

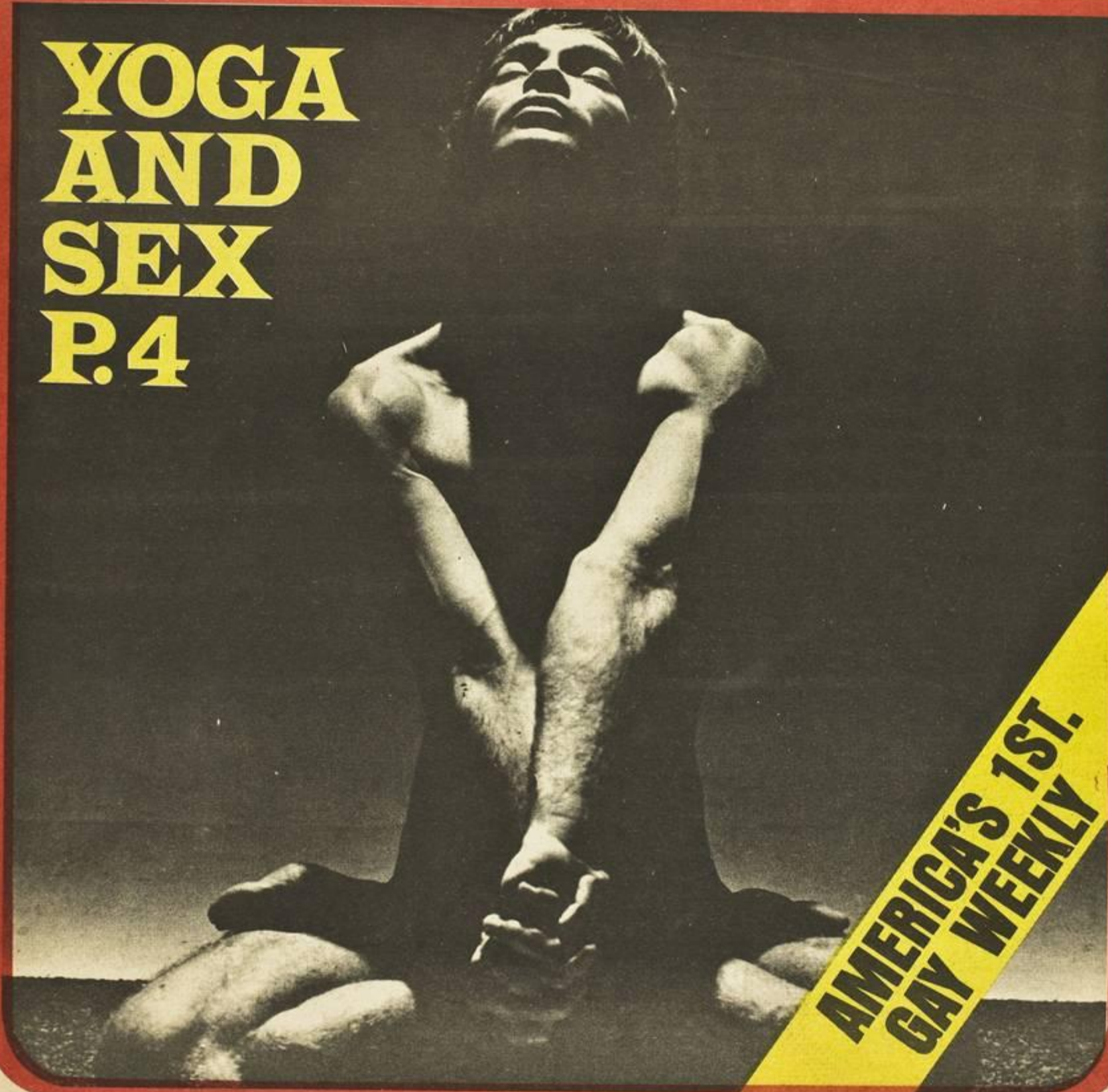
THE JOURNAL OF SENSUAL FREEDOM

GAY

75¢

NO. 27

**YOGA
AND
SEX
P.4**



**AMERICA'S 1ST.
GAY WEEKLY**

**HOW THEY CAN TELL
IF YOU ARE GAY P. 14**

The Editors Speak:

WHO ARE OUR FOES?

Morris Kight, founder of the Los Angeles Gay Liberation Front, has suffered minor violence at the hands of a small hard-core group of so-called revolutionaries active in that organization.

These "revolutionaries" pushed Mr. Kight and threw beer in his face. They abused him verbally for taking a nonviolent position at the time of the Reverend Troy Perry's arrest (in accordance with the Reverend Perry's wishes).

Morris Kight tells us that he "loves" these "overenthusiastic" pushies. He says he has worked peacefully with them for many months. He downplays their significance and explains that they comprise only a small faction of GLF of L.A. At the same time, however, he envisions the emergence of violence-prone "Pink Panthers" in the not-too-distant future.

We scarcely feel it necessary to comment about young men who would throw beer in the face of an older co-worker, simply because of disagreements on matters of approach. Their actions speak for themselves. If these "revolutionaries" are motivated by feelings of love, as they continually profess, we would be very surprised indeed. It would seem instead that they are egocentric, power-hungry ideologists, lacking both warmth and humanity. If they are so blinded by emotion that their consciences can justify an attack on an older brother, we submit that they are not liberated people.

The Gay Liberation Front of Los Angeles is an accomplished organization with a high sense of purpose. It is our hope that it will not allow a small band of hard-core leftist hardhats to seize and ruin the good name of GLF of L.A.

It appears that all too many fascists-on-the-left are motivated by the typical ideological purist's tendency to attack those closest to them (because of internal ideological disputes) instead of demonstrating against the real foes: giant social institutions and concepts which are oppressing present-day minorities. Let us hate the "sin" but not the "sinner."

Spontaneous self-defense in the face of attacks (such as the Stonewall Uprising) is one thing. But an attack on one's own co-worker is quite another.

MEETING AT THE ROUNDTABLE

Businesses catering to the gay community are sometimes ruled by clostely, outmoded policies. For many months GAY has found it well-nigh impossible to secure advertising from gay bars and clubs because of their paranoid fears of "exposure." On the West Coast, however, gay bars have advertised in local homosexual publications for years. New York has been slow to catch up.

Recently, *The Haven*, at 1 Sheridan Square in Greenwich Village, became the first private unisexual club to advertise in this paper. This was a breakthrough.

Now, we are pleased to announce that *The Roundtable* at 151 East 50th Street is the first public gay bar in New York City to openly advertise itself as such in our paper. We wish to commend *The Roundtable* for its foresight and courage.

Honest businesses should have nothing to fear. If such gay bars or clubs are harassed by ignorant and overzealous policemen, GAY promises to bring the full fury of its writers and editors to bear on those officers responsible. This newspaper's liaisons with prominent political personages will be utilized in such cases to the best advantage of the gay community, the business community, and the truly responsible police officials.

In this way, we hope, all segments of the community can cooperate and create a more secure society for all.



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GAYS WALK OUT OF U.N. MEETING

by Angela Douglas

New York, N.Y. — "The American revolutionary movement cannot be taken seriously if it includes such frivolous groups as homosexuals," said a Black delegate to the United Nations World Youth Assembly from Ghana. The remark was made during a meeting between representatives of American revolutionary youth and UNWYA people in New York on July 16. A few minutes after the remark, about a dozen GLF

members walked out in protest.

Tom Finley of the New York GLF returned and told the assembly, "The delegate from Ghana does not understand the nature of oppression." He was applauded.

Earlier in the evening, several other antigay remarks had been made. One woman in the audience asked that the Canadian delegate say something about "Fruity Trudeau," Canada's prime minister. The Canadian responded by

saying that the remark was an incredible insult to Gay Liberation. GLF lesbians vamped verbally upon the female anti-homosexualist.

Afeni Shakur of the Black Panther party, William Kunstler, Jackie Cabellos of Women's Liberation and several other persons participated in the panel along with GLF. Cabellos described the remarks made by most of the male delegates as a "my cock is bigger than yours male ego

power trip." Several of the delegates had been laughed at when they attempted to show their understandings of male chauvinism. "Women give birth to ideas injected by men," said the delegate from the Philippines.

The meeting ended abruptly after the GLF walk-out and GLF people spoke with delegates about Gay Liberation and the conflicts between Marxist dogma and Gay Liberation.

SOCARIDES ATTACKS TRANSEXUALS

Chicago, Ill. — Antihomosexual propagandist, Dr. Charles W. Socarides, is now crusading against transsexual operations. "Transsexual patients need psychotherapy, not a surgeon's knife," said the New York psychoanalyst at a recent session of the American Medical Association.

Dr. Socarides said that he considered transsexual operations such as those performed in Chicago and at the University of Minnesota to be "multi-active and potentially harmful. The fact that a transsexual cannot accept his gender is a sign of emotional and mental disturbance," Dr. Socarides said.

"It is the emotional mental disturbance which must be attacked through suitable means, by psychotherapy, which provides alleviation of anxiety and psychological retraining rather than amputation or surgery," he continued.

Dr. Socarides said the transsexual who has been involved in homosexual activity will use transsexualism as a way of getting rid of his guilt for homosexual choices. He then launched a broadside attack upon campus organizations devoted to improving the status of the homosexual, and on women's liberation.

"News reports of communal dormitory living, homosexual societies chartered by universities as bona fide campus organizations, contraceptive supplies widely distributed without regard for the loudly vocal group of women of maternal and homemaking priorities—all confront the clinician with unprecedented issues which cannot be dismissed in view of the concept of modern medicine," he said.



August 10, 1970, Volume 1, Number 27



Morris Kight, founder of the Los Angeles Gay Liberation Front (center).

L.A. GLF founder struck by members

Los Angeles, Calif. — Morris Kight, founder of the Los Angeles Gay Liberation Front, says he does not believe that violence-prone gay liberationists presently have the upper hand in GLF of Los Angeles.

Mr. Kight's remarks were made in a telephone interview with GAY after it was learned that several members of GLF of L.A. had pushed him around, thrown beer in his face, and condemned him in loud and violent tones because of his nonviolent philosophy.

