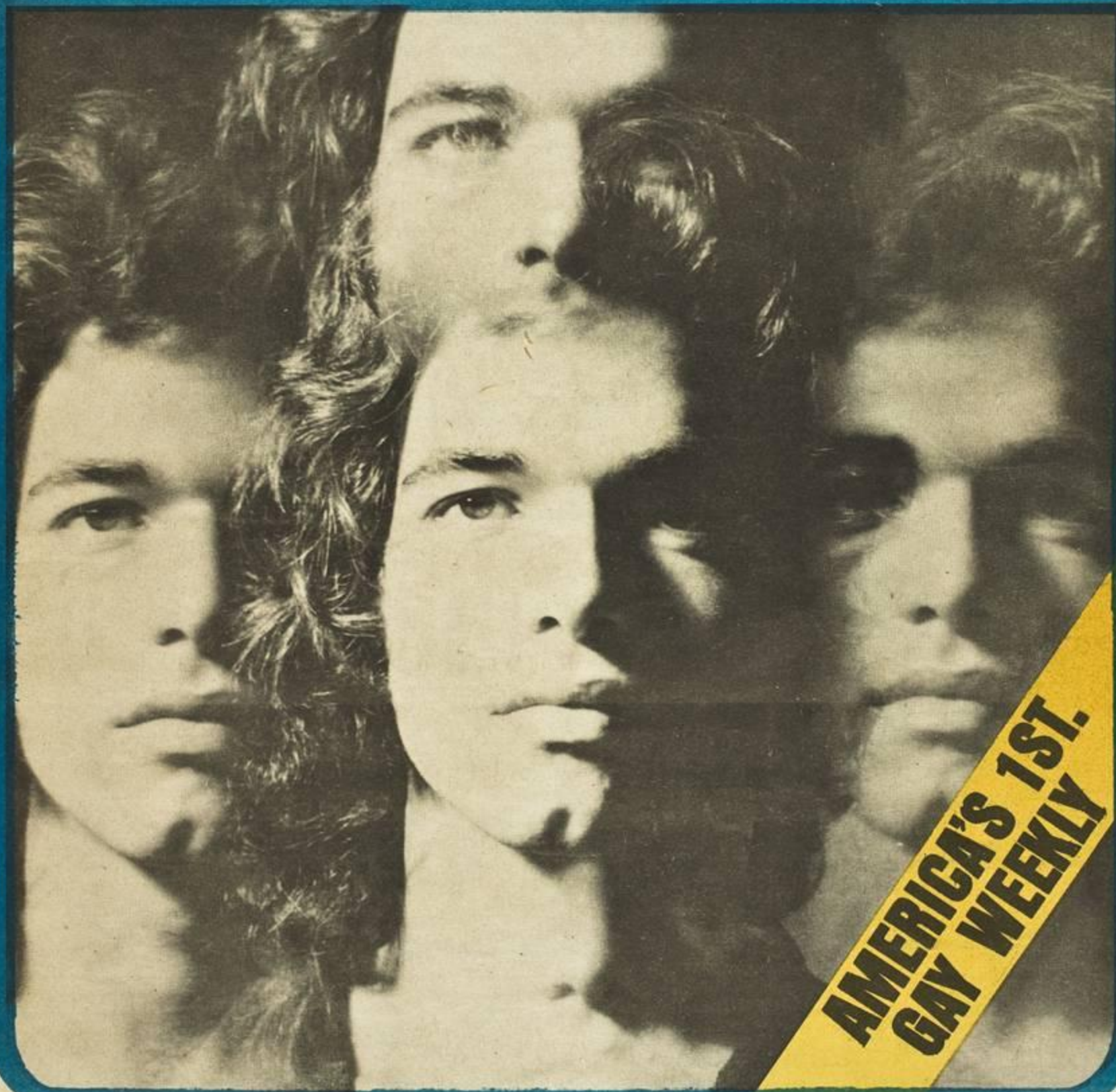


CRAZY HEADSHRINKERS P.11

GAY

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NO. 32



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

**THE NEW
SUGAR DADDIES P.15**

The Editors Speak:

Polly Policeman

He's off to seek an offender
Without wearing his alice blue gown
He won't even display tin jewelry
As he haunts every john in town.

His name is Polly Policeman
He's a dear sweet handsome young man
Who wags his privates at people
As he waits in the stink of the can.

His job is to stand at the privy
Casting lustful eyes at the wall
As he fingers himself with abandon
And hopes no one thinks he's too small.

'Tis a shame that nobody wants him
But wait, there's a man he excites
Who asks Polly home for an evening
And once there, he turns out the lights.

But Polly's not losing his virtue
His job is now thoroughly done
He arrests the dirty offender
And marches him out with a gun.

Polly succeeds in enforcing
The precepts of sweet Lily Law
One doesn't approach a policeman
Although he skips 'round in the raw.

Lige and Jack



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U.S. SENATE CHAPLAIN DEAD

Washington, D.C.—The Reverend Dr. Frederick Brown Harris, who served for 24 years, a record, as Chaplain of the United States Senate, and who earned himself some notoriety as a virulent anti-homosexual spokesman, died August 19 at the age of 87.

Elected to the post of Senate Chaplain in 1942, Dr. Harris was succeeded in 1946 by the Reverend Peter Marshall (*A Man Called Peter*). Upon Mr. Marshall's death in 1949, Dr. Harris resumed the post and retired twenty years later. His Senate duties involved the delivery of a prayer at the beginning of each session. He conducted funerals for President Herbert Hoover, Senator Robert A. Taft, and General Douglas

MacArthur.

In March, 1965, Dr. Harris responded to efforts by the Mattachine Society of Washington to enlist the aid of clergymen to integrate homosexuals into the religious life of the community with the following letter:

Dear Sirs:

Before me is your communication of February 15th from what is referred to as The Mattachine Society of Washington, D.C.

I do not know how better to answer your inquiry regarding my attitude as a religious leader to the whole noxious matter you discuss than to send a copy of my weekly article, "About the YOU in you," which is published on the editorial page of *The Sunday Star*. It also appears in other papers in various parts of the country.

I think I have nothing to add to the statement you will find marked on the enclosed article.

You refer to the group you represent as a "very large minority" in this country and their desire to change their status without changing their degenerate practices. There is also a very large minority in this country behind prison walls. Are you also interested in any movement to raise the status of those thus confined?

Sincerely,
Frederick Brown Harris

Enclosed in Dr. Harris' letter was his column, "Spires of the Spirit," entitled "About the YOU in You," which appeared each week in *The Sunday Star*, a Washington, D.C. newspaper. His "attitude as a religious leader to the whole noxious matter" of homosexuality was stated in the *Star* as follows:

This attempt to disregard the YOU in you is illustrated in the present propaganda, even

over television and radio, to stop even in decent society what is called discrimination of sex deviates and perverts who are addicted to disgusting practices which are not only degrading to those guilty, but whose abnormal debaucheries so often blight the lives of youth here as sacrifices to such degenerate lust. Such people, we are blandly told, comprise a large minority of the total population.

The present propaganda regarding this nauseating matter is not to rehabilitate such moral lepers, but to integrate them, to accept them without question with practices of which the so-called lower animals are never guilty. Those who advocate such an attitude seem more concerned with discrimination than with contamination. It all falls in with the debasing credo that it doesn't really matter what you are inside—just fall in line and take your place in humanity's "upward" climb—which may really be a descent to catastrophe.

Dr. Frederick Brown Harris was a Methodist.

GLF MEMBER ARRESTED

New Haven, Conn.—"Free Lonnie" became "Free Ronnie" when Ron, a GLF member, was searched and arrested for defacing property after writing "gay liberation" with a magic marker on a telephone pole at a rally to free Lonnie McLucas, a Black Panther charged with murder. The trial, in session at the New Haven Court House, drew about a dozen members of the Gay Liberation Front, who joined other demonstrators in protest of McLucas' imprisonment.

Following the arrest of Ronnie, GLF members posted \$25 bail. Others made posters which read, "Power to the People—Free Ronnie."

ARRESTS CONTINUE UPWARD SPIRAL

New York, N.Y.—In Greenwich Village, Times Square, Central Park, and Third Avenue, homosexuals are being harassed, threatened, arrested, and verbally and physically abused by police. In the past three weeks, reports of over 300 arrests have been made.

Christopher's End, the Barn, the Haven, the Rambler in Central Park, and the trucks at the end of Christopher Street have been raided. At Christopher's End, three employees were arrested and three customers were charged with sodomy. On Third Avenue, fifteen people were arrested in one night. On Christopher Street, police have told people not to stand and talk to each other on the street.

In Times Square, homosexuals have been threatened and taken into alleys. Five legal observers from Gay Activists Alliance were handcuffed, put into police cars, and driven to the 14th Precinct Police Station where they were questioned and released. Paddy wagons have been used to bus people to the police station. And a transit authority bus filled with police has been seen repeatedly sitting on the corner of 42nd Street and 7th Avenue near the Allied Chemical Building.

On 42nd Street, one policeman took the ID of a homosexual and then told

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SEPTEMBER 14, 1970 VOLUME 32



Huey P. Newton: Supreme Commander of the Black Panther Party

black panther party supports gay liberation

San Francisco, Calif.—Huey P. Newton, Supreme Commander of the Black Panther Party has released a statement in the August 21st issue of *The Black Panther* which calls for a working coalition of Panthers, revolutionaries, women's liberationists and the gay liberation front. Mr. Newton's statement followed a contribution of \$500.00 to the Black Panther Party by New York's Gay Liberation Front. It reads:

During the past few years, strong movements have developed among women and

among homosexuals seeking their liberation. There has been some uncertainty about how to relate to these movements.

Whatever your personal opinions and your insecurities about homosexuality and the various liberation movements among homosexuals and women and I speak of the homosexuals and women at oppressed groups, we should try to unite with them in a revolutionary fashion. I say "whatever your insecurities are" because, as we very well know sometimes our first instinct is to want to hit a homosexual in the mouth and want a woman to be quiet. We want to hit the homosexual in the mouth because we're afraid we might be homosexual, and we want to hit the woman or shut her up because we're afraid that the night catracts us, or take the nuts that we might not

have to start with.

We must gain security in ourselves and therefore have respect and feelings for all oppressed people. We must not use the racist type attitude like the White racists use against people because they are Black and poor. Many times the poorest White person is the most racist, because he's afraid that he might lose something, or discover something that he doesn't have; you're some kind of threat to him. This kind of psychology is in operation when we view oppressed people and we're angry with them because of their particular kind of behavior, or their particular kind of deviation from the established norm.

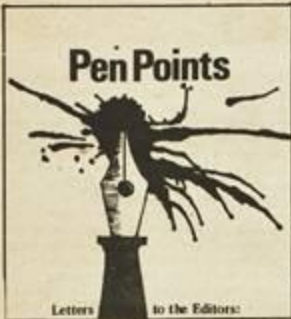
Remember, we haven't established a revolutionary value system; we're only in the process of establishing it. I don't remember as ever constituting any value that said that a revolutionary must say offensive things toward homosexuals, or that a revolutionary should make sure that women do not speak out about their own particular kind of oppression. Matter of fact it's just the opposite: we say that we recognize the women's right to be free. We haven't said much about the homosexual at all, and we must relate to the homosexual movement because it's a real thing. And I know through reading and through my life-experience, my observations, that homosexuals are not given freedom and liberty by anyone in the society. Maybe they might be the most oppressed people in the society.

And what made them homosexual? Perhaps it's a whole phenomena that I don't understand entirely. Some people say that it's the decadence of capitalism. I don't know whether this is the case; I rather doubt it. But whatever the case is, we know that homosexuality is a fact that exists, and we must understand it in its purest form: That is, a person should have freedom to use his body in whatever way he wants to. That's not endorsing things in homosexuality that we wouldn't view as revolutionary. But there's nothing to say that a homosexual cannot also be a revolutionary. And maybe I'm now injecting some of my prejudice by saying that "even a homosexual can be a revolutionary." Quite on the contrary, maybe a homosexual could be the most revolutionary.

When we have revolutionary conferences, rallies and demonstrations there should be full participation of the gay liberation movement and the women's liberation movement. Some groups might be more revolutionary than others. We shouldn't use the actions of a few to say that they're all reactionary or counter-revolutionary, because they're not.

