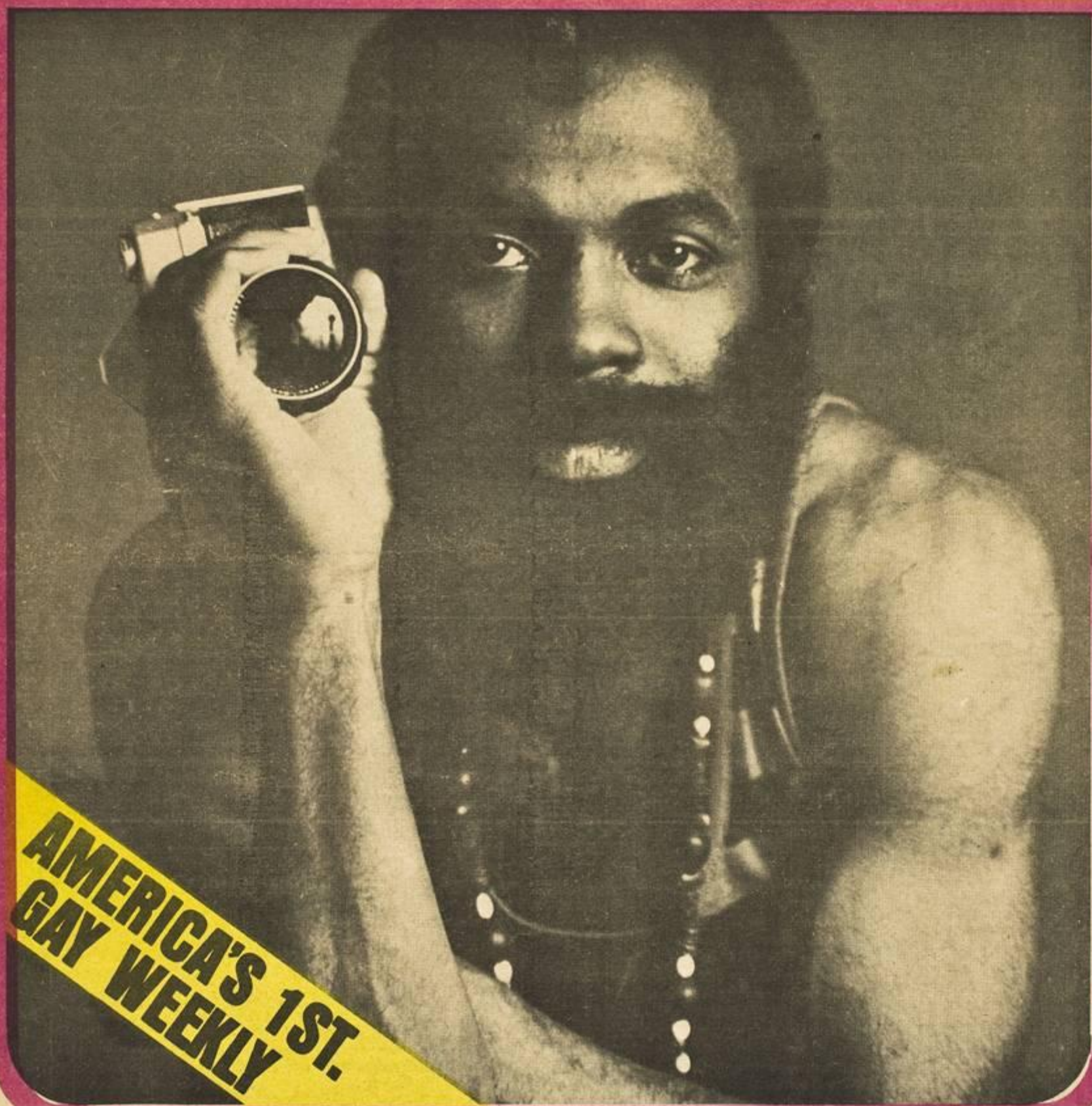


GAY

40¢
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NO. 14



AMERICA'S 1ST.
GAY WEEKLY

**ELDRIDGE CLEVER:
BLACKBALLED P.7
A SADIST RAPS P.11**

GAY'S OWN COLUMNIST: IAN J. TREE

The Editors Speak:

The love that dare not speak its name
 And wallows in a mire of shame
 The love that hides its skulking head
 With trembling limbs and hopeless dread
 Such love is fit for Oscar Wilde
 Who thought his famous name defiled
 By reference to Sodom's sin
 Made by Lord Alfred's closest kin.
 In court he sued the old Marquis
 Denying what he knew to be
 The truth whereof he feared to tell.
 To clear his name he wished to sell
 His soul: once honest, strong and brave;
 Now doomed to fill a coward's grave.
 Wilde was a victim of his day
 Of generations passed away
 Whose twisted views still seek to bind
 Men living now, poor Oscar's kind
 Who stand like skeletons interred
 In closets, scared to hear the word
 Of love that dares to speak its name
 Who flee until their legs are lame
 From social scorn, a weakling foe
 To whom strong men can deal death's blow.
 But all too late weak men arrive
 At selfhood's doorstep, half alive
 Their weary steps of flight in vain
 Have wrecked their lives, ensconced in pain
 And when, like Wilde, from Reading Gaol
 They stand quite free, their strength will fail.
 Death claims their hearts and numbs their souls
 While strangling all their finest goals
 And on their tombs these words proclaim:
 "He lived, but dared not speak love's name."

Lige and Jack



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ROCK GROUP CUTS FIRST GAY ALBUM

New York, N.Y. — A new British rock group called *Fresh* has released a new album which treats homosexuality in pop terms in much the same manner that other groups have dealt with drugs and various aspects of "straight" sex.

Fresh's first album, *Fresh Out of Borstal*, on the RCA label, deals with life in the famous juvenile prison. One song, *The Boys on the Verandah*, has an explicit gay verse, and several other cuts on the record touch upon the subject.

RCA is promoting the album heavily on the radio as well as in the underground press, and the homosexuality angle is not being played down. Last year, "The Boys in the Band" was released on records, but was strictly a

spoken word album. *Fresh Out of Borstal* appears to be the first to emphasize homosexuality set to rock music, although there is a passing reference to "Uncle Ernie" in The Who's rock opera, *Tommy*.

REV. TROY PERRY ISSUES MAGAZINE

Los Angeles, Calif. — The Metropolitan Community Church, under the leadership of the Rev. Troy Perry, has published the first issue of a new magazine, *In Unity*.

A drawing of the Reverend Perry appears on the cover of issue number one. Articles include *The Pastor Speaks*, and an Easter sermon by John Hose, assistant Pastor of the Church.

Subscriptions are available at \$6.50 for 12 monthly issues by writing to: *In Unity*, P.O. Box 38098, Hollywood, Calif. 90038.

GAYS VOTED ROLE IN RIGHTS PARLEY

St. Paul, Minn. — For the first time, Gay People in Minnesota will have a role in participation and planning in the programs of the 1971 Minnesota Conference on Human Rights, under terms of a resolution adopted at the 1970 conference April 18.

But the resolution was considered only after an attempt by the chairman to ignore it failed when delegates stomped on the floor to demand it be brought up.

The resolution was introduced in an afternoon session of the conference by Jack Baker of Minneapolis, a law student and member of FREE (Fight Repression of Erotic Expression), a gay group based at the University of Minnesota. All resolutions were postponed until the final session, however, after the evening banquet as the last item on the agenda.

The presiding officer, Donald Lewis, Deputy Commissioner of Human Rights for the City of St. Paul, completely ignored Baker's resolution and, after other resolutions had been considered, moved toward adjournment.

When some delegates shouted that he had forgotten one resolution, Lewis insisted, "There are no further resolutions to be considered," and called for a priest to offer the benediction.

Foot-stomping and calls of "No! No!" drowned out the chaplain, however, and finally the resolution was read by Cecil Newman. It was then adopted by a 53-to-47 vote, in a show of hands.

There was only one speaker on the motion-Lewis's boss, St. Paul Rights Commissioner Louis H. Ervin, who said Gay People are not covered by any city or state human rights legislation and he urged that the resolution be defeated.

Baker said opponents of the resolution were among those who had shouted for it to be considered. "They wanted a chance to vote on it, too," Baker said.

No reporters were present during consideration of the resolutions and, knowing this, Lewis later told reporters who asked him about the incident that he could not recall terms of any of the resolutions and referred all questions to Newman, who could not be reached. The conference action was confirmed, however, by the body's secretary, Clarence Harris.



May 11, 1970, Volume 1, Number 14



Mayor Lindsay and Arthur Godfrey face Gay Activists (Gay News Photo)

New York, N.Y. — Forty-one members of the Gay Activists Alliance disrupted the filming on April 19 of Mayor John Lindsay's weekly WNEW-TV show in an effort to gain the Mayor's recognition of the grievances of homosexual citizens. The confrontation tactic was employed because the group's efforts to gain a meeting with the Mayor through the usual channels had failed.

Ten minutes into the filming, as the Mayor chatted with guest Arthur Godfrey about ecology and Earth Day, a GAA member rushed up to the Mayor and shouted, "Homosexuals want an end to job discrimination!" Another GAA member rushed forward shouting, "Let that man speak!" Bedlam broke out in the studio as security guards grabbed the disrupters and pulled them through an exit door.

A boisterous chant of "Answer Homosexuals!" came from the Activists who were well scattered and who comprised over one third of the small audience. Filming came to a halt. The mayor smiled but rubbed his hands quite a bit. Godfrey appeared nonplussed as the chant continued. The Mayor's aides attempted to address the group. During one lull, a gay woman called out to the Mayor, "What good is environmental freedom without human freedom? Speak to repeal the sodomy law!" The chant of "Answer Homosexuals!" began again.

A Mayor's aide warned the demonstrators that they were liable to arrest if there were any further disruptions of the show. He said that the Mayor's counsel, Michael Dontzin, was present and would speak to GAA members outside if they would leave. No one left. "We want a meeting with the Mayor," they insisted.

Filming was resumed. As planned,

periodically a GAA member picked up on a Lindsay line. When Lindsay spoke of the problem of abandoned autos in the city, a GAA member called out, "What about the abandonment of homosexuals?" Each time the Mayor's lines were picked up in this fashion, the member was removed from the audience. Although the demonstrators were noisy, they remained nonviolent. In keeping with the apparent policy of the Mayor's security officials, no arrests were made, despite the earlier threat of arrest.

Lindsay remained calm during the entire show and the disruptions were completely edited out of the actual broadcast. After the filming, GAA members talked with Michael Dontzin, with whom they had met before, and again insisted on a meeting with the Mayor. Dontzin said that the homosexual movement was twenty-years old and that the group couldn't expect much in the few weeks that they had been attempting to improve the lot of the homosexual. He said he would meet again with the group in the coming week if they would call his office. GAA members insisted that they wanted to see the Mayor personally and would continue to press for such a meeting.

WNEW-TV news editors tracked down GAA officers and allowed them to explain on a newscast the next night why they had disrupted the Mayor's filming. Jim Owles and Marty Robinson told the television audience that GAA wanted the Mayor to take a public stand against the sodomy laws and job discrimination relating to homosexuals. They said homosexuals were a substantial part of the voting constituency in New York and that it was time for politicians to recognize the needs of their gay constituents.

ACLU... "SMUT THRUSTING NOT FREE SPEECH"

New York, N.Y. — Pornographic billboards or store window displays should be outlawed, according to a stand taken by the American Civil Liberties Union. The ACLU Board of Directors decided in February that it would strengthen its opposition to obscenity censorship, but would nonetheless back "narrowly drawn" statutes prohibiting the "thrusting of hard-core pornography on unwilling audiences in public places."

The policy recognizes the right of privacy against such intrusion. The ACLU said, however, that statutes "should not restrict the right to publish or otherwise distribute" pornographic materials.

In considering its position, the ACLU Board accepted Justice Potter Stewart's definition of hard-core pornography: materials "with no pretense of artistic value, graphically depicting acts of sexual intercourse, including various acts of sodomy and sadism, and sometimes involving several participants in scenes of orgy-like character," or "bizarre" verbal descriptions of such activities "with no pretense to literary value," or "strips of drawings in comic-book format grossly depicting similar activities in an exaggerated fashion."