"Oh," said Kight, "there probably will be Pink Panthers in the not-too-distant future but presently there are only about a half-dozen hard-core devotees of violence in GLF of L.A."

GAY asked if rumors that Kight was resigning from GLF were true. "No," he said, "I'll continue to give the organization as much assistance as I can, but currently I am going to be working hard with a new organization, *Christopher Street West*. We'll be concerned with a number of

community-wide functions, including preparations for next year's parade."

The beer-throwing and pushing incident occurred when Kight announced that the Reverend Troy Perry had suffered arrest. Several GLF members had wanted to rush to the police station to protest. "Perry is nonviolent," said Kight, "and since he was the victim of the L.A. police, I felt that we should respect his wishes. He deserved our total cooperation. Happily we were able to comply with his wishes. But a few people didn't agree with me."

"How did you feel when members of your own organization used violent tactics against you," asked GAY's reporter, "I didn't mind at all," said Kight, "I have worked with and loved these people for a long time. I know them well. Some of them had been drinking and were a bit excited under the circumstances. But I realized that they'd be courting mass arrests, and at the present time we just don't have the facilities. . . we're not prepared to bail all these people out of jail."

"The legislature never has intended to permit two practicing homosexuals or Lesbians to be blessed with the sanctity of a marriage contract. "To the contrary, it has outlawed their sexual activities as being against public policy and contrary to nature." The attorney for the two women, David Kaplan, said they intended to take the refusal to court in an effort to force the county to grant it.

skin flicks exploitative, says glf-la

Los Angeles, Calif. — Continental Theaters, which owns a small chain of all-male movie houses in this city, is being charged as "exploitative" by the Gay Liberation Front of L.A.

Continental Theaters charge \$1 for membership cards and \$5 for regular admission thereafter. The local projectionist's union is also presenting its grievances.

GLF of L.A. is asking that the \$1 membership card be discontinued and that the \$5 admission price be substantially reduced. GLF leaders hope for a reduction to \$3.

In a letter to Shan V. Sayles of Continental Theaters, the GLF of L.A. Chairman, stated, "We do not believe the technical and aesthetic quality of the movies justifies the price. Homosexual and male love are no longer forbidden and unmentionable. The homosexual community does not have to pay a premium to be pandered to."

KENTUCKY LESBIANS apply FOR MARRIAGE LICENSE

BY ERIK LARSON

Louisville, Ky. — Two gay women who applied for a marriage license and were refused plan to take it to court, in what appears to be the start of a nation-wide effort to get equal marriage law rights for gay people.

Similar efforts to challenge "straight-only" interpretations of marriage laws are underway in Minnesota and California.

The Louisville women, who sought their license July 1, are Tracy Knight, 25, a night club dancer, and Mrs. Marjorie Ruth Jones, 39, the divorced mother of three.

Their application was denied on the advice of Louisville's county attorney, J. Bruce Miller, who said:

"The legislature never has intended to permit two practicing homosexuals or Lesbians to be blessed with the sanctity of a marriage contract.

"To the contrary, it has outlawed their sexual activities as being against public policy and contrary to nature."

The attorney for the two women, David Kaplan, said they intended to take the refusal to court in an effort to force the county to grant it.

(continued on page 12)



Balancing postures are for concentration.



The pelvic thrust.



The pose of a fish stretches and massages the genital area.



Stretching with yoga is unlike hard exercise.

yoga: the anatomy of ecstasy

GAY's co-editor is also a yoga instructor. Some of the many benefits of this little-understood art are clarified in the following article. Yoga, too often regarded as the esoteric practice of eccentrics, is actually a highly practical method used to achieve maximum relaxation and calm.

BY LIGE CLARKE

Relaxation is the key to sensual ecstasy. Yoga is a primary key to relaxation. It puts you in touch with yourself and gives you a sense of being that's unsurpassed. Faster than an evening cocktail, more speedy than a toke of grass, yoga sets your mind and body at ease.

Do you recall the awareness of your body you enjoyed in childhood? You examined your knees, your toes, your waist. As the years passed, your childhood sensitivity disappeared, and

body-awareness became a thing of the past. You began, perhaps, to avoid your physical apparatus, and in some cases you even forgot what certain parts of your body looked like. As a result, you may have allowed them to grow fat, or to shrivel. You pretended they didn't count for much. Some limbs became stiff, and poor posture revealed that your mind was beginning to harden as the result of dull routines. An outgoing sense of adventure and of your own sensuality waned. Your body revealed as much.

Have you ever walked down the street on a summer day and felt, "I am sexy."? Perhaps you were full of energy. Your body was carefree and supple. It seemed to be in tune with nature, to be walking with ease, to be alive! Your feeling of confidence was such that heads turned and admiring eyes grooved on you. You were utterly yourself. Can you remember such days? With yoga you can feel this way every day.

Yoga puts you in touch with your body. It stretches and relaxes your limbs. And when your body is relaxed, your

mind is at ease, too! When you can pull tension out of your back and your shoulders, you begin to loosen all of those tight places in your brain as well.

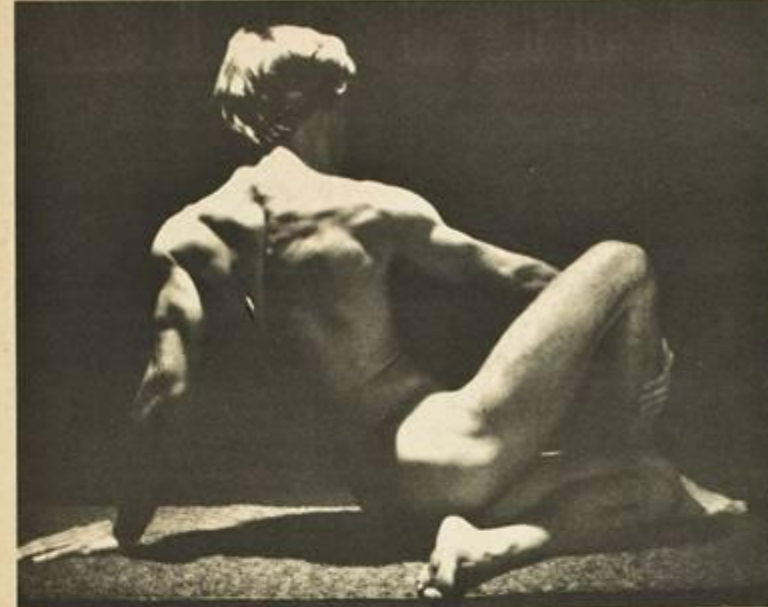
Even more important, perhaps, yoga banishes your wandering worries, your agonizing speculations, and your annoying anxieties by putting you in touch with your present surroundings. It helps you to exist now, rather than in some imaginary future, or an illusory past. While you sit in the middle of your living room rug, refreshing your body and spirit, you realize: *I am here and it is now.* Yoga brings you back from cloudy realms of thought into the center of your own being.

I am speaking of Hatha Yoga, of course: the physical exercises alone. The many gurus and the numerous swamis who build complex philosophical edifices around yoga are not in my purview. Zen, philosophically speaking, is somewhat attractive to me. But yoga as a physical dance to life (which automatically affects one's mental processes) is what presently concerns me. Inward changes come about

naturally if one carves time out of each day to enjoy the serene discipline of stretching and relaxing. Yoga is not like exercise. It more closely resembles the stretching of cats. After a week's practice you actually look forward to yonic stretching and feel tight if you neglect it.

Wouldn't you rather that your body should be a valued and trusty old friend instead of a troublesome obstruction? Body consciousness is not narcissism. It's common sense. Most Americans, tense and hurried, loose touch with themselves. Rather than making their bodies work for them, they let them run amok. They lose that light and carefree feeling. Remember: People must pay for anything that's good. If you're going to derive benefits from yoga, you must invest at least 20 minutes each day.

Let's be honest. Yoga is a strange and somewhat eerie word. We associate it with peculiar religious beliefs, or with swamis lying on beds of nails. Thanks to eastern fakirs, it's been the province of only a few eccentrics. Americans need to know that Hatha yoga is hardly esoteric,



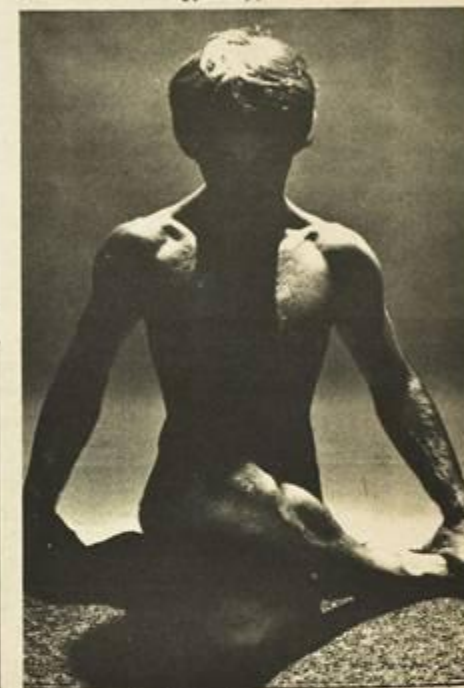
The spinal twist releases tension.



The bow relieves bodily pressures.



Leg pulls keep you limber.



The "dangerous" pose is a sexual stimulant.

and that it is, in fact, immensely practical.

Yoga is mankind's most ancient method for physical improvement. It has lasted for more than 5,000 years. As an aid to better living, greater sensitivity, and increased physical awareness, yoga is unsurpassed. Although it has not generally been advertised as an aid to sexual enjoyment, it is, nevertheless, one of the most effective methods for the rejuvenation of one's sex life.

Yoga means "union." To my lover and I, it has become a sublime way of relaxing together before we begin our evening. First, a warm bath or shower to prepare our muscles. Then, between half an hour and an hour of yoga will put you in great shape. After only three weeks of daily practice, anyone will begin to feel deep changes taking place in both their minds and bodies.