We should deal with the factions just as we deal with any other group or party that claims to be revolutionary. We should try to judge somehow, whether they're operating sincerely, in a revolutionary fashion, from a really oppressed situation. (And we'll grant that if they're women, they're probably oppressed.) If they do things that are un-revolutionary or counter-revolutionary, then criticize that action. If we feel that the group in spirit means to be revolutionary in practice, but they make mistakes in interpretation of the revolutionary philosophy, or they don't understand the dialectics of the social forces in operation, we should criticize that and not criticize them because they're women trying to be free. And the same is true for homosexuals. We should never say a whole movement is dishonest, when in fact they're trying to be honest, they're just making honest mistakes. Friends are allowed to make mistakes. The enemy is not allowed to make mistakes because his whole existence is a mistake, and we suffer from it. But the women

continued on page 12



Pen Points

Letters to the Editors:

PRESIDENTIAL PUSHERS

Dear GAY:
To state, as you do in your last editorial, that President Nixon and Vice-President Agnew have unwittingly contributed to the increase in heroin usage by young people, with their hysterical and inflammatory remarks on

marijuana, seems glib to me. Those two do nothing unwittingly. They are clearly consolidating their control over our society by appealing to the murkiest superstitions of the population, and by eliminating every source of freshness and energy that threatens to arise. Such a source is youth, and by aggravating the heroin problem among youth, the Administration is therewith getting rid of an otherwise inevitable thorn in its side.

Since the inception of Operation Intercept a year ago—with American officials searching every vehicle that passes between Mexico and the U.S.—God knows how many young people have gotten onto hard, addictive, mind-destroying drugs. With marijuana unavailable, kids will take anything that comes along, including barbituates and heroin. No drug addict has ever gotten involved in social protest! Junkies are too busy scurrying around for the next fix to worry about the Vietnam war, conditions in the slums, or the institutionalized

oppression of homosexuals and women. Do not think the Administration is unaware of this. To the contrary, they count on it.

Remember the great teenage gang wars in New York City in the fifties? *West Side Story* was a great musical, but it could never have been written in the sixties because after 1959 the gangs just seemed to disappear. And where did they go? They went to junk. Concerned that the teen gangs, as they matured, might be developing political consciousness and social awareness—and thus posing an organized threat to the power structure—the police allowed the heroin trade to flourish in the early sixties with little or no intervention. As a result, most of the kids who'd been in the gangs became junkies, and thus passed out of the political picture. Junk is the fascist's friend.

Only one other minor quibble with your editorial: Your emphasis on heroin

and speed as the greatest drug hazards on the market seems to me a bit misplaced. They are horrible stuff, to be sure, but both of them pale in comparison to barbituates. Addiction to downs is much more debilitating and much harder to shake than addiction to shit: barbituate psychosis is far more disorienting than heroin or speed, and the withdrawal is much worse. Heroin is possible, if inconvenient, to live with; speed kills, but only over a period of years; severe barbituate addiction can plant you in a matter of months.

Note, please, that barbituates are legal and rather easy to come by. Power to the People.

Dean A. Latimer

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.

THE WICKER BASKET



BY RANDOLFE WICKER

STRAIGHTS ONLY AT TOWN HALL?

The New York Mattachine Society has been attempting to rent Town Hall on West 43rd Street for several months in order to stage an evening of theatrical entertainment for New York gays.

New York University, owner of the hall, has refused on the grounds that it fears bad publicity. A couple of years ago, the producers of the film *The Queen* rented the hall and staged the drag show there which was the subject of the film. NYU feels bad publicity resulted.

Both Representative Koch and Congressional Candidate Bella Abzug have written to NYU's Alan Carter urging that the hall be rented to NYMS without success. The ACLU is currently determining if Town Hall is a "public" or "private" facility. If a legal basis can be made for Town Hall's being a "public" facility, then legal action can be brought forcing NYU to make the hall available to Mattachine. However, if the facility is determined to be private, nothing can be

done.

Meanwhile, the student governing board of Weinstein Hall at NYU, which agreed to rent the facilities in Weinstein Hall's basement to the Christopher Street Liberation Day Committee for a series of weekend dances during August was overruled by the administration, and the last two dances were threatened with cancellation until a compromise was worked out in which the dances would be sponsored by the NYU Students Homophile Union with volunteer help drawn, as needed, from the Christopher Street Liberation Day Committee.

MILITANT QUEEN INTIMIDATES COP

Ray Rivera, a feminine, somewhat transvestite member of Gay Activists Alliance, who several weeks ago was arrested on 42nd Street for circulating a petition for gay rights, found himself again being harassed by a patrolman recently. It looked as if the patrolman, club in hand, was about to start swinging or take Ray down to the pokey for the night, but when Ray launched into a rap about "homosexual rights" and identified himself as a member of Gay Activists Alliance, the officer replied, "I don't want to get involved with any of those organizations" and simply walked away. Now how's that for politics?

ROCKY FIELDS A CURVE BALL

Governor Nelson Rockefeller displayed a little more political acumen than Arthur Goldberg had previously when confronted with gay activist Morty Manfred at Rink Park recently.

Goldberg had said "I have more important things to discuss" when confronted with some pointed questions from gay activists a few weeks earlier, but when Morty asked the Rock, "Where do you stand on homosexual rights?" the Governor hardly batted an eye and replied, "I'm for rights for everybody." It didn't really commit him very much, but at least Rocky got away without his car being surrounded and "gay power" scrawled across its hood.

NEW BATHS TO OPEN SOON

A new bath house is due to open on First Avenue between First and Second

Streets in October. The new Club Baths have a recorded message which plays to anyone calling (212) 673-3283. They claim they've spent \$300,000 over the last three years on constructing their four-floor, carpeted, air-conditioned premises which will feature a whirlpool bath, carousel shower and "an unbelievable TV room." The recording promises to announce its October opening date sometime in September.

LOUIS LEFKOWITZ LAW TROUBLES GAYS

Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz has come under attack from some gay activists for his authorship of a fingerprinting law which shows arrest records as well as conviction records.

The law was designed to help protect financial institutions from syndicate infiltration. However, in practice, arrest records—even records of arrests on charges which were later dropped or dismissed—cause many gays problems with bonding companies and prospective employers.

"This law might be directed against syndicate types," GAA politico Marty Robinson charges, "but a lot of little people have also gotten hurt in the process."

HALF-BROTHERS BECOME HALF-SISTERS

Two half-brothers from St. Paul, Minnesota, are now half-sisters after transsexual surgery performed at the University of Minnesota Hospital.

Cary and Burt are now Lauraine and Lenette. Cary had the operation two years ago, is now 28 years old, and recently divorced her husband to whom she had been married for 14 months. She works as a beautician.

Burt, her younger brother, became Lauraine (now 22) six months ago. She works as a secretary during the day and works evenings as an exotic dancer in a night club.

DAISY CHAIN LETTER

"Want to receive up to 8,000 letters

from gay guys free without obligation?" Well, a chain letter currently circulating promises just that if you mail a letter or postcard to the first person listed and then send 20 copies of the letter to friends after eliminating the first name and adding yours to the list of four names. Must be a gimmick. The first name on the letter I received was a fellow named "Tuck" from Union, N.J. who I believe is the same one who runs some sort of correspondence club. Besides, what would anyone do with 8,000 gay guys? That's nearly 4,000 feet of cock!

CAN TAX MEN HAVE HOMOSEXUAL FRIENDS?

Dr. Franklin Kameny, a homosexual citizen, Washington Mattachine and the North American Conference of Homophile Organizations are suing IRS Commissioner Throver to revise the IRS Employees Rules of Conduct Manual which makes IRS workers subject to investigation if they associate with homosexuals in their off-duty time.

The suit asks that the rule be revised to "make it clear that Service employees are not prohibited from associating with homosexuals other than in connection with official business." The Washington ACLU is handling the case, which received an adverse decision in the District of Columbia Circuit Court in December 1969.

ITEMS

*Commissioner Leary has reportedly circulated a directive to local police precincts saying that gay bars should not be harassed.

*The Continental Baths donated \$50 to pay for telegrams to the press and state officials during a recent protest over the arrest of five GAA members who sat in at a Republican State Committee Headquarters.

*The Boatel and Sandpiper Restaurants at the Pines refuse to advertise in GAY because they claim it would offend their heterosexual clientele.

*GAA recently voted down a street theater action which proposed the carrying of a drag queen on a litter up and down the Lexington Ave. pedestrian mall.

AND TO LEAVE YOU SMILING

1st Gay Boy: I'm Pregnant.
2nd Gay Boy: Well, do you know who the father is?
1st Gay Boy: Don't be silly. Do you think I have eyes in the back of my head?



by TONI LEYDEN

In GAY No. 10, someone reviewing the latest homosexual pornography mentioned the constant stress on youth, youth, youth. Well, I'm 32 and I don't care who knows it, because I've had a hell of a good time getting this far, and I expect to enjoy myself for a hell of a long time yet, but I hope that my lack of youth, youth, youth doesn't disqualify me to address you, for in the same issue of GAY someone else wrote in and asked that lesbians be given a little more attention in the pages of the paper. You see, I'm a gay girl, and I don't care who knows that, either.

Gather round, sisters. Let me tell you a little about my interest in girls—and gay boys too.

I don't know how that paperback book ever found its way into a drugstore in Pittsburgh in 1955, but I can still remember vividly the day, at the age of sixteen, when I picked up a 35¢ Gold Medal book by Ann Aldrich called *We Walk Alone*. The subtitle, *Through Lesbos' Lonely Groves*, today sounds as dated as the snoob, but then it was electrifying. There was the whole thing. Though the book began with the disclaimer that "there is no definition, no formula, no pattern that will accurately characterize the female homosexual," it did in fact tell all. I recognized myself for what I was, and soon after that, my vague longings were given expression. Reading the book again recently—it has somehow remained among the few belongings I have carted around with me on my many

moves since those distant days of the fifties—I realized just how good it was for its time. I suppose the older gay boys will have some such feeling toward Donald Webster Cory's *The Homosexual in America* and the younger ones toward Angelo d'Arcangelo's *The Homosexual Handbook*. Of course Ann Aldrich's book didn't "make me gay." Books don't do that. But even in the fifties, when there was a lot of talk about "the twilight world" and gay people were asking for "sympathy and understanding," instead of rights and respect, it helped to straighten me out. To some, it might have been effective in scaring them out of playing around with lesbianism. To me, it made me feel that I was *not* alone.

One of the comforting things I learned at the very beginning—and my heart goes out to those unfortunates stuck in tank towns where no news ever penetrates, and who lie awake at nights with their strange desires wondering if anyone else in the history of the world has ever felt the urges they feel, despising themselves and despairing—was that I did not walk alone by any means.

In the Big City, and that, at first, meant New Orleans, oddly enough, I soon found out that there were lots of other women who felt desires toward those of their own sex. I met a stripper from Bourbon Street and a hustler from the Quarter, both of whom had plenty of reason to look askance at men. But I also met married women from the garden district and professional women (including a doctor I lived with) and many others, from teenage girls to a *grande dame* of 87 who had stories to tell you would not believe and who still had

lovers (or at least an admiring circle of young women). I discovered that lesbians were to be found in every walk of life and every age group. I met some that I'll never forget—and some I would much rather forget. But I found out in the process that we are just a cross section of the general population: debs and drunks, professional women and professional parasites, characters and caricatures, dykes and delights, wonderful and intelligent and sweet people and low-life, no-good bums, butches and bitches both. You pays your money and you takes your choice.

I found, in the long run, that a person tends to attract the kinds of people she deserves, or needs. There was a time when I was kept by a number of different women, one of them so fiercely jealous that she nearly murdered someone on my account, while I found myself. There was a time when I settled for casual affairs, easily begun and easily ended, because I didn't want "to get involved." There has been my current affair, now (as they say on Broadway) "in its fifth year" with another girl who is an advertising exec like myself.

And all along there have been people. I suppose I need people as much as I need one important individual person. I don't think I'm odd in that way, either. What I'd like to say to the guys and gals who read GAY is that too many homosexuals, of both sexes, isolate themselves in segregated worlds and cut themselves off from a lot of important, interesting human contact with their opposite numbers.

In fact, I don't think homosexuals ought to be without heterosexual friends,

but we can leave that for another time, because what I want to advocate here, as strongly as I can, and on the basis of a lot of personal experience, is that gay guys and gay girls should get together.

