the Zurich-New York flight I got to thinking about how nice it would be to have a souvenir glass (two, actually) and when she came by to pour a refill I decided to ask. "My, what nice glasses these are. They're much nicer than the old ones," I said. "Yeah. We only have them on the jumbo." Yes, I swear to god she said JUMBO. I decided to just steal a couple of glasses and, after finishing a glass, I would dump it into my Sabena bag. When I got home I was surprised to find 10 Swissair champagne glasses in the Sabena bag.

Cheers,  
Gregory

dence Torre St. Angelo, with a real Romanesque tower that you couldn't climb up and stayed there, returning to Villa Gregoriana at least five more times. One lunch, served outside on a terrace perched high above gardens built by Pope Gregory something-or-other in the 18th century, began with "La bandiera"—three different freshly made pastas baked in cheese and meat sauce; it was followed by "Trota in camicia" or a trout baked in a crepe and stuffed with cheese. For wine there was a house white Frascati that wasn't really very interesting.

Another meal began with "Crespelle Villa Gregoriana"—a crepe stuffed with ricotta cheese and broiled. Next was a steak tartare mixed at table and, in terms of presentation, by far the most impressive tartare this writer has ever sampled. Unfortunately, the beef itself, having been freshly ground, was, perhaps, not sufficiently aged and lacked body. To drink was a red wine from Montepulchiano, a nicely balanced red that reminds one of both a claret and a Beaujolais if you can imagine them mixed. It's a full and fine red from a lovely renaissance village that is decaying and impoverished.

Yet another repas started with the "Tagliatelle di casa alla Bolognese," fragile, flat noodles in a sublime sauce. Next was a house specialita—"Medaglioni Lucullo"—veal with raw ham and truffle (couldn't find the truffle this time, even though searched for the "white" Italian version) that was remarkably tender and, what was even more remarkable, the veal pieces were still pink inside, not overcooked. To drink was the specially bottled house red—another remarkably full, tasty wine from Montepulchiano that they were practically giving away...

Oh, there was more... stuffed cold zucchini, tiny, dark green fagiolini... The restaurant is the hobby of Dr. Aldo Pacifici, Professor of Economics at the University of Rome; it is housed on the first floor of the family summer home.

The waiters seemed proud of the place and, if you asked to be served slowly, they'd do just that.

\*\*\*

We left Tivoli for Milan; Ferrovie dello Stato threw a plastic tray in our lap because they don't have dining cars any

# PEN POINTS

Dear GAY,

I really have to be pretty enraged to write a letter of complaint, but Vito Russo's review of the atrocious *Off-Off-Broadway* play *The Bitches* has driven me to it.

It happens that I have produced in the theatre myself but even if I were just a layman I'd certainly know garbage when I saw it and that play was garbage all the way through. For any kind of a critic to endorse it and to praise the acting was an insult to anyone's intelligence, since only one person in it could qualify for membership to an apprenticeship school, let alone Actor's Equity.

Since I'm not a critic, there's no need for me to review it (it hardly deserved the space it received the first time). However, if Mr. Russo has any aspirations whatsoever towards advancing himself in that field, he'd better look up the word "taste" and try to acquire some before seeing another play. The only other possible explanation I can think of for his endorsement of this ludicrous attempt at playwrighting is that he feels a gay-themed play should be given a chance to be seen. Well, if so, Mr. Russo, you go back and see it AGAIN but spare us the insufferable

dialogue, grade-school acting and sub-workshop direction.

Rick Mandell

ED. NOTE: Perhaps you have confused the GAY review with the review in *After Dark* which praised *The Bitches*. GAY's reviewer, Vito Russo, said that he liked the performances (as distinguished from acting) but that in his review he had written that "the bad grossly outweighs the good," that the play was "pretty defeating," that it was "incredibly racist" and that he was so "uncomfortable and embarrassed" he wanted to "crawl under a chair." He also wrote that he resented the play and that he felt it set gays back "a whole generation for the sake of a few laughs" (GAY 88, p. 5) In other words, Vito actually agreed with you, albeit from a different angle.

Dear GAY,

I am more than a little perturbed by the editor's comment concerning my criticism of the use of the word shit, viz., "A substitute word? Feces, perhaps? Or manure?" Surely this is a flippant, irrelevant reply. My criticism has to do with the fact that the word shit is used in your columns for things other than shit! It is

used to denote all kinds of disagreements, frustrations, etc. In short, it is a figure of speech. Therefore I still insist that any columnist who cannot make use of other words is extremely limited in his vocabulary and imagination.

J.H.W.

Wilmington, Del.

ED. NOTE: Please, sir, excuse our flippancy. We will try to get our shit together.

Dear GAY,

John Wojtowicz, a gay man, has been placed in jail and will be there for quite some time. Gay groups in both boroughs of Brooklyn and Manhattan have turned away, refusing any financial help of any kind.

Contributions are needed desperately to get a fair trial, court fees and proper health benefits. I beg the reading public to please send what you can. Every dollar helps more than you can imagine.

If you can help please send your check, money order or cash to: P.O. Box 226, Brooklyn, NY 11217. Make payable to John Wojtowicz.

Your contributions will go to helping one who has no one to turn to. Please help him as no one else will. By the way,

I am John Wojtowicz's (AKA Littlejohn Basso's) homosexual wife, Ernest Aron. My friends call me Liz Eden.

Thank you for your help!

Ernest Aron

Liz Eden

ED. NOTE: Walt Whitman said: "Not until the sun excludes you do I exclude you." John Wojtowicz, the famed "gay bankrobber," deserves, as does everyone, to realize that he is not as lonely as he feels. A little bit of human kindness goes a long way in rehabilitating a person who must serve a prison term.

Dear GAY,

Thank you for printing the letter on "How To Get A Lover" (Nov. 15, 1972). Your advice was just what I personally needed.

I am 24 years old, have had 3 lovers when I lived in New York. I just recently moved to Rapid City, S.D. to go to school.

Since I've been here this year, I've tried to find a lover. Every trick was a potential, I tried so hard to convince them to

Continued on page 16

# JERRY'S SPHERE

(continued from page 2)

- 5. **HARRY'S BACK EAST** has been around a long time. The scores of cruisy men who frequent this makeshift den are reason enough to make it a stop during the evening's revivies. Of course, more likely than not you won't make it any further. There is usually someone for everyone. The people are friendly and available.
- 6. **NEW JIMMY'S** was the first supper club in New York. My big brother Carl is preparing the food. The service and the drinks are superb. The musician's musician, Johnny Savoy, along with Bobby Valdez, accompany my favorite songbird Judy Sexton. Another big plus is that fantastic song stylist Juanita Fleming. A good place for a good time.
- 7. **THE SPIKE** has been my lucky spot for a while. If you're into leather and western, this must be a place. Several nights over the past year I've ended up here marveling at the oiled muscular bodies. I'm not into anything heavy and I've found some interesting diversions here. While I admire the eagle, I'm just not that heavy into the scene. THE SPIKE has a more relaxed atmosphere.
- 8. **PICADILLY PUB** over on the west side is more to my way of thinking. They greet you at the door with a smile and that smile lasts during your stay. Nathan is the humpy manager. The people are not cliquey. They are warm and friendly and not afraid of striking up a conversation with newcomers. You will never feel out of place.
- 9. **BEAU GESTE** looks like a movie set. You can take your pick of the Cooper classic or the Bogart-Bergman classic "Casablanca." The food is good and the price is right. The B.G. boasts some of the sexiest waiters in Gotham (i.e. Dan Riley). After dinner you can find good cruising at the upstairs bar. Jack and Thom will tend to the libations. Cozy and comfortable every time.
- 10. **BROTHERS & SISTERS** over in the "dance belt" gets its share of show folk and "gypsies." It is unique in that it is a conversation bar. The tables and chairs are comfortable. Some of the beauties that pass into those portals will leave you fanning a lot. There is a genuine feeling of camaraderie among the regulars and lots of room for newcomers. You'll want to hold onto the bar for support after gazing at barkeep Dennis.