Some schools of yoga de-emphasize sex. The loonie-goonie gurus who preach such nonsense are mad. Don't listen to them. Use yoga to improve your sex life. The way to liberation doesn't lie through suppression of your sexual desires. Quite the opposite!

Yoga, in the best sense, teaches that sex is a continuing form of communication rather than a separate act. First we talk and then our conversation leads us into sensual territories. The transition is so smooth

and effortless and takes place so naturally that we're not aware a change has taken place. Western man, as a rule, suffers from weirdo divisions in his mind, making him unnecessarily speculative about his physical postures. When he lies with another in bed, he thinks, "I am doing this, or I am doing that." Yoga teaches him to hold his mind in stillness and thereby removes tensions that create stumbling blocks to happy, carefree sex. Instead of *thinking* about doing, we *do*. We stop pondering, wondering and worrying about fucking so that we can get on to the business side of *doing* it. And, of course, once you're really into sex, it is, modestly speaking, more fun than anything else.

Yoga suggests that the person who is tense and overanxious about sexual relations should cease to worry about maintaining high sexual performance standards. "Let your high standards drop," says the yogi, "and the level of your performance will rise." This formula reduces unnecessary anxiety.

The great message of liberation brought by yoga says this: *You do not have to be a slave to your own anxieties.* It is these anxieties that cause failure. Those who find difficulty performing sexually are those who have let their sexual lives slack, and who convince themselves that they are no longer as young as they used to be, or are simply

not interested in sex anymore. One or two failures in sex relations haunt them. "What if it should happen again?" they ask.

Such men are caught in a vicious circle. They realize that their problem is caused by an overactive mind, but when they try to relax, they find themselves more thought-ridden than ever. The practice of yoga breaks down the walls of this vicious circle. First, yoga postures help a man to feel the presence of his own body. He stops rushing, grasping, trying too hard. Pride and balance invade his self-image. Instead of seeing himself as a sexless being, he realizes that his body is full of pulsating life. Soundness takes over. When he stands in the center of a room he knows that power and energy are flowing through his body, and that he has these to share with his partner.

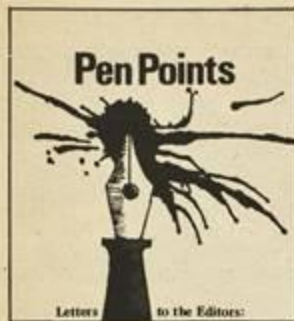
It is not in our thoughts and words that hope for good performance lies, but in our actions. Our movement tells the story behind our thoughts, and those who spend all of their time *thinking* about action rather than jumping into its center are sure to act less adequately.

By making us supersensitive to our bodies, yoga helps us to understand the meaning of the word, "feeling." A yogi knows how to touch the ends of his fingers together, ever-so-lightly, but with delicacy and sensitivity. He is ever-ready to fully enjoy sensual contact in life/sex

as it comes to him. The psychological attitude of the yogi should be helpful in bringing about spontaneous and free sexual relations. Western man, who thinks in rigid patterns about the performance of the sex act, fails to allow either himself or his partner sufficient room for self-expression. Unfortunately, most people think there are only a certain number of ways to behave in bed. When sexual acts step over these rigid patterns, they become anxiety-ridden.

Yoga can bring your sexual life new levels, marked by *abandon* and real *freedom* rather than mechanical groping. It can help you to take love as it comes, not in a grasping, compulsive way, but with inner attitudes that give you a feeling of true existence. You can plant your sex life squarely in the domain of reality. Sexual technique is very much of a secondary matter while *attitude* becomes primary. If one's attitude is freed from the fetters of specific aims and particular goals, and if the mind is attuned to the flow and rhythm of life, technique establishes itself automatically.

Sexuality, at its best, lifts one to heights of splendor and inward harmony. The practitioner of yoga knows that, through sex, he can touch the stars if he has first freed his self from conventional fetters which bind the minds of his fellow men.



Letters to the Editors:

Dear GAY: As much as I enjoyed imagining that I was one of the "radiant long-hairs active in HUB (Homophile Union of Boston),"

the MITSHL) which, in turn, host the weekly meetings of the SHL (Student Homophile League). Many Boston homophiles, like myself, are members of two or more of these groups.

Oh, we've even got two new tubs! So we're coming along, baby, we're coming along.

Dear Radiant Long-Hair: Is my face red! You wrote on May 29, giving us some very important information (see letter below), and correcting an impression of ours regarding the homophile movement in Boston.

again. I have been making a pest out of myself around the office about the letter and the importance of its contents to our calendar, etc., only to discover it had been lost.

Thanks for your interest. Right on. Sincerely, John Francis Hunter GAY columnist

NUDES PLEASE

Dear GAY: Seriousness is all very well, but so is fun. What's happened to your former policy of printing at least some photos or drawings of happy humpy naked guys?

T.T. Boston, Massachusetts

Ed. Note: We're always glad to hear differing views about nudity. GAY places nudes on its pages when they seem appropriate to an article. There's no reason to overdo a good thing, though.

Our personal view is that it's a shame everybody isn't running around naked this summer.

NO NUDES PLEASE

I've been buying your paper on the newsstands ever since it started, and must say have found it to be what I want—a paper that does a good job of reporting news that affects me; covers interesting persons; gives honest reviews of places and plays that seek the gay patronage.

I had the pleasure of attending the West Side Discussion Group meeting the night you editors all had the panel discussion. While all of the editors state they are trying to do a service for the gay community, some of the other papers (in my opinion) are poor seconds to the glossy paper books which are now so numerous in the book stores.

Keep up the good work—you have a very good paper going which our community badly needs.

Sincerely W.L.S. N.Y.C.

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



photo by Foto Flair, Inc.

"I Now Pronounce You Man And Husband!"

BY DICK LEITSCH

I am continually appalled at how anxious humans are to give up their freedoms, and for what cheap prices they sell their liberty.

There is no amazement, for did not Sigmund Freud once remark "Man is an irrational animal?" Most of us cannot cope from liberty, and seek someone—anyone—to remove from us the responsibility that freedom involves.

In many ways, homosexuals are the freest people in our society, precisely because society puts us, as a group, outside the pale. Nothing is expected of us, and we are not bound by society's rules and conventions.

When you examine what society expects of its heterosexuals, it becomes apparent how well off we are. Picture yourself a heterosexual man, expected to live up to the John Wayne image—without the lip, of course.

Look at the Black heterosexual man. He must have a big cock and be a stud. If he does, so what? "Everybody knows" all

spades have big cocks and are oversexed. If one happens to have small meat or be impotent, it's nervous breakdown time.

Heterosexuals of all races, creeds, colors and national origins have saddled themselves with silly rules, conventions and institutions. The most obvious and the most heterosexual is marriage. What an utterly anachronistic institution!

In most states, screwing without a license (fornication) is a crime. In all states, it is criminal for a licensed screwer to screw one other than the licensed partner (adultery). If the two licensees don't like one another, or find they are not compatible (and you're not supposed to find that out before you get the license) they may apply to the State for a revocation of the license.

All of this rigamarole probably had some meaning at one time. In these days of Planned Parenthood, the Pill, and Urban Society, it is all about as relevant as a catty stool. This is evidenced by the fact that four out of five marriages end up in divorce.

Heterosexuals are more aware of the ridiculousness of marriage than we are—after all, they are the ones oppressed by that system. They are experimenting with the sort of arrangement we've

always used, and claim to find it more satisfying and rewarding. Like us, heterosexuals now move in with someone they love, like, or find attractive. So long as the arrangement is mutually pleasant, they stay together. When things go sour, one moves out. They don't involve the church, state and society. The arrangements are simple, decent, private, dignified and very practical.

At a time when straights are abandoning the system of marriage, some of those supposedly free spirits—homosexuals—are trying desperately to become involved in the system. In California, Michigan, Kentucky and elsewhere, male couples and female couples are seeking marriage licenses. Not a week goes past but at least two couples call Mattachine seeking a clergyman to perform marriage ceremonies over them.

I've seen friends adopt Christianity, Marxism, what might be called "the hard-hat philosophy" and other codes which involve sacrificing individuality and freedom to a system. I'm used to watching people give up freedom, and it doesn't freak me out anymore to watch people walk out of frying pans into fires. The only thing that does surprise me is that the preachers and purveyors of marriage licenses are evidently not eager to involve us in their dying system.

At this writing, no gay couple has obtained a marriage license or, so far as I know, a church wedding. I would defend a person's right to either, though I approve of neither. As someone once said, "I have a friend who believes that all of the waters of the earth are gathered into the armpit of a giant frog. He has a

right to believe that, but I'm not sure I'd die for his right to believe it."

There is always a danger that those in the wedding business will recognize this new market and exploit it by making gay marriages obligatory and bringing us, like the straights, under the fornication, adultery, divorce and other marriage-related laws. That danger threatens my right to be left alone, and my preference for free arrangements which last as long as they are pleasant and convenient to my partner and myself (and not necessarily in that order).

When God was newly dead a few years ago, gay groups in California, Washington, D.C., and elsewhere started councils on religion and the homosexual. Their intention may not have been to pump new life into the dying churches, but that is the apparent result. Gay churches are proliferating, and homosexuals are flocking to the Metropolitan Community Church in L.A. and its imitators elsewhere.

Homosexuals are trying to take over marriage and the church while heterosexuals, who have been deeply involved in both for centuries, are abandoning them as oppressive. Is this progress for our group? What do we take over next? The Vietnam War? How about getting ourselves a dictator? That's a surer way to give up our freedom.

The whole gay lib movement is taking a turn that I find threatening. Thank goodness I'm an "old homosexual" (not so much in age as in opposition to the "New Homosexual" (see Esquire, December 1969), and am not expected to be a part of all of this madness.