When I lived in San Francisco, I was great friends with a boy I'll call Bert. He used to drive me to the supermarket. I used to help him with his makeup when he went to drag parties. One winter, we made our dresses for New Year's Eve together. He was afraid of most women. He'd never been to bed with one, and he didn't want to try. But he knew I would not get him drunk and rape him—nor steal the sailors who moved, in never-ending stream, through his life. He met my friends. I met his. We were, as he said one time, "family." We could rely on each other, in happiness and in unhappiness. When I moved to New York, it was like leaving a brother behind.

In New York, I lived on the Lower East Side before it was called the "East Village." It was a dingy tenement, because I wasn't making much at my job (which had, as I used to say, "a great future but no present") and I wanted to spend most of it on clothes. But it was a real commune, before the hippies, before the communes you hear about today. At the heart of it was Dennis, a gay boy who lived in the basement and who was mother hen for a gay sculptor, a gay singer, a gay dancer, a gay schoolteacher (female); even, for awhile, two gay girls, one of whom served as *supper* of the building. Our doors were always open to each other. When one got a job in a show, or a new lover, or on any other occasion we could think of, some one of us threw

continued on page 18

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VILLAGE NYC. 691-0444

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, 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.

WELL OF POSSIBILITY

Q. I have read with interest your answer to a query from a gay, who, like myself, is in need of answers regarding the gay life. I refer to the one in the August 10th issue. I feel that you did not offer a satisfactory answer (at least from my point of view), and wonder if you would mind restating an answer based on my need of information. I am not gay (I might be latent, but definitely not blatant!). I never had a homosexual experience in my life (believe it or not), but, of late, have had stirrings which seem to be unmistakable signs of homosexuality. I find myself reading and subscribing to homosexual literature at a pace which is slowly making many publications rich and myself poorer. I am looking at frequent studs for the first time (that is, I eye them up and down and undress them), and try to look for "signs" that they might be gay or at least entertain thoughts along these lines. Of course, being a virgin (and if I ever come out, I think I will set a record for the oldest latent guy to lose his cherry, I am 37!) and having no experience at cruising, and have never knowingly been in a gay bar, the chances of meeting an out-and-out gay guy are remote. Your answer to the correspondent who asked how you can tell "one" was to strike up a conversation or to frequent places where he could pick up a guy who is gay. All well and good, as far as it goes, but he (like myself) has a situation where we see Mr. Wonderful staring us in the face, and we are at a loss to make the necessary moves to convey our interest in

him, and his interest in us. True, the conversation bit will, no doubt, confirm or deny our impressions, but like selling, you "qualify" the prospect before you make the pitch. Now what we would like to know is, how the hell do we qualify them prior to our pitch? In my own simple mind, what "signs" (if any) do I look for to let me know that they are gay or latently gay? Some of my homophile literature seems to hint at "signs" wherein one gay can tell another. Gay ESP? In the leather crowd, there is S&M (I am not too sure what that means), and now there is jewelry with the "Eye Mystic" on same. But what if Mr. Wonderful is not wearing chains (right, left, or in the middle) or the "Eye Mystic"; now what do I do? Punt? In other words, I am not interested in anyone else at the moment, but Mr. W. looking at me out of the corner of his sexy eye. I think he wants to know me (and I know I want to know him!). Now how do two (or one) latents let each other know the score? How would the pros handle this awkward situation? I, too, have had a couple of experiences in which my inexperience caused me a loss of a golden opportunity to become blatant. What approach does one use in the prelims without causing embarrassment or a black eye to the one making the first move? And how about a break for us "latents"? I mean, how about a glossary of terms used in the gay world, so we can know what is being said and done, and help us convey our thoughts when in dialogue with you? It would be nice if GAY would set up a column something like: "How to improve

your vocabulary." It might be entertaining for the blatants and help us latents.

P. S., III.

A. First, my intrepid explorer of new horizons, I would suggest that you rush right out to Chicago, presumably, and buy a copy of *The Homosexual Handbook*, by my colleague, the pearl without price of gay literature, Angelo d'Arcangelo. It will give you instant, sensible, and invaluable education on the techniques, vocabulary, mundial mores and possible diversions, pitfalls, and potentials, and almost anything else one could wish to know about the gay world (as integral part of the whole world). Reading, however, is not enough. You must talk to people and become sufficiently involved with them (even if only for an hour or so), so that your interest in them (and theirs in you) can be confirmed or not. Friendly conversation and a smile really does convey a message of interest to anyone, you know. It is not always possible to "qualify" another person before "you make the pitch," to use the same hideous mercantile terms you employed. If you want to be positive, you must talk ... except in places like the baths, parks, etc., or with extremely obvious types. The simplest and safest solution would be to visit places you know are gay, and the possibility of mistakes there would be minimal. You are going to have a hell of a time losing your atrophying cherry if you keep avoiding the places (and active, not blatant) people most suitable to help you achieve that long over-due loss. And did it ever occur

to you that someone might cruise you and save you the trouble of all that speculation?

Q. Whenever I go to a party these days, and even on many dates, people keep insisting that I join them in smoking grass. Everybody seems to be doing it but me. When I refuse, they tell me I'm a square and an old fogey. I'm only 23, and I dig everything they do almost, so it hurts me when they put me down by calling me those names. I drink a little, but I don't want anything to do with drugs. How can I handle these people?

F. K., Wichita

A. Tell them you have lung cancer and ask for another martini.

Q. This letter may sound a little foolish to you, but it's about a problem that is not at all silly to me. I have been living with this marvelous guy for three months, and we are crazy about each other. We share many of the same interests, are close in age, and get along in every way except one. We have not yet been able to work that one thing out yet, and it is threatening our affair. It concerns sex, of course. Not what we do in bed, but how it is done. By that I mean the setting, I guess you'd call it. My lover only likes to have sex in bright lights, so he can watch everything we are doing. I only like it in complete darkness. We argue over it constantly. I can't understand why we should need lights to watch what we are doing, since we already know what's taking place, and darkness is so much more romantic, anyway. He insists it is much more beautiful in the light with both of us able to see every little thing. I can't see why this should be necessary, and it prevents me from enjoying the whole scene. We are both having a rough time over this crazy problem. Can you think of some way we could solve it?

A. I., Bronx

A. Compromise. Buy a candle and stick it in the corner.

BY DICK LETTSCH



ouldn't it be delightful if every city, town, and village in the world had a homosexual center where locals could gather, and where visitors could drop in to find companionship, sex partners, help in finding jobs, housing, and information on the area, and other such services? It is, indeed, nice that we have such a system in the much-maligned gay bars.

Gay bars are the greatest resource homosexuals have, even though most of the time we take them for granted, bitch about their inadequacies, and don't recognize their crucial importance to us. My sister-in-law (my lover's sister) is recently divorced and back into the hassle to find men for companionship, sex and maybe another marriage. She also has a vacation coming up and asked Bob and me for suggestions as to where to go! Places where she can find single men. Cruises are out, as are the Catskills, the straight communities on Fire Island, and other places where "singles" congregate. They're all laden with husband-seeking women, few men (and fewer attractive men), and the competition is fierce.

I, being a product of gay society, suggested that she go someplace she's always wanted to see, perhaps the Grand Canyon, Cumberland Gap, or historic Boston. They're all out, she says, unless someone can tell her where to find single men there.

This is a problem we don't have in the gay world. We can pick a vacation spot for the scenery or whatever, and count upon finding a gay bar nearby. I travel extensively, lecturing and appearing on radio and television. I don't mind going anywhere, so long as I have my *Gay Guide* in my suitcase, and even that's not a necessity. Before I discovered that listing of gay spots around the world (available, incidentally, for \$5.00 from any of the bookshops advertised in this paper), I always, in a new town, found the bus depot or a park in the downtown area. Invariably, I'd spot another gay man, and ask him for the names of local gay bars.

Once I find a gay bar, my troubles are all over. One need only start a conversation and mention that one is new in town, or is just passing through. New faces are always welcome, especially in in-bred smaller towns, and the gay welcome mat is always out. Soon you have new friends, a trick or two, and, if you need them, leads on jobs, apartment, and a summary of the local gay scene.

In other words, gay bars serve for us the functions that synagogues supply Jewish people, that the VFW or American legion provide veterans, and that lodges serve for travelling Moose, Elks, or Masons. They are our social centers, our main tie with our group, and a place to turn for help and information.

Nobody seems to know how long gay bars have existed. I have traced them back to 16th century England, but that doesn't mean they didn't exist before. They just started getting raided then, and court records and newspaper accounts provide concrete evidence of their existence.

Why did bars become our social centers, the institutions of our group? Nancy Achilles, in her fine study, "The Development of the Homosexual Bar as

this often in small towns, where a homosexual will live alone, with few friends, and throw himself into his work an Institution" (in Gagnon and Simon's *Sexual Deviance*) explains. Participation in the homosexual community is a leisure-time activity. Thus, the institution serving the community must be one adapted to sociability and leisure, as bars are. Because of pressures from the larger

everyone. Carefully located in untraveled areas, with inconspicuous facades, the gay bar can look innocuous and uninviting to all but those in the know. Then too, bars are apolitical and nonsectarian, and unite people of every ideological bias.

The sociological explanation for the need for gay bars is explained by Miss Achilles as follows (with comments from me): Society is set up to fill certain

or hobbies. The third option is to ally with others like himself and form a subculture, or join one which already exists.

This latter course supplies him with "moral legitimization for his deviance and satisfaction for his socio-economic needs." This is the function of the gay bar. In a gay bar, "queers" are the people who are not gay and the gay rules and value system form the norm.

In another study of gay bars, a sociologist reported a homosexual as saying "The only time I'm not aware of being a homosexual is in a gay bar." When in the straight world, with his family, or at his work, he was constantly conscious of his homosexuality. In the gay bar, where everyone was gay, he lost his self-consciousness, and could be himself and enjoy himself.

Gay bars also teach and enforce the ethics and rules of gay life, and pass on traditions and gay culture. One learns how to make out, to use gay slang, and the like. He also learns other things. I was a reasonably well educated, but still sort of hokey, hillbilly when I came out. In gay bars, I picked up an interest in art, opera, music, the theatre, and other civilizing things. I became self-conscious of my countrified accent and taught myself to speak correctly. I learned more there than in the many years I spent in schools and universities.

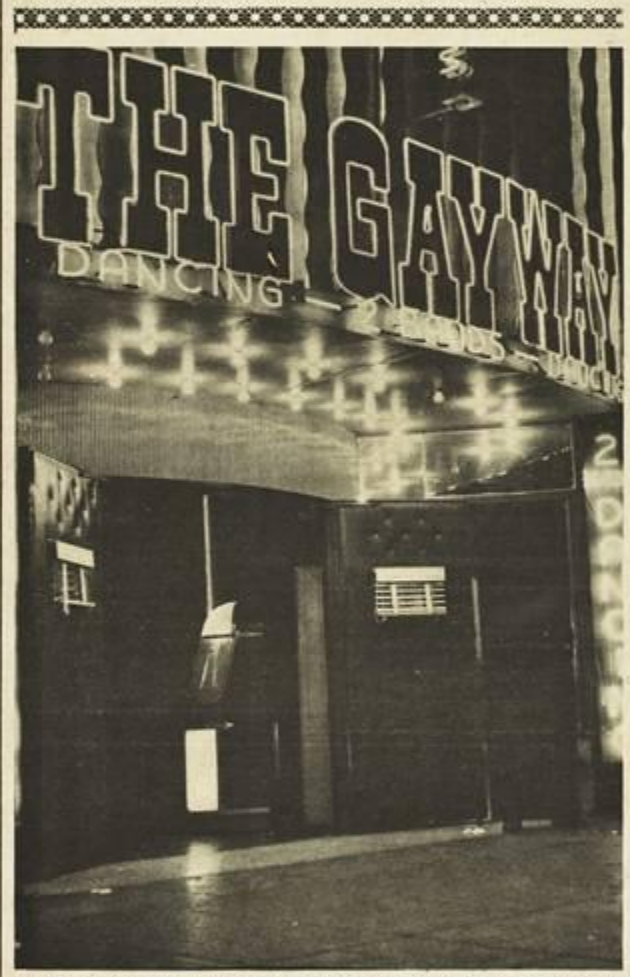
I also learned the rules of gay life: one doesn't steal a "sister's" lover; how to steal a friend's lover without being ostracized, etc. I also saw the code enforced, most memorably in an incident when a "piece of trade" robbed a friend. Word spread through the bar and next time the trade came in, he was frozen out. Nobody spoke to him; he was often bumped—causing his drinks to spill, and now and again, tripped when he walked through the place.