ACLU's newly refined policy does not espouse prohibition of the creation of such materials or their distribution or sale to "willing readers and audiences."

In a related move, the ACLU Board decided to revise its former policy to eliminate the "clear and present danger" test in any obscenity case. ACLU recognizes that there has never been any proof that obscenity is causally related to anti-social behavior. In addition, the ACLU notes that "although freedom of expression involves some risks, the First Amendment tolerates those risks in order to avoid the greater dangers that flow from any restrictions on speech or press."

"belle" TEL DOWN ON MEN

New York, N.Y. — New York Telephone, which has a discriminatory policy against hiring homosexuals, has recently come under attack for not hiring heterosexual men as telephone operators.

A spokesman for the phone company said, "It's a basic policy we've gotten into through the years. Men don't sit as well as women, and they're not as patient."

Many men are not taking the news sitting down, and a spokesman for the State Division of Human Rights said that if the phone company turned a man down for a job as an operator, it would be discrimination.

Discrimination against men exists in other areas as well—nursing, secretarial jobs, clothes buyers, and others. In fact, in 1969 the city's Commission on Human Rights had more complaints from men

(continued on page 20)

courtesy of Calt Studio



**Just
What
Do You
Do In
Bed?**

BY DICK LEITSCH

What do most male homosexuals do together, sexually?

When a very distinguished, very straight (in every sense of that word) looking man asks you a question like that, you know you're in the office of the Mattachine Society of New York.

This particular man was a lawyer from a Middle-Western state, and he'd flown to New York especially to find information for a brief he's writing in a pending sodomy case. He'd checked the New York Public Library and they weren't much help.

MSNY has one of the largest and best libraries exclusively devoted to the subject of homosexuality in the nation. The Society also has access to the volumes and material in three huge private collections. If information is available, we can probably find it.

One would think anyone would know what homosexuals do in bed together. The sodomy laws specifically prohibit oral and anal intercourse, and the bulk of homosexual erotic literature and art deals with fucking and sucking. Besides, that's all anyone talks about.

The actual research turned up some interesting information. Surprisingly enough, oral and anal contacts seem to form a minority of the sexual acts among homosexuals, and may be the least preferred.

The most preferred position appears to be one called "full body contact," genital apposition, or, in my circle, "belly-fucking." This usually takes the form of one partner lying on top of the other, genitals in contact (and usually

with baby oil smeared over both genital areas), moving about to provide friction. Sometimes listed as a form of "full body contact," but more accurately called "interfemoral intercourse," is the position in which one partner inserts his penis between the thighs of the other.

Many years ago, Havelock Ellis studied 57 homosexual men, 12 of whom had never had any actual sexual experience with another man. Of the remaining 45, 10 or 11 preferred, and usually practiced, oral contact. Fourteen had engaged in anal intercourse, usually as the insertor, but only 7 claimed any form of anal intercourse as their preferred form of sexual contact. Twenty-eight claimed full body contact or mutual masturbation to be their favorite form of sex.

Magnus Hirschfeld, the first of the great sex researchers, found 40% of his contacts engaging in oral activity, 40% in mutual masturbation (including full body contact), 12% in interfemoral intercourse, and 8% in anal intercourse.

Those were the Victorians, but things hadn't changed all that much by the 1950's and 1960's. In 1960, Westwood found that 35% of his subjects usually engaged in full body contact, and 37% preferred this to all other possibilities. 17% said they usually engaged in mutual masturbation, but only 5% preferred it. Blowing and getting blown was most usual with 7%, and preferred by 9%. 22% usually got screwed (literally), and 10% usually screwed. (Of this 32%, 21% would most prefer to get screwed, but couldn't find partners.)

Schofield divided his study into three parts: homosexuals who had been arrested; homosexuals in therapy; and what I'll call "healthy" homosexuals.

Among his convicts, he found that 26% preferred to get screwed (compared with 20% of the patients and 24% of the "healthy" ones) and 34% preferred to screw (compared with 8% of the patients and 12% of the "healthy" homosexuals). The patients and "healthy" men preferred techniques other than anal. 27% of the entire three groups preferred full body contact, and 42% of the "healthy" homosexuals choose this technique over all others.

There are many other studies, most of which give figures to show that most homosexual men would rather do something other than fuck or suck. A book to be published next year by a psychologist from New York City is said to give similar statistics.

The reasons given by the investigators for this preference are interesting. Negatively, many people still associate the penis and anus with filth,

and are repelled by either orifice. Anal intercourse, if you're the one receiving, can hurt—which might be the origin of the maxim, "It's better to give than to receive."

On the positive side, full body contact offers the opportunity to "come together" literally, in a face-to-face position. The position is comfortable, many erogenous zones are contacted as nobody is kneeling at someone else's feet, or contorted into some weird position. Most investigators would agree with Donald West that "a great many homosexuals, probably the majority, prefer mutually reciprocated sex activity where neither partner dominates." Full body contact offers that.

This undermines many stereotypes, of course. Heterosexuals have a notorious lack of imagination about homosexuality. They tend to think in terms of "husband" and "wife," and delight in trying to guess who in a homosexual relationship is the "man" and who is the "woman."

Heterosexual men screw their wives so "naturally" homosexuals must follow that pattern. They passed laws forbidding those acts they could understand or imagine, and managed to leave out one whole area.

It is paradoxical, and shows how great an influence heterosexual misconceptions have on us, that most all of the talk among homosexuals about sex and most homosexual erotica deals only with oral and anal sex.

Full body contact, of course, requires a bed, or something comfortable to lie upon, and a reasonable amount of privacy. This form of sexual contact is probably most used by couples and by those who take their tricks home. Many practice it in the baths, but it is pretty much unknown in sex bars, on the docks, or in toilets or other semi-public places.

Nobody is born with a preferred technique. Researchers claim that most start out with mutual masturbation and gradually learn other techniques. Some people get all hung up on one position, or one role, while others are very adaptable, and will try everything. Others will gracefully go along with whatever a partner wants to do, putting quibbles over technique aside in an effort to please his partner.

It might be interesting to see what GAY readers do sexually. If you will check off the spaces in the form below and return it to me at the GAY office I'll have the results tabulated and print them here at a future date. Please don't sign the forms.

QUESTIONNAIRE

1. When I take a trick home, or have sex with my lover, I:					
	Always	Usually	Sometimes	Never	Prefer
Blow Him	()	()	()	()	()
Get Blown	()	()	()	()	()
Screw Him	()	()	()	()	()
Get Screwed	()	()	()	()	()
Full Body Contact	()	()	()	()	()
Other (Specify)	()	()	()	()	()

2. In "quickie" sex, I:					
	Always	Usually	Sometimes	Never	Prefer
Blow Him	()	()	()	()	()
Get Blown	()	()	()	()	()
Screw Him	()	()	()	()	()
Get Screwed	()	()	()	()	()
Full Body Contact	()	()	()	()	()
Other (Specify)	()	()	()	()	()

BY JOHN P. LeROY

"I for one, do not think homosexuality is the latest advance over heterosexuality on the scale of human evolution. Homosexuality is a sickness, just as are baby-rape or wanting to become head of General Motors."

SOU L ON ICE, page 110

So far as the black man is concerned, neither the letter nor the spirit of the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights were ever sufficiently lived up to. The whites, especially those in power became so fed up with the demonstrations, the violence, and the brutality of the sixties that a majority of them according to a C.B.S. poll were willing to give up some of their liberty in order to preserve law and order. As the United States became increasingly polarized, so did the need for myths, martyrs, and extremist distortion of the democratic process.

If Eldridge Cleaver and his disciples did not exist, they would have had to have been invented. They are, to the America of today what the early Christians were to ancient Rome. By bringing all the power of the state against them, the authorities can make the public think that they are "doing something" about the "problem" and thereby get themselves reelected.

Thus, if the black revolution were ever to be waged as Cleaver would like it to be waged, the result would be the demise of what little democracy we have left, and the emergence of a dictatorship so complete that the masses would never think of opposing it. They would be made to love their servitude as much as they love Disneyland, the Reader's Digest, and Billy Graham. In the minds of most Americans, it would be better to preserve institutions such as these than to be bothered with their own, let alone anyone else's freedom.

Cleaver is the other side of the coin. Although, as James Baldwin put it, the Negro has been seen as a walking phallic symbol and little else, Cleaver would have the black man wrap himself up in his great big cock to justify revolution in the same way that leaders of the John Birch Society, the Ku Klux Klan, and the Minutemen drape themselves in the American flag to promote phony patriotism. If the black man would only be given back his balls, then according to Cleaver, the thorough collapse of the effeminate, corrupt impotent, and often homosexual white rulers would be assured. Out of the wreckage, Utopia would spontaneously emerge and a super race of black beauties would flourish gloriously.

Probably unwittingly, Cleaver has swallowed hook, line and sinker the myth of white American masculinity. His rhetoric shows that he wants the black man to have the same hangups as the white man, and he is prepared to level the earth in order to get them. The myth of American masculinity states that all men are created equal and they should use their full innate capacities to control their lives and their destinies as individually and as aggressively as possible. They are to rule their women and their households. Above all, they are to actively engage in conquering nature and conquering inferior peoples, provided that the cause is just, i.e., money or exploitation masked as progress.

The fact that these ideals were

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER'S



MISSING BALLS

impossible to achieve on any large scale since the beginning of World War I is irrelevant to Cleaver. The results of this myth have been the destruction of true freedom and dignity in America to the extent where it occurs only marginally. Most American males are economically bound to a treadmill of boring repetitive work by day and commercialized culture

by night in living color, so that the continued sale of shoddy merchandise at inflated prices can continue unabated. Masculine ideals can only be practiced by the Gary Coopers, the Clark Gables, the Burt Lancasters, and the John Waynes.

A corollary to the masculine ideal is that any form of true sensitivity or tenderness between males is less than

manly at best and unspeakably obscene at worst. The homosexual, especially the effeminate one, is not a man at all, but an object worthy of exploitation and destruction. Cleaver's hatred of homosexuals is made unmistakably clear. He views the Negro homosexual as someone who is frustrated because of an inability to have a baby by a white man. By having such a desire, the Negro homosexual is acquiescing in a racial death wish. The white homosexual, by contrast, is part and parcel of the decadent corrupt America that Cleaver so desperately wants to overthrow. Both are, to Cleaver, sick and despicable.

I am not antagonistic to Cleaver and his disciples, for I share many of his views of the corruption and venality of American life. Yet, because the way they are trying to set things right can only serve to make them worse, I would like to tell Mr. Cleaver how he can find his balls, which he feels that the white man has taken away. If Cleaver, and all other men, black or white, gay or straight, feel that they have lost their balls, I suggest that they open their pants, take off their underwear, and look between their legs. Most of them, I am convinced (indeed, more than 99.99999% of them) will find both testicles alive and well.

Why, then, do these people believe that they don't have any balls when they know perfectly well where they are? The heart of the problem is that they expect too much of their testicles. They were designed to produce and store sperm, and to maintain the sperm at the proper temperature. They are not particularly well suited for making revolutions or proselytizing for abstract causes, however laudable they may be. Those things take among other things, disciplined brains, nervous systems, and physical coordination.

If Cleaver and his followers were to make of their balls no more or no less than what they are, there is a good chance that he could do a good deal to help rebuild America constructively rather than try to completely destroy it and put something worse in its place.

Most reforms that he and most enlightened Americans want, black or white, gay or straight, can and should be gotten in personnel offices, courtrooms, legislative assembly halls, and in voting booths, not on the streets with machine gun bullets. One of the reasons why progress has not been nearly as fast as it should be is that radical extremists of both the right and left lack the maturity and the patience needed to make democracy and justice work. By staging infantile and often violent confrontations, they have helped get Nixon elected. His administration, especially his attorney general, has already taken the first steps needed to dismantle democratic institutions by legalizing nearly all forms of wiretapping, restricting free speech, and increasing the power of law-enforcement officials to pry into the private lives of all enemies of the state, real or imagined.