BY STEFEN VERK

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

Q. How does one go about making a connection without getting one's head bashed in or being crudely obnoxious? For instance, I was returning home from the city on a train when I spotted this young fellow diagonally across the aisle facing me, and was jolted. He was absolutely terrific, about 22 or 23, 5 feet 9 inches, dark wavy hair, and very attractive features. I couldn't take my eyes off him. I'm sure he knew I was eyeing him, because he got up and walked to the rear of the car, then came back but sat in back of me again across the aisle facing me (though I had to turn my head a bit in the seat). I am now sure (when it is too late) that he wanted to be picked up, because he stretched out in the seat in such a way I was able to see quite a bit. I only wish I had had the nerve to make an approach. I wanted something, especially him, so bad that I was ill when I got off the train. But what if he had been a cop trying to entrap some dope like me, or what if he had been a character who liked assaulting homosexuals, or any number of what ifs? I still get sick when I think of him. I still see him in my mind's eye. What can someone like me, who is a coward also, do?

A. For one thing, you can confine your cruising to other homosexuals. They come in every degree of size, shape, masculinity, and beauty; so by sheer mathematical odds alone, there are bound to be many you would find appealing. If you were worrying about being assaulted, or arrested, or being "crudely



obnoxious," it would appear that you were aware the young man was heterosexual and simply playing games with you. Or perhaps he was either gay or straight but appeared too masculine to fit your own private stereotype image of a gay fellow. Conversation (without propositions) is one way of testing your apprehensions about a stranger. If he resists conversation, you are being told that he is not interested. If he talks, you will certainly be able to measure the degree of his interest, his intent, and probably his sexual orientation. Conversation is not illegal, you know, nor are you likely to be bashed in the head for simply chatting about this and that. Silence isn't going to bring you much except frustration (unless you frequent baths, bushes, or toilets). The only "if" to consider is this one: if you smell any kind of danger (danger, not possible rejection) ... forget the whole thing and look for someone else. It's a reliable instinct.

Q. Have you read that recent paper by Dr. Socrates, "Homosexuality and Medicine"? What do you think of this man? His theories?

A. Yes, I did read it with astonishment and disgust. To distinguish these hysterical rantings stolen from some medieval parchment as a scientific paper is as preposterous as using heroin to cure a cold. This medical harlot, the Madame deFarge of medicine, is so preoccupied with a subject he publicly finds loathsome and deplorable, that one is forced to conclude that he sees a queen in every closet, especially his own.

Q. Today it happened. I found out

that my boss is gay. For six months I have had a wonderful job as supervisor of a computer programming department at a large corporation. My boss, the executive vice-president who heads our division of the corporation, has always taken such special interest in my work that I fell in love with the job and thought he was the best boss I ever had. He is a married man with three children, and I never suspected anything except that he liked me as an employee. Today in my office, he kissed me and told me he has always wanted to go to bed with me. He even groped me. I was so surprised and embarrassed, I didn't know what to do. He wants to get together in a few weeks when his family leaves for their summer home. What can I do? I don't want sex with him.

A. Start looking for another job immediately. You have to lose either way in this situation. If you refuse, you'll probably be fired. If you accept, you'll be fired as soon as he gets bored with you. The best you can hope for is a good reference now.

Q. I was going with my lover for about four months and then one day he kicked me out because I lied to him. I still don't know completely and all I can say is that I did it on purpose to make him untie me to the life I want to search for. Right now I want him as a friend and I knew that I couldn't love him at all. Only (a) few times, I told him I do love him, just to make him happy but I shouldn't as it's too late. He has a car and that naturally means that he goes from place to place and I don't. I have asked him to be (a) friend but he insisted that we shouldn't meet or (be) seen, just to

make some time for him to forget me. He said it takes a hell lot of time to forget me if I keep seeing him, as we live about 3 houses away. Is he right? Am I wrong about wanting to go some places with him and come home separately? I tried to understand that but the more I try, the more I get myself confused. I don't know if I even want him. Your help could mean a possibility of happiness in my life. I hope.

A. If I could start by simply helping your grammar, I would feel I had accomplished something. Perhaps if I simply tell you the truth, you can start helping yourself. You are not too young to realize that you are being completely selfish in your demands upon your ex-lover. He is absolutely right in what he has told you, although I can't imagine how he can avoid seeing you if he lives only three houses away. Try to put yourself in his place for a few moments. How would you feel if your ex-lover demanded that you take him out in your car so that he could visit various places and come home with someone else? Why should he wish to be your friend, when you have lied to him about your love and possibly other things? Why should he trust you now? Don't you know that you can't be friends with anyone you can't trust? Why should he permit you to use him for your own selfish interests? What are you doing for him? If you don't want him, surely he has the right to be left alone to look for someone who does want him. Don't ever tell anyone you love them just to make them happy, unless you really do, because that lie will come back to haunt you and cause trouble as soon as they discover you have lied. It is much kinder to tell the truth in such situations, for the hurt is more forgivable than a lie. Your possibility of happiness depends a great deal on your not depriving others of their possibility of happiness. It also depends on your remembering to treat others as you want them to treat you ... or even better. Your confusion sounds more like a guilty conscience.

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

July 15, 1970

(Note: Barfly's Beekeeper will be dated from here on out, since priority of important news stories and other items of immediate interest to the community often requires us to hold back publication of less urgent articles. Thus, by the time a bar's debut is heralded here, its demise may have been celebrated—or mourned—by you. That makes our man about town look as if his hat has been confined to his own bedroom, which it rarely is. He usually gets to the new spots as soon as he hears about them, but getting the word into print takes awhile. It is our time lag. We know all you barflies, and Beekeepers, too, for that matter, understand.)

Two young men groped their way through the mob of sweating bodies, many of them half bare. These two were touching for guidance, not for tactile pleasure. I realized after I had watched them proceed out of the maw of the orgy room toward the exit. They had already had their tactile pleasure in the orgy room and now were trying to get out, apparently with some desperation. Some of the other men withdrew almost reflexively when they were touched by these two, as they were attractively built and would have felt attractive in the orgy room. But now they seemed quite odd, leading each other through the welter of dancers, strollers, poseurs, lingerers and malingers, so stiffly. They were odd: they were blind.

"To them *The Barn* is no different from any other bar," I thought. "All bars are *The Barn*."

Perhaps that is so for the sighted as well. Perhaps that is so for most of us part of the time and some of us all of the time. For those of us who full or part-time still kiss in the shadow. Voluntarily...

Out of Hammerstein's Closet

"We kiss in the shadow, we hide from the moon./ Our meetings are few and over too soon." Hammerstein must have intended the words for the renegade lovers in *The King and I* to mean something special for homosexuals, especially for closet cases like himself. The words have lost, or are losing, their punch now. Another generation and the song's meaning will have reverted entirely to forbidden lovers of another time, another place. Will you drink to that? Or are you spending too much time in the back room of *Hades* (that's a below stairs, after hours joint on Jane Street off West Street right around the corner from the *Tool Box*) or *Christopher's End* or *The Barn* to realize you don't have to confine your kissing to the shadows even now?

You can kiss these days right out in the open at a Gay-In or at a dance on a college campus or in a church hall, you know, unless you want it dark and dangerous. You can have it that way, too. But unlike the blind boys, you do have a choice. It is wide these days. Things are happening in the world of gay night life that defy belief at the most, make you shake your head in happy wonder at the least, which is really the most. From the gala dances (as an adjective it's pronounced gay-la, which is so fine) being arranged by the Gay Activists Alliance to the lowliest of orgy bars down in Smythe's territory near the docks, it's a whole new kaleidoscope. Could we call it the New Night Life? Could we call what's

available to us that, even if we spend most of our nights in the old way, in blind captivity?

Are We Getting There?

Some optimists feel the day when a viable alternative to bars, such as a permanent facility for the organized gay groups, is close at hand, while others merely hope to see soon the commercial gay bar scene modified and improved. Certainly the very fact of bars' advertising and coming out into the open and homosexuals' making demands on them is encouraging.

Perhaps the most hopeful, if whimsical, sign of our determination to guide our night life destiny has come out Hollywood way, from whence the Homosexual Information Center, Inc., 3473 1/2 Caheunga Blvd., has had the

Questions:

- 1. Do you sell to homosexuals, either as individuals or as customers of bars?
2. Do you wish to sell to homosexuals?
3. What steps have you taken to get homosexuals customers? Have you placed ads in homosexually oriented publications? Have you sent literature and public relations men to organizations? Do you have salaried men to deal with minority groups such as racial, religious, and behavioral minorities?
4. If you have not advertised in homosexual publications, do you intend to do so, or is it your policy not to support specialized publications?
5. Have you any policy toward bars which deal with primarily homosexual customers? Do you take an interest in police persecution of gay bars? Do you know of the charges that some gay bars are mafia controlled?

Are Gay Spreads Good?

I am often asked the question, "How do bar owners and managers react to being written up in GAY, to having their names (place names only) and addresses plastered all over the back page? Can't they be closed down because of GAY?"

Of course they can't not because of GAY. GAY didn't create the payoff system or any of the other repressive practices of the status quo. There is no answer as to management's reaction, since the powers behind the bars have traditionally lurked in a shadow world hiding from the moon with us, playing a secret game with secretive people. The existence of gay bars has been until most recently a hush-hush matter among operator and customer alike. We certainly have received few out-and-out accolades from operators while more and more

consumers, we have the right to know what we're getting before we buy, and we're a damned sight more likely to get a fair shake if they are charged publicly with the responsibility of giving us one.

The last time I perused a copy of The Advocate, I counted two dozens advertisements for bars and baths in Southern California alone, not to mention San Francisco. While there I referred to those ads as well as upon advice from friends and trusted my own "homing" instincts in covering the bars. I was delighted to see homosexuals' patronage being openly solicited, especially in a part of the country where the climate is still hostile enough to force Troy Perry and the president of DOB into a fast and where harassment (of baths) is still a practice and recurrent killings by police a constant possibility.

than the hit-and-run, exploit-and-hide gay bar owners...