Well, there it is. My list of "favorites" for Christmas '72. It wasn't easy leaving out SINGLES, OUR PLACE and the YUKON among others. There are also some new bars that I'm sure will be on later lists, such as TY'S, the RAMROD, the MEATRACK and a few more. If you are coming to New York for the holidays I'm sure that you will not be disappointed in the number of bars and the variety therein. From discos to quiet conversation bars, leather and western to TV bars; New York has them all. I'm sure you'll find one to your liking.

P.S. I had to leave out PIPERS because I work there. Conflict of interest.

**SOME MORE CHRISTMAS GOODIES:** I received a letter from a George M. George has asked me why there isn't a bar that caters to the older GAY. He asks why the GAY world is youth oriented. George, the entire structure of American society is youth oriented. It is a sad fact, but true. You talk about older gays associating with their peers, and of being rejected by the younger GAYS. Here is my Christmas message to both age groups. First, George, how did you react to older GAYS when you were younger? Were you courteous? Did you court their counsel? Did you respect their age and their judgment? Or, did you reject them as old fuddy duddies? I realize that you did not write the letter to receive a sermon or lecture. I'm trying to both answer your questions and do a little philosophizing. I don't think any bar caters to an "age" group per se. I will admit that most managers will cater to the youth because where the pretty youth goes, you'll be sure to find the older crowd following. Most managers will agree that it is the older crowd that spends the money and you will see the older crowd catered to for this reason. If you are propositioned by a younger GAY for money, the management would more than likely want to know about it. They are running saloons, not brothels. But, as long as the older GAYS are willing to pay for sex, there will be younger GAYS prepared to sell. (A painful truth, not only in the GAY

world but also in the straight. Take a walk around Times Square or Lexington Ave. some day.) You claim that most older GAYS prefer to associate with their peers. To a certain extent I will agree, but in working the bars I have seen many a young man being downright accosted by an older man, too. I honestly don't think that a bar strictly for older GAYS would be much fun, profitable or feasible. My grandparents are both in their 80's and they take great pleasure being among younger people. Yes, they have friends their own age but they also court the younger generation to try to keep up with the times. In my opinion, a very healthy attitude is to feel the need to keep up-to-date. I am not advocating all older GAYS going to the teenybopper bars in the latest junior fashions and to bugaloo. But, I'm sure, there are many intelligent younger GAYS who realize a lot of the wisdom that comes with experience and maturity. (I still seek counsel from an older friend named Alan Jackson.) Seek these people out. I'm sure that you and your friends might have some seeds of wisdom to plant in these young minds. I've met an awful lot of youngsters who would relish an older GAY as confidant. They want to TALK AND FEEL SECURE. They are not seeking sex. How many times I've heard complaints that an older confidant had turned out to be a leech in disguise! (I can understand this also. It is man's nature, straight and gay, to have the need for an ego boost. What better way than to find he is sexually attractive to a younger male [gay] or female [straight]). I've always advocated no more than a three-year difference in age and here—my lover is almost ten years my junior. Sometimes it happens, sometimes not. Also, George, you mention GAY "social life." Social life does not begin and end in the bars!!! In this day and age there are many groups and organizations needing people to help out. Many of the older GAYS are probably professionals, etc., who could give immense aid to these youngsters fighting for civil rights. Many older GAYS may see these younger people as radicals and worse. Why not go to a GAA, MATTACHINE, W.S.D.G. GAB, etc., meeting and meet these kids? See if you could be of some help. To me, a lot of them are running around like chickens (no pun) with their heads cut off. They need some guidance. Show them that not all of the older generation are sticking their heads in the sand and afraid to come out of the closet. (Morris Kight, one of the leaders of GAY LIBERATION in L.A., is well into his 50's.) There is much to be done and we need all the help we can muster. Get involved in what is happening NOW. You can use your maturity and still be "young at heart." And, a word to you younger GAYS. Don't believe for a minute that a man or woman past a certain age is obsolete. I can understand that you want to be with people your own age in bed. But go out and talk to some of your older brothers and sisters. They have been where you are. They might be able to give you some hints. And, remember, my loves, "as you sow, so shall ye reap." None of you is getting any younger!!! In this holiday celebrating the birth of the Prince of Peace and love, let's get it together. We have no age in HIS eyes; we are all his children.

CHRISTOPHER STREET LIBERATION

**DAY COMMITTEE NEEDS HELP!** Anybody with some spare time and who is interested in helping make this year's GAY PRIDE MONTH AND PARADE the BEST YET, please come down to the Firehouse. The next committee meeting is Tuesday, December 12th at 7:00 p.m.

**WATCH OUT SAN FRANCISCO'S FOLSOM ST.** The "Miracle Mile" has BIG competition from New York's West St. Walking down Christopher St. you'll pass TY'S, a sure bet to become a classic. It's brand new and exciting. The beauties behind the bar are Doric, Ed and Jim. Down on West St. start your hike at KELLERS. It is probably the longest running bar of its type in the country. (Almost 15 years.) Cover boy, Tony Collado, will make you want to stay. Up the road a piece you'll find N.Y.'s RAMROD. Another brand new entry that was jammed the opening night. (GAY was well represented by J.F.H., Vito Russo, Steve, Thane Hampton and yours truly—with Mike.) Right across the street is PETER RABBIT, by now a favorite, with relaxed atmosphere and, are you ready, dancing! There's a small trek up to the MEATRACK at 14th. Wild new decor and a few surprises. Jeff, Kevin and Jack will supply the booze, you supply the ideas. Up to 20th St. and the SPIKE. I've already said it at the beginning of this column. And, ending the new "leather way," the one and only EAGLE. Macho is the key word. And you name the game. I would say the epitome of a "leather" bar. I told you New York has everything. (If you're over on the east side, stop into the BARN and say hello to Neftly. It's big and brawny.)

**SANTA'S COMING(?)** In this holiday season I hope that all of you find a time to relax and contemplate. Once more remember whose birthday we are celebrating. It has been said repeatedly that GAYS have a tendency not to grow up, that we remain more like children than our straight counterparts. (Please, Mr. Nixon, don't take that for a fact.) If that is true then wouldn't that mean that we were more the "Children of God"? Christ said "blessed are the children." We are the children of love, not war. The Christ that I learned about was a man of love. I therefore contend that we are living in a more Christ-like fashion than most. Let's not forget it!!!

**PERSONALITY PROFILE.** Bebe Scarpi (C.S.L.D.P.C.) is a dynamo of energy. Whipping into the Firehouse for a committee meeting, he can finish a minimum



Bebe Scarpi appears at Our Place

of three conversations before sitting down. Not one to waste time on rhetoric, Bebe gets down to brass tacks FAST. Bebe has agreed to keep the minutes of each meeting and has done so with style and wit. (First time I ever got a chuckle reading "minutes.") Bebe is as bound and determined as the rest of the committee that this is going to be a no-nonsense parade. Bebe will not let anybody get up-tight and the wit soothes any ruffled feathers swiftly. Bebe has warned fellow TVs that if they don't show up to help, hers will be the only voice heard in their behalf. But what a beautiful voice of GAY unity it is. BRAVA!