Bars provide a place where sexual encounters can be arranged more "respectably" than on the streets or in parks. Instead of a blatant "pick-up," there is conversation, a sociable drink, and a touch of civilization. Bars also provide some protection in times of trouble. For instance, bartenders learn to recognize plainclothes cops, and usually warn customers away from them when entrapment is going on.

Sometimes bars make loans to, act as message centers for, and otherwise provide special services to regular customers. They are always information-exchange centers, spreading word of raids, crackdowns, new bars, gossip, and the like. This pooling and exchanging of information explains why the grapevine is so effective, and how news travels through the gay community quicker than a newspaper or even a radio could spread it.

All of this social interaction is crucial to the existence of the group. Without places to meet and a continuity, the group would quickly cease to exist as a group: It is easy to bitch and complain about the bars, and it is obvious that the system could use some improvement and refinement, but without it, we'd be in serious trouble. Because it exists, we can be a community, even an international community. We can find ourselves anywhere, from Dubrovnik to Saigon, from Cleveland to Johannesburg, and be at home among friends. That is one of the most beautiful things about the gay world, as anyone who travels for business or pleasure can confirm.

GOING STRAIGHT

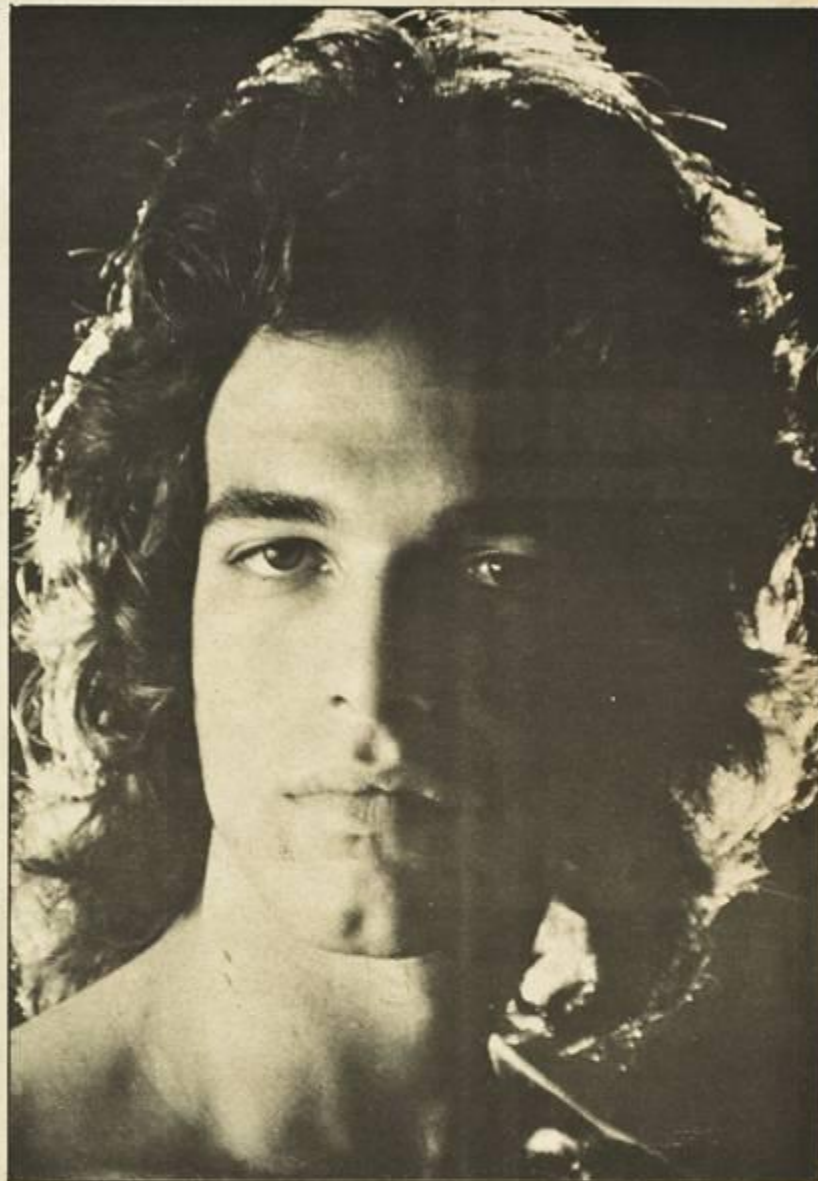


To The Nearest Gay Bar

community, the institution must be mobile and flexible. That is, it must be able to open, close and reopen without great alteration or loss. A bar can be located almost anywhere; it requires little space and few embellishments.

Most of all, the institution must provide some degree of anonymity and segregation from the larger society. This a bar can do well, as bars are very common, attract no attention, and make no demand other than its being open to

needs, particularly those of the heterosexual majority. When an individual finds that the existing institutions and social structure do not fill his needs, he has several choices. He may play along with the system, repressing his needs and doing what is expected of him, i.e. marry, have children, repress his homosexuality and conform to the standards. Or, he might become a "loner," alienated from his environment, going his own way. You see



Gay's Own Eric - A MESSENGER

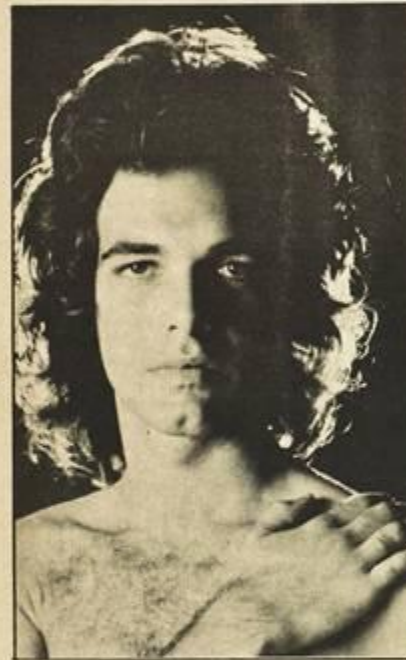
BY ROY LEIGH

It does occasionally help pay the rent, but working for GAY also provides many other pleasures and rewards. I don't work in the office but, as a free-lance photographer, I keep in touch by telephone. There is always a charming voice at the other end and, despite hectic schedules and constant deadlines, busy people have time to be friendly. Even co-editor Jack Nichols takes precious minutes from his innumerable activities for fun telephone chats. Payment for published work is often accompanied by

most welcome personal notes of thanks and encouragement (not a standard operating procedure in other Fun City offices). In-person visits to the GAY offices have been delightful experiences in camaraderie. And then there's Eric. Eric delivers the GAY goods. Perhaps that's misleading. What I mean is, he really delivers. Er, that is, he walks the streets and makes GAY pick-ups. I think I'd better get on with my story. When GAY first contacted me to do some work for them, I used to take my finished photos up to the office personally. Then it happened that I

couldn't get away and was told a messenger would drop by to pick up the work. A diminutive delight complete with a luxurious mane of hair arrived at my door! No brusque New York toughie or wizened senior citizen, but a handsome young man who could actually be pleasant! Could even manage a hesitant smile! Such delightful types, if not already extinct, are in grave danger of disappearing completely from the local scene. As with all magic moments, it was quickly past. The young man took my envelope and vanished into the thundering herd that is Sixth Avenue. So much for that, thought I, grateful for

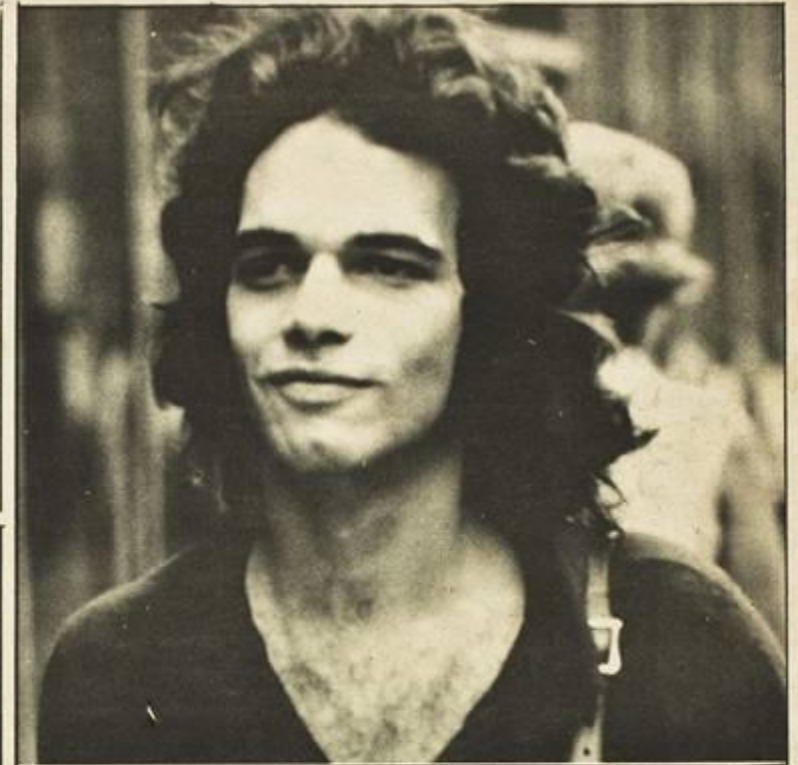
that brief encounter, but there's more. A short time later, another envelope had to go to GAY and I was told a messenger would pick it up. Lo and behold, there was that same magnificent lionine mop of hair... and sure enough, it was being held up by the same sensitive looking youth! Pleasantries were exchanged, that boyish grin escaped involuntarily from time to time and, again, he was gone. Roy, I chided myself, (I often talk to myself—well, you have to speak to someone who's intelligent, sometimes), you didn't even mention the weather or any number of equally clever and fascinating topics which would have



OF JOY

prolonged the conversation! Oh well next time. Closing the door and returning to my studio, a mind-boggling thought popped into my head (I could almost feel a light bulb flash on over me!). It suddenly occurred that, like rubbing a lamp and producing a genie, all I had to do was telephone GAY and a slender, smiling, long-haired lad would miraculously appear at my door! Wow! What a feeling of power over the fates. It will not surprise you to learn that a very short time later, another envelope was filled and had to be delivered to GAY. I telephoned for "a messenger"

knowing full well that I meant the messenger. It didn't work... he didn't show. In fact, no one showed. So much for the old lamp-rubbing routine! Next day, the phone rang and a voice said, "This is Eric. May I come back to get the pick-up for GAY?" Ha-ha! The lovely lad of the long locks! Would you believe that I was up to my elbows in hypo with three deadlines imminent and still said yes? Not only did we discuss the weather (hot) and the world situation (bad) over a cold Coke, but I learned that Eric was born under the sign of Taurus twenty years ago in Brooklyn. He's been working for nearly a year at GAY and, in addition



to his deliveries, has done photo assignments which GAY has published. He currently lives in Brooklyn Heights with Jonathan—his cat. At this point I (who always thinks of others) couldn't help asking if I could take some pictures of him so that you, the readers of GAY, could see this young man for yourself. The fact that the paper might agree to publish them and would pay me just might possibly have entered my thinking. But what is mere money when one can bring a bit of happiness to others, right? A return to school looms large on Eric's horizon. He will be resuming his

design studies (photography, painting, silk-screen, etc.) soon, I'm sad to report. So, I'd better get the old derriere in gear and wind this up so I can call GAY to send me "a messenger" before Eric goes back to his studies. Hmmmm, I wonder who'll be delivering the GAY goods next month? Roy Leigh is responsible for much of the finer photography that has recently appeared in GAY, including the yoga pictures of Lige, the nude photos of John Francis Hunter, and the tasteful pictures of Ian and Robin. GAY is pleased to introduce you to Roy, who is a welcome addition to our growing family.

BY LILLI VINCENZ

contributions of the Emporium Antique Shop

like to garden. Does that mean old age is encroaching? I like to take care of things, like a house or a yard. But living things are more fun to care for than nonliving. Watching flowers and vegetables grow is much more satisfying than seeing the house all cleaned up—although I enjoy a state of inanimate order, too. Order is definitely esthetic from my point of view, as long as it isn't sterile. But I'm treading on dangerous ground here, because that word has too many disagreeable connotations these days. Let's go outdoors.