Yet I ponder with respectful interest GAY columnist d'Arcangelo's decision not to name (issue no. 19) a gay bar he visited in The Hamptons recently. That is, I respect his personal position, but not that of the operator at all. Wrote Angelo, with his customary eloquent circumspection:

... (B)ecause The Hamptons, by mutual consent, is a conservative community, and I'm not talking about the new, blatant and utterly crypto-facism which is currently passing for conservatism and patriotism—even the owner of one of the wildest and most NYC type dancing bars asked me not to mention the name of the place. He feels he doesn't need the publicity, or want it. His point as I understand it seems to be that discretion in these matters is preferable to

By the same token, when the bartender at the newly-opened Carnival 507 West St. at Jane, above the Tool Box, advises me that the place wants "absolutely no publicity," I cannot in all good conscience as a bar reporter honor his wishes. Not that I want to see them closed down any more than I want to see any bar closed down (not even Julius, if they don't discriminate against matched as opposed to mixed couples), while naively hoping for over-all improvement of conditions—as I have written ad nauseum. If you dig gorgeous go-go boys, performing quite skillfully and seductively in the altogether, who freely circulate among the patrons, bringing some brand of joy and certainly offering stimulating entertainment far beyond that in the Fandango Dance Palace, and you glory in the one-big-glory-hole-in-the-sky

two. I think that means there is more ritual and foreplay and courtliness at The Zoo when someone grabs you, whereas at The Barn someone is likely to shove you away or slap your hands. Thus, less "gentle," or polite, mayhaps?

Christopher's End, once a great favorite of mine as a nonplace where you could go sit at dawn doing "mental needlepoint," has suddenly blossomed with go-go boys and a back room where S&M films are shown simultaneously with live performances on the part of the help and customers. It has the gall to charge from three to five bucks at the door, for which you get a drink. Such a tariff along with its "live entertainment" policy puts it into the category of Off-Broadway theatrical entertainment. Total theatre is expensive everywhere except Off-Off Broadway these days. Even the Continental Baths with their "lounge ace" is expensive show-biz.

I've Gotten Mine

I have always gotten what I expected out of the orgy bars and, according to my bar diary, more. More meaning that I have consistently left with someone when I've come in alone. I never seem to make out with friends in tow, probably because my concentration is scattered and because they see me as pristine instead of trashy and I inadvertently take on pristine qualities. My rationales for not making out are elaborate, you see.

My last night's encounter with an ardent, panting body beautiful in the rear of The Barn left me weak, but another probably enduring friendship began there some weeks before will in the long run bring me increased strength. I want to become stronger. What do you want? If you find enrichment through just orgasm, the orgy bars have a raison d'être for you. If you want them, then I want them to flourish, for the present.

For all time I want the GAA dances to flourish, wherever they're held. Beer is a quarter, the suggested donation at the door is always quite low, and laughter is but rife. This is an endorsement.

Considering that these bar stories and continuously expanding listings are intended to provide a reader service and act as an introduction to the night life scene rather than an endorsement in general, however, we have dropped our starring system. So, roving correspondents who wish to provide accurate names and addresses—even concrete description—of spots of interest in other cities, can send in their tips, as so many have offered to do. Whether I have checked out a place or not will then matter very little, unless you have come to agree oftener than you disagree with my personal "judgments," then you may miss the guidance. The resulting wider and freer coverage should more than make up for it. The New Night Life has equivalent beginnings across the country (notably the much-praised Pier 9 in Washington), but only the great cities have a free gay press just now. It is our obligation to publicize this life, if not preciously to expose dear gay friends. If, however, something, somebody, or someplace falls under the scrutiny of those of us who hope we are harboring the New Conscience, and comes off wanting, so be it. The decision to protect, promote, or patronize is up to you. If you believe that, you are coming along. One of these days you may find yourself—and me—entirely in the sunshine with no place to hide because we don't want there to be. Will you drink to that?

The Competitive System

The orgy bars west of the Village are now competing in the All-American way: offering wider fleshy inducements, ever more imaginative fleshy enticements, priced accordingly. As of this coverage they include The Barn, The Carnival, Hades, The Zoo, The Zodiac (it seems to come and go), and Christopher's End, addresses heretofore or herein (back page) provided.

Each is superficially different: Next to The Barn, which is super popular, with its "steam room" (though we hear they are going to expand to larger, perhaps cooler, quarters above), The Zoo seems "gentle." That's the very word used by an acquaintance of mine in comparing the



What species are in this Zoo?

Sorry, the Zoo doesn't open until after dark.

Christopher's End is only the beginning.

Toughie time at the Tool Box.

PHILOSOPHY FOR BAR FLIES: The High Price of Sociability

audacity to circulate a questionnaire for liquor dealers, as follows:

Statement of Purpose:

This information is sought on behalf of the over 20 million homosexuals in America. Since this large minority spends an enormous amount of money each year, it has been suggested that we learn just what you have done to reach the homosexual to get him as a customer, what you feel about "gay" bars, what advertising you have placed in homophile publications, what contributions you and your distributors have made to the civil liberties fight for the homosexual and to the homosexual's fight for first-class citizenship. We will, of course, use your answer, or nonanswer as a basis for recommending what products homosexuals support and boycott in the coming years. We hope you will answer this request for information immediately since we are to distribute the information at the national conference of the over 40 organizations and to the publications aimed at the homosexual and the many friends of homosexuals. The publicity given you should show up soon in your sales.

Please make any statement you feel will add to our few questions. Pass duplicates along to your distributors, or advertising agencies and to publications that deal with your product and business. We welcome any suggestions. Please sign your name and firm name. Thank you.

At this writing we have not learned of the results of this poll, but we have chuckled in glee at the astonishment, irritation and probably benighted condescension with which certain toughs may have greeted this forthright approach toward coercing them into joining in our liberation. Can't you just hear it?

"Hey, Louie, look at this. Those fags are tryin' t' twist our arms. Who needs 'em?"

Of course, they do need us, those of us who insist on kissing in the shadows. The trouble is we haven't convinced ourselves they need us more than we need them.

readers have indicated their appreciation of our open, if subjective, treatment of the bar scene. Those who travel to the few other cities presently listed have been most enthusiastic about the availability of an ongoing and current guide. Only recently, at the Royal Roost, I spoke with an industrial representative back from Southern California who asserted that his initial visit to Lillian's Restaurant set the tone for his entire stay, which was "joyous."

Coverage Our Right

It is my deep conviction that anyone who operates a public establishment, charging for its services or entertainment, is open for review, evaluation and coverage in a free press. They simply haven't the right to expect us to ignore them or participate in their policies of fear and intimidation as a means to a profit end for them but not for us. As

As this is being written, GAY carries only one ad for a private club the Haven's, and two baths, the Beacon and the Continental. Clearly New York operators either feel they don't have to solicit business or are serving notice they feel they "can't" because of whatever nefarious connections they maintain to stay in business or because they are contemptuous of our recognition.

Free to Criticize

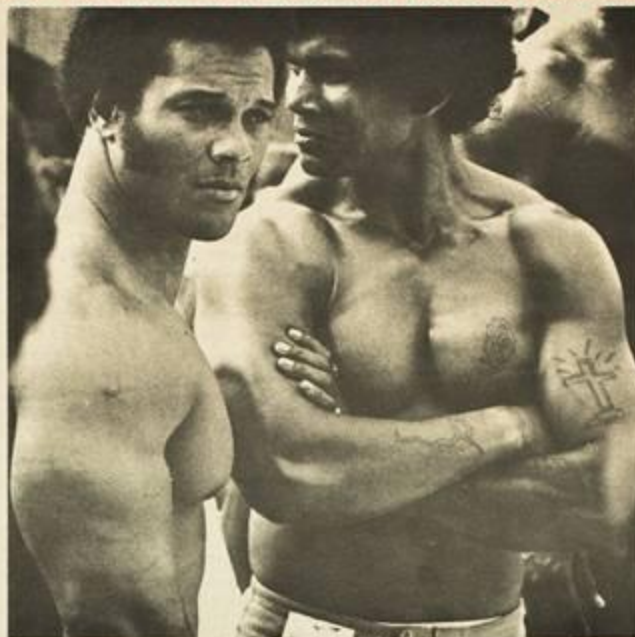
The GAY/SCREW editorial policy is "hands off" their writers when it comes to what we say about our advertisers, so that the purchase of advertising space in no way affects our approach to that particular operation. Personally, I feel that anyone who does advertise is more likely to be trying to please his clientele than who who withholds, that an ad placed for a bar (as I said in issue no. 23 "does indicate its owner is more liberated

exploitation. The homosexual community in The Hamptons generally tends to feel that way too, and the tight cordial and economically productive understanding between the homosexual and heterosexual communities is simply one in which both parties feel free to exploit their own hunky-pankies in private. This is a predictable situation when one deals with not just a higher income bracket, but with a stable land-owning population. The alternative would be the Road House Syndrome, or the Miami Blight which has nearly ruined Westhampton Beach."

Since The Hamptons is next on my summer itinerary, and I fully intend to visit the bars, there, I shall run counter to the bar owners'—and the community's—wishes. I feel that, unless the set up is entirely private and I am invited as a private guest, anyplace is fair game for a bar reporter (which admittedly, Angelo is not).



Craig Dudley (star of Sticks and Stones) was present.



Rick Wayne (left) won the Mr. Fire Island Contest.



Bodies beautiful on parade.



Who catches your eye in this picture?



Bud Parker, editor of QQ Magazine.

MR. FIRE ISLAND 1970

On Sunday, July 19, while Father Robert was celebrating his first gay mass in Manhattan's American Church, a celebration of a different sort was taking place at the lush poolside of Cherry Grove's Beach Hotel and Club on Fire Island.

The event, the First Annual Mr. Fire Island Body Beautiful Contest, was sponsored by QQ Magazine and the Beach Hotel and Club.

There was standing room only and everyone present grooved on the singing and bongo-drumming. Rick Wayne (already Mr. Europe and Mr. World) became Mr. Fire Island. He received \$250.00 and a trophy. To this reporter it wasn't the size of his muscles that seemed impressive, but the intense and compelling manner in which he presented them to an enthusiastic audience.

An audience favorite, and winner of the Most Promising award was Lois Romano, a talented Bongo-rum player who modeled with pizzazz.

Each trophy was presented by fantastically costumed drags, all of whom swarmed round the muscle men who seem to enjoy the attention. One he-man got so carried away that he lifted "Marlene Dietrich" over his head.