**THIS WILL BE A VERY HAPPY CHRISTMAS** for me personally. Mike brought the "spirit" of Christmas with him on his arrival. My greatest wish for this holiday season is that all of you find the "spirit" in your hearts that I have found in mine. Instead of giving Arpege, try giving a little of yourselves. I promise that you'll receive much more than a Christmas thank you note. Take a chance; it's worth it.

**HAPPY CHANUKAH, MERRY CHRISTMAS & A JOYOUS HOLIDAY SEASON TO ALL!** Love & peace, Je

## Manhattan

Continued from page 14

My favorite is "Am I Blue," a terrific arrangement, beautifully handled. Ms. Midler left for the coast last Sunday to play the Boardinghouse in San Francisco and The Troubadour in Los Angeles. After that, it's back to the Big Apple for her concert at Philharmonic Hall on New Year's Eve. The lady is on her way.

\*\*\*

**Still Shots:** From my favorite gossip columnist Arthur "Louella" Bell, the following cast of the upcoming Broadway show, *The Women*: Rosemary Harris, Tammy Grimes, Alexis Smith, Myrna Loy, Rhonda Fleming, Kate Reid and Peggy Cass. I defy you to guess who's playing what... There was a bomb scare at the Roadhouse the other night. Quite a scene with people standing outside singing "Maybe This Time" and comments to the police like "Hell, I remember in the old days when they used to call this a raid!" The thing that impressed me was the Roadhouse staff. They treated the customers like family and were genuinely concerned. There should be more places like that around... *Dear Oscar* closed the night before I was scheduled to go... did anybody see it... I see by way of a press release that *The Bitches* is moving off-Broadway. How about the South Bronx?... I'll leave you with my new-found Dorothy Parker line, courtesy of Harriet Van Home of the Post. It seems that Ms. Parker was at a particularly boring dinner party and loudly muttered, "If I'd brought along my top drawer, I could be cleaning it out now." Why couldn't I think of that at my parents' on Thanksgiving? Have a Merry Christmas. God Bless.

## PENPOINTS

Continued from page 15

"love me." Well, after reading the Editor's Note, I've come to realize that what you said makes plenty of sense—love will come, so why not enjoy what is happening while you can.

I think there are many people like Mike and myself who are searching for, but leave out the most important aspect of finding a lover—"Return love and happiness."

Using the N.Y. way of speech, maybe you should know of someone coming to South Dakota who wants a lover—I'm here, waiting, praying, etc.

Thank you, Jeremy Moss

**Dear GAY,**  
Far-out, hysterical, short-sighted gays, consciously and indifferently helped to re-elect Nixon and it should never be forgotten or easily forgiven during the next four years of increasing repression and the legal march backward.

The theme seems to have been "All or nothing! Nixon is hopeless so let's defeat our friends if they won't take our 100% dictation."

McGovern said he was sympathetic to our goals. He and his staff listened to our suggestions. Nothing could more realistically have been done without deliberately

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<p><b>CLASSIFIED ADS</b></p> <h3>Classified Ads</h3> <p>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.</p> <p>GAY is unable to accept phone numbers for either Wanton Ads or Classified Ads. Phone numbers will be printed only on display ads.</p> <p>NATIONALLY KNOWN transsexual will teach all interested in learning the art of makeup. Learn all that is necessary to be beautiful. Contact: Elizabeth Eden, 357 Dean St., Brooklyn, NY 11217. Include phone no. &amp; photo if possible.</p> <p>NUDE NEGRO MALE MODELS. Handsome young men of truly classic proportions. 2B—David; 4A—Melvin; 9H—Reuben; 18V—Raoul; 17W—Frank. Each set, 8 top quality 5x7 prints, \$5. Please add 50c postage. Alexander, Box 1275, Manhattanville Sta., NYC, NY 10027.</p> <p>ELDERLY COMPANION WANTED: middle-aged bachelor wants neat, intelligent, retired gentleman in his 60s or 70s to share nice 2 bedroom apt. Free board &amp; room. Recent picture absolute necessity. Walter Bauer, Box 1208, Minneapolis, Minn. 55440.</p> <p>YOUNG MALE WILLING to entertain local young white men &amp; out-of-town visitors. Letter, phone, photo: Box 2875 Detroit 48231.</p> <p>61-YEAR-OLD RETIREE desires pen-pal to discuss home &amp; school corporal punishment. No S&amp;M, Drawer G, Hunker, Pa. 15639.</p> <p>HOUSEBOY—looking for young man under 25 to be houseboy. For 2 men, 26. Will have own room, food &amp; salary. Write &amp; send phone no. to: Stelker, 1104 26th St., North Bergen, NJ 07047.</p> <p>SHY GUY, 26, seeks introduction to gay pleasure by guy 21 to 35. I'm blond, 6'2", 165 lbs. &amp; am otherwise interested in literature &amp; hiking. R. Owen, 40 Grand St., Apt. 2C, NYC 10013.</p> <p>CHUBBY CHASER, 40s, handsome, seek men over 300 lbs. Photo, phone: Box 34, East White Plains, NY 10604.</p> <p>FEELING GROOVY? But home alone? Turn on to our new LP record, "Love, Gay Style." Listen to the sweet sounds of two hot young men passionately enjoying themselves. Side two eavesdrops on a wild S&amp;M party. Both sides are heavily explicit. Record is sent in unmarked package. Send \$5.98 &amp; 50c postage to: P.M. Records, 1800 N. Highland, no. 616, Hollywood, Calif. 90028. Order now &amp; receive 5 free nude photos. You must state that you are 21.</p> <p>PITTSBURGH AREA—attractive W/M, 23, 6', 168, seeks goodlooking sincere guys to 27 for fun &amp; friendship. No drugs, fats or S&amp;M. Write with photo &amp; phone to: Tom, Box 4104, Pgh., Pa. 15202.</p> <p>YOUNG WHITE GUY, 25, slim, would like to meet same to 25 for friendship &amp; fun. Photo &amp; phone if possible: PO Box 106, Peck Slip Sta., NYC 10038.</p> <p>GOLKING GWM, 26, dips far-out sex, esp. S&amp;M; seeks outlying GWMs for same. Write: PO Box 1097, Peter Stuyvesant Sta., NYC 10009.</p> <p>BLACK &amp; LATIN friends wanted by sincere, flexible, well-endowed, blond, blue-eyed guy. Well established, 32, hot, wide interests. Promise a fantastic time &amp; sincere relationship, if desired: Photo &amp; phone a must. NY area only. Occupant, Box 308, Gracie Sta., NYC 10028.</p>	<p><b>WANTON ADS</b></p> <p>GAY COMMUNE (est. 1963; solvent; town house, ranch; etc.) seeks serious young gay heads who dig communal living, philosophy, religion, psychedelics, sex-trips, music, art, esoteric study, self-development, etc. Must be serious, young, together, unattached, sex-oriented, anal (top required, bottom optional). No fannies, queens, hustlers, SM. Photo, phone, frank reply—or no answer: Box 5871, Grand Cent. Sta., NYC 10017.</p> <p>ALTOONA-JOHNSTOWN, PA.—gay private club—now open—plus atmosphere, dancing, bar, over-night accommodations, sauna bath. Membership only. Write for application. Keystone Travel Club, PO Box 583, Altoona, Pa. 16603.</p> <p>EULENSPIEGEL, the society for the needs, interests &amp; rights of "S/M" people, will hold a women's nite (all orientations, but no men) Fri., Jan. 5, 8 pm, Church of the Holy Apostles, Rectory Office on 28th St. at 9th Ave. Social, refreshments, informal discussion. Qon. \$1.</p> <p>MALE MODELS NEEDED for classic period film. Not hard-core. Photo to: Kerr, 105 E. 15th no. 4, NYC 10003.</p> <p>ERIC STEPHEN JACOBS, photographer for GAY, will do portraits of you for portfolios, composites or resumes. Write c/o Box 431, Old Chelsea Sta., NYC 10011 for information.</p> <p>EULENSPIEGEL, the society for the needs, interests &amp; rights of "S/M" people, will have a gay nite (gays &amp; bisexuals of both sexes) Tues., Dec. 19 at 8 pm, Church of the Holy Apostles, Rectory Office on 28th St. at 9th Ave. Social, refreshments, informal discussion. Don. \$2.</p>	<p><b>ADVERTISEMENT</b></p> <p><b>BIG, BLACK &amp; BEAUTIFUL MALE MODEL</b> 260-4055 Sample Photo \$2.00 PAUL LAKE PO Box 818 Madison Sq. Sta. New York, N.Y. 10010</p>	<p><b>ADVERTISEMENT</b></p> <p><b>MASCULINE, ATTRACTIVE MODEL</b> 6'2", 180 lbs. 41" chest, 32" waist Available Days, Evenings 929-3449 Kerry</p>
<p><b>HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES</b> French Eng. (Dom-Pass) Greek</p> <p>Now introducing co-educational services. Have added new fleet of masseurs to our already renowned streamlined fleet of masseurs &amp; masseuses.</p> <p>Call For Marc, Barry or Jeff RA 4-7105 - Anytime Seven Days A Week</p> <p>Queens Manhattan</p>	<p><b>CLIMAX YOUR DAY</b></p> <p>after a stimulating body rub by young French masseur in complete privacy of your home.</p> <p>Ely or Studio 563-0835</p>	<p><b>UP YOUR AD</b></p> <p>place it in GAY, America's most distinctive and widely-read publication</p> <p>Contact Stefani Lyon for information. 749-6675 or 989-1660</p>	<p>ERIC STEPHEN JACOBS PHOTOGRAPHER</p> <p>PORTRAITS PORTFOLIOS COMPOSITES RESUMES</p> <p>CALL (212) 852-3148 FOR APPOINTMENT EVENINGS AND WEEKENDS</p>
<p><b>MODEL</b></p> <p>Part American Indian, the rest all American. 5'9", 160 lbs., fascinating body. Interested in doing the type of modeling that would please you most.</p> <p>CALL 741-2978</p>	<p><b>YOUNG MASCULINE MASSEUR</b></p> <p>For the Discerning Male Call Phil D'Angelo Anytime 873-2196</p>	<p><b>THE LICENSED FRENCH MASSEUR</b></p> <p>gives you a complete, totally relaxing massage, the way you like it.</p> <p>Studio Residence call Victor - 245-3136</p>	<p><b>MASSAGE BY TONY THE GREEK</b></p> <p>For Complete Satisfaction Studio or Residential Call 242-3710 Anytime</p>
<p><b>Wanton Ads</b></p> <p>38-28-37, ULRIC, W. 98, esteems black-ness.</p> <p>DETROIT AREA WHITE MALE, 29, will pose nude. Also massages given. Send \$5 for sample photos, phone no. &amp; information: Boxholder, Box 186, Mt. Clemens, Mich. 48043.</p> <p>LOOKING FOR SOMEBODY who'll go all out to help you? Try me. Private, group. Send SSE. Charles Hurch (authored "The Feel-It"/Bathhouse Books), 210 5th Ave., NYC 10010.</p> <p>YOUNG MAN, 21, seeks young men. All nationalities welcome. I speak Polish &amp; a little English. Write to: DLD No. 44, 310 Franklin St., Boston, Mass. 02110.</p> <p>LIBRARY SERVICE, INC. Offering quality adult gay fiction; has a new brochure. Write today for an immediate reply. Write: Library Service, Inc., Dept. G, PO Box 20308, San Diego, Calif. 92120.</p>	<p><b>MASSAGE</b></p> <p><b>BY TONY THE GREEK</b></p> <p>For Complete Satisfaction Studio or Residential Call 242-3710 Anytime</p>	<p><b>MASSAGE</b></p> <p><b>BY TONY THE GREEK</b></p> <p>For Complete Satisfaction Studio or Residential Call 242-3710 Anytime</p>	<p><b>MASSAGE</b></p> <p><b>BY TONY THE GREEK</b></p> <p>For Complete Satisfaction Studio or Residential Call 242-3710 Anytime</p>
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Tired of the bars?  
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GSF is perhaps the most successful means in the U.S. of bringing gay people together. Find out why more people are getting involved with the new GSF.