Since my experience with scrubbing is more extensive than with gardening, it figures that I'm better at the former. But I'm taking pains to catch up and grow an emerald thumb (at present it's still yellow—like the leaves of our tomato plants). Some things are simple to do, of course, like mowing the lawn with a power mower, which a little old lady from down the street gave us as a present one day when she saw us struggling with the hand mower. Watering the lawn is even more simple—and weeding is just slightly more difficult. But making things emerge from the soil and bear fruit is something else.

This year we have thirty tomato plants. Actually there should have been only ten—the other twenty were destined for decapitation by scissors in infancy. But I just didn't have the heart for that.

The plants were born in two Campbell's Tomato Planter cans, which I bought all fixed up with seeds and earth and fertilizer in a supermarket. All you do is open the zip top, put the two-inch container on the window sill, water it, and when the seedlings are two inches high, weed out all but the five tallest ones in each can. Instead of terminating the careers of the weakest of the species, I housed the "deselected" group in two big flower pots with ordinary soil.

Came the time to transplant them to the back yard, I naturally didn't have enough space. The rectangular bed allotted for tomato plants was too small and would hold only eighteen, crowded together one foot apart. The remaining twelve had to be accommodated in the round flower bed in the middle of the lawn. The center of the bed was reserved for zinnias, the middle ring for marigolds, and the outer ring was rationed out to the tomato plants, interspersed with single left-over marigolds (I can't bear to throw anything away). Esthetically speaking, mixing tomatoes with flowers was like letting grocers participate in a fashion show—but then, it was a matter of life and death.

The tomatoes are ripening now. They're kind of late, and other people have been eating home-grown tomatoes for a month already. This is where my yellow thumb comes in: starting too late, transplanting too late, fertilizing too little, plus other errors I haven't discovered yet. But, anyway, the plants are beautifully hung with fruit and are lovingly, if not exactly expertly, tied to makeshift stakes consisting of knotty old branches, bending twigs, broomsticks, and dowels. In a heavy rain, many of the supports keel over, and in attempting to put the gangly plant back up, I usually lose a couple of tomatoes. So far there are thirteen casualties on the window still waiting to ripen.

But it ain't all my fault that so many

Do Lillies Grow Fruit?



have fallen! Plum, the family dog, recently invaded the tomato jungle and abandoned himself to the joys of digging—unearthing three root systems in the process and causing other plants to break their branches and drop their crop.

I remember that evening well. A graduate student from a local university was supposed to come over to interview me for a report she was preparing on lesbianism. The house was clean and everything in order (in the living room at least). It was 8:30, and she was to arrive any minute. Going outside to enjoy some garden presence and check on when I could plan on eating tomato salad, I discovered the wreckage.

"Come here, Plum," I said calmly, trying not to sound menacing. But he knew something was wrong; maybe he even remembered his misdeed. In these cases, he lets his tail down and walks very slowly, hanging his head as he creeps toward me, giving the best imitation ever

of a repentant sinner. Or he just might decide not to come at all. I didn't wait for him and dragged him to the mutilated tomato patch, plunging his nose into the canyon he'd dug. "You bad, bad dog!" And he got slapped.

While all this was going on, I was hoping against hope the girl would be late. The tomatoes, without benefit of stakes, had held each other up by means of intertwining foliage. It was a mess to untangle and install supports. I replanted the wilted victims, collected the premature harvest from the ground, filled the holes, and watered everything. Then, around 9:15, with my tomato-wrecked composure fully re-established, I began to wonder where my guest was. I called up her husband, who confirmed that she was on her way.

About 10:00, in breezed Marietta, dressed as a perfect lady, with broad brim straw summer hat, false eyelashes, and a

most engaging cheerful manner. She had brought a female friend who was to operate the tape recorder. Coming from another town, they had gotten terribly lost and were terribly apologetic. But there was little ice to break, all three of us being sociable types. (Marcelle was upstairs studying, but joined the discussion later.)

Marietta, working on a Ph.D., had listened to Frank Kameny speak to her class about homosexuality and had wanted to know more about lesbianism. Frank referred her to me, and so here she was meeting her first bona fide lesbian. Not knowing any other homosexuals, she had no idea what to expect, but she was very open and eager to learn. Our talk was animated, and we giggled a lot. (Marcelle later said that the tape sounded like a "tea party.") Marietta just radiated good-naturedness and a desire to help. She wanted to know what straight people could do to ease the lot of homosexuals. We told her to speak up for us and represent us as we really are.

The fact that Marcelle was able to participate, too, gave our graduate student a more complete picture of a lesbian relationship. I'm glad she came to our house—instead of my talking to her class (a prior proposal)—to study two of us at home in our natural habitat rather than one specimen in a classroom.

A week later, we received a pretty thank-you note from Marietta, which said, in part, "After listening to the tape, I think many of my fellow students realized that lesbians are just 'ordinary people,' not so much different from themselves (a good thing for everyone to realize, don't you think?). And, if this is any criterion, I believe we all did 'open up our minds.'" Then she wished "much happiness to you both in the future"—a touch I particularly appreciated, because it showed that she recognized that ours was indeed a love relationship, as worthy of being wished happiness as any straight relationship.

While Marietta's efforts at "cultivating the garden" of people's minds paid off, so have mine in a more down-to-earth way. The tomato harvest is about to start, and by the time this column appears, we should be in the midst of our second crop. Not only the "fittest" plants, but all my salvaged seedlings are producing. At last count, there were about 183 tomatoes on the vine. Marcelle noted that they are getting redder "by the hour." In the round center bed, red and orange zinnias stretch their straight long necks like supervisors over the tomato plants stooping like ladies carrying heavy bundles. In between, the small yellow marigolds are almost lost.

In another corner of the garden, a small plot containing surplus zinnias sports a modest trio of blooms: white, orange, and red. But they are defoliated. The stems have been trimmed almost clean by Plum's voracious appetite for greenery—which has been undeterred by whatever fencing I erected, for he always got his salad. Last year he feasted on the sunflowers, which I consequently accommodated in the front yard this season. But Plum improvised and made do with zinnia leaves.

Perhaps there's a certain justice here. Why should we humans be the only ones to eat from the garden? It's his yard, too. So we'll be thankful that he doesn't like tomatoes. Let him eat zinnias—as long as he doesn't get zick.

BY JOHN P. LeROY

Changing Homosexuality in the Male by Lawrence J. Hatterer, M.D., McGraw-Hill, New York, 486 pages plus index, \$15.00

It seems that every time a psychiatrist writes a book on how to cure homosexuals, the gay population either increases or becomes more militant. There was scarcely a known homosexual around when Edmund Bergler's *Homosexuality: Disease or Way of Life* first appeared in 1957. A year later, the first prohomosexual organizations made a feeble start.

On the publication of Bieber's tedious and dreary study, *Homosexuality* (1962), the Mattachine Society was firmly established in a few major cities. And by the time Albert Ellis (*Homosexuality, Its Causes and Cure*, 1964), Charles Socarides (*The Overt Homosexual*, 1968) and Lionel Ovesy (*Pseudohomosexuality*, 1969) finished their books, gay liberation groups spread all over the country, including several college campuses and small towns. Now, Lawrence J. Hatterer has joined this rogues gallery of witchdoctors, and the cause of homosexual liberation will gather momentum. More gays will hop on the bandwagon, once they become aware of the stupidity and futility of such books, and more straights will realize that curing homosexuals doesn't work, and that the "homosexual problem" is in reality a problem for the heterosexual.

Hatterer's underlying assumption is that change is possible and desirable. But he cannot successfully treat more than thirty per cent of his patients, most of whom are young, impressionable, and hate their homosexuality. Yet, he is very suave, very hip, uses tape-recorded replays, and covertly admits that he really doesn't know much of anything. To demonstrate his ignorance he uses the backshot approach, which says nothing.

"Is homosexuality a single disease? Is it a symptom of a neurosis? Is it an inevitable manifestation of a disturbed or undisturbed society? Can it be a social ritual? Is it a crime? From historical, biological, anthropological, and sociological points of view, investigators report that homosexual behavior and role have been designated both adaptive or maladaptive..."

Well, doctor, which is it? Since a lot of his patients are "troubled," and since they said they would like to change, if possible, and since most psychiatrists define homosexuality as a mental illness, and since he is a psychiatrist, he is being paid quite a bit to "help." So, why not? There's money in it!

In discussing the causes, he lists virtually every conceivable family situation that could occur, every conceivable erotic cultural and environmental influence, and every conceivable attitude one can have about *maleness*. Homosexuality is multicausal, you see. Since his parameters are so wide, so generalized, the possible and probable causes so diverse, and the situations so varied, not only can interpersonal, family, and societal factors produce homosexuality, but they might also bring about a preference for potato chips on Friday night or for doing the cha-cha in Central Park.

Photo by Frank Miele



Feeling Horny?

TAKE A TAPE RECORDER TO BED!

Dr. Lawrence J. Hatterer and his Anti-Sex Machine
"Young deviates can be rehabilitated."

Rather than admit that nobody really knows what causes homosexuality, Hatterer is trying to tell us that just about anything can cause it. But because Hatterer has an M.D. from the Columbia Medical School, is Associate Attending Psychiatrist at the Payne Whitney Psychiatric Clinic, Associate Clinical Professor of Psychiatry at the Cornell Medical School, and is also a Fellow in the Academy of Psychoanalysis, it simply isn't very professional to merely come out and say so. How could he justify all those honorific titles if he did? Better to bury such simple truths under piles of excess verbiage and call it a day. People might even think he knows something if he can obfuscate his ignorance.

But, in a good deal of the psychiatric profession, this is expected and practiced as standard procedure. It will make one look competent, but it will not justify the publication of a \$15.00 book. For that we need a gimmick. Hatterer's gimmick is the tape recorder. By taping his sessions with his patients, editing them for "therapeutic value," and giving the patient a tape capsule to play back before he comes to the next session, therapy is supposed to be reinforced, and faster progress should result. Thus, whenever a gay patient gets an urge to go out and cruise, he is advised to play back the tape, be reminded of the sin he is about to commit, and presumably whack off or get a girl, even if he can't stand her. Does it work? Hatterer won't even bother to find out.

"Throughout the past ten years, weekly tape recordings have been used to document the diagnostic evaluations and full treatments of every man reporting any significant history of homosexuality in his past or present life whom I have seen, both in clinic and in office practice. During this time four pilot projects were designed, the last of which is still in progress... None of these projects was approached statistically or with the intent to validate and prove scientifically my own hypothesis as to the psychodynamics and subsequent effectiveness of psychotherapeutic techniques used in the treatment of the homosexual symptom. However, I do believe that after listening to thousands of treatment hours on tape and from naturalistic observations along with years of macro- and microscopic analysis of consecutive minutes, hours, days, and years of taped sessions, that specific empirical findings have emerged which disclosed some common denominators of psychodynamics and correlations between specific therapeutic action and change." (Page 151.) (Hatterer's emphasis.)

But his findings are never specific, let alone empirical, and his correlations are nonexistent. Instead, we get a lot of taped dialogue in which the therapist is always right and the patient is always wrong. The insights brought out are that his therapy fails for the following reasons: (1) The therapist presumes that

he communicated one thing, but the patient remembers something else, indicating that true communication rarely takes place in psychoanalysis; (2) that the patient forgets all about what the therapist was trying to tell him, or had a completely different interpretation of it; (3) while the therapist thought the sessions were bringing about one form of change, the patient was either not responding, or changing in a different way.

In the end, Hatterer claims to have cured about thirty per cent of his patients, but these were the least homosexual of all, the most impressionable of all, and the ones who hated their homosexuality the most. Not a very impressive record when one takes into account the fact that people can make deep homosexual and heterosexual commitments without having to sit in a psychiatrist's office. To seriously propose psychoanalytic treatment as a means of reducing the amount of homosexuality is like trying to melt the Polar Ice Cap with a box of matches.

Some of my gay friends have expressed concern and worry over Hatterer and his ilk. But there is really nothing much to fear. Hatterer has had the stupidity to publicize his work, which means that a lot of people will eventually discover that he doesn't know what causes homosexuality and can't do much to change it. Gay liberation is the only alternative.

ARRESTS CONTINUE
continued from page 3

him he would be arrested for not having an ID, before telling him, "Don't let me catch you here again." Two drag queens were in Playland (an arcade) with a straight couple. As soon as they all stepped outside, the drag queens were arrested for loitering.