Another body builder refused (since he was a true gentleman) to throw "Rose" Levine into the swimming pool.

Bud Parker, editor of QQ Magazine, and the show's director and Master of Ceremonies, provided Cherry Grove with one of the decade's most exciting and entertaining events. GAY is grateful to Mr. Parker and to QQ Magazine for giving this newspaper

permission to photograph the Mr. Fire Island Body Beautiful Contest prior to the appearance of similar photographs in a forthcoming issue of QQ. It is this kind of cooperation between gay publications that is needed from coast to coast.

The Mr. Fire Island Contest was a roaring success. No doubt but all who saw it will look forward to its successors in years ahead.



Michael Fesco, wave manager of the Beach Hotel and Club.

The Body Beautiful Contest

TEXT AND PHOTOS BY ALEXANDER GOODMAN



It's what's up front that counts!



The scene of splendor: poolside at the Beach Hotel and Club.



The wages of triumph.



There were handsome faces in the audience, too.



Dig those bulging biceps!

KENTUCKY LESBIANS APPLY FOR MARRIAGE LICENSE

(continued from page 3)

Citing the similar challenges in progress in Minnesota and California, Kaplan said he hoped all three would come before the U.S. Supreme Court for a final decision.

The Minnesota challenge is being conducted by Jack Baker, a University of Minnesota law student, and his lover, James Michael McConnell. The two 28-year-olds were denied their license request of May 18 after a similar opinion from George M. Scott, the county attorney in Minneapolis.

Baker and McConnell will have the advantage of free legal help from the university Law School's student conducted Legal Aid Clinic.

The California challenge is the result of the marriage of two women in June by the Rev. Troy Perry, minister of Metropolitan Community Church in Los Angeles, which has a largely gay congregation.

Mr. Perry married the two women under a California law which permits marriages to be sanctified by a minister after the couple have lived together for a specific length of time.

The county clerk refused to record the marriage as valid, however. The women's legal appeal is being conducted by lawyer Jerry Coons of Los Angeles.

The philosophy to which the gay lovers hold forbids the state from discriminating against gay couples by denying them the advantages of joint income-tax returns, nor should it consider gay relationships any less desirable or inherently weaker than straight marriages.

Legal research in the three challenges is already being coordinated by the respective lawyers involved.

AUTHOR DEMANDS closing of play

New York, N.Y. - Gerry Raad, author of Circle in the Water, an off-Broadway play (see GAY no. 18) has filed a demand through his attorneys for arbitration against the show's producers. Mr. Raad has been hoping to close the production.

Raad's attorneys explain that the action was taken because the play has allegedly undergone substantial revision since it opened on April 16 at the Garrick Theatre without Raad's permission. Raad's petition also seeks \$3,000 in back royalties which are said to be owed to the author.

Ken Gaston and Leonard Goldberg, the show's producers have been notified of the action. The matter is expected to come before the American Arbitration Association. Gaston and Goldberg say that Circle has undergone considerable revision since it began previewing, but that Raad has been "aware" of all the changes made. "He was there when the changes were made," says Goldberg.

The play was first produced on the West Coast. The original version concerned a group of military school students who rape their classmate. Raad's attorneys charge that the play's intent has been distorted into a "sensational vehicle geared primarily to a homosexual audience." They believe that the changes that have been made reflect directly on Raad as an author.

The producers say that the show received unfavorable audience reaction

when it opened its off-Broadway previews. The actors received no applause at all and sometimes the audience even threw things. The original version was a boring play that lasted nearly four hours and one that clearly needed "work."

The changes, the producers believe, made the play more palatable to audiences. They claim that Circle was capitalized at approximately \$30,000 and that about half of the initial investment has been recouped. They assert that the show has been receiving favorable word-of-mouth publicity since it was revised.

Raad's attorneys say that the playwright has not received the 4% royalty guaranteed in his contract with the producers. They also claim that he has received no boxoffice statements nor proper billing which are also said to be guaranteed by the contract.

ACLU OPPOSES NEW JERSEY LAW

Paterson, N.J. - The New Jersey chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union has challenged New Jersey's 179-year-old law which prohibits sexual intercourse between unmarried persons.

The ACLU petition stated that the Kinsey Report's figures demonstrated that 95% of the male population in this

country are in violation of the law, and ACLU lawyers charge that strict enforcement of the statute would lead to mass arrests of New Jersey citizens.

The ACLU acted in response to the upholding of the June 1969 conviction of an unmarried Paterson couple on three counts of fornication. The civil libertarians insist that New Jersey's law is an unwarranted invasion of privacy.

"Privacy in intimate relations," said the petition, "is basic to an individual's dignity and worth."

Last month the Appellate Division of New Jersey's Superior Court held, however, that arguments against the law thus far have been "without merit."

EPISCOPAL official fired

BY CARY YURMAN

London, England - Michael de-la-Noy, press officer for the Archbishop of Canterbury, has been fired for writing two magazine articles on sex.

One article for New Society magazine was an interview with a bisexual man. The other article which appeared in Forum magazine contended that today's permissive society is not as permissive as some critics assert. Both New Society and Forum are magazines with appeal to learned readers.

De-la-Noy was fired by Major General Adam Block, head of the church information office. Although Block stated, "The Archbishop of Canterbury did not sack him, I did," he admitted. "Obviously I would not have taken this decision without consulting the Archbishop."

IRS officials CONFRONT GAY COUPLES

New York, N.Y. - The Mattachine Society of New York reports that at least five gay couples in metropolitan New York have filed joint tax returns. Two of the couples received refunds promptly. Computers failed to notice that the partners were of the same sex. One couple, in nearby New Jersey, was investigated by the IRS. The others heard nothing.

New York Mattachine referred the New Jersey couple to a skilled New Jersey tax lawyer. IRS officials informed them that they must be married to qualify for a joint return. The couple replied that they had been living openly as a couple for years, long enough to qualify as common-law marrieds. Their explanation failed to satisfy Revenue agents, however, and a date has been set for them to appear with their lawyer for further confrontations.

BY ANGELO D'ARCANGELO

gentle reader, I haven't got a God-damned thing to write about today. There! I feel a great deal better for having said it. Oh, I tried to have something ready. I worked up a scintillating outline for a jim-dandy article on Communication, which would be built around the name and history and achievements of Helen Keller, and would unroll in three parts, vaguely disguised as a Pop Tarzan movie parable, the purpose of which would be to illustrate the need for Communication between people.

Reasonable. It seemed reasonable to me. Why? Well, one, because I don't like to consider any idea of mine unreasonable (which is unreasonable); two, because, for the first time in almost two years, my former lover and I have had a couple of no-bullshit conversations, the subject of one of which was—right! Helen Keller—and three, because, having had a group therapy encounter marathon at my house for the weekend, I realize more than ever the importance of IT: Communication.

Or, I could put it another way. Just a few days ago I brainwashed a great beauty into slumping into the sack with me. Well! Amazement! Not only was I there, but apparently he was too! I'm pretty up on signs—indicating like Con Edison, PHANTASY AT WORK, and frankly I couldn't see anything like a giveaway. In other words, he was right in there with me. With ME! And it rather blew my mind. Oh, I know. He may be a good faker and I may be losing my grip on reality, mistaking a fit of lust for an attempt at nonverbal communication.

But isn't that where it's at? Communication as feeling? I look at the old pictures of Helen Keller. Her face is wreathed often in a kind of smile of reverie. There's a sweetness and a kind of contentment about the eyes and mouth. She often has the look of a sleeping child or a contented lover.

I may be projecting, but I feel, that many people suffer because of a divorce from feeling as communication. Nothing new. People talk about it and write about it all the time. On a sexual level I laugh and call it un-fuck. That is, making it with somebody when you actually have something or somebody else on your mind. The circuits jam. They jam because the message of involvement—even on a skin level—isn't there. Static is. Muzak is. Flack, and nobody home.

Who knows? There are some people who insist that all communication is simply an exchange of rather phony calculating signals designed to get one what one wants: a trading of illusions. It may be so. And my own particular illusion may be that of being ready, willing, and able to communicate intimately. An illusion? But what a sublime one.

A group encounter therapy session is a number of people searching for the means to communicate with themselves and with each other. When such an event is held overnight it is called a marathon. When it happens in your own home it is a gas! Anyway, as I said, there we were in that glorified woodshed I call my happy home, fifteen souls, Stefan Verk, and me. For hours.

Talking with friends about it some days later, the event was described as something of a monster rally. Maybe. Maybe not. However, half-way along—at



Helen Keller reading the lips of her friend, Annie Macy, November 1915.

about twelve-thirty—I changed clothes and took a couple of hours out to drive across the Verrazano, panting with anticipation, and pick up a Jewish American Prince and to take him to that palace of glitz, the Roundtable. We danced. We ordered drinks and mooned about in leatherette booties, glazed by dyke-rock from that highly commendable and utterly swank group, "The Girls in the Band." We, I think, communicated. As to anything else that did or didn't go on either before or after—anything horizontal—I think that was communication, too. But, as Fats Waller used to say, "One never know, do one?"

So, the piece I had intended to write which was to have been called "The White Goddess, or Welcome Back Miss Helen Keller, Our Pin-Up Girl of the Month" isn't being written. That's the breaks. Your loss. No, mine, because I really like writing these articles and getting close to you. They give me the illusion that I'm communicating, and persuading you to get closer to one another. Already close? Then closer.

Back in my studio with my partners the other night talking about La Belle Helene again and feeling rather punchy due to the lateness of the hour and to fatigue, I remembered what one of my partners had said about what Helen had done after she'd found out how to drum the alphabet into the hands of others with her fingers. It seems there were dogs

on her parent's farm, and Helen was seen to throw herself upon a dog and to force the animal to the ground, and drum, over and over again the alphabet upon the dog's paw. And pause. And then do it over and over again. Why should she have done differently? Wasn't it done to her?