Because Cleaver can't find his balls, and would tear America upside down looking for them so that he can have an unrealistic and dangerous view of masculinity, more and more people will die violent and horrible deaths. What little is left of freedom and dignity in the United States is threatened more by Cleaver's myths than a full-time gestapo police force working round the clock. That's too high a price to pay for a pair of testicles.

BY DR. GEORGE WEINBERG

Dr. George Weinberg, Ph.D., is an outstanding therapist and author of a new and excellent book, *The Action Approach*, published by World. A paperback edition of *The Action Approach* will be released in July 1970.



Just as the raid on the Snake Pit was offensive to homosexuals and to humane people everywhere, so is the choice of the name "Snake Pit" for a place where homosexuals gather. The name was apparently taken from that of the old film about a mental hospital, which was referred to as The Snake Pit. "We are all twisted and perverted and poisonous, and we slither together. Let's call our meeting place *The Snake Pit*."

This is the sort of rationale we encounter frequently when oppressed groups label themselves. I have always been against the choice of the word "Mattachine," both because of its obscurity and because anyone who did research on the word would find that it originally meant "little fool." Granted, in many periods of history, fools were the only ones allowed to speak out harsh truths without being punished. But the word never did develop much meaning beyond its original reference, with the result that few have any idea what it means, and those who discover its origin nearly always suggest getting rid of it as soon as they do. My point is that, especially if you are a tavern owner, you can hearken back to any period in history when choosing a name for your place. It seems to me that if one cannot choose a name complimentary to the patrons, at the very least the name ought not contain the sort of insult they are apt to hear from their enemies.

The word "gay" is, by the way, in an interesting stage of evolution. It has now passed into the language in its new meaning "homosexual," and has dictionary status alongside its other meanings, such as "light-hearted" and "carefree."

However, there are still many distinctions between the ways homosexuals use it and the ways heterosexuals do. Certain canny psychologists, who have worked at detecting pretenders to homosexuality in draft induction interviews, have begun to use the word "gay" diagnostically. "Use

the word in a sentence" they request. If the draftee links the word to "bar," especially in the phrase "gay bar," he is suspect. The gay crowd uses it in a great number of places naturally, whereas heterosexuals (though many recognize it in any context) use it overwhelmingly more often in the phrase "gay bar" than in any other way.

Almost certainly the word "gay" was introduced at a time when ambiguity was needed, just as the word "musician" was used twenty years ago as a frequent reference to people who might be carrying marijuana and could spare some. Where the condemnations by the culture are monstrous, such ambiguities are needed for communication. After a time,

some few words coined for secret communication pass through the stage of being hip usages into that of being good words in common parlance, and "gay" now enjoys such a status.

In effect, the word "gay" has survived and taken on a new meaning in the last ten years. Fortunately, words like "queer" and "freak" both still often used even by homosexuals to mean homosexual, have not done nearly as well. This is obviously a testimony to the selective process going on in the minds of many homosexuals who are deciding on self-referent words. Such choices are being made continually. Those that appeal to the most people will enter the language the fastest. And in the case of homosexuals, those chosen will constitute some of the data serving to shape the view of themselves which homosexuals in the future will hold.

Such choices of self-reference are part of the heritage that homosexuals will leave to one another over generations.

As you know—or ought to know by now—all heritage of attitude is cultural and not hereditary. This means it makes as much sense for homosexuals to think of themselves as an ongoing continuous group as it does for royal families who are able to boast of their direct lineage over centuries.

In fact, as I see it, the strongest commonality possible among human beings is commonality of attitude. We are closer to those who felt like us in the past than to those who spawned our grandparents, unless by coincidence they felt as we did.

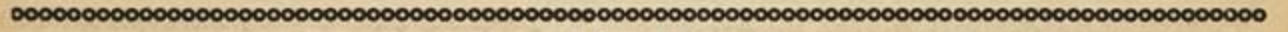
Especially in this period of developing acceptance of homosexuality, it behooves homosexuals to examine their own language, as well as that of heterosexuals speaking publicly, for surreptitious belittlement of homosexuals. For a long time, I have been hearing members of the gay crowd use words like "queer," "freak" and "pervert" in reference to themselves and their friends.

Take an action approach. Consider that whenever you belittle yourself or your rights, even in your choice of language, you are spreading an attitude. The attitude of embarrassment or disgrace, which perhaps has gone unconsidered by you for years, but which gave rise to the choice to use such language originally, is still contained in the language. Where this is so, you are perpetuating demoralization by the use of such language. I have known people who used the word "queer" about themselves for years, (often smiling faintly when they did) without ever realizing that they were renewing their sense of being outsiders by doing so.

The general rule is that when a word comes into wide use, and especially if it is used by literate people widely, it is considered to have become part of a language. "Gay" in the sense of "homosexual" has obviously satisfied this criterion. As a matter of fact, there is every likelihood that during the next ten years or so, the language chosen by homosexuals as comfortable in describing themselves will take on dictionary status, and status in common parlance, as such language never has before.

YKE BULLDYKE HOMO NANCE WISH PERVERT DEVIATE BITCH ANSY FRUIT QUEEN MARY FAG ULL DYKE HOMO NANCE FREA ERVERT DEVIATE BITCH NELL RUIT QUEEN MARY FAGGOT C IANCE FREAK SISSY BULL LEZZ IELLIE FAG QUEER FAIR YN UCKER D'YKE HOMO NANCE EZIE SWISH PERVERT DEVIAT AINSY PANSY QUEEN FRUIT MA ULLDYKE HOMO NANCE FREA EVIATE BITCH NELLIE FAG QU ARY FAGGOT COCKSUCKER D' ISSY BULL LEZZIE SWISH PERV UEER FAIRY PANSY FRUIT QU YKE BULLDYKE HOMO NANCE ERVERT DEVIATE BITCH NELL RUIT QUEEN MARY FAGGOT C ANCE FREAK SISSY BULL LEZZ ITCH NELLIE FAG QUEER FAIR AGGOT COCKSUCKER DYKE BU ISSY BULL LEZZIE SWISH PERV UEER FAIRY PANSY FRUIT QU YKE BULLDYKE HOMO NANCE ERVERT DEVIATE BITCH NELL UEEN MARY FAGGOT COCKSUC ANCE FREAK SISSY BULL LEZZ ITCH NELLIE FAG QUEER FAIR AGGOT COCKSUCKER DYKE BU ISSY BULL LEZZIE SWISH PERV UEER FAIRY PANSY FRUIT QU YKE BULLDYKE HOMO NANCE ERVERT DEVIATE BITCH NELL UEEN MARY FAGGOT COCKSUC

A Queer By Any Other Name



Alice From Wonderland



BY EVERETT HENDERSON

"We're not on an anti-sex trip. Like we're taking sex, which is probably another half of American entertainment, sex and violence, and we're projecting it, and we're saying this is the way everything is right now. This is the way we are. Biologically, everyone is male and female, so many male genes and so many female. And so what it is we're saying, 'O.K., what's the big deal. Why is everyone so uptight about sex?' About faggots, queers, things like that. That's like making fun of a maniac because his brain isn't completely right, because he isn't in the norm. People don't accept that they are both male and female, and people are afraid to break out of their sex thing because that's making them accept more, making fun that we accept that."

- Alice Cooper
Twenty-one-year-old male incipient rock star

Alice Cooper wears blood-red trousers and antique yellow shoes. His eyes are ringed with heavy liner and his lashes are beaded with mascara. Man? Woman? Child? He is bound to be the next rock star and he is sure to be all things to all people—the first Rock sensation of the Seventies.



There's No Business Like Show Business

complaining about noise. Noise is not going to go away and now we must not only learn to live with it, we have to learn to make noise work for us. Did you ever get stoned? Did you ever notice that pot shuts out that middle-class mommy's voice that tells you to lower the H-F-I? Noise pouring out of the speakers can free you, if you let it. And all our old social taboos: the last remnants of a dying Puritanical culture. We must liberate ourselves from them, too, and that's what Alice's unisex image is intended to do.

Astonishment: something almost impossible to come by in this jaded age of ours. It has become the task of the practitioner of the rock art to find ways to astonish us.

Alice Cooper has recorded two albums, *Pretties for You* and *Easy Action*, both on the Straight-Warner Brothers' label. There are some lovely songs and some enigmatic puzzles on both L.P.'s and both are marked by the heavy bass sound and feedback distortion which mark the work of those groups which are oriented toward the violent. However, these albums are merely the original cast albums which recreate Alice's astonishing show for you. The show is something else.

At the end of an Alice Cooper concert, Alice goes berserk. The music is deafening. Alice throws the audience a boxful of live chickens. The audience by this time is crazy too. People reach up for the birds and rip them to pieces. Blood drips from their hands. Alice attacks a life-size mannequin with a hammer. The

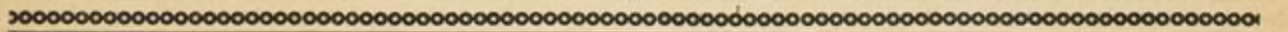


hammer, too, is tossed to the crowd, possibly to be used on a neighbor. Alice's band tosses tennis balls to one other. One of them douses the audience with a fire extinguisher. People are soaked with white foam. The strobe lights explode. The music reaches its crashing finale. Alice disappears. There's no business like show business.

Alice tells reporters that he is working on a new finale. He'd like to squirt the audience with a mist of monkey semen (a renowned aphrodisiac), while the music and lighting forces the audience to writhe together uncontrollably. The music would stop suddenly, and a massive shock applied to the floor of the theatre would cause everyone's hair to stand on end simultaneously. Artaud's Theatre of Cruelty has finally invaded Rockville.

Of course, it's obvious that this step forward brings us closer to rock writer Robert Christgau's theory of "totalitarian ecstasy," a group phenomenon which is what one usually experiences at concerts given by performers like Sly Stone who inspire thousands of people to wave their arms and scream "Higher!" at exactly the same moment. Formerly, Alice was content with letting the audience be liberated. (You can decide for yourselves if chicken slaughter is liberating.) Now, Alice wants power.

I'll keep you posted on Alice Cooper's arrival in New York. Rumor has it that he is working his way East. Ours is a transitional age. Entertainment is undergoing changes, violent changes, and it is easy to scoff at the baroque nature of Alice's routine, but anyone who is dedicating himself to liberation demands respect. I, for one, am looking forward to seeing Alice Cooper in New York.



Christendom's Crusading Cocksuckers

BY ROBERT AMSEL

If homosexuals are fearful of persecution today, let them look back into history to the persecution and ultimate extermination of a Christian order known as the Knights Templar. The destruction of this group resulted from two twin desires: greed and power—although a self-righteous king, a self-righteous pope, and a self-righteous Inquisition who annihilated them claimed to be acting in the name of Christ.

Ironically, the order of the Knights Templar was also founded in the name of Christ in 1123 and its function was to seek the Holy Grail and to bring Christianity back to the Middle East. It's method was violent. Recruited from the ranks of the well-born, the order vowed to live a life of poverty, chastity, and obedience while dedicating themselves as crusaders. Of this three-fold vow, poverty and chastity were the first to go, but obedience helped to increase their power, unity, and strength.

They were a ferocious military body who realized that no war, holy or otherwise, could be fought without money. They had a knack for accumulating wealth and this desire was only matched by their political ambition. It is also ironic that they were to be destroyed two hundred years later by men with the same goals.

Whatever their faults, they were first-rate soldiers and if they killed in a cold-blooded fashion, they in turn died with dignity when the tide was turned. The kings of Europe both feared and respected them, knowing that Templar support helped to maintain their sovereign rule. Their influence in Rome was also strongly felt by a sympathetic Church. The Knights Templar were created to protect that Church, attack disloyalty, uphold reverence, the priesthood, avenge the wrongs of the poor, and keep the civilized world in a state of quiet. As policemen of the Church and the state, they managed to keep medieval Europe stable, even after their ultimate defeat in the Crusades.