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GSF Organization - G-92  
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Los Angeles, CA 90046

Yes, John, I'm interested in learning more about the GSF Organization and how I can expand my social life. I enclose \$1.00 for postage and handling.

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Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Zip \_\_\_\_\_ Phone No. \_\_\_\_\_

**BEAUTIFUL BOYS UNLIMITED**

Studio or Residential Available  
5 W. 16th St., Corner 5th Ave.  
All Types Facilities  
675-9800

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. 11 am to 12 pm

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

Male Models Wanted

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ANYTIME  
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**BONDAGE!**  
Bondage pictures, devices, and correspondence. See-meat nude slave woman! For club magazine and photo illustrated brochure, send \$3.00 to: W.A.S.A.V.C., P.O. Box 2379, Houston, Texas 77035 Dept. G

**QUEENS AREA**

Complete Oil Rub by Young Italian.  
Satisfaction Guaranteed.  
John 298-7886

# PENPOINTS

Continued from page 16

inviting disaster by the majority bigots. By disrupting speeches and other stupid tactics the shrill gays seemed to indicate they would not be satisfied until or unless McGovern signed his name to a ruinous statement by saying he personally would like nothing better than regular blowjobs and opening himself to ruinous enemy attacks as a homosexual himself. By going as far as he did and could go ("I don't believe in discrimination because of sexual orientation," etc.) he possibly lost millions of votes. George Meany said, at a labor convention in Las Vegas, "George McGovern had time to listen to and get the backing of queers, but not the plumbers."

Because of this, one would have thought gays would have felt an obligation to offset the labor defections by getting out and ringing doorbells. But no, they continued to treat McGovern, not Nixon, as the enemy, even though the latter's man, McGovern, said, "We want a majority but that doesn't include the perverts." Other gays were just too busy cruising to bother. Change in the law is the key to all our efforts. By continuing to pack the Supreme Court with his near-darling, reactionary henchmen, Nixon has mixed and will continue to frustrate our hopes for the rest of the century. With attitudes, actions and spathy in this campaign, most gays don't need enemies. They defeat themselves.

In Despair  
(Name Withheld)

**Dear GAY,**  
By failure to police its ads, GAY has become a party to spreading a good deal of disappointment among its gay brothers who see The Club Baths' big, beautiful ads.

These ads hide the fact that, unlike The Club in New York, most Club Baths in other cities are open only to members. But many of GAY's readers outside of New York find out they can't enter only when they reach the door. I found this out at Chicago's Club Baths recently. I tried to explain, in advance by telephone, that in Minneapolis the baths are open to everyone, as in New York, without memberships. The attendant rudely slammed down his telephone. Basic honesty and decency would seem to require that when The Club advertises to the general public—for something that it rudely refuses to offer to the general public—it at least say so in its ads. A simple asterisk after every "members only" location would do it.

Some of GAY's readers from smaller cities have traveled, sometimes hundreds of miles, specifically to enjoy the delights proclaimed in The Club's ads and sometimes in GAY's news columns. It's a dirty trick to disappoint them at the door, and it's a shame that GAY doesn't insist its advertisers tell the full truth.