You may remember as I do the spate of Helen Keller jokes of a few years ago, most of them lewd, but many of them terribly funny. Helen seems to have been for many people a comic figure. She is for many today, quite comic. Just before I left for the night I told my partners that I'd seen a film clip some years ago of Helen. A forgotten silent movie. She wore a longish Red Cross nurse's outfit, the hat quite askew, and was strapped into a horse's saddle. I don't know why, but for some reason Helen was leading a large aggressive group of mounted people off somewhere across the screen, top speed. They galloped along, Helen wheeling and bobbing like a drunken cork, her sightless eyes looking off in an utterly inappropriate direction. She made some utterly clumsy and bizarre movement with her arm, which may have been meant "Come on!" or "This way!" to those mustached men behind her in floppy hats. And in her right hand, if I remember correctly, she had a bugle. She rammed it into her ear, her nose, and finally into her mouth, and we may imagine the result. My partners laughed. I laughed.

Had she made a fool of herself? What

was in it for her? Why did she bother with any of it? I believe that nobody can be made a fool of. That was all taken care of when we dropped from our mothers' wombs, and the only choice remaining to us is whether or not we prefer to be fools alone or fools in company. But, as I asked before, what was in it for her? What did she get out of it?

Very simple, it seems to me. I said to my partners last night that I intended to stay on that fucking horse though I couldn't see where it was going, until somebody got the message, and damn the bugles!

Let's try it again. One Christmas eve when Helen was small, they told her about Santa Claus and Christmas and all of that. There were other children in the house, and guests, and a great tree in the living room by the fireplace. Very, very early one morning the house was roused by a banging from downstairs. A great loud noise from the living room. The family threw on their robes and dashed downstairs to find Helen standing in the middle of the floor, wrapped in the trim and tinsel and ornaments taken from the tree. She had a very intense look on her face. When they came to her she spelled this question out in their hands, "Am I as beautiful as the Christmas tree?"

Permit me to answer that question for both of us. "Yes. Oh, yes, Helen. And we thank you for the message."

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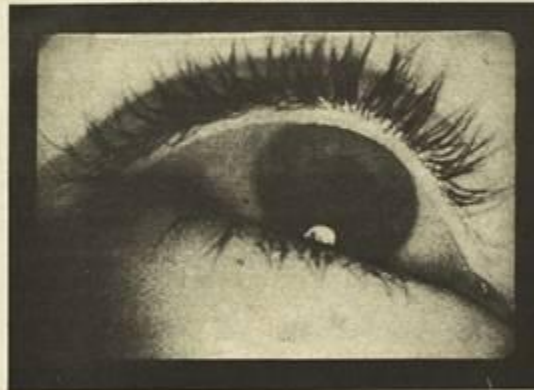
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HOW THEY



CAN TELL IF

The size of your pupils grows as your interest does.



YOU ARE GAY

BY JOHN P. LeROY

It is no longer possible to keep your homosexuality a complete secret. There is a way to pry open the door to your closet and force you out, and it doesn't involve pain, torture, or brutality of any kind. In fact, it is really so simple, you'll scarcely know what's going on and, by the time you realize what has happened, it will already be too late, and they'll already know. Therefore, it is better that I should tell you how they'll probably do it rather than your finding out the hard way.

Let us suppose that you are one of those homosexuals whose life is beyond reproach. You have a fine professional job, earn a high salary, enjoy wide popularity among your straight and gay friends, have a gorgeous well-built well-hung lover who is faithful and devoted, and you have all the material goods and financial security you really want or need. Those who know you are gay can be safely trusted with the information. Those who think you are straight will probably not find out the truth.

Then one fine day, you are unexpectedly called into the boss's office and he says to you: "We're running a few personality tests to see if you measure up for a promotion that I'm considering you for, since your performance record has been excellent. This is Mr. Noballs, our consulting psychologist, who will take over. Don't worry, it will only take a half an hour or so, and you'll probably enjoy it." Well, can't turn down a chance for that promotion, so you are cordial with Mr. Noballs and decide to cooperate.

He is a mousy little man with a squeaky voice. He takes you into a small office and gives you a few of those bullshit questionnaires to fill out. You know, the kind where they ask how much you daydream, what you think of political dissenters, etc. You put down the answers the Establishment likes and you are finished with it in no time. Noballs then shows you to a little viewer like they have at those 42nd Street peepshows. Several innocuous pictures are shown first. Then several controversial ones. Finally you are shown a picture like the one on the opposite page. Of course, not knowing what is really going on, your eyes focus on the gorgeous beautifully hung stud instead of the sexy young chick. They've got you!

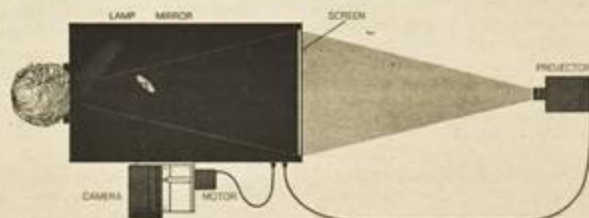
You see, by focusing on the stud, you gave yourself away. Behind the viewer is a simple camera that records not only the direction of your stare, but the size of the pupils of your eyes. For it is a proven fact that we see what we really want to see and ignore the rest. If you are really gay, not only will you be unable to take your eyes off the stud, but the pupils of your eyes will dilate thirty to forty per cent. (For a complete discussion of this phenomenon, see *Scientific American*, April 1965, pages 46-54.) Your boss now has a permanent record of the fact that you are more interested in

males than females and that is all he really needs to know.

Of course, you may not believe that this method works, and I hope you don't, for I didn't want to believe it either when I first found out about it. So here's a way you can determine that for yourself.

Take the opposite page and turn it around. Find a gay friend or straight friend. Tell him something like this, "I have a picture to show you." Have him

stand or sit about two feet away from you and hold the picture so that the top edge of this paper is on a level with your nose. As he looks at the picture, notice the movement of his eyes. At first, his eyes will flit back and forth. Then they will come to rest on one picture or the other after about ten seconds. Watch the pupils of his eyes carefully. If he likes the stud, they will dilate while staring at him. If he prefers the chick, they will enlarge accordingly. What if he is bisexual?



With a device like this, they can really find out. It consists of a lamp, an infrared camera, a projector, a screen, and a timer.

If that is the case, his eyes will roll back and forth and he will have difficulty trying to decide what to look at, like trying to watch a three-ring circus with equally interesting acts going on in each ring. If your friend is bored or disgusted with the whole affair, you will get random variations in the size of the pupils and random movements as well. If he is very disgusted, or abhors the sight of nudity, the pupils will contract and he may curse you out. However, if the stud and chick were in bathing suits, he would probably respond according to his true preferences.

Of course, this test won't work among the blind, or those who have badly damaged vision, though a test by Braille may be in the works. It will probably also work less well among women because they are not so well stimulated by erotic pictures as are men, but try it and see, anyway.

If you tell your friend that this is a test to see if you are gay, it may work in spite of the fact that the game has been given away. It is very difficult not to look at what you really want to see. Remember the movie, *Reflections in a Golden Eye* where Marlon Brando sees a beautiful male naked horseback rider while he is a member of a riding party among straight folk. "Disgusting," he shouts, but his eyes follow the nude horseman until he is out of sight, while the other members of the party look to other things.

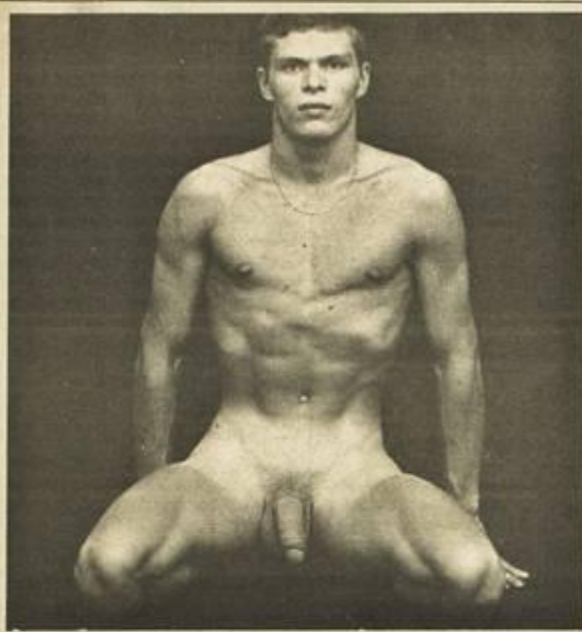
Of course such a test might be used constructively. As an aid to cruising, or as a means for favoring a person because he is gay, this test can be helpful. But don't assume that just because he gives a homosexual response that you can seduce him easily, unless, of course, you are equally beautiful. But, then, you won't need the test. He'll look at you instead of the picture.

If your friend likes children, animals, or derives his erotic excitement from various inanimate objects rather than these fine specimens, of course, this particular test won't work, but the appropriate visual stimuli can always be substituted.

The point is that this test does, in principle, work well enough for male homosexuals and heterosexuals that, if the Fascists in our society really wanted to root out all gay folk and have them slaughtered, this is probably the most effective way they could do it. The only defense against it is to come out into the open and fight them as vigorously, courageously, passionately and skillfully as we know how. By knowing the enemy's strengths and weaknesses, we can wage our battles more intelligently. If enough homosexuals remain in their closets and do nothing, then the cause of sexual freedom is lost. So far as I know, this test is not being used now, but it could be used and is fairly simple to implement. They could find out about you any time they want to, if they don't already know now. Think about what you would do then.

Male photo by Athletic Model Guild, Los Angeles





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GROPING AROUND

GAY CALENDAR

Monday, August 3: "Homosexual News" rebroadcast of 7/31, WBAI-FM (99.5), 11:30 a.m.

New York Mattachine Society Legal Aid Clinic at Society offices, 6 p.m. Free advice and information on legal matters. Men and women welcome.

Wednesday, August 5: West Side Discussion Group regular meeting at the Church of the Holy Apostles (9th Ave. & 28th St.) 8 p.m. Donation \$1.50. Men and women welcome.

Thursday, August 6: Gay Activists Alliance regular meeting at the Church of the Holy Apostles (see above for address) 8 p.m. Donation 50 cents. Men and women welcome.