Police stand on 42nd Street and say to passing homosexuals, "Move out of the way." People are taken into lobbies off the street and searched. At 2:30 a.m. on a Thursday night, a drag was pulled into a police car, driven into an alley, and told by a cop who held a billy club to his head, "I'm going to beat you to the ground, you obscene punk." Although not beaten, he was arrested and taken to the police station to be released in the morning when the charges were dismissed. One homosexual is filing a complaint with the police review board after being forced into a police car, threatened, called names, and hit with a flashlight.

Those homosexuals arrested have been charged with loitering, disorderly conduct, unlawful assembly, or solicitation. They are taken to the 14th Precinct Police Station where they are booked. In the morning they are filed into court where the prosecutor routinely says he is not pressing charges and the judge dismisses the cases. An annoyed judge is said to have told a policeman, "You're arresting people on petty charges. I don't want to be bothered." Even though the cases are dismissed, those arrested will always have a police record on file recording their arrest.

It is not known who instigated the new wave of harassment or for what reasons. The police on the street claim to be merely following orders. One policeman said the businessmen on 42nd Street have complained about homosexuals. It has been suggested that the city administration is concerned about 42nd Street because many tourists are now in the city. The upcoming elections may be another reason for the harassment. And police, it is reasoned, under criticism in the press for corruption, are showing the city they are at work—they're getting the homosexuals.

The new militant gay liberation groups have planned a demonstration on Times Square, initiated by the men's group of the Gay Liberation Front, and it has been endorsed by the Gay Activities Alliance political affairs committee.

DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS HEAR NEW LEFT RAP

BY KAY TOBIN

New York, N.Y.—"When you totally reject society's rejection of you, and when you totally reject the pall of guilt that society attempts to extend over you, and when you totally accept your own appetite and then fight for the right to be what you want to be—then you will be truly gay!"

So spoke Florence Kennedy, women's lib activist and prominent author and attorney on the New Left scene. She was addressing the Daughters of Bilitis on August 6, and drew a

capacity crowd to that organization.

The dynamic speaker said that what she likes about liberation movements is that they say, in effect, "this is it, this is me, this is mine—required, born with it, simulated or whatever—our thing is our thing." Then liberation movements make political positions predicated upon these personal choices, appetites, ways of life, skin color, hair, whatever. More than a private commitment is involved. A political commitment is made.

Describing the anatomy of oppression, Mrs. Kennedy said, "Any time you want to test oppression, you decide the basis on which somebody tries to make you feel guilty. And that's where you start working, that's where you make your declaration of independence." Whatever attributes people point to in order to divide you from your goal, these are the attributes to which you must make your commitment, she said, for these are the elements of your being that oppressors use "to distinguish you, to divide you, to conquer you, to throw a pall of guilt over you, to abuse you, and to ridicule you."

She noted that some of the kinds of rationalizations that people raise to make homosexuals feel guilty are indeed spurious, such as the notion that homosexuals must go without the joys of parenthood. Any choice in life involves a loss, she contended, and such an objection to homosexuality is "just chocolate-covered bullshit."

Moving on, she proclaimed that, as gays become more political, they will recognize their commonality of interest with other oppressed people. One thing she suggests is a coalition of the alienated.

"That's why I'm here. I'm anti-establishmentarian. I'm saying welcome to the club. It ain't you that ought to be hidin', it's those mother-fuckers over there. Get them up against the wall and turn this shit around... Once you begin to take that position, then you are a fighter, you are a tall person, you are no longer a worm."

The attorney conceded, however, that there are "millions of ways in which oppressed classes oppress each other... What I'm hoping is that, as oppressed groups become more liberated, they will turn their hostility toward the establishment, the media, the church, the courts (for God sake, don't forget those mother-fucking courts), and not just toward the police. Aim a little higher. I mean, it's difficult to piss up, I realize that, but as we become more political, I hope we'll take the kind of model that we don't fight anybody smaller than the Chase Manhattan Bank."

Mrs. Kennedy argued that if people at a low level, people with no real power over you, are oppressing you, "chances are you won't be able to get rid of them fast enough to get at your real oppressors, the institutions and not the individuals. The institution of the church is really the oppressor, not the priest or rabbi who are only agents for the oppressor... Try not to fight cab drivers."

In response to a question from the audience, Mrs. Kennedy said women should not respond to men's jeering or sexual remarks if they are alone. "You can't take on every single oppressor. Don't blow your cool. Ignore the remarks and save your energy for more important battles," she counseled.

Giving further advice, she said gays should use the three kinds of power that are available to every group. The first is body power—the power to work, strike,

do things and go places. The second is the power to vote and to make your vote important. The third kind of power is dollar power, consumer power and boycott power.

"Power to withhold the dollar is the most important kind of power you have," she declared, urging that gays go after any large companies that discriminate against them. "That's the way you can make your power felt so that no-one will dare not respect you," she contended.

Toward the close of the evening, Mrs. Kennedy was asked what she had to say to those in the gay movement who do not wish to work within the electoral system of our government, who claim that it is not responsive to gay demands. She responded, "Those people who want to deal with electoral politics should be free to do so. The homosexual liberation movement has no right to dictate that no-one get involved in electoral politics. Make your movement broad enough to permit people to do what appeals to them... Freedom is what it's about. Let's hang it loose and loose and let everybody do what appeals to them. But I hope you would not insist that everybody take a hard line in that direction."

BLACK PANTHER PARTY SUPPORTS GAY LIBERATION

continued from page 3

liberation front and gay liberation front are our friends, they are potential allies, and we need as many allies as possible.

We should be willing to discuss the insecurities that many people have about homosexuality. When I say "insecurities," I mean the fear that they're some kind of threat to our manhood. I can understand this fear. Because of the long conditioning process which builds insecurity in the American male,

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BY ANGELO D'ARCANGELO

his Thursday past, I found myself at Cherry Grove on Orphan's Day. Nothing amiss. I went to observe, not a new event... something to stimulate business, a gimmick... but a nine-year-old phenomenon sponsored by the Rotary Club of Suffolk County for the benefit of the orphans of the Little Flower Orphanage of Suffolk County, Long Island.

My instructions from GAY read, simply, Mike Fesco, and a telephone number, Beach Hotel, Cherry Grove, and below that, George, at Shack. These few words were my clues to the orphan caper and my press-passport to a weekend at the Grove: the first vacation weekend in about five years. Even as I took my luggage from the ferry, I thought to myself, "Orphans in the Ice Palace? Something's changed in the Grove."

The shouts and cries which rattled the fillings of my teeth came from the pool. It swarmed like a bait-bucket. Children of almost all ages—from about eight to puberty—of all colors and sizes and both sexes, were jumping and swimming and diving and caterwauling at the top of their lungs. I asked the attending hotel beauty to stop a minute while I watched the pool in amazement. I'd used the view from the pool looking toward the fire house in my novel Sookee, and now the change in atmosphere amazed and stunned me. But finally I left the railing and went to the small double room. It would be night before the other half of the reservation appeared.

Back at the pool, camera in hand, bathing-suited conservatively, I scrutinized the children and their supervisory nod of nuns. (Nuns in numbers work this way: one, a nun, two, a nymph, three, a trudge, four, a concave, five, a sanctity, six, a nod. Any number above six, a sufficiency.) They sat or walked about in their shortish white habits, more like attendant nurses than the stark, restraining creatures of my own youth. These good women were there to encourage play and fun, and they did. And they were visibly enjoying themselves too, sensible shoes and all.

From time to time buckets of money, or literally sand pails of coins, were thrown into the pool for the children. They dived for it avidly. Over by the Ice Palace, the relentless ping-pong table stood covered with hundreds of dollars worth of toys of various kinds, with games and things children like. All free. All for the choosing.

After about an hour of this kindly mayhem, the children were ushered out of the pool and into the changing rooms. Lunch was about to be served. The Ice Palace had been set up as a kind of banquetting room, with a very heavily stocked buffet of fried chicken, chocolate cake, deviled eggs, beet salad, and much, much more.

The discotheque end of the stage was appropriately draped in the flag and the somber emblem of the Rotarians, originators of the idea of Orphan's Day at Cherry Grove. Indeed, Rotarians, or men of middle age, looking like your idea of them, stood about smiling and nodding reservedly.

Then there was dancing. Noisy juking! Go-go discotheque-type dancing, with some of the more insouciant tots

mixing wonderfully well with the help and those adults who cared to join them. Their dance! Exhibitionistic and uninhibited. And did they dance! I wondered if frugging and the James Brown was on the curriculum at Little Flower.

When all the children were at their appointed tables, there was a grace offered by the Mother Superior, the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag, and a patriotic song. Then, naturally, speeches. But not too many or too long.

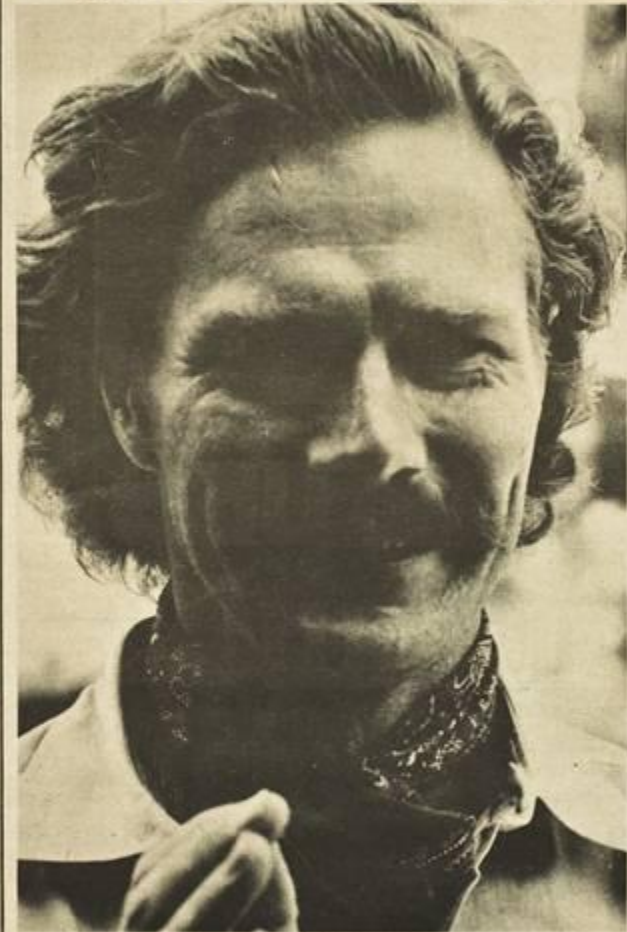
Although Mike Fesco had confided

pieces of chocolate cake into each other's faces. The children liked that. But they liked the next act much, much more: The Fire Eater!

Instant Yma Sumac music and chanting like purgatorial souls. Drums! And bristling peacock and other plumes, a man with an unpronounceable name, a great silver cloak spangled with jewels, a tiny codpiece, and great, great dignity, began his ritual fire-eating dance. Suitable for children of all ages. Great fun. Much applause, and deserved!

Then George made a dedicatory speech and sang "Three Widdo Fishies"

SUGAR DADDIES WITH A NEW STYLE



Michael Fesco

to me a few minutes earlier that the "acts" scheduled to appear that afternoon had not shown, the staff had whipped something together. A harpist, male, in bikini and string vest, played semiclassical favorites. Children, Rotarians, nuns, all sat fascinated by the cool music. Then a pianist-singer did "By the Time I Get to Pittsburgh" to mixed emotions, and then The Clowns were announced. These impromptu entertainers proved to be men in various bits of demi-drag and grease paint who romped about good-naturedly, smashing

and followed that with "Maresie Doates" and some appropriate remarks. I must confess to being, by this time, a little stunned. The afternoon's amazement nearly over, I left and went to my room to giggle myself to sleep. When my nap was finished, it was nearly sundown and the children and their guardians had disappeared. A peaceable calm lay over the hotel and the island. Dressed now for cocktails, I watched one of the staff put the pool back to rights while others, inside the Ice Palace, rearranged it, and readied the ballroom for the evening's

business and a newer, chronologically older crush.

Strolling down the boardwalk toward the ocean and the rambling Sea Shack, I looked again at my memo. "George at Shack." I sat at the bar in the quiet, mesmerized by l'heur bleu, my bartender and his summer photographs, and a striking blonde with upwrept hair, enormous charms and a taste for Pernod. Presently somebody fetched George and we talked a bit. He's the "Suzy" of the Grove, and contributes regularly to the Fire Island News. Looking over his column I found, "... Dr. Stefan Verk, the advice columnist of GAY, was out in jargon... didn't want to hear anyone's problems..." and laughed. George said that GAY was only introduced to the Grove the previous week. Pity. But better late than never.

