

# GAY

40¢  
OUT OF  
NYC 75¢

NO. 33



HOMOSEXUAL ACTIVISTS MARCH Through Greenwich Village

## FLASH!

September 4, 1970

The Editors of GAY, whose editorial this week deplors violence, are inexpressibly shocked by news of wanton destruction at The Haven, a private unisexual club in Greenwich Village which serves soft drinks only. The destruction was caused by policemen wielding crowbars. They ripped out 7 telephones, 2 15-foot bars, a dozen couches, electric consoles, wiring, strobe lights, speakers and amplifiers, dumping the debris onto the dance floor with about 3,000 smashed phonograph records. The damage amounted to \$20,000.

Police were reportedly searching for liquor and drugs on the premises. If so, however, why did they destroy private property?

Next week's GAY will cover this despicable act in further detail. Police responsible were under the command of Inspector Robert McGowan of the First Division. GAY believes that if private property is not safe from the whims of crowbar carrying cops, then none of us are safe. In this instance, it seems, police fully deserve the epithet, "pigs." ■

## New Gay Riots Erupt In Greenwich Village

### Demonstration Ends In Violent Melee

New York, N.Y.—Eighteen persons were arrested when over 1000 homosexuals and onlookers were drawn into a riot situation in Greenwich Village on August 29. The melee followed a peaceful demonstration in Times Square called by Gay Liberation Front and Gay Activists Alliance to protest the new wave of police harassment in which over 300 homosexuals were arrested during August.

Over 350 demonstrators marched on 42nd Street between 7th and 8th Avenues demanding an immediate end to police harassment. The Saturday night crowd in the Times Square area was quite obviously surprised to see angry homosexuals shouting "Gay Power!" and "2-4-6-8, Gay Is Just as