Why doesn't The Club sell nationwide memberships through its GAY ads, rather than just at its New York location? At the least, can't they provide lessons in politeness to the staff?

H.E.  
Minneapolis, Minn.

**ED. NOTE:** It is true that in many cities the Club Baths charge an extra fee for "membership." Outside of the wide-open cities the management of such baths are somewhat more paranoid about rowdy types or plainclothesmen. They feel, evidently, that a "membership" helps to prevent undesirable influxes. A telephone call often makes a bath attendant even more uneasy. Usually, if you go to the Club Baths in other cities and ask for a membership, they'll present one to you without a squabble. But you are quite right that a simple asterisk might be feasible. The Club Baths pays for its ads, however, and we editors can't tamper with their copy. Perhaps your letter may serve as a suggestion to the Club management—which, incidentally, is gay. The chain is gay owned.

# girl

(continued from page 12)

bartender Tony Black's Gay Knight costume in the Camp division. With metal visor down, long black hair and plumes spewing from his authentic helmet, and a butch Medieval breastplate contrasting with black tights, mesh hose and platform heels, the then-mysterious Gay Knight easily routed the other Camp finalists. It was far more than lady's day: It was a day for jumbling old-fashioned restrictions in dress and concepts of what drag is all about!

## ROADHOUSE MILESTONE

Then came the Roadhouse's Ultimate Polish Joke party, where dozens of super-butch Village pool players wore outrageous gowns right out of *Madwoman of Chailot* with hirsute bodies peeking through gaps and bows on their mustaches. I dressed straight that day and felt like a wallflower.

On Halloween I ventured down to the Roadhouse alone in the precursor of my Thanksgiving ball S&M outfit, and again felt like a wallflower. This time because only a small percentage of the guests were in costume and that certain machismo prevailed. Several one-time sack mates avoided me. It smarted.

Looking back over my life, I recall it was the hurt of people's sneering that prevented my enjoying the pleasure of cross-dressing as an adult. Why, as a little tyke I gloried in the furs and chiffons and feathers and glitter of my lovely older sisters and beauty-queen cousin—until everybody admonished, "Boys don't do that!"

In high school I appeared in a musical, *Cynthia's Strategy*, masquerading as a girl, trying to compromise the real girl's father so that he couldn't object to her and my getting married, showing him up as a philanderer, see? I shall never forget that moment when a football hero, Chester Crabtree, came up to me with something like lust in his eye and whispered, "Hudson, you should have been a snatch!"

In college I persuaded several athlete fraternity brothers to roam the campus with me in drag selling tickets to our upcoming Burly-Q-Ball and it created a stir of sorts. The president of the student body, a Greek comrade, said, "Hudson, if you'd pull your teeth I'd marry you!" I thought I was straight then and didn't pick up on more direct proposals from other BMOG brothers who, I realize now looking back, were more fraternally interested in me than custom decreed—as I was in them.

## ROBOTS AND CREATORS

What a pity that, being imitative creatures, we let imitation and conformity carry us so far that we miss out on possible deep relationships, good times and greater insights into the social order which is taken for granted by most. Who wants to be like most? Robots. Wouldn't we all like to be outstanding? How imaginative are Lee, Bebe, et al, how bold and original to imitate something other than what society dictates is an object worthy of sping! They looked around and saw something different they'd pattern themselves after in their formative stages—with the original twist being that their genitalia didn't match the costume. How I admire their creativity!

Like most gays, I have spent most of my life—including much of the so-called "liberated" era since a few months after Stonewall—limiting myself according to straight precepts and concepts of what a "man" should do and how a "man" should dress. Forlorn! Straight men are abjectly, maybe irrevocably repressed, circumscribed, confined by materialism that keeps them in line and ready to sacrifice themselves as cannon fodder in patriotic reverence. Isn't it insane as gays to want

to be like them?

## OH, TO BE HEDY!



Tony Black is the Gay Knight

In my more nearly "natural" state as a kid I wanted to look like Hedy Lamarr. I was positively enamored of her in *Strange Woman* and *Experiment Perilous* and *Tortilla Flat*. So enamored that I wanted to be her, which seems to me now to have been quite rational. She always got what she wanted, on screen. If somebody had told me at Frankie's ball that I looked like Hedy I'd have been thrilled beyond words. Ordinarily, my aspiration would be something other, no less valid at the moment, probably, but different. I'm glad to have had this experience.

Ticking off what non-gay (hardly straight in the hippie perjorative sense of the word) males I'd care to be like, I can think of only a few. One of them is

George Weinberg, who is sure enough of his masculinity to write a heretical book, heretical by contemporary society's standards, proposing that society is dismal in its homophobia and that being gay is fine, sans straight-imposed homophobia gay-style. He's as innovative as the transvestites I've mentioned, an original surely. I've appreciated him since I've known him, but going out in drag makes me appreciate him more. People say, "He must be gay," meaning that as a put-down, and he smiles. People may have said of me in drag, "He's actually effeminate," meaning that as a put-down, and I'm smiling. Until the so-called effeminate comes to be as prized as the masculine we have made no progress, the sexual/cultural revolution has not yet succeeded. The connection between George's situation and mine, in all of ours, may seem tenuous. To me it's apparent and sound. I made it as a result of the drag ball, just as one contemplates how many angels can stand on the head of a pin when he is beholding a field of daffodils or appraising the heavens on a starry night...

Want a fresh perspective, gay brother? Get out your sister's, mother's, girl friend's or wife's gear one of these nights and then, baby, invent. Feel it, intellectualize later. I'd like to be instrumental in your having a flash of something warm and beautiful, just as Frankie, Walter, Lee, Vito, Pudgy and the others were instrumental in my having mine. Call it a hot flash if you want. But go for one. False tits may take you to the stars.

## GAYS ARE POLICE BRUTALITY VICTIMS SAYS STATE REPORT

Philadelphia, Penna. A report highly critical of the Philadelphia police department, charging it with brutality, harassment and misconduct against minority groups—including this city's large gay community, was "found" at the Justice Department in Washington five weeks after it had been sent there, it was disclosed here recently.

The report, which says "possibly a majority" in the city feel alienated by the police force, specifically cites blacks, the young and homosexuals as suffering the most from police policies, which one section of the report concludes "in sections" of the city, because of concentrations of homosexuals, amounts to a "ghetto" situation where arbitrary harassment is frequently reported.

William Blakey, assistant director for the Pennsylvania State Advisory Committee of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights which prepared the 93-page report last summer, said here November 15 that the report was located by a Justice Department official the day before only after being repeatedly questioned about it.

According to Blakey, the report had been referred to the Justice Department on October 12.

The report, based on 18 months of study by the committee, includes testimony by 14 witnesses, concludes that the Philadelphia police department "has become a closed system in terms of responsibility and accountability" and calls for a broad set of remedial changes in police operations—including the creation of a "nonpartisan citywide citizens' board" to guide police department policy, hear complaints and discipline policemen.

In addition, the study recommends that special procedures be adopted for expunging arrest records in non-capital cases when charges are dismissed or not prosecuted. At present, arrest records are kept on file even if the charges are later dropped which the report denounced as "especially reprehensible" and "oppressive against individuals who, even without a single conviction, become suspect on the basis of having been arrested, frequently on a charge no more substantial than 'suspicion.'"

(continued on page 22)

# boys

Continued from page 7

sessions," Chris explained, obviously forgetting it was being used the previous evening during my visit. "It's too noisy." The television was blaring just six feet away just beyond the partition.

The mattress on which the boy was lying was slightly larger than a single, less than double size. It rested on a platform, obviously homemade out of rough unfinished lumber.