After their valiant defeat in the crusades, the surviving Templars continued amassing great wealth and land. Since they were under papal protection, their property was freed from both taxes and tithes. As the years passed, people forgot what courageous heroes they had been. First of all, they had lost so many men in battle that the standards for joining the order were lowered, and this allowed ambitious thugs to enter their ranks. Since they adhered to chastity when it came to women, they sought sexual fulfillment within their own order, and word of their homosexual practices began to leak out.

King Philip the Fair of France was not really concerned with their bedroom techniques when he had every Templar in his country arrested in October, 1307. He simply wished to confiscate their lands and property, thus using their alleged homosexual practices as a scapegoat (in

much the same way that Hitler descended upon the wealthy Jews of Germany and used "race" as a scapegoat). The Templars were accused of insulting and defiling the cross and denying the divinity of Christ. They were also accused of homosexual behavior in their initiation rites and in religious ceremonies. The fact that the Templars were a closed, secret order helped Philip to sustain these charges. In Rome, a weak Pope named Clement V had no desire at first to harm the Templars but his fear of Philip and his own greed ultimately caused him to withdraw support from the once powerful order.

Across the channel in England, King Edward II felt no horror whatsoever when he thought of the Templars' sexual practices, for he himself was similarly inclined (and ultimately met his death by a frustrated wife and a hot poker up his ass). But as a result of the change in papal thought on the subject, the trials went on in England and elsewhere. One must look



upon homosexuality in its historical significance in order to understand how closely it was related to heresy and thus, even to Satanism.

When the anti-sexual St. Paul spoke out against homosexuality and heresy in one breath, he knew of what he spoke. After all, the sexually-based pagan religions practiced all kinds of sexuality in and out of their temples. It was only natural that the uptight apostle should associate homosexuality with paganism and thus, with anti-Christianity. For in essence, if you weren't with Christianity, you were against it—there was no room for a middle ground, or was there?

A religious group known as the Cathars apparently felt that Catholicism was an abomination and would as likely venerate a gallows upon which their fathers had been hung as venerate a crucifix upon which their Lord had been executed. The Cathar Church proved to be a dangerous rival to the orthodox one and were ultimately forced underground.

Their goal was to overthrow the existing order and set up their own religious practices in its place. Their method was to infiltrate the Christian Church while profaning Christian practices in private. They believed in a God of Goodness and a God of Evil. Apparently, the evil deity had the upper hand and controlled the material world and men's physical bodies. In order to serve the good God, they abstained from marriage and relations with women, abstained from animal food, and turned on to severe flagellation. In time, their followers began to realize that since the evil God had power over all the defensible things in life, they would rather worship him instead. The original Cathar aims became totally perverted and led to the emergence of witchcraft and Satanism. Homosexuality was also the order of the day since chastity from women had been so strictly enforced.

At the time the Templars came to trial, the most damaging evidence against them was their own confessions, made while undergoing torture at the hands of a cruel Inquisition. As a result, their secret way of life was looked upon as Cathar heresy, although it is doubtful that the charges had much truth behind them. One Brother of the Templars order stated that at the time of initiation into the group, the candidate was given a little cord to be worn over a shirt both day and night and at all religious rites. This innocent mention of a little cord struck horror into the hearts of the inquisitors, for a similar cord formed part of the secret vesture of the Cathars. From that point on, the heresy trials took on a new look. Like the Cathars, the Templars were forced to confess that they had rejected the Communion and the sacrifice of the Mass by omitting the words of consecration and substituting an office of their own devising. Like the Cathars, Templar laymen were accused of giving absolution. The similarity of sexual practices only increased the belief in an analogy of the Cathars and the Templars.

As for homosexual initiation rites, fellatio and anilingus seemed to be the order of the day in some testimonies and this knowledge in itself helped to seal the fate of the Knights Templar. All across Europe, their lands were taken away and they were either executed or spent the rest of their lives in darkened dungeons.

And so, the extermination of the Knights Templar was completed. No one seemed to recall the heroic years of the Crusades in which many of them had given their lives in the name of Holy Mother Church. But what chance did they have when powerful greedy eyes stared covetously at their rich lands and possessions? There were no chances given them. They were branded as homosexual heretics and their beloved Church joined in the extermination and looting. If in their own way, the Knight Templar had been at times guilty of corruption and ambition, they were too honorable to exterminate their own kind to achieve their riches. Such can not be said of the kings to whom they owed allegiance or of the Church they venerated, served, and at whose hands they perished.

BY JASON GOULD

Just know that there is something terribly poetic about untying something you've tied... someone you've tied up... something terribly poignant about kissing somebody very tenderly at the same time as you're beating his ass. You might say it's terribly schizoid, but to me it's terribly tender. I have to say that I don't understand the S&M thing in me. All I know is that my therapist and I agree that it's very good for me, because it's something that has been repressed and I've been working, and letting it loose has been very good for myself.

That's Marc talking. We're sitting in the tastefully furnished livingroom of the apartment he shares with his roommate-lover in the Village-Chelsea area rapping about the Leather scene. A bright, articulate, solidly masculine man, Marc is by turns a teacher, a sculptor, a poet. When he's having sex, Marc is a sadist.

"There's always been a sadistic strain in me. I've always found that when I was making love and it became really passionate, I would tend to do a lot of slapping and biting. And then I met my present roommate, and that was the beginning of it all. He's basically a masochist, and I'm basically a sadist, so it's all worked out fairly well on that level.

"I don't think anybody gets into the leather scene unless they really have it there in them. It's not the leather scene, it's the S&M scene, actually. There are times when I'm all dressed up in leather and I kind of giggle at myself and think, 'Who would have thought of a nice, Jewish boy from the Bronx walking around like a Nazi general.' (hearty laugh) So I kind of think of myself as a Leather Maven, really. An expert, except I don't really consider myself an expert, because there are so many good people who know so much more about the scene than I do.

"The thing, really, about the S&M scene is acting out fantasies. I think that many, many, many people have S&M fantasies all their lives. I remember when I was very young, I used to put myself to sleep by jerking off and telling myself S&M fantasies. Now I'm acting them out, except I'm almost always S.

"Before you get into the S&M scene, until you know about it, S&M people have a kind of arcane glamour about them. And there's also the wanting to see them with the Achilles' heel. I remember years ago, before I was into the S&M scene, going to a New Year's Eve party where everybody was in their best New Year's Eve leather—the host changed 17 times—I remember it was one fantastic giggle because all these guys were sitting around in their leather and everything talking about Tebaldi and tuna-fish pie. One of them was an organist and we got into a great discussion about Bach toccatas and how they should really be played, and I thought, ha, ha, ha, all these big leather queens and they're just a bunch of faggots under the skin.

"And now that I'm in the scene, I think, perhaps they may be a bunch of faggots underneath the skin, but they have something I've discovered... a kind of honesty about them that many gay people don't have, except perhaps for the young revolutionary types. They have accepted their hangups—and everybody in the leather scene has a hangup. There are so many themes and variations that are

almost impossible to generalize about it, except that there are very few people who are exclusively S or exclusively M—although I tend to be exclusively S, except with my roommate."

I asked Marc, "Why Leather?" "It's a fetish. I kind of laugh at myself because I don't understand the whole thing in myself. I know that I groove on the costumes. I'm not particularly turned on by other people wearing leather, but I'm turned on by myself wearing leather. It's a sensual, sensuous kind of thing. I've never had any strong fears of my own masculinity, so I don't really feel it makes me more masculine. But I do feel it makes me more animal.

"And then there is something terribly exciting about somebody going ape-shit over the clothes you're wearing. One day I walked into the bar, and I was wearing complete leather—leather boots,

wound up by saying something cryptic like 'I make love,' and left it at that. But in a leather scene, they're very specific: what do you want, what do you do? I'm S; I like to play the slave/master scene. I like to tie up people. I like to beat people. If you don't groove on this, well then, this isn't the game we can play, because it's all a game. It really is all a game; you find very few S&M people who really believe their scenes. It's a play, and somewhat Peter Panish because of that. You're living through your fantasies and playing them out. If you're S and you have a very good M, you can just keep elaborating on your fantasy. Gee, you think, I've always wanted somebody to lick my boots. Or I've always wanted to beat somebody while they were licking my boots. Or I've always wanted to piss on somebody. Or what would it be like if I tied somebody down and poured hot wax on their ass... what would they

express in their freer, flower kind of personalities. It's a bad scene to wear too much color, to be too free, too loose. Many S&M people won't allow themselves to dance; they see it as a kind of a losing of their masculinity because they become very much hungup on their butch image.

"There is repression. It's not, you know, 'let's be free, let's be happy.' It's 'let's act out these fantasies.'"

Do people ever ask Marc to do things he doesn't want to do? "Yes. People have asked me to burn them, and I won't burn anybody. People have asked me to shit on them, and I won't do that either. Who wants all that stinking mess all over the place? But beating someone can be extraordinarily exciting. I prefer to use my hands, rather than a belt. But I've used a belt. Then there's the whole batch of 'shove something up my ass'—a candle, a corn, a soda bottle. The cock eventually, but a cock isn't really big enough—assaultive enough. Most M's like to be assaulted. There are two or three clubs lying around my house that are specifically for shoving up asses.

"Basically it's the M who controls the scene. I won't do anything to anybody that they don't enjoy. I don't find it ironic that the M controls the scene. I find it poetic, poignant, because there is a quality of love, of tenderness in it, and this may be where it lies. The boy who says to you 'I'm your slave, do what you will, master, master, oh my wonderful master' and you say to him 'I'm going to do this' and he says 'Oh, no, I don't like that' but because you want to please him, because his pleasure gives you pleasure, you don't do the thing you may have had in mind."

You see yourself, therefore, as giving to the other person? "Oh, yes, very, very strongly so."

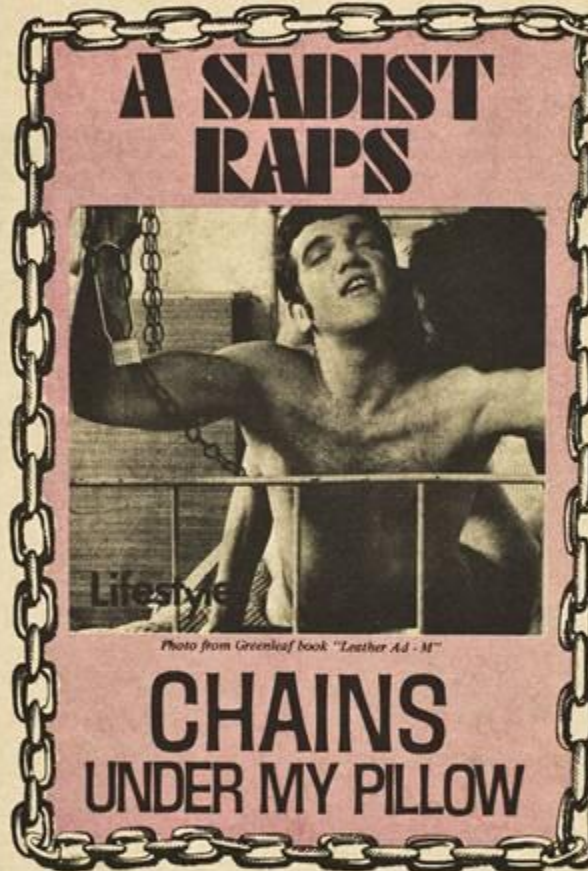
Marc explained that he isn't exclusively into S&M scenes. But things don't always work out that way. "Sometimes I'll bring home somebody, with myself wanting a non-S&M scene, a love scene, a tenderness scene. And I may have forgotten to put away some leather. 'Oh, are those leather pants? Are they yours? Will you put them on?' 'Sure I'll put them on. Why do you want me to put them on?' 'Oh, I'd just kind of like to see you in them. Oh, man, you look great in those leather pants. What do you do with that belt?' Before I know it I'm in an S&M scene beating somebody up again... when I didn't necessarily want to.

"I think many, many, many homosexuals, who are not in the scene, are attracted by it. To people who are not in the scene, it has, as I said before, a kind of glamour."