Friday, August 7: Gay Dance-A-Fair, 9 p.m. Rec Room at Weinstein Hall, University Place & 8th St. Sponsored by Christopher St. Liberation Day Committee.

"Homosexual News and Comment" on WBAI-FM (99.5) 8:15 p.m.

Sunday, August 9: Gay Liberation Front regular meeting at the Church of the Holy Apostles (28th St. & 9th Ave.) 8 p.m.

NATIONAL DIRECTORY

Chicago Gay Liberation For information call (312) 955-7433, 473-3967 or 528-8716.

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. For information write DOB, 1005 Market St., San Francisco, Calif. 94103. Telephone (415) 861-8689. In Los Angeles, DOB meets the last Tuesday of every month at 7:30pm; write P.O. Box 3237, Hollywood, Calif. 90028. In New York, phone (212) 566-8865. Women only.

Dorian Society of Seattle 320 Malden Ave. East, Seattle, Wash. 98102. Telephone (206) EA 9-8737.

Gay Activists Alliance, P.O. Box 2, Village Station, NYC. 10014. Tel. (212) 691-2748

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

GLF of Philadelphia, 230 South St., Philadelphia, Pa. Telephone (215) EV 6-8728 or MA 7-3980. Meetings Fridays at 8 p.m.

Homophile Action League, 1321 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Telephone (215) 567-5406 or 732-9073.

Homophile Union of Boston (HUB) Box 217, Dorchester, Mass. 02124. Tel. (617) 282-9181.

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

Homosexuals Intransigent (HI), c/o Jay L. Friend, Box 515, Elmhurst, N.Y. 11373.

"The Ladder" the only Lesbian magazine in the U.S. in a 48-page bi-monthly. Subscriptions are \$7.50/year. Samples, \$1. Available from Box 5025, Wash. Sta., Reno, Nevada 89503.

LE HI HO Box 1003, Moravian Station, Bethlehem, Pa. 18018.

Mattachine Society, Inc. of New York 243 West End Ave., NYC, 10023. Tel. (212) 799-0916. Office open every night except Sunday, from 6-9pm, and Saturdays from 2-5pm.

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. Telephone (202) 363-3881.

Metropolitan Community Church, 5308 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90038. Every Sunday at 11am.

Philadelphia Action Committee for Equality (PACE) 1511 Pine St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19103. Telephone (215) KJ 6-8929

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

SIR of Ohio, Inc. P.O. Box 9761, Columbus, Ohio 43206. Tel. (614) 469-0154.

West Side Discussion Group, Box 502, Cathedral Station, NYC, 10025.

Homophile organizations are invited to apply to GAY in order to have their addresses and other information published in the Directory or Calendar.

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Barn, The, 26 9th Ave., unbeatable, what with its orgy room; GMs

Beacon Baths, 227 E. 45th, a best buy, main entrance and take the elevator to the eleventh floor; GMs

Big Spender, 315 W. 48th, where the theatre gypsies hang out; GMs

Blue Whale, 1117 1st Ave., restaurant run by John White of Fire Island Pines fame; Integrated

Christopher's End, 180 Christopher, where nude go-go boys delight and this reporter can be found stripping; GMs but sometimes amusingly integrated with "slummers" who get into the act

Continental Baths, 230 W. 74th, singers in the lounge on weekends adding to the regular entertainment; everything the bars with orgy rooms have to offer except the hangover; GMs

Country Cousin, 1313 3rd Ave., the chic Upper East Side's most popular restaurant; GMs

Den, The, Little W. 12th & Washington, still the most authentic leather bar among the cognoscenti; GMs

Gianni's, 19th St. bet. 5th & 6th Aves., one of the two top women's bars; that means GFs, natch

Goldfarb's, 7th Ave. at Bleecker, restaurant

with its back room where Edward and his celebrity following make it a popular rival to the more notorious back rooms mushrooming throughout the Village; GMs

Harry's Back East, 1422 3rd Ave., still one of the all-time most popular; GMs

Haven, The, 1 Sheridan Sq., exciting atmosphere, private, fruit juice, chicken, mad dancing; Int.

Hippodrome, Ave. A bet. 10th & 11th Sts., off-beat shows on Sundays and Mondays, where *Julius Caesar* originated; GMs

Kookie's, 149 W. 14th, the other top women's bar; GFs; that is

Roundtable, 151 E. 50th, big, brassy, live band; wildly acclaimed by many and integrated gay; GMs and GFs

Sanctuary, 407 W. 43rd, the most seductive, theatrical dance bar in town; GMs

Stable Inn, 19 Barrow, restaurant in building where Aaron Burr lived and presumably loved, bring your own bottle; GMs

Stage Forty-Five, 305 E. 45th, dancing; GMs

Stud, The, Greenwich St. at Perry, one of the most popular bars in the city, where beer is fifty cents; GMs

Tool Box, 507 West St. at Jane, looks roughhouse, shows movies (not erotic), has a popular Sunday eve. buffet; GMs

Tor, 21 Greenwich Ave., little cafe with outdoor tables; Int.

Triangle Bar, 34 9th Ave., underneath The

Wine Cellar, 531 Hudson, restaurant, romantic atmosphere, fine food, swinging upstairs bar with beautiful Rob and Janice working it; Int.

Yukon, 140 E. 53rd, restaurant, for "formal" conquests; GMs

Zodiac, Little W. 12th & Washington, one of the two original orgy room establishments, comes and goes and rumors fly about raids; GMs

Zoo, 421 W. 13th, the original bar-with-back-room, now somewhat "genteel" by comparison to what it's spawned, so that you are more likely to make personal contact before, during or after; GMs

And note these newcomers if you wish to be up-to-the-minute:

The Eagle's Nest, new S&M, 11th Ave. at 21st; S&M, just what it says though the name may have been changed by now, also on W. 21st.

Carnival, above Tool Box, the latest in the orgy-room scene, with some bright decor, pleasant help and dancing.

While in Fire Island, your choices are:

Blue Whale Restaurant, Fire Island Pines, home of the nauseating-looking but refreshing "Blue Whale Cocktail." Int. (they say)

Boatel, The, The Pines, 5:00-7:00 tea dansant is de rigueur if you are on the make, and at midnight the dance floor and deck are but jammed; GMs

Ice Palace, Cherry Grove, in the big hotel you see advertised in all the city bars.

Katie's, Cherry Grove, plagued by licensing troubles, run by the celebrated Katie of St. Thomas and her ardent following; GMs and GFs

Sandpiper, The, Pines, restaurant and at night brimming with The Pines beauties glowing in the black light, alternative to The Boatel and really more fun because it's more spontaneous; GMs, some Int. at dinner hour

Sea Shack, Cherry Grove, most colorful bar in Sodom and Gomorrah, very cruisy on a rainy afternoon, and they mean business more than at The Boatel westward

In SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, don't miss:

Arena, 5574 Melrose, Hollywood; GMs

Corral Baths, Cahuenga Blvd., North Hollywood; GMs

Farm, Santa Monica Blvd. bet. La Cienega & La Brea; GMs, some Int.

Gallery Inn, Ventura Blvd., San Fernando Valley, restaurant; GMs

Golden Bull, City of S.M., restaurant; GMs

Lillian's, W. side of LaBrea, S. of Sunset, Hollywood, restaurant; Int.

Oar House, City of S.M.; inadvertently Int.

Por Favor, Santa Monica Blvd. E. of Robertson, restaurant; GMs, some Int.

Sewers of Paris, 1608 N. Cosmo Alley, Hollywood; GMs

Sister George, 9105 Sunset Blvd., W. Hollywood; GFs

Stampede, Santa Monica Blvd. W. of Fairfax; GMs

In Boston don't miss:

Cave, The, 20 Boylston, gigantic and friendly; GMs

Edwardian, The, 21 Broad St., restaurant, multilevel fun, Int. 'til cocktail hour, then GMs

Jacques, 75 Broadway, lively, seamy; GMs and GFs

Napoleon Club, 52 Piedmont, elegant and very cruisy, several rooms; GMs

Other Side, The, 76 Broadway, also gigantic, dancing, tawdry; GMs

Shed, The, 250 Huntington Ave., S&M, but not uptight; GMs

Sporter's, 235 Cambridge, most popular bar in town; GMs

Twelve Carver, 12 Carver, old-timey but popular; GMs

In Ogunquit, it's

Poor Richard's Restaurant, very popular, highly recommended

In Portsmouth, New Hampshire, it's

Sagamore, The, quite swinging. GMs

In Providence, Rhode Island, go to

Crown Coffee Shop, 206 Weyboset, cafe, not very spectacular but an oasis in the desert; GMs

Kublai Khan, 129 Weyboset, the port in the storm; GMs

In gay Provincetown, the night life is very varied, and all bars are somewhat integrated. However, the out-and-out gay spots are, despite token integration:

Ace of Spades, traditionally GFs

Atlantic House, little bar, one of the two classic cruising places in town

Cellar Bar, Crown & Anchor Hotel, intime and Int.

Edwardian Room, Crown & Anchor, celebrated show room and sometime dance bar alternating with **Hip Gazebo** in policy according to whim of owner Stan Sorrentino; Int.

Hip Gazebo, see above; Int.

Madeira Club, Pilgrim House Hotel, integrated at show time, once one of the great cabaret theatres on Eastern Seaboard where *Laugh-In* people got their start, featuring acts from Puerto Rico and semidrag

Moors, restaurant where everyone goes after the beach for sing-along and cruising; GMs after, rooms, Int. at night

Plain and Fancy, good restaurant, downstairs after dinner for GFs

Pilgrim House Hotel, your YMCA away from home where you can always find a little sunshine; Int., but not so as to interfere

Town House, biggest of the gay bars, with a beautiful garden; downstairs GFs, back bar GMs; Galleria Room, Int.

In Atlantic City don't miss

Deville Hotel, The, on Kentucky Avenue right off the Boardwalk, given GAY's seal of approval by Lige and Jack. Call (609) 345-2146 for advance reservations.

M&M, South Westminster Avenue, according to our editors "Atlantic City's stomping grounds for the 70s... one of the East Coast's most relaxed clubs." GMs