"The City made us build massage tables," Chris explained. "It's a regulation."

A boy stuck his head in to say the next room was empty now and we proceeded there. A mattress rested on the floor. The sheets were used but not filthy.

"The Health Department made us take out the waterbeds," Chris observed bitterly. "And we don't have pillows because they're not allowed."

"And the shower?" I probed.

"Oh, that is off the room at the end and that room is being used right now so we can't get to it," he answered. I was pinch-hitting as SCREW editor for that one week and I had to hurry back to the office.

I still hadn't gotten to talk to either a customer or a boy. My earlier dreams of a sick studio manager, eager for a rave review, tossing the best lovely in the place my way free of charge, had long ago vanished in an orgy of frustration, disappointment and masturbation. I bore no malice but still I didn't have much of a story.

Almost a week later I returned with SCREW Editor Peter Dvřackas and told Chris I wanted to round out the story by talking to some of the boys. He agreed and we settled into some convenient chairs.

Once again there were three girls and three boys in the studio, apparently the standard size staff. I started talking with the exceptionally good-looking hippie with blue eyes and long brown hair.

"I've been here the longest," he volunteered. "I've been here three weeks. I saw this ad in a newspaper called *Eat* which I found lying on the subway. I'm just in it for the money, just the money. I want to buy a farm and get out of the city."

"I had quit my job as an elevator mechanic and was looking for work," he continued. "Since I came here, I've been working six days a week, twelve hours a day. Most of the customers here are nice but they're reluctant to part with their money. I haven't found any that are that good."

"Outside, they play a whole role. Here they know they won't be rejected and they indulge their fantasies. We had one customer come in and change into three different costumes. He urinated in a prophylactic, poured it into a cup and asked one of the models to drink it."

"We follow a procedure here. First you make sure they get completely undressed. Then you make sure they touch you first and tell you what they want done. We never solicit ourselves. A lot of them are bashful about telling you what they want even though you feel it is legitimate."

"When I'm in session, I just keep my mind out of the room. I don't think about what I'm doing. Last week I made \$185 which really is pretty bad for the hours (72 hours). And I make out the best of the male models here. Today I've gotten nothing all day. I've only made \$85 so far this week."

"Rainy days are bad," Arlene interjected from across the small room. "Cold days are bad too. Some people think that if they come on those days, they'll get a better price, but the fact is that the model may ask for more because nothing else has come in all day."

The phone rang. "Do we take personal checks or honor credit cards?" One model

asked. "No!" the other five laughed back in unison.

When I asked for specifics, the blue-eyed good-looking male model said his first name was Jeff, that he came from London, was nineteen years old (probably true), was 6'2" tall (true) and weighed 175 pounds. The weight was obviously inflated. He couldn't have weighed over 145 or 150. He said he expected a \$15 tip for a handjob, \$25 was "rock bottom" for a blowjob and "anything more" (presumably screwing him) would cost "somewhat more."

Seated next to him was a dark-haired boy with a small earring in one ear. He gave the name "David" although others continued to call him "Steve" during the conversation. He said he was 18 years old, was 5'6" and weighed 130 pounds, was half American Indian and half Jewish. He too had worked in the studio for just under three weeks.

"I've seen a number of other models come and go in the three weeks I've been here," Jeff interjected. "They all suffer from an instant lack of money. People will do anything for money."

"How is the tip handled?" I probed.

"Well, that varies," Jeff volunteered. "I always ask for the tip in advance. If it's insufficient, I just walk out. If the session goes over half an hour, I expect another tip and the management expects another door fee."

"I'm married to a woman," he added. "She doesn't know I work here. I guess you'd call me a bisexual. But if it wasn't for this, I don't think I'd have sexual contact with men. Not that I think there's anything wrong with it. I tell my wife I have to work a lot of overtime at my new job as a lab technician. I worry about VD and think I'll start getting a shot of penicillin every week just for protection."

A customer entered. He was well dressed, somewhat dashing looking, in his thirties. He talked with Chris for a few minutes and then Chris summoned Jeff to the back room.

I moved over next to David. Yes, he was gay. He only worked eleven to six and took two days off each week. He'd been gay for a year, frequently got depressed from working as a model and kept his source of income secret from all his gay friends.

"It's a matter of pride," he explained. "I only plan to do it for another couple of weeks, then I'm going to go to Puerto Rico for a vacation and then come back and get a regular job. But I've been to every regular employment agency in the

city. I just haven't been able to find anything."

A couple of girls joined in the conversation. They said no one was allowed to actually live in the studio although the front room was sometimes used for napping during the less busy hours of the day.

The average customer frequently tried to get them "down to nothing" and when customers tried that, they'd just get up and walk out of the room.

"But David," I probed, "many people have certain limitations. Some people just can't maintain an erection while screwing, others don't like oral sex. Are you totally versatile? If not, how do you work out arrangements?"

"Oh, I just can't blow or have intercourse with someone I don't know," David volunteered. "I only give handjobs, that's all. Most of the customers don't want you to have an orgasm anyway. Thank God for that, you'd be shot after one session."

The girls chimed in to say at least 70 per cent of the girls who worked there and in the other studios around town were "gay." By gay, they meant bisexual and noted that "you don't find 100 per cent lesbians in massage parlors."

"Every now and then you get a cornball," Arlene recalled. "They come in and give you a big reaction. Stupid questions like, 'Do guys really go with guys?' Things like that."

All the women, one of whom was a thin, sensual blonde who looked no older than eighteen, said they were reluctant to go on residential calls because it was dangerous. "What do you do if you get there and ten guys are waiting?"

The phone, 675-9800, advertised as out of order in many of the straight ads, kept ringing off and on as we talked. Most of the calls, the models agreed, were from men but everyone said they'd gotten some calls from women and that calls from couples were not uncommon, but that "no woman has shown up on her own yet" although "one or two couples did come in for a kinky scene."

"The girls and guys get along real well," Arlene, the English girl, insisted. "We have a lot of fun together. I don't feel like we're competitors although once a guy came and started talking to me and then decided he wanted to go with David instead." They both laughed.

"You can always tell a cop," she ventured. "They come in very nervous. They don't want to take off their clothes. Their manner is such that they act like they

to bust you right away and take you to the station with them. They're not only nervous, they're obvious."

Chris came over and joined the conversation. He said that should a model be busted, the studio would not suffer because "the model who made the mistake" would be the one charged, not the studio.

They said that when a customer paid for his room, Chris was usually able to see how much more money he had on hand. If there was only a couple of dollars left in the wallet, he warned the models in advance.

"Cops always travel in pairs," Arlene observed. "And if they bust you it is only a \$25 fine. Sometimes the judge just lets you go without even that."

They recalled only a couple of incidents in the studio which involved the police. In one case, a customer wanted to press charges against a model but then stopped when he realized that to do so he would have to incriminate himself.

On another occasion, an argument broke out about a refund on a room fee. The customer, described by all those present as an "out-n-out troublemaker," had started rough housing around. Chris called the cops, the police came in, were very polite to all concerned and the troublemaker.

"We always have the option of walking out on someone if they are a stiff or if they want to beat us up or harm us or something," Arlene explained. "But what you get treated like depends on how you treat us. If you're a stiff, you'll get treated like a stiff. But it is a very rare thing for me to ever walk out on someone. You really have to be impossible for me to do that."

All agreed that the average session almost invariably was over in twenty minutes, that the customers during the day were "a better class of people" than the night visitors.