George, like all of the help at the Shack, is charming, courageous, and helpful. He tells me that, during the season, there were about seven shows at the Hotel. What he didn't say was that he is in no small way responsible for the enormous success of the Orphan's Day drive, or that his "Musical Fiasco" of the 18th of August added another four or five hundred dollars to that fund. George is also a hoot! But then, anybody who winters in San Juan and summers in Cherry Grove would have to be.

One more stinger. I'm waiting for my baggage from New York: a small but beautiful piece. Business being as good as it is in the Grove, I'll be able to talk with the omnipresent Fesco tomorrow. Curious man. Handsome. Smooth: I see him constantly on the move here, in the restaurant, there, at the hotel. Talking with the help and the customers. Checking things. He wears a captain's cap most of the time—the hotel is the emotional, geographical and economic center of the Grove—it figures! This may be one of the signs of change here. Certainly, the community was never known as a "tightly run ship." Is that it? Don't know. Yet.

I look about at the faces in the room. No doubt about it; something's different. This isn't the frenzied, the full-tilt devil-may-care camp-and-be-damned atmosphere of the very recent past. That's what I missed on my afternoon's walk through the village. The screams. The desperate gawds fun-searching. And yet... there wasn't the slightest trace of gloom, repression, restraint or inhibition of any kind... anywhere. What was it, precisely? The 'obviously straight, probably married couples sitting about in their sailing outfits? The children? The double-triple-intermixed groups at the larger tables, defying all sexual description? Had Cherry Grove become a unisex haven? I knew I wasn't out of my gourd entirely, because out on the deck by the railing, several old people, men and women, sat chatting and smiling, here for the day and ready, some of them, to go back to the mainland. Enough.

Back at the hotel. Dark. A sudden squall and one of those theatrical tricks of nature which make vacationing by the ocean exciting and atmospheric: a power failure. No lights anywhere. Rain. Stroll about under my umbrella as though selling salt, watching the bay. But the ferry can't dock because there are no landing lights on the quay.

Well, back at the Ice Palace chatting with a delightful Chinese exchange student when my companion arrives, still

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HORNYSCOPE

BY STORM NETHERLAND

(The thumb-nail horoscopes herein pertain to the dates Monday, September 7, through Sunday, September 13.)

The Ram defends the Head, the Neck the Bull, The Arms, bright Twins, are subject to your Rule: I the Shoulders Leo, and the Crab's obeyed I the Breast, and in the Guts the modest Maid: I the Buttocks Libra, Scorpio warns Deities In Secret Parts, and spreads sorry Fires: The Thighs the Centaur, and the Goat commands The Knees, and binds them up with double bands.

The parted Legs in moist Aquarius meet, And Pines gives protection to the Feet.

ARIES the Ram (March 21-April 20)—This week use your head regarding financial advances and on Thursday, a lucky day, give some.

TAURUS the Bull (April 21-May 21)—Bend your sturdy neck to the tasks at hand this week, and on Wednesday wrap a pair of legs around it.

GEMINI the Twins (May 22-June 21)—Your dual charms can be employed this week in harmless double-dealing at work and on Friday in a sandwich which will double everybody's pleasure.

CANCER the Crab (June 22-July 23)—Chest up the first two days of the week, as all matters are



disquieting until Thursday when, for three consecutive days, you'd be wise to bare the breast and stop beating it.

LEO the Lion (July 24-Aug. 23)—Square those shoulders and apply them to the wheel, and by Friday you'll find a pair of ready legs to drape over them. Sunday finds you shrugging off an old affair.

VIRGO the Maiden (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Don't

get your bowels in an uproar because of criticism the first half of the week. Wednesday or Thursday provides the opportunity for renewed energy through taking it up the ass and encouraging a little rinning for good measure.

LIBRA the Scales (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Things seem to be in a fine delicate balance this week—until Sunday when the left hand will seem not to know what the right hand doeth. If you're tempted to do some impersonal ogging, remember that one cock in the mouth may be worth two in the hand. Make sure it belongs to someone you know.

SCORPIO the Scorpion (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Leading with your trusty genitalia is a good idea this week, as your strength is often in your groin, but if you'll try to remember a stiff prick hath no conscience as the week progresses you'll be prepared to outfuck an adversary. A little brainwork could serve you well.

SAGITTARIUS the Archer (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—That hand upon your thighs in a public place might be connected to de wrist bone of someone you'd rather not know. But spread them wide on Saturday, at home.

CAPRICORN the Goat (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)—Don't bend those knees in obeisance to anyone early in the week, because on Friday, you're going to have several kneeling to you and socking away. Remain patiently upright.

AQUARIUS the Water Bearer (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Your dependable legs will carry you away from unfavorable dealings this week, but on Tuesday and Saturday, stand your ground. Even fuck vertically.

PISCES the Fish (Feb. 20-March 20)—Your inclination to stand on your own two feet this week is a correct one, but don't run the risk of being so proud, you stub that big toe on an overlooked shoal. The Shrimp Queen offering fancy footwork could be kicky!

DADDIES

continued from page 13

camera-covered, laden with countless changes of clothing, grumpy, hungry and damp. Power restored now, we go to the Shack for dinner and discover ourselves in the middle of a really excellent meal, beautifully served. Then... Then night, and a long walk through the village, by the sea, under the trees, and finally, sleep... bliss. Everything hasn't changed in the Grove. There are valued traditions.

But some things obviously had. Before going to sleep I made a mental note to check into some questions. For example, how is it that a philanthropic work like orphan's day, which had been going on every year for nine years, had never gotten any publicity? And what was the reaction to this work by the Archdiocese of Suffolk County? How much money was actually involved over this longish period? Was the "hectic" life for which the Grove was known for so long now centered in Tin Pines? Did any of the other communities on Fire Island contribute to this or any other similar philanthropic cause? Who had actually begun this business, and who controlled or managed it? And what about the "atmosphere?" The writers on the beach? The mainland people? Had Cherry Grove gone "legit?" And if so, why?

Questions for the mysterious Captain Fesco. *To be continued.*

Photos by Dustin Pittman

Get More Out of Life GO TO A BAR MOVIE



What happens on the screen...



now happens in real life.

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

When the straight world seems too intractable, or some painful setback in the homosexual community discourages me into thinking we are making no progress at all regarding the education of the obtuse public or coping with the cynicism of the authorities, I turn to Una Sex for counsel and sometimes find solace. Una, as you know, originated the "Sex Advice for Failures" column in SCREW over a year ago and now and then, appears in the pages of GAY. When I read about the Christopher's End bust of two weeks ago last Friday in the Daily News, I was really sickened to think First Deputy Commissioner John Walsh and his so-called "super squad" were still at the old game of entrapment, and echoes of the Snake Pit raid reverberated in my tired-of-all-this mind. Yet as resident barfly, I had to deal with it somehow. So I wangled a Una interview with the following results:

GAY: Did you read the News account of the bust of Christopher's End?
UNA: I only use the News to wipe with.
GAY: Then may I quote the words of a "police spokesman" as reported in the News?

For several mornings, two male members of Walsh's super squad made the scene at Christopher's End looking as though they were that way about each other. Much to their surprise, they found not the usual male clientele, but large groups of sophisticated, well dressed couples watching the shows. The place was wild, with pulsating psychedelic lights, nude male go-go dancers grunting, and grinding nude waiters.

From behind the horseshoe-shaped bar, a movie projector flashed stag movies on a large screen to entertain patrons tired of watching the real thing in the "fun and games room." Between movies color slides of nudes were shown. It was the loud cheers of encouragement that attracted the two cops to the fun and games room, where they found a live sex show in progress. It was while they were watching this show... that a waiter asked if they wanted a drink and then kissed them both when they said yes. It would have been poor police work to have reacted at that moment, a police spokesman checked. Having suffered enough embarrassment, the undercover cops gave a signal to cops planted inside, led by Lt. Richard Condon and Edward Kileen, and the raid was on...

UNA: I am reminded at once of a little paperback called *Glory Hole*, about two vice officers who fall for each other in the line of duty. Those jerks at the End sound just like the characters in that novel to me. Note that they went in "several mornings" so that they could satisfy what they probably think of as "unnatural longings" before pulling their Trojan horse routine.
GAY: Exactly. It must have been quite a lark and such a relief from working to solve crimes with actual victims. And on the premises of a sort of unisex establishment at that, in safe proximity with genital females.
UNA: The End has always had a unisex flavor. The last time I was there, there were mixed couples stripping on the floor, and undoubtedly the undercover cops at first felt quite at ease with the "large groups of sophisticated, well dressed couples"—in News SPR-10-M parlance meaning straights, of course. Unless there were some nuns in the crowd. This must have made them feel comfortable until they realized what a threat unisexuality poses to their

separatist and divisive game. If your straights start joining in unisex fun in what the simple-minded cops wish to think of as a fag club, they don't know where they are.
GAY: Do you find it incredible that, after several mornings of watching "stag" films, the policemen would be so "embarrassed" by a harmless kiss on the cheek they would then decide it was time for their sword of Damocles to fall?
UNA: If you were dealing with honest people, yes. I also find it incredible that they had not been "attracted" by any "loud cheers of encouragement" into the fun and games room to witness a "live sex show in progress" until that particular morning. The story makes them out to be a couple of nice, innocent, inviolable straights finding themselves unwilling captives in a den of iniquity. Unless you read between the lines. Anyone who cruises tearooms and the like for a living, who preys upon people voluntarily gathered and voluntarily submitting, is not prone to embarrassment.
GAY: Do you find this incident as depressing as I do? Confronted with the excessive defamation of David Reuben's EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX on one hand and this kind of officially condoned spying and betrayal on the other, wouldn't you just sort of give up on trying to reach heterosexuals?
UNA: Never. The heterosexuals are going to get as impatient as the homosexuals and unisexuals with the concentration of our limited forces of law and order in after hours clubs when violent marauders roam the streets unapprehended, jeopardizing their lives. Furthermore, they will insist on changing the stupid laws which restrict bar owners to the

point where they have to go outside the law to succeed with their operations. Without such laws, the syndicate-police stranglehold would be broken and legitimate operations flourish. They are only illegitimate because the mass hasn't quite awakened to the fact that they are perpetuating syndicated police corruption by perpetuating an obsolete system of control. But they will wake up, Ducky. Those so-called straights will miss coveting at a place like Christopher's End and quietly vote out controls one of these day so that they can continue getting in on the fun. We are moving toward unisex. Look at Barbara. Barbara is bound to help influence public opinion. **GAY:** You saw it?
UNA: I? The personification of the unisex movement? I found Barbara to be the most promising statement yet in the arts vis-a-vis sexual sanity. There was some of this in *Hair* but it was far subtler. *Barbara*, is within the realm of possibility, sexually stimulating on a one-to-one basis, and so commonplace that it suggests to everyman, *You, too, can have this. It's all around you.* The hippie world of *Hair* was exotic, a never-never land quite inaccessible to the workaday person. But we all have people next to us like the nymphet Barabara. Even Supermom, my favorite, is not extraordinary.
GAY: Some people feel that the bad acting, the relatively uninteresting personnel of *Barbara* and the technical inferiority of the film will prevent its having any impact except as a exploitation movie, that—
UNA: Quite the contrary. First of all, let me point out that there are two quite stunning performers in the film—Nancy Boyle as Leslie and Marcia Mohr as the suburban housewife—who are fascinating women even by Hollywood standards. Boyle is Lady Brett in *The Sun Also Rises*, *sPR-10-M*, and the other *out-Bancrofts Bancroft*. I felt that country wife segment made *The Graduate* look like *Tea and Sympathy*. John Kuhner as the horny brother and Tobert McLane as the joyously emerging homosexual are also identifiable, at least among the young, as sex symbols. Moreover, let me make it clear that, from the unisex standpoint, the great strength of *Barbara* lies in the casting of the lead. Jack Rader is intellectually dull and not a very electrifying physical specimen, true. But he is so ordinary, no ordinary person rules out the possibility of his own prowess in seducing everyone who comes down the turnpike. If Rader were a Charles Manson, the whole theme of unisex as a life style for all would be detrimental to the proliferation of the word. Those undercover cops at the End in thinking over the presence of those "sophisticated couples" have got to find themselves identifying with them in the long run. They could identify with Jack Rader in *Barbara*, through the character he portrays seems "sophisticated" at first because of his actions. *R-10-M, He's not. He's not a demon, nor Aly Khan nor Porfirio Rubirosa nor Superman*, but an undercover cop who is organizing those disparate love commandos to "go ye unto all the world and preach the gospel."
GAY: Thank you for bringing up *Barbara* and its potency to offset the evervating effect of the police raid on Christopher's End. Let's go there sometime when the heat's off. Do you think it ever will be?
UNA: If not, Armageddon!