We talked about the fact that today, some people are taking the scene much too seriously, that it becomes too complex, too involved with the toys—the handcuffs, whips, and so forth, and it becomes dangerous, no longer a game.

"There are sadists who don't give a flying fuck what the masochist wants, but they will generally attract people who know this." Still and all, Marc observed, it's wiser not to let somebody tie you up unless you know them and trust them. "There are sadists who burn people and who like to cause major mayhem." He paused for a moment.

"The ultimate sadist is a murderer, and the ultimate masochist is a victim. I've run across both. They probably, fortunately for themselves, never really connect."



played in the leather scene that it's leather pants, leather shirt, my jacket and hat—and I walked into the bar and I suddenly was like flypaper. Everybody was hanging on me and groping me and touching me. I got angry, because I felt these sons-of-bitches had seen me thousands of times before when I hadn't worn this, and they hadn't really paid that much attention to me, and now that I was all decked out in Super-Leather, you know, they really were grooving on me. I had my pick, which I don't always have in bars. I had my pick of what I wanted.

"Another unique thing about the leather scene is that people are very clear as to what they want. I used to resent it when I went out cruising and people would say, 'What do you want?' or 'What do you do?' and I felt like I had to present them with a menu. I eventually

look like, what would their screams sound like? These may not be particularly healthy kinds of fantasies, but they are fantasies and you have a chance to act them out.

"There is a negative aspect about the S&M scene, something that distrubs me, because I value joy very highly. I think it's terribly interesting about the S&M scene that its color is black. Black in an almost medieval sense, the black for danger, the black for evil. You're just not going to make it in a S&M scene wearing a purple shirt and fringes and happy colors. There is this denial of joy. You mustn't ever wear a red T-shirt; it's got to be a black T-shirt, or a white one—provided you have the kind of body that looks good in a white T-shirt. Because people in the S&M scene are always acting a role they very often, I think, deny themselves the chance to

BY ANGELO d'ARCANGELO

In the first three installments of this series, d'Arcangelo explored the symptoms and effects of most venereal and/or genital maladies in males. Now he examines various contemporary approaches to treatment.

As you may or may not know, when you discover you've got something which rhymes with V.D. and you go to your private physician or to a Health Clinic, the usual treatment—particularly from doctors—is a series of shots of penicillin. These shots are given over a period of perhaps a week.

If there are advantages in this kind of treatment, they might be put under the heading of "Bedside Manner", or something of the kind, for they enable the doctor to sort of keep an eye on you.

The disadvantage of protracted treatment for Gonorrhea, for example, is the inconvenience of having to come to the office at the doctor's convenience, thus interrupting your work hours or what you will, not to mention an average cost of from fifteen to forty dollars for each treatment. However, we can say to ourselves, the cure is surely worth the money.

Still, it is very definitely possible to cure venereal infections with one-shot injections of penicillin or one of the other antibiotics. I think doctors in private practice tend to prefer to attenuate the treatment because it is more lucrative to do so. The actual cost of the antibiotic is perhaps a dollar or two. Disposable syringes are certainly no more, and the worth of the "personal attention" of physicians past a certain point is negligible in my opinion. In addition, I think there is that *je ne sais quoi* in many physicians which *hates* love. Let me clarify that a little.

Not very long ago I had occasion to go to a certain Dr. V. Chauncy Cavendish. Now Cavendish is a pretty good doctor, but he's expensive. That's all right because you don't have to sit about waiting. He does only by appointment. Cavendish proved to be a handy man to see because both my friend and I had friends in common who recommended him. However, Chauncy Cavendish is uptight, something of a puritan, rather a bore, and a teeny bit sadistic—which may or may not be his idea of a good GAY doctor, but it can be rather a drag. Particularly since V.C.C. is no virgin himself but has a taste for young imported flesh. But, dear friends, he tends to moralize and to dote on the details of the "contact". That's a little disturbing. Am I being overly sensitive? An ingrate? Cost for treatment for two appointments: \$70. Now that's expensive clap, even by today's standards.

So much for that. As long as I've got on my magic rubber finger guard, let me look at your liver. Let's talk about Hepatitis. But briefly, it's not one of my favorite subjects. I said just about all I wanted to about Hep. in the *HANDBOOK*, and it isn't really a venereal disease. Rather, a cleanliness problem. If Mark Crowley is what he appears to be, rimming snowmen may be the only surefire way to avoid Hepatitis. Otherwise, and for good measure, douche. With whatever you please: salty water, soapy water, a mild

LUSTFUL LICKS

vinegar solution, or some mad scented preparation reputedly for ladies only. It's a nice thing to do. Considerate. Oh, random fucking is nice but it's so sweet to meet someone who has gone to the trouble of readying himself for you. It makes fucking much easier too, for both of you.

Uncle Fudge's advice: Boys, if you aren't married, for heaven's sake keep good old-fashioned rubbers around the house. They can help guard against almost any and everything. A tube of Lubrefax or K.Y. and a pocket full of Ramses (app. 3 for \$1) can take some of the worry out of those "nights out". Not all, but some. Generally I think it's a little safer to be oral away from home, or manual. Myself, I think I'm going to see if I can find some of those old "Pro-Kits" they used to give servicemen during the second world war. (Doesn't any company manufacture them anymore? Send information to me if you do, or know of any company that does.) These packets included a washcloth impregnated with mild but adequate antiseptic soap, a scum bag, and a small tube of petroleum jelly laced with another antiseptic. The idea was to encourage one to piss—always a good idea—then squirt some of the jelly up into the cock and work it about, and to wash. Not foolproof, but not bad either. Beats a rosary every time.

While I'm at this level, A WORD ABOUT YOUR BALLS. In the March 29th issue of GAY, Hector Simms' humorous article about jockey shorts stated that they were ugly and concealed that which was beautiful. I agree. Aside from that, jockey-type shorts aren't good for you. For your balls. Your virility. They hold the testicles up close to the body and between the legs. Bad biz. The good sack wants to swing free because it needs to be kept relatively cool. Nature knows what she's doing. It's meant to hang out. Let it. Don't fight it. Wear boxers if you must wear something, but loose ones. And don't take hot baths. Take warm ones or very brief hot showers, but don't sit in hot water for long periods of time. N.G. Very impotent-making.

Before this interminable series drives me ga-ga and I begin a heading like GET TO KNOW YOUR PUBLIC HEALTH FACILITIES, let me say that generally, American enlightenment being what it is, said facilities are ghastly. Why? Why is anything in this greedy nation which is dedicated to serving the public low, mean, inefficient and hostile? There's a message in there somewhere for all of us.

I don't think I'd be off the mark if I said that for most people, going to a Public Health Clinic is degrading, not just because we're conditioned to regard such facilities as charity at best, or substandard processing for the poor, but because the staff of such places seem to think so. They are often coarsened by thinking themselves on the lowest rung of their professional ladders, and in the medical business that's important, for that industry was constantly but discreetly against anything which smacks of socialized medicine. It costs a fortune to



CAUSE LILY LIVERS

plumbing care and maintenance part IV

set oneself up in private practice, and the many men and women who can't afford to do so take positions in the military or with civil service facilities or public health facilities, not liking the work at all and consequently giving just a little bit of hostility to those people who come to them for treatment.

One of those immutable truths about social workers and others of that relentlessly middle-class stamp is that not only do they hate and mistrust unchurchified sex, but they consider the "just" consequences of that intercourse—i.e., infection—to be a kind of punishment. Or let me put it another way. My Britannica defines venereal disease as "A general term for the diseases resulting from impure sexual intercourse."

LILY: Jack, can you briefly describe what FREE is?

JACK BAKER: It's Fight Repression of Erotic Expression—a beautiful acronym but a horrible name. We got the end result, the word FREE and then forced the name. It's a student organization at the University of Minnesota. Our primary goal is to give students a way to meet other homosexual students on a strictly social and intellectual basis. There is no alcohol involved, and the lights are on, so that you're meeting people as people, as opposed to the bar scene. We don't have any concern for the sex lives of our members; we strictly want to give them the opportunity to meet other people.

LILY: You started this organization recently, didn't you?

JACK: Right. It was officially approved at the University on October 22 of 1969, but it was previously in the embryonic stage—underground—since April 1969, up until June. It operated above surface in the summer and then became full-fledged in September.

LILY: I guess you're one of the ringleaders of the group.

JACK: Not really, because I didn't get to the University till September. I didn't realize it was there. And once I found out about it, I became involved actively, took a major part. But I wasn't one of the founders.

LILY: Do you mind if I ask you how you got involved in the homophile movement? I'm interested in the personal aspect of this. Many people feel that they should be discreet and don't want to get involved. When did you decide that you did want to become involved and stop being secretive?

JACK: About four or five years ago, my lover and I talked about it. I guess we've only been going two or three years... so it was about two or three years ago. He and I decided to do something and come out. And then I met Frank Kameny last summer at a conference in Kansas City. We got to talking, and I decided that when I got up to Minnesota we would definitely start a group there. And lo and behold there was one already started. So I became active. My lover, who's now in Kansas City, will become active also when he moves to Minnesota.

LILY: Do you have any official function in FREE?

JACK: Yes. When we had a democratic structure, I was the president. Then they changed the structure from a democracy to what they call a bottoms-up grass roots structure, where you have coordinating committees and cells instead of presidents, vice-presidents, and committees. It's just a change in name really. Right now I'm on the coordinating committee, which is a three-member body that directs the organization. (At least I was on it until last night. They had elections, and I don't know what went on. But I think I was reelected.)

LILY: Yesterday [April 9] you talked at the Maryland University Law School in Baltimore. How was this speaking engagement arranged?

JACK: My roommate and I wrote an article for the *Georgetown Law Weekly*, and they got a copy of it and liked it and invited us down here. Besides, they coughed up \$300 to pay our expenses. Hell, if they'll pay for our night on the town, we'll come!

LILY: You talked mainly about

what FREE is doing?

JACK: Well, Mike [roommate] gave half of the lecture on the homosexual and the institutions that are suppressing homosexuality and also what sort of damage they have done. Then I gave a lecture on FREE: how it got started, what we're doing, how we're doing it, our strategy, and the outlook for the gay movement both in the professions and in society in general. Then we opened it up to questions. It was very well received both times. The lecture today in the day school went for two hours, and the other one [yesterday] lasted two-and-a-half hours. They said it was the longest lecture ever held there. Normally the students walk out after 45-50 minutes; they can't stand it any more; they just get bored. We had been there two-and-a-half hours, and we had to close it off. And that's the only time they've ever had a repeat performance, where they asked a speaker to speak the next day.

LILY: Today's program was not scheduled?

JACK: No, it was an impromptu speech, an impromptu arrangement. By

FREE AT LAST

MINNEAPOLIS, MECCA FOR GAYS - PART ONE BY LILY HANSEN



Jack Baker: F.R.E.E. Spokesman at the University of Minnesota

all standards, it was by far their best lecture—that's what they say.

LILY: Do you think that your involvement in the homophile movement will influence your career chances?

JACK: No, I don't. Other people disagree with me on that. The reason I don't is because I think of the future. By the time I graduate from law school, three years will have passed, and the changes that are going on in the gay movement are snowballing. There's going to be such a drastic change in just three years that it's not going to affect me at all. So I'm not the least bit concerned about it. But other people are. They say, "You'll never get admitted to the Bar."

LILY: That's what I was thinking of. Are there any restrictions now?

JACK: No, because we found out that the dean of the law school personally went to the Bar examiners and asked them specifically about Mike and me, whether or not it would affect our getting into the Bar. They told him very informally that no, it wouldn't—so long as we didn't get arrested. The test case is

coming up in July. Mike is taking his exam in July. I don't think it'll make any difference, and I certainly don't think it'll make any difference in three years.

LILY: Do you know what kind of law you will be practicing? Will it have any relation to the homophile movement?

JACK: Oh yes, that's one of the reasons I got into law school in the first place. I want to make some definite landmark decisions in the gay movement on civil liberties cases, such as the one we're taking up in September. We're going to test the law on legal gay marriages in the state of Minnesota. Right now the law in Minnesota reads that a "couple" can get married—a very neutral term—provided that they give blood tests and all the bullshit that goes with that, and the girl is 18 and the boy 21. It doesn't say that the couple has to be a boy and a girl. So we're going to test that this September.

LILY: Who's we?

JACK: FREE. And I want to handle the case myself as a member of the Legal

LILY: Have you spoken at any other places?

JACK: Oh yes, we speak constantly in the Twin Cities area. We have a speaker's bureau and try to get as many of our members out speaking as possible. There are so many speaking requests that we can't keep up with them, and I personally couldn't possibly. I only make one or two every other week because of time limitations. What really surprises us is that the churches are actually begging for us, asking us to speak to them. This is the one thing we thought we would have to fight. It's just the opposite. As a matter of fact, the Lutheran Church is really on our side. We've had a personal confrontation with them. They got a group of 20 seminarians and clergymen together with about five of our group, and we had dinner and discussion groups. We made such a dent on them that they are now working full force trying to help us. They made a tape of a lecture that two of our people gave, and they're passing it around among their headquarters, really trying to change the heads of the Lutherans throughout the country, the American Lutheran Church. The other surprising thing was the Catholic Church. They asked us to come down to an all-girl Catholic college—which shocked us. They admitted to us informally that they had a terrible lesbian problem.

LILY: Do you have many girls in FREE?

JACK: Not many. About 10% of our group are girls.

LILY: How large is your group?

JACK: We have about 50 paid members and about 60-80 supporters who are not members.

LILY: Do the girls go out on speaking engagements?

JACK: Yes, we always try to have a boy and a girl. As a matter of fact, we've found now that it's even necessary to have a boy, a girl, and a black.

LILY: Do you have black members?

JACK: Well, we don't really. We have blacks attending our functions, but they don't admit to being members. It's hard to get the blacks to come out in the open, but we found that students—especially in the high schools—constantly insist that you have a black member, which is highly unusual. We hadn't even thought of that.

LILY: What connections do you have with other homophile groups?

JACK: All informal. We refuse to have any formal connections with any other homophile group.

LILY: Then you're not a member of NACHO [North American Homophile Conference]?

JACK: No. There's too much coordination involved, and it gets to be such a headache. As a student organization we have such a problem already coordinating with our own members, because they're students and very flexible. On top of that, being a member of NACHO costs money, and we're not willing to put out for that. We can put it to much better use on campus. We have given informal support to the organization that started at the University of Wisconsin. They came to us, and we fed them all kinds of information: how we got started, what we've done, how to counteract the board of regents, and all this nonsense—and helped them out, but nothing formal. Toronto has written to us. Several other groups across the country have written to us. We routinely mail out our press releases and our newsletters, but that's it.



BLACK & GAY

Dear GAY: To those people who are Black and Gay (and the number is not small), there must inevitably be an ultimatum moment as to which to be first, Black or Gay. This dilemma will undoubtedly cause multiple changes to occur in the heads of not only those who fill both prescriptions, but in the heads of those who are Black and in the heads of those who are Gay.

your mental standpoint be shaken by people screaming how "Homosexuality Made Me A Nigger." The hell with that. This writer has been Black for many moons (and Gay for a few moons too!), and I can't remember being a nigger once. And if anybody should know if you're a nigger—it's you. Who was it who said that you have to be Black to be a nigger in the first place? Watch out baby, or society will poison your brain.

The choice of who you make it with is still up to you—but you have to have your head together on both fronts before you can really enjoy it with whoever it is. Nobody will twist your arm to bang the sheets (liberation isn't quite that widespread yet); but also, nobody will restrict you from humping who you please. There are sufficient numbers of Gays to continually ring your chimes whether you dig Blacks or Whites or both.

Granted that there are many Gays both Black and White who have developed a definite love of interracial nookie. Exclusively. Conversely, there are Gays both Black and White who only dig other Black and White (respectively) Gays. Somewhere in the middle (why is the majority always in the middle?) are the Gays who dig both.

Think about the whole thing slowly. There are a lot of humpy blacks stomping the streets, a lot of humpy whites, humpy Puerto Ricans, humpy Orientals. You can take the whole or any part thereof. Whatever moves you. The choice is yours. Militancy should not dictate how you get your rocks off. If your head says be

separate—Solid! Someone will be glad to lose the competition, and someone else will mourn their loss. Six of one, half dozen of the other.

Don't mix politics with sex—especially Gay sex. There's enough shit in your head already. Think about one thing at a time. Think Black. Think Gay. Then think both and decide which you will devote the most energy to. The battle to be Gay and free is almost identical to the battle to be Black and free. Being Gay is not a sickness, just as being Black is not a curse. Gay is good, and Black is beautiful. People are finally just beginning to get the message. But both fronts need every voice available. Get your head together Honey—Nobody'll care who you love.

Love, (for a more accessible substitute), P.K.H., N.Y.C.

THE WORLD LOVES A FAT MAN!

Dear GAY: Hector Simms' article was very interesting, but why didn't you get a Chubby Chaser to write on the subject?—some one in the thick of the fight. We are not smothered in fat all the time. Unfortunately, we have some time left over for other things. I have chased chubbies, men or women, since I was fourteen and have gone over all the reasons many times. Straight, Gay, this or that don't mean shit; I dig fat—maybe for the reasons in the article, maybe not. Here are some others.

Back in the forties a famous doctor conducted a study he called somatotyping, in which he tried to show that a person with a certain basic physical

structure exhibited definite emotional and personal traits. Fat people were called Endomorphs. He described their general personality traits as warm, sincere, friendly, affectionate, passive, inactive, somewhat manic-depressive, etc., etc. Of course there are exceptions to these general traits. It's not just the fat but some of these personality traits that suit me emotionally as a chubby chaser; maybe also it is the mother or father complex wanting to protect and take care of someone who is outcast by society, especially gay society; maybe it's an inferiority complex us chubby chasers have about ourselves and we don't want to compete for the popular types. Maybe it's a million things, but in the last analysis, baby, it's a trip and a half to sleep with a warm soft chubby body, be it man or woman. When people look surprised at me and say why does a guy with a nice trim body and who is fairly good looking want to spend his time with him and all the while muttering something about having seen Pablo Casals at the Blackjack table—Well, all I have eyes for are as usual, underaged. Anyway, I don't like music.

I still maintain the world really loves a fat man. No one ever made a skinny snowman or drew a lean, mean, Santa Claus.

Robert M. Woodstock, N.Y.

A CHARMING ADMONITION

Dear GAY: One of the messages (which I had thought peeled like Liberty Bell) in Boys in the Band says that we should try to stop hating ourselves so much—very neatly qualified, I think. Nonetheless, your rag, MAIL — continued on page 16

John Thomas

HELLO... DENNIS? IT ISN'T... WELL, IS HE THERE?

HE'S NOT?... WELL WHO THE HELL IS THIS?... A FRIEND OF HIS?... OH? THIS IS PAUL. DO I KNOW YOU? OH... I SEE YOU'RE VISITING... YOU KNEW HIM WHEN YOU WERE BOYS IN OMAHA.....



WERE YOU... CLOSE FRIENDS?... WHY ARE YOU LAUGHING?.....

DO YOU KNOW WHEN HE'LL BE BACK?... OH... NOT UNTIL VERY LATE... AND HE LEFT YOU ALONE?

YOU'RE SURE HE WON'T BE BACK TIL LATE?... WELL LISTEN, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT... WHY DON'T I COME OVER THERE AND WAIT... I'M JUST DOWN THE STREET... IT'LL ONLY TAKE ME A MINUTE OR TWO.....



THE LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

It's a good thing I don't own any apartment buildings because if I did I would have to decide who to rent to and who not to rent to and I really don't think I could in good conscience rent to Barbra Streisand. I've watched her three times on television but if I bumped into her in the lobby I wouldn't want it to happen in my own building.

Last week I went to Puerto Rico My Hilton Hotel of the Stars was putting on a little put-on called, This is Puerto Rico, Mister! Well, they could have fooled me. My friend Dick was driven into the Casino. He came back to his room two hours later dragging his tail behind him and all the while muttering something about having seen Pablo Casals at the Blackjack table—Well, all I have eyes for are as usual, underaged. Anyway, I don't like music.

We went on Air Eastern. "Where's the first-class lounge?" we asked. "It's closed," they said. "Then why are you selling first-class tickets?" we asked. "Fuck off" they said. So for a first-class ticket we got a free rum drink, a ham

sandwich and arrived in San Juan at precisely the same time as the economy passengers.

If you have to fly from one place to another in this country you should fly out of the country first, and then back. That way you can get some real Champagne. The airlines have decided to punish their passengers because of DeGaulle and serve N.Y. State champagne. (They're a bit behind the times.)

This morning I found the front headlight on my car smashed. I drove over to Adams and Mahoney on the East Side to have it fixed, and asked Mr. Mahoney if he could have the car ready by six. "Yes" he said, "by the way I want you to meet Mrs. Whats-her-name. This is Mr Battcock. He writes for SCREW." Mrs. Whats-her-name said: "Why, you look very nice!" "Why shouldn't I," I said. She answered: "Because it's a filthy paper." "And you're driving a filthy car," I said.

I've given a lot of thought to abortion lately, and I've decided I'm completely against it. It's really not the progressive liberal issue it's made out to be. The fetus is a living, learning person,

and as such cannot be murdered. There are just too many alternatives. Men should be sterilized. Women should be sterilized. Contraception should become more universal. The moment that sperm cell hits that ovary, there can be no abortion. Women's liberation doesn't mean murder. The child in the womb is NOT the property of the mother, just as the child three days born isn't the property of the mother nor is the child 15-years old the property of the mother. Once the organism is alive growing and learning—processes that, ideally, continue throughout life, then it's nobody's property, and deserves the protection of the state. When people hear you're against abortion, the first thing they ask you is are you a Catholic? Yes I am, and when I was in the first grade at Seton's Academy, mad old Sister Rose went around and took the purple crayon out of our crayon boxes. We were forbidden to use purple because it "... makes the Blessed Virgin cry."

That's not all Sister Rose did. One of her favorite stunts was to send you to the bathroom with a girl in hand, if you were a boy, and vice versa. Actually, I suppose it was really rather progressive but,

considering the context, it got Sister Rose put away.

The only thing I can thank my mother for was not having an abortion, and I'm thankful. Truly, it was the only decent thing she ever did in her entire life. I only regret that I can't wish her a nice Rest in Peace because she hasn't died yet.

The only thing I can hope, in favor of abortion, is that, in fact, the new law might actually REDUCE the number of abortions. Legalized abortion could lead to wider information about contraception and less social stigma for unwed mothers.

I love it when they say that it's cruel to permit Rubella babies to live. Life for them is such a burden, they say. Bullshit! Life for Rubella babies is a burden for US, for society. Nobody ever proved the contrary. According to our own extremely distorted and hypocritical standards of "decent living", the Rubella kid must be suffering. But is it not possible that life under ANY conditions (red, dead, or otherwise) might be preferable to no life at all? Thus virtually every argument supporting legalized abortion (other than the fact that legalization might ultimately REDUCE abortions) is read as reactionary and motivated entirely by self-interest. When I see a mother at a peace demonstration carrying a pro-abortion sign, it makes me think.

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GAY IS GREAT



I recommend GAY to all of my patients, particularly the straights. When I get a Don Juan on the couch I try to convince him he doesn't really like girls and I tell him he'd be much better off with the boys.

I even give copies of GAY to my fellow psychiatrists. Some of them disapprove, of course, but that's tough shit, isn't it? If we don't make this a GAY world, it'll be dull as hell. Now please

understand that I'm not a fag hag doctor, I'm just smart, that's all.