As our visit came to an end, I didn't know just what to write. Both the male and female models were friendly, likeable kids. Chris seemed pretty open and legitimate considering the business he operated. The atmosphere was tacky, but not that uncomfortable. Still, commercial sex is a tough way for a male to earn money, a fact I discovered several years ago during my own summer stint as a hustler on Hollywood Blvd. and Selma Avenue in Los Angeles. For those who pay, it's often a frustrating means to find sexual release, an impossible way to achieve emotional satisfaction, a dead-end street for anyone seeking love.



Photo by Eric Steinberg Jacobs

First, a customer must get completely undressed and then...

# GAY WRITER WINS COURT BATTLE

Continued from page 9

any reputation was the crucial factor in winning the decision for the plaintiff. The judge then temporarily enjoined Stonehill from "disseminating, distributing, licensing, or in any manner causing to be put into the stream of commerce, the work known as *The Gay Insider U.S.A.* unless the cover as it is now constituted is substituted..."

Merle Miller, in his affidavit, threatened to sue Hunter if the Miller testimonial were used and this also led the judge to conclude that the cover was a liability to the author. The judge discredited Stonehill's assurances that Hunter would be indemnified against any financial loss. "One's guaranty is no better than his ability to respond," Judge Chimera wrote, apparently disparaging the respectability of the defendant in the publishing world. The plaintiff had accused Stonehill of being unreliable.

The judge referred to no other part of the book than its cover, although the bulk of Hunter's objections pertained to distortions of textual matter. Presumably, then, Stonehill could rip the covers off the 50,000 copies already printed and sell the book in a new binding. In other words, Hunter still does not have control over his own work. Weiner, however, refused to concede that this was an empty victory. He said that Stonehill would not be able to use the book any longer, since changing the present cover would be financially prohibitive; they're simply stuck with 50,000 copies they can't legally sell. Both Hunter and Weiner agreed that the decision they won is precedent-setting, since it established an author's integrity is an asset legally defensible against appropriation even by a supposed friend. Nevertheless, the edited manuscript is still in the hands of Steinberg, who may use it with a new cover if he is willing to stand the financial risk involved.

The injunction stands until the matter comes to trial. After the trial, the injunction may be made permanent, it may be rescinded, or it may be strengthened to include the entire book, not only its cover. In the last case the rights to the manuscript would effectively revert back to its author; this is the decision that Hunter had been seeking, but that he did not win under the present injunction. The matter will come to trial only if Stonehill is dissatisfied with the injunction. Weiner says that the possibility is strong that the defendant will demand a trial; if not, the case will be forever stalemated to the apparent advantage of neither party. Weiner, however, told GAY that he considered Judge Chimera's temporary injunction a significant victory for Hunter and all authors exploited by their publishers.

Hunter is obliged to post a bond covering court costs in the event that he loses the trial and he says he may again go to the gay community to raise funds for the bond and for his additional legal costs. He's inviting both loans and contributions.

Hunter's literary problems began when Olympia, his original publisher, went bankrupt. He then signed a contract with Stonehill for the homeless manuscript, but a woman employee, who Hunter says was expressing her antigay feelings and trying to impress her boss with editorial abilities she did not possess, proceeded to rewrite the work in a way unacceptable

to the author.

*The Gay Insider U.S.A.* is a handbook guide to homosexual entertainment, literature, art and communities. Previous editions under a similar title proved to be financially rewarding. Hunter feels, therefore, that he has produced a highly valuable property, but he will not accept royalties from a work he cannot proudly claim as his own. He hopes eventually to recover the rights to the book, update it, and find a reputable publisher.

## COLLEGE PRESIDENT: 'KEEP OUT THE QUEERS!'

Continued from page 1

Times-Delta Oct. 14.

According to the Associated Students Constitution campus club, status can't be denied to any group which meets the following stipulations: a minimum membership of five, a written constitution and by-laws, a statement of purpose and a faculty advisor. Glenn Corley, 25, a photojournalism major and president of Students for Gay Liberation, said his group went through proper channels to organize and that the group's constitution has the signed approval of Dean of Men LeRoy Berg, student body president Steve Bogan, advisor to the campus Interclub Council Jay G. Quinn, and president of the Interclub Council Diane Van Beek. The College of the Sequoias Recognition Committee, composed of faculty and student leaders, has the authority to grant or reject applications for status.

"I don't care about the committee," gruffed Crookshanks. "As far as I am concerned the only way they're going to get around my decision is by appeal to the board of trustees or through court action."

Members of the proposed organization charge that Crookshanks deliberately "timed" his decision in order to prevent them from appealing to the trustees. His decision was made three days before the Oct. 16 board meeting. Requests to be heard by the trustees must be filed five days prior to the board meeting. Thus, representatives were not present. Corley said that trustees "acted unfairly before hearing our side of the issue."

Board members at that meeting unanimously passed a resolution backing Crookshanks in opposing formation of the organization. It also enacted a new policy authorizing the administration to reject at any time an application for use of college facilities by any group which represents an activity it determines "to be not in the best interest of the college and community or which may be deemed immoral or offensive to the common good." These terms were not defined. The trustees considered the matter as a "miscellaneous" agenda item.

Crookshanks admitted that he has not spoken to any members of Students for Gay Liberation. "I don't want to discuss it with them—the idea is too ridiculous to discuss," said the closed-minded college president. "The whole concept of gay students organizing is repugnant."

Corley considered it a waste of time to appeal at the Nov. 20 board meeting. His organization, however, went through the matter as a required legal formality before taking the case to court. Regarding the trustees' action supporting Crookshanks, Corley added, "Their personal moral beliefs have nothing to do with the fact that they are denying us our civil rights as guaranteed under the Constitution of the United States and the California Constitution."

Crookshanks said the administration was supported by the entire management team at Satin Stain Corp., Visalia, a manufacturing firm which has approximately 50 employees. He added that a meeting

was called at which the firm voted to support him. Crookshanks also claimed that he has received irate phone calls from area residents denouncing "permissiveness" on campus.

A wave of repression has gripped the college. The campus newspaper "can't take statements, they can't do interviews about us," Corley revealed. The college switchboard also refuses to take messages

for the organization.

Since the controversy started, membership has nearly doubled, according to Corley, a sophomore. "Well over half our members are heterosexual. One is bisexual." According to its constitution, "membership shall be open to all students of the College of the Sequoias, regardless of sexual orientations." Mrs. Miriam LaChance, an English instructor, is the group's faculty advisor.

## EASTERN SEABOARD M.C.C. (CHURCHES) CONVENE

New York, N.Y. Ministers and lay delegates of five Eastern Seaboard congregations of the gay Universal Fellowship of Metropolitan Community Churches met for the first conference of the Northeast District in Manhattan the weekend of November 11-12. The Rev. J.E. Paul Breton, a one-time Roman Catholic seminarian who is now pastor of the MCC/DC, was elected district co-ordinator, while Ms. Penny Perrault, a 24-year-old exhorter of the Washington church, was chosen

elected chairman of a by-laws committee to encourage study of the MCC structure and suggest ways of developing its effectiveness. The committee is to report back in time for the next conference, to be held in Boston the first weekend in February.

Delegates enjoyed fellowship together throughout the day on Saturday and were entertained at a cocktail party before going to dinner at the Country Cousin Restaurant.



The Gay Church business grows: MCC of San Francisco, with over 200 members (Wednesday night prayer meetings draw 50) has acquired this traditional building, dedicated by the Rev. Troy Perry on November 19th.

secretary-treasurer.

The initial session of what will be quarterly get-togethers was held at the Church of the Holy Apostles in Chelsea, an Episcopal house of worship which has held its doors open to many gay organizations throughout the past few years, including the West Side Discussion Group, the old Gay Liberation Front, GAA, the Eulenspiegel Society and the Church of the Beloved Disciple. The latter congregation, also gay, has recently moved to new quarters at the First Moravian Church.