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THE LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

You will recall, dear reader, that at the close of last week's column, my cabin on the "Michelangelo" was left full of coffee grounds. By now we have sailed half-way across the Atlantic, things are coming along nicely with Lorenzo (da Venezia). The garbage still blows in my window on its tragic path down to the sea and the dining room people keep on trying to please the Americans rather than concentrate on Haute Cuisine. "Cheeseburgers American Style with Peppers," "Roast Turkey with Cranberry Sauce," "Shrimp Cocktail with Ketchup" reads the menu, and, of course, the American's never like the way the Italians prepare their "old favorites" anyway. One wonders why they order them. Well, at least they don't have square dancing.

As soon as the boat starts to rock, I either get into the pool or the elevator (or both). The water in the pool sloshes all over and pushes you back and forth, which is a kick, but try the elevator, speeding from "C" Deck to "Lido" (about 10 floors) as the boat rocks back and forth.

You are supposed to be able to read a lot on boats. It's the big advantage of crossing by sea. "You'll get a lot of reading done." I imagined what the ads promised. I really wanted to get a lot of writing done, which is why I dragged along a typewriter. I did manage to get a

lot of drinking done, but no smoking; nothing hard either. They are inspecting 25% more people at customs this year and so far, after inconveniencing some 12 million tourists and foreign visitors, the inspectors at Kennedy Airport have made 20 arrests. They are, quite simply, mad and that's that. I would like to organize a plane-load of tourists who would refuse to submit to customs inspection. Fifty percent of all arrivals by airplane get inspected, one hundred percent of ship arrivals get inspected, yet on the docks they haven't caught anybody yet.

One day, Lorenzo (da Venezia) called (telephone in every cabin—for what, I wondered? Who was there to call? The phones seemed to amuse the staff. They were always calling up one another, but otherwise seemed to have been installed in order to keep up with the competition from Motels in Sarasota or the "QE 2." If that is the competition—and there's no reason to suppose it isn't—then the future of trans-Atlantic steamship travel is even more dismal than one would think.) So Lorenzo called (who else?) and whispered that I should meet him at the Cabina Classe pool. I found it, but no Lorenzo. I leaned on the rail and gazed at the sea when, suddenly, it dawned on me that somebody was piss-pissing me from afar. It was Lorenzo. He turned, and scampered off with me in hot pursuit. Along a deck, up some stairs, around a

corner—a quiet place where we could talk except there was so much wind we had to shout. It turned out that the purpose of this meeting was to arrange another meeting—4 p.m., "D" deck, by the barber-shop; yes, yes, *ho capito, va bene, ca va, ciao*. At four I arrived. There he was. We tiptoed to and fro, darted into a cabin and in the dark he locked the door and stuck a piece of Kleenex in the keyhole. He had appropriated a little cabin and there was tea and cookies, a comic book and a copy of Gregory Battcock's *Minimal Art*. . . all this at four in the afternoon.

After dinner I decided to venture down to Touriste Classe to watch Yolanda and Stephan perform their Hungarian Dance, but the phone rang and Lorenzo invited me, once again, to visit him in Cabina Classe. I brought along a bottle of wine; he met me at the elevator and we ducked into the empty cabin where he treated me to an evaluation of the landscape, architectural details, and rural life of Medina-Sidonia (I think) and the Veneto. No sooner had we started making out, when there came a whistling sound from the corridor. Lorenzo's colleague who had been informed that Lorenzo had picked up an "American Girl"—had imagined that he could get in on the action (why not?) and was signaling, much to Lorenzo's anxiety. Why the fuck didn't he just tell him the truth, I

wondered, but then this is Italy. Appearances count, and it's just as well. My ship is coming in. I crossed the Atlantic by sea—in 1970 yet, and before long you won't be able to cross by ship at all because it's more profitable to run cruises to the Virgin Islands (though I'm not sure why—the average cruise-ticket price is about \$30.00 per day per person, and the average trans-Atlantic price is about \$70.00 per day), and because there are fewer and fewer people around who want to either work on the boats, or take the boats. Most of the older employees I spoke to only remained on the job because they didn't know what else to do. The younger ones had all applied for jobs on Alitalia and were just marking time. And lastly (and I hate doing this more than anything. I get nothing for it, it doesn't fit into the column and it's the sort of public relations stuff they do all the time in *Gourmet Magazine*, which explains why *Gourmet* is such a lousy magazine), but I'd like to recommend *Italian Line*. The Italians are as nice as can be, the food is always good and sometimes great. Even though many of the other passengers are appallingly stupid (overheard in the Garden Bar, one first-class couple chatting with another: I've heard you have a lot of left-wingers over there; keep them under control, do you?" "Yes and they've infiltrated the B.B.C." was the reply.) But you don't have to talk to them; I didn't. The employees on the ship aren't snobby and leave you alone. The entertainment provided is so very terrible that one can't help but get a kick out of it. And, if they don't have gay dancing yet, it's about time they did.

WEATHER FORECAST

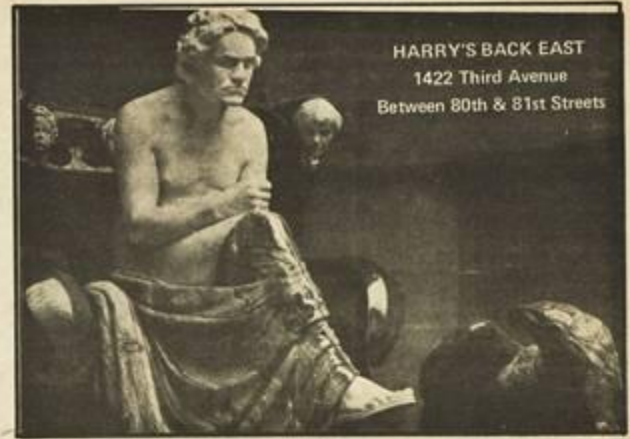
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WANTON ADS

CLASSIFIED AD RATES: 10 cents per word for personal classified.

MAIL TO: Four Broads, P.O. Box 431, OM Chelsea Station, NYC, NY 10011.

WANTED—Small black or hip sincere young male friend by white middle-aged thin hip professional man. Box 405, Springfield, Mass.

WANTED: Male Great Dane or other large dog for interesting homosexual film. Call only between 5 and 6 p.m., before September 10. Larry 582-4127.

M TYPE, 28, desires S types & trades. Wants to exchange pics with others that wear gold rings. No Hangups, you're the boss. Those w/photos answered first! P.O. Box 122, Mid City Sta., Dayton, Ohio 45402.

JAPANESE BOY, Well of Possibility in August 17 issue, please contact me. I understand what tomochi means. 460-11E Old Town Rd., Pt. Jefferson St., N.Y.

MAD, MARVELOUS, M.G.M. MOVIE SHOES. All sizes (including very large). Provocatively erotic items at Early Halloween, 174 Ninth Ave. (20 & 21 Sts.) 1-7 p.m. 691-2933.

MAN, 37, WHITE, GOOD-LOOKING, Tall, slim, gentle and sincere, seeks for relationship teen boy or younger, very good-looking, slim, slight build, also gentle and sincere. Write Phil, P.O. Box 315, Cathedral Station, N.Y. 10025.

To Y.A., N.Y.C. from WELL OF POSSIBILITY, GAY. Aug. 17, 1970. Would like to meet you. Write Richard, 621 Front St., Hempstead, NY 11550, Apt. 3J

QUIET CONSERVATIVE white male, mid-30s, would like to meet guys from 25-30 in the White Plains, Danbury, Ct., area. Please write with photo and telephone to Smith, Box 2820 Grand Central Sta., New York 10017. No S&M.

I'M LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO CHANGE MY LIFE. White, good-looking guy, 23, needs true friends to explore new horizons. All human beings to age 25, please communicate with me. Will wholeheartedly return friendship to those contributing to my goal expressed in this ad's first sentence. Cliff Spencer; Box 232, Yorkville, N.Y. 13495

FRIENDLY MARRIED MALE would like to hear from other married males. A.G. Box 711, Tyler Park Sta., North Bergen, N.J.

HANDSOME NEGRO MODEL Call Dave UN 6-2237 \$35/session. 2 nude photos \$5; 5 for \$10; David Alexander, P.O. Box 1275, Manhattanville Sta., NYC 10027.

WHERE THE "ACTION" IS! Free catalog of all the latest GAY action. Movies, magazines, paperbacks, etc. SOVEREIGN ADV. CO., P.O. Box 539, Phila., Pa. 19105

WANT TO MODEL? Send us explosive Nude photos of yourself and your address—We will contact you. Age to 24. Write Models International, 3946-18th Street, San Francisco, Calif.

NOW IT'S JIM, from Paul, Jim is the blond star of "The Lonely Love," and "The Sea" shown in Atlantic City. Sample photo \$1., set of 6 nude 5x7s @ \$5. + tax. Paul Abrams, 21 West 86th St., NYC 10024

FREE INFORMATION on gay organizations and products. Write Markets-Internationale, 3946-18th St., San Francisco, Calif.

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KENNELMAN POSITION OPEN. Prefer experienced man, but will train. Steady employment with fair and honest advancement for serious minded and conscientious person. Bridgeport Animal Hospital, 161 North Ave., Bridgeport, Conn. 06606.

Gay and Reliable CARPENTER, INSTALLER. Free Estimate, Manhattan Area. Call MICHAEL at 799-9145.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF GAY MILITANT "ACTIONS," confrontations, and activities needed for forthcoming book on homosexual militancy, 1969-1970. (Pre-1969 militant shots also welcomed.) Send to Donn Tasi, 304 W. 75th St., New York, N.Y. 10023.

SALESMAN-PROFESSIONAL—Guaranteed minimum salary of \$10,000 plus excellent commissions for ability to sell professional tax consulting service to corporate executives. Greater guarantee available during training if you have successful sales background. Actual realistic potential of \$50,000 within five years. This is a legitimate opportunity for a highly responsible person to represent a successful corporate tax-consulting firm. For mutual security, send detailed qualifications with telephone number or mailing address to Tax Consultants, P.O. Box 36022, Los Angeles, Calif. 90036

STRAIGHT TV COMEDIAN Seeks comedy writer to collaborate on routines. Must be imaginative, satirical and able to construct comedy or jokes out of humorous situations. Pay involved. Mr. Twain, LO 4-2350. Leave name & number.

STEFEN VERK NOW ACCEPTING APPLICATIONS for membership in three new on-going encounter groups to start in September. Three reality workshops are each limited to 10 male homosexuals, 21 or over, who are SERIOUSLY concerned with improving their self-image and ability to relate to others. Communications, love, sexual hang-ups, positive ego restructuring, dealing with reality, are the areas we confront and explore among our peers. For more information and enrollment, call 724-9676. YOU HAVE DELAYED YOUR HAPPINESS LONG ENOUGH, HAVEN'T YOU?

MALE GO-GO DANCER. Hourly rates. Will also dance for private parties. Write R. Carvell Smoke, Jr., 178 Lackawanna Ave., East Stroudsburg, Pa. 18301

HIP YOUNG MAN Seeks responsible, creative, legitimate employment. No heavy situations please. Write...J.Britt 205 Allen St; N.Y.C. N.Y.10002

\$15 WEEKLY TO FRIENDLY YOUNG MAN WITH CAR, reasonable driver, who will drive from Eimhurst/Jackson Heights area to United Nations area, working days mornings 8th., a friendly, elderly man with lot of experience, distinguished looking, educated, old European culture, fluently French, German. Return trip optional. Call mornings, late evenings, Constantin 651-5229.

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people you can feel comfortable with. The kind of people you've been wanting to meet.

- The Gold Bug is moderately priced.
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Enough said, baby. The point is that we would like you to check the new Gold Bug out if you haven't already. Say, just for the fun of it.

The Gold Bug will officially open Friday night, September 11th, 1970. On that occasion, there will be free drinks from 9 to midnight, courtesy of the management.

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