Ophelia Self, Ph.D. GAY is positively the rage all over the Continent. Friends of mine are sneaking copies into Edinburgh Castle, and I've heard rumors that even the Princess is reading it. She's awfully pretty, the Princess. If I knew for sure that she was reading GAY I'd, well, I'd ... Mary, Queen of Scots

Out here in Montana us cowboys don't get out much with the girls, 'cause there aren't that many around. Of course, there are cows and lady horses, but they don't really have the necessary appeal. Now that GAY's America's first weekly homosexual newspaper, you've given us boys something to really talk about while we're givin' it to each other! The Boys from Doody Ranch

Edited by SCREW columnists, Lige and Jack, GAY includes such notables as Mattachine Director Dick Leitsch, Homosexual Handbook author, Angelo d'Archangelo, Occult expert, Dr. Leo Louis Martello, Rock expert, Everett Henderson, Lesbian editor Lily Hansen, Businessman, Randolfe Wicker, Homophile President, Robert Amsel, Film critic, Ian J. Tree, Advice expert, Stephen Kaiso, Man about town, John Francis Hunter, High Thorn, Peter Ogren, and a host of others.

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MAIL -- continued from page 14

though the best of its kind I have yet to read, sometimes shows a talent for hate both direct and oblique that puts poor Michael's hysterics to shame.

What a pleasure to watch Mr. Leitsch perform itemized spadework on the sad Mr. Goodman, whose problems could be seen through by the dimmest occupant of any well-run nursery. How heartwarming to tune in Mr. Ogren saying that the characters in Mr. Crowley's play make everything they touch turn to shit. Or Mr. Amsel, in a lower key, reasoning subtly like a man armed with papal dispensations, that while Mr. Lawrence can be pardoned for writing *Women in Love* when he did, Mr. Crowley will have to forgo any hope of ever being forgiven. One might go on mentioning similar services rendered by Messrs. D'Arcangelo, Wicker, and others of your gifted staff and thereby conclude that you are the lovable ones we have all been waiting for. Such a charitable, clear-eyed, understanding lot. (Unfortunately, I cannot include in your band Dr. Kaino, who is merely useful; or Miss Hansen, who is only sensible and charming.)

Give us your criticism by all means. Spare us the hate-tinged harping. We can

get that elsewhere. And since you will probably never get to know the Crowleys, Goodmans, or your unseen readers (including this one), it may be best not to take them too seriously. That may save you the dreary trouble of becoming too serious about yourselves. Nobody really knows anybody anyway.

Try for once to make criticism truly gay--good spirits, bright, cheerful, free, easy, having play, loose. Leave hate and "high seriousness" to the hacks. Our demented century needs to be reminded (if it ever knew) that such a virtue as *gaiete* can exist.

Good luck with your work and congratulations on becoming a weekly.

Sincerely,
Don P.
N.Y.C.

[Ed. Note: What an utter delight to receive tender missives from such light-hearted and literate readers! Your critical faculties have the sort of wry bite which makes us suspect you belong with our own lovable gang yourself! -- J.N.]

PAT ROCCO TO BOB AMSEL

Dear Mr. Amsel,

For the first time since reviews and articles have been written about my films, I feel compelled to write back to a reviewer concerning his article.

In the second paragraph of your article you referred to my films as "exploitative." Please let me state flatly that it is not now, nor will it ever be my intention to make "exploitative" films. If some of my films contain explicit sex scenes (and many do not) there is a definite reason for it. When viewing the films in their entirety this "reason" should be quite clear. It must be absolutely vital to the story I'm trying to tell. It's as simple as that. You even pointed this out later in your article when you quoted me as saying "I like to make movies which people can identify with." To select and write realistic stories and situations that people can identify with, it's most important to talk to and know people. It's also important for a filmmaker to delve a bit into his own past and perhaps relive a situation that had actually happened, or one that perhaps he might have liked to happen.

In answer to the question you most pointedly posed in your article--NO--you have nothing to fear when you make your first visit to California. Los Angeles is not like a Pat Rocco movie. At least, not as a whole. People here have the same anxieties, the same frustrations, and the same joys. That I choose to use stories that relate more to the happier moments

of homosexual love is purely a matter of personal taste. Why not try to uplift the homosexual and identify with the good times?

Movies have always been a good form of escapism. But must we always escape to the blood and guts and grimy sex side of things? I don't think so. We certainly have enough of that in the news, on TV, and in the theatre. And, in entertaining, I like to supply a pleasant form of escapism.

Please understand, Mr. Amsel, that I have not taken a personal affront to your article. In fact, I welcome it. It has given me the chance to explain in my own way my reasons for making films the way I do. And I hope this letter has also served to answer the many questions you posed in your article. I can only conclude now by quoting part of a line--a most truthful line--that was part of your article. "... Pat Rocco seems to be a happy man fulfilling a labor of love..." The main thing is, I hope it shows.

Yours in peace, happiness, and love,
Pat Rocco

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

mish-mash of negative attitudes, self-denigration, lack of self-acceptance, and the inability to communicate with others. Intelligence has nothing to do with this, as witness the attempts at public self-martyrdom of Goodman and Allen Ginsberg. In fact, the brighter the mind trapped in this gloomy closet, the more adept it is at devising new and more elaborate means of self-torture.

I have repeatedly written that it is of supreme importance to understand that DIFFERENT AND INFERIOR ARE NOT SYNONYMS! These men do not believe this. They privately consider sex dirty, homosexuality a degrading state of freakishness, and all other people as potential enemies who would peer or reject them because they mentally do this to themselves. And they do this because they consider themselves inferior, not different. These letters (and Goodman's work) are full of clues to this appalling self-appraisal. "I have never communicated spiritually and physically with the same person." "Basically I'm distrustful of other gay people (straight, too)." Rejection is the theme running through these letters, self-rejection and rejection by others. My friends, let me ask you this: if you cannot love yourselves, how can you love anybody else...and why should they love you? Have you never realized that you do not spend 24 hours a day in bed, and that it is the only place you are homosexual. The rest of the time you are exactly like all other human beings, with similar problems and frustrations and hopes. If you cannot change something you dislike, alone or with trained assistance, you must accept it or remain forever unhappy. There is nothing terrible or tragic about being different. Of course, you have difficulty relating to other people if you come to them feeling like Quasimodo. Why not let them decide for themselves how they feel about you? Gandhi was different. So were Jesus and Buddha and Einstein. And they knew it. Who has called them inferior? Don't worry so much about coming to terms with your homosexuality; come to terms with YOURSELVES!

J.P., NYC

A. It would be useful for Paul Goodman, as well as the two gentlemen whose letters appear, to read this reply, because it is glaringly obvious that he also is trapped in a web which exists solely in their own heads. Their problem is not homosexuality. Rather, it is a masochistic

nervous it was a disaster. In the eight years since, I have hardly managed to become more accepting of it. It has caused me to drop out of college, spend three fruitless years in a shrink's office, lose most of my self-confidence, seriously impede my creativity (I am a musician), and spend countless hours contemplating suicide. All this time, I have insisted that it would change, but so far I have never been turned on sexually by chicks. I am also not turned on by homosexuals. I have never really been attracted to a man who wasn't basically straight. Also I am only attracted to younger, more "innocent" men than myself. Needless to say, my love life has been sparse. I have never made love to the same man more than three times. I doubt I have been laid 40 times in my whole life. I have tried to make love to women, but I am invariably impotent. I have done everything I can think of to come to terms with my homosexuality. I have seen a psychiatrist, dropped acid, prayed, meditated. I cannot accept it; I fight it in every way, yet there seems to be a barrier between me and women that I cannot get through. I have never had a lover who was more than an extended one-nighter. I have never communicated spiritually and physically with the same person. I am losing my ability to love and communicate with anybody on any level, if indeed I ever had it. What do I do now?
N. M., NYC

Q. I've been gay for a number of years. I am a terrible failure with other gay people. I don't know where the fault lies. I have seen a number of psychiatrists,

BY STEFEN VERK

A column of counsel to our troubled brothers and sisters who seek meaningful, positive guidance and not the further imposition of heterosexual or homosexual myths, hangups, or unearned guilts. Only letters of the widest general interest can be published here, but all letters will be answered if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope and 50 cents for handling.

NOTE: This column will be a departure from my usual format. An advice columnist receives many letters of a distressing nature from unhappy people with whom he cannot become emotionally or personally involved, though he knows they need not only counsel but the comforting-arms and reassuring words of a friend who cares. Indeed, the problem for many of these people is that they cannot relate intimately enough to believe anyone could be a friend. Today I am publishing letters from two such men, who need to know that the world contains many compassionate, helpful, self-respecting, people who have been able to adjust to their circumstances and who may be willing to pass on their formulas for such adjustment, as well as their reassurances that it is, not only possible but vital to trust someone else enough so that he may become a friend. I invite my readers to answer these letters from their hearts and consciences. I will forward the best of these and assure all those who answer that they have helped to save another human being. My replies to these men will be of a technical nature, but yours will be of equal, or perhaps greater, importance.

Q. I am 27. When I realized I must be homosexual at the age of 16, I refused to accept it, and consequently got extremely uptight about it. I insisted it was a passing phase, and that some day I would become attracted to girls. I didn't try making love to a man until I was 19, and I was so

WELL OF POSSIBILITY

and I'm seeing one at the present time. This doctor tells me since I am a failure and suffer guilt because I'm gay, I should change over to heterosexuality. This I cannot do since women mean nothing to me, nor am I stimulated by them sexually. I am 33, and I really feel time is running out for me. I'm white, 5'4", 145 lbs., small-boned, not well-hung, and of average features. I feel somewhat inferior about my appearance, and I realize my self-image is affected. I've tried Mattachine, a few gay bars, the Village and other cruising grounds, but always end up with no one. I go home feeling miserably dejected, with all kinds of murderous and suicidal thoughts running through my mind. To complicate matters, I've been unemployed for some time, living off public assistance. There is a sado-masochistic component to my homosexuality which needs expression, but I'm afraid to do so for certain reasons. Basically I'm distrustful of other gay people (straight, too!) because of my own past experiences. I feel I have wasted a good portion of my youth on gay life. I am very bitter because of its many rejections and failures. What to do now is the big question for me. If you can offer a constructive and meaningful plan of action, I would greatly appreciate it.

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HANDSOME, WHITE, straight-looking college grad., 23, blond, 6', 140lbs, inexperienced, wishes to form serious friendship with guys under 25. Please send a letter to AUSTIN, P.O. Box 2363, Grand Central Sta., NYC 10017.

MATURE, secure, talented, endowed, well-built masculine male has profound need for association with preferably short, pleasant-looking, average or slightly underweight boy or young man of character, worldliness and opposite needs. Box 522, Planitarium Sta., NYC 10024.

AVA-GRAPH FILM FESTIVAL- "DEAD SISTER'S SECRET", "RUGGED MEN", "SKIN & LEATHER", "MY JOHN". May 1 & 2 (midnight); 3rd, 5pm; 4th & 6th at 9pm. \$3 Trocadero, 180 Christopher - 989-9640.

MALE, WHITE, 45, heavy hung, would like to become acquainted with white males interested in nudism. The beauty of the male physique in photography and sketches as well as in person, especially those extremely hairy and heavy hung. Would like to discuss the subject in detail at your place, if possible. Let's get together for a few drinks or dinner, or both, for the day and evening, or both. Call 201-482-4274 bet. 12 and 1pm ONLY, to arrange for a meeting.

CHUBBY CHASER wishes to meet a chubby over 325 lbs. for a permanent relationship. I like baby faces, hairless bodies, with big breasts and buttocks. I'm a handsome, affluent male of 38, and will offer the right person lots of love. Send photo and phone to P.O. Box 34, East White Plains, N.Y. 10604.

TWO YOUNG GUYS want to meet two young guys with similar interests. Polaroids exchanged. No Queens. Box 143, Roxbury, Connecticut, 06783.

BUTCH GAY MALE, mid-30's, is tired of the same old bar routine. Would like to meet other guys who share my interests: radical politics, books, theatre, etc. Am also interested in sharing my round-trip to California by car this July and August. Write Box 380, Village Sta., NYC 10014.

MALE, 26, West Village pad, digs husky well-hung Puerto Rican/Latin types. Call Pete at OX 1-5483 around 8pm.

FOR GAYS ONLY: Meet other people who share your desires. We bridge the gay gap and put you into contact with other guys (or gals) who share your thing. \$1 brings you sample list and literature. Social Encounter, Flatiron Bldg., 175 Fifth Ave., Suite 1101, NYC, 10010.

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FILM DIRECTOR SCREEN-TESTING handsome, well-proportioned young men (experienced or beginners to age 25) for roles in Acapulco based production. Scenario calls for athletics; nudity; simulated love. Great experience with modest expense allowance! Send photo, measurements to: BARTEN, P.O. Box 3906, NYC, 10017.

MASCULINE & HIP models from Germany to California are here to pose fashion, nude, or leather. Call 873-9145 days or nights.

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VERY ATTRACTIVE, slim, hairy male has pictures of his beautifully headed penis and lovely rounded ass. 6 for \$5. Your bread will be returned if you don't want to just "eat them up." Fred, Box 172, Lawrence, N.Y. 11559.

ARE YOU TENSE? Let me help you relax! Rubdowns by experienced hands. For info. call Jeff, 733-3155, between 10am and 10pm.

HANDSOME, COLLEGE, male, 21, 5'11", 150 lbs., looking for handsome, intelligent, athletic guys 16-26. Prefer blond Joe Collette type. No Queens, All Men. ERIC, 789-4995 after midnight till May 30th.

HUNG STUD, 29, white, like poppers, orgies, films, travel. Send photo. Dick Crieden, P.O. Box 17182, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105.

SENSATIONAL MASSAGE by a sensational young masseur. Residential only. 9am to 10pm. Call Charles Adams, 777-3131 and leave your number with my answering service.

IF YOU COME TO ATLANTA call Alex. Love to meet well-hung people. Negroes more than welcome. Call 404-875-5124. Promise you a good hot time in any way you like it. NO PHONIES!

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GOOD-LOOKING MALE, 24, 5'10", 155lbs, brown hair and eyes and hung, in cycle and head set would like to meet heads to groove with and guys with cycles to ride with. You won't be disappointed with me. I dig blonds with groovy bodies. Let's meet and swing. If you're groovy and know where it's at call ARTIE, 989-0488.

GAY ACTIVIST ALLIANCE President desires part-time job in Manhattan. Flexible hours. Tel. 691-2748.

ATTRACTIVE PROFESSIONAL MAN, 30 wishes to meet same, professional person (21-35) for warm, sincere friendship. Phone eve. 541-9058. Ask for David.

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-Archer Watson, NEW YORK POST

"Meat/Rack" is a harbinger of films to come. It is totally uncompromising in its graphic approach to unconventional relationships, and it is explicit in the extreme. "Meat/Rack" begins where "Midnight Cowboy" left off... but with realism heretofore implied only by innuendo."
-L.A. PRESS

"Photographer-director Michael Thomas shows a certain flair for composition... in his handling of outright sex, he manages to keep the images just a hairsbreadth away from the best. Sex scenes are numerous, bizarre and graphic... "Meat/Rack" has much going for it and should attract a crowd of the curious and the convinced."
-VARIETY (3/25/70)

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GAY'S CALENDAR

Monday, May 4: New York Mattachine Society Legal Clinic at Society offices, 6pm.

Tuesday, May 5: Mattachine Society discussion groups at Christopher's End, 180 Christopher St., 8pm. Donation 50 cents.

Wednesday, May 6: West Side Discussion Group regular meeting. Church of the Holy Apostles (28th St., & 9th Ave.), 8pm. Donation \$1.50. There is also a free blood test clinic in cooperation with the

city Department of Health before the meeting (discretion assured).

Thursday, May 7: Gay Activists Alliance regular meeting. Church of the Holy Apostles (28th St., & 9th Ave.), 8pm. Donation 50 cents.

"Homosexual News" on WBAI-FM (99.5), 8pm.

Friday, May 8: "Homosexual News" rebroadcast of 5/7, WBAI-FM, 10:45am.

Saturday, May 9: GLF Lesbian Dance at Alternate U., 530 Sixth Ave. (14th St.), 9pm. Donation \$1.50 singles, \$2.50 couples. Note: There will be no mixed dance this Saturday night!

Sunday, May 10: GLF Gay Youth Group (under 20 only) meeting at the Church of the Holy Apostles (28th St., & 9th Ave.), 6pm.

GLF regular meeting at the Church of the Holy Apostles, 8pm.

NATIONAL DIRECTORY

Committee for Homosexual Freedom meets Sundays at 7pm at Hospitality House, 148 Leavenworth, San Francisco, Calif.

Council on Religion and the Homosexual meets at Glide Church, 330 Ellis, San Francisco, Calif. Telephone (415) 771-6300.

Daughters of Bilitis, Inc. Women only. Telephone (212) 566-8865.

Gay Activists Alliance, P.O. Box 2, Village Station, NYC 10014. Telephone (212) 691-2748 or (212) 673-5633.

Gay Liberation Front c/o Come Out, P.O. Box 92, Village Station, NYC 10014. Telephone (212) 243-2437.

Homosexual Information Center (The Tangents Group) 3473 1/2 Cahuenga Blvd, Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

Mattachine Society, Inc. of New York

243 West End Ave., NYC 10023, Tel. (212) 799-0916.

Mattachine Midwest, P.O. Box 924, Chicago, Ill. 60690. Tel. (312) 334-2244.

Mattachine Society of Washington, P.O. Box 1032, Washington, D.C., 20013. Tel. (202) EM 2-2211.

National Alliance of People (NAP), c/o R. Hall, 229 W. 15th St., Apt. 5A, NYC, 10011. (New organization)

Philadelphia Action Committee for Equality for Homosexuals (PACE), 1511 Pine St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19103. Tel. (215) KI 6-8929.

Society for Individual Rights (SIR), 83 Sixth St., San Francisco, Calif. Tel. (415) 781-1570.

Homophile organizations are invited to send their addresses and other information for publication in the Directory or Calendar.

GAY NEWS

(continued from page 3)

than from women. (The New York State Division of Human Rights had 41 complaints from men last year—about 17% of the total.)

In one of these complaints, a man was turned down for a position as a switchboard operator. The company said it had advertised for someone with a pleasant voice, and the man did not have a pleasant voice.

Men in the nursing profession are sometimes discriminated against, according to Sheldon Ornstein, director of nursing service at Frances Schervier Nursing Home and Hospital in Riverdale.

"There's a certain amount of discrimination at the recruitment and hiring levels," he said. "And I don't like the term 'male nurse.' My wife is a nurse and I don't call her a 'female nurse!'"

A check of several babysitting agencies in the city showed that no men had ever applied for jobs. "People don't want men as babysitters," said one agency spokesman. "It's a female world."

SUPREME COURT REFUSES APPEALS

Washington, D.C. The Supreme Court on April 21 refused to hear two homosexual cases, one that would test the Government's authority to fire homosexuals and another that would test its authority to withhold security clearances from homosexuals.

In denying the pleas for hearing the two cases, the Court automatically upheld previous rulings of lower courts supporting the Government's anti-homosexual policies. Because of its heavy schedule, the Court normally refuses to hear an overwhelming majority of cases brought before it. However, in this instance, the "Court heeded the advice of the Justice Department," according to press reports.

The first case, that of Richard L. Schlegel of Philadelphia, challenged an executive order that authorizes denial of security clearances to homosexuals without evidence that the worker is likely to reveal classified information. Schlegel's civil liberties union lawyers had cited Freud, Kinsey and more current

researchers and had argued that homosexuals are no less trustworthy than any other group of human beings.

The second case attempted to test a provision of the Federal Veterans Preference Act used by the government to discharge homosexuals purportedly in order to "promote the efficiency of the Service." Solicitor General Erwin N. Griswold, in opposing the appeals, told the Court that many co-workers find homosexual conduct so distasteful that they could not work efficiently with a known homosexual. He added that the Government enjoys wide discretion in determining cause for dismissal.

The appeal had argued that the constitution afforded homosexuals the same job rights with the Government given other workers.

Schlegel told GAY that he felt that the Court's refusal to hear his case was tantamount to an adverse decision. A Civil Liberties Union lawyer, however, offered the opinion that cases are turned down on many grounds by the Court, and that the door now remains wide open for better cases, especially if there arise conflicting decisions in homosexual cases in the lower courts. Such conflicting decisions, when they revolve on identical issues, must be resolved by the Supreme Court.

DOB RECONSIDERS SEGREGATION policy

New York, N.Y. — Members and friends of the New York Chapter of Daughters of Bilitis met April 16 to reexamine DOB's traditional policy of excluding men from most of its meetings. A divergence of views was apparent from the outset of this meeting on "Integrate or Segregate the Sexes?"

Several lesbians argued that they wanted to keep their discussion topics pertinent to women. They said DOB is the only place short of women's bars to meet all women, and that it would be the "beginning of the end" of this situation if men were allowed into their meetings and topics of common interest were discussed.

"Why can't this be exclusive, the only one," a participant urged,

"Otherwise, men will take over. Don't open the doors! We don't know who's coming in to take advantage or to attempt to wrest control."

The majority present, however, spoke from a compromise position, but with some words of caution. Some men might come in for kicks or for cruising, they admitted. One explained, "We'll get male lesbians — you know, the kind of man who likes to sleep with women only because he just happens to be a man! Such men exist, and they actually think of themselves as lesbians!" Also, she warned, "disturbed men, the type who like to drop their drawers, might show up if the public were invited."

Moderates proposed that it might be best to open meetings not to men in general but to homosexual males only.

They said DOB could thereby arrive at more sensible opinions of what was going on in the gay movement and that such meetings could unify the movement, enhancing understanding between gay brothers and sisters.

A vote was taken to see if the assembly felt that periodic meetings with men would be desirable, and the vast majority present voted "Yes." One lesbian observed after the vote, "I have nothing against men who are truly interested in lesbians. A few such meetings are no threat to DOB. But we'll fight anybody who attempts to take control out of the hands of women!"

"And please," another added, "let's make these meetings only once in a while!"

LAWYER AND T.A. COP INDICTED IN TEA ROOM SHAKEDOWN

New York, N.Y. — On April 20, a criminal lawyer and a New York City transit policeman were charged in State Supreme Court with trying to shake

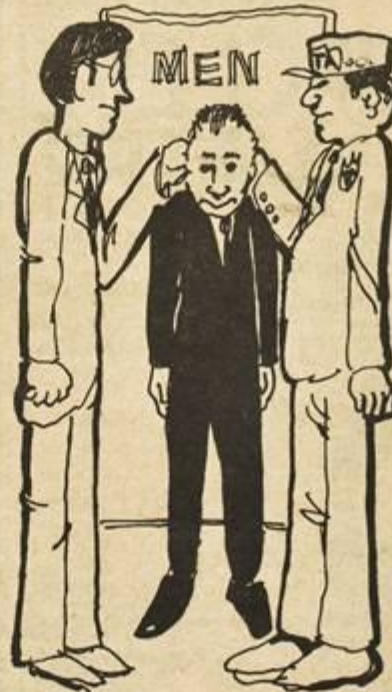
the lawyer, Donald E. Gilbert, allegedly devised a scheme by which Homan would make an arrest and suggest that the man see Gilbert for legal advice. Gilbert would then ask for money with which to bribe Homan to testify in court that the arrest was faulty. The two then allegedly tried to put the plan into effect last June 17, when Homan arrested a Manhattan businessman (whose name was not released) in the men's room at the 51st Street stop of the Lexington Avenue IRT.

According to the Manhattan District Attorney's office, the plot failed when the arrested man revealed to the District Attorney the offers made him by Homan and Gilbert.

Sources said that the man was asked to pay \$1,500, part of which would be used to bribe Homan. It was not disclosed how much money actually had been paid, but Homan was charged with receiving a bribe, and Gilbert was charged with offering a bribe. Both charges are felonies and are punishable by up to seven years in prison.

Both Homan and Gilbert were indicted for conspiracy and criminal solicitation, and Homan was also charged with official misconduct.

Gilbert, who has a large practice in the Criminal Courts Building at 100 Centre Street, will be disbarred if he is convicted.



down a businessman whom the policeman had arrested last summer on a morals charge.

The policeman, Maurice Homan, and