MCC full-fledged churches and missions encompassed in the new Northeast District are those located in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New York and the nation's capital. At the conference they adopted a common statement of purpose, expressing the hope that by establishing a district organization they would be able to accomplish together far more than they have been able to do alone. Joint undertakings in evangelism, social service and missionary expansion were discussed.

It was agreed that the journal of the New York church, *The Gay Christian*, edited by lay leader Roy Birchard, would broaden its coverage to serve all member congregations. The publication, barely six months old, has just become self-supporting, thank to its steady increase of subscriptions.

The Rev. Howard Wells, pastor of MCC/NY, who had served as interim co-ordinator of the Northeast District, was

On Sunday, the Rev. Larry Bernier of MCC/Boston, a brand new mission, preached at the 4 p.m. service. The Rev. Wells welcomed out-of-towners and upwards of 50 worshippers to the handsome stark-white sanctuary of the little church nestled like some old-country transplant against the horizon of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union apartment complex. The Rev. Keith Davis of MCC/Philadelphia conducted the meditation. A hymn written by a San Francisco brother especially for the MCC flocks was sung. It was entitled "I'm Not Afraid Any More," a theme often sounded by the Rev. Troy Perry, MCC's founder, most recently at the demonstration in Albany before the State Capitol Building on April 15.

The refrain goes: "I'm not afraid any more... God's message is for all mankind; Salvation is for everyone; What's bound on earth is bound in heav'n; Praise the Lord! I'm not afraid any more."

The Rev. Robert Weeks, rector of Holy Apostles, appeared at the pulpit briefly to declare, "We are overjoyed to have this 'first' for the gay movement here at our church." He had just conducted a service of his own for gay parishioners at 2 p.m., the hour previously reserved for the Beloved Disciple mass, using what is known as the "trial liturgy."

Addresses of the First District member groups, with their pastors' names and

Continued on page 21

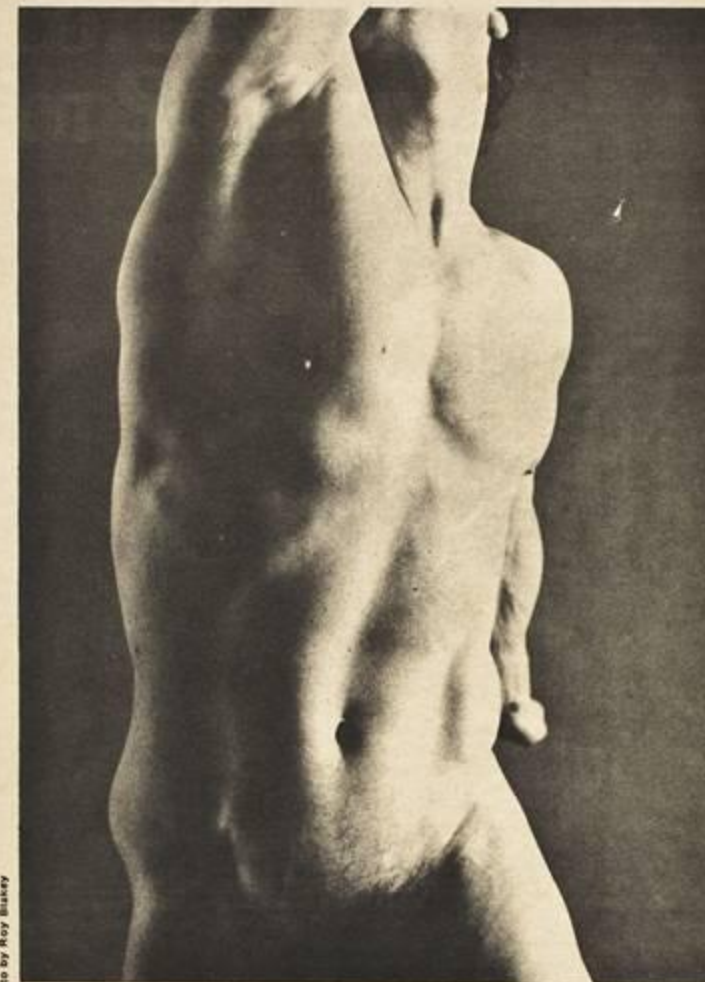


Photo by Roy Huskey

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### COLUMBIA STUDENTS OCCUPY PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

(continued from page 18)  
 predominantly straight campus organization, the Columbia Anti-Imperialist Coalition, went into the President's office shortly after 2 p.m., surprising several staff members. McGill was not in the office at that time and after some 40 minutes the group decided to meet with Special Assistant to the President Ralph Halford.

Halford was given a list of seven demands and an open statement to the President and told that unless McGill responded to both within seven days a larger demonstration, involving groups from campus and off-campus organizations, would be held.

The demands called for recognition of the Gay Lounge; release of Lounge funds; a pledge to end all discrimination against gays at Columbia University; the establishment of Gay Studies courses; formal recognition of homosexuals as an oppressed group; establishment of an official uniform policy for all minority lounges and the issuance of a public statement by President McGill in support of Intro 475, the city council resolution aimed at ending discrimination against homosexuals in housing, employment and public accommodations.

### A.L.A. TASK FORCE SEES GAY DOCUMENTARY

Philadelphia, Penna. Some of Your Best Friends, an educational documentary film from the University of Southern California's cinema arts department, had its East Coast premiere screening here on October 31st with mild criticism from the Philadelphia gay community.

The film, under consideration by the American Library Association's Task Force on Gay Liberation, was shown at the University of Pennsylvania's Christian Association auditorium. Barbara Gittings of the ALA Task Force said she had arranged the showing to get audience reaction to help her in evaluating the film which is directed primarily at heterosexual audiences.

During an hour-long discussion period after the showing, the general impression seemed to be that *Some of Your Best*

*Friends* was better than anything else to date in documentary films on the movement and that there were several "positive aspects to the film."

A number of specific objections, however, were made as the discussion progressed and detracted somewhat from the initial impression of the film.

"Because of the almost circus-like atmosphere of Christopher Street West (in Los Angeles), I think it was unfortunate that the film didn't also include shots of the Christopher Street Day March in New York," one viewer commented.

Other criticisms ranged from the absence of blacks, minors and Third World gays to objections from a number of women that lesbians were "relegated to a minor role" in the film.

### PHILADELPHIA MAGAZINE SURVEYS GAY COMMUNITY

Philadelphia, Penna. The November issue of *Philadelphia Magazine*, a slick Main Line publication whose near-muckraking, pointed articles have made it the city's most widely read monthly, includes a major article on the gay liberation movement here.

Entitled "Gay Today," the article was written by the magazine's art director, Art Spikol, and represents the publication's first non-hostile piece on the Philadelphia gay community.

In a sensitive and surprisingly candid conclusion, Spikol wrote: "I hadn't expected it, not any of it. I'd assumed they would be almost grateful for a chance to talk to me, a straight writer who empathized and was willing to try to feel their oppression. Bullshit. I had gone to meet them with all my liberalism and understanding, yes, but with something else, the one equation that had operated on me without my being aware of it: that I equated male homosexuality with a loss of masculinity, a loss of power. I had expected to have an easy time of it because I did not consider that these gay guys could have been anything but acquiescent. In simpler terms: without balls."

Despite occasional references in the past to "swishy faggots" and "Locust Street drag queens" in *Philadelphia Magazine*, editor Alan Halpern commented, "We have no 'editorial policy' on homosexuality. Some of our staff dislike homosexuals; some of our staff also dislike Democrats and policemen. That's individual taste, not an editorial policy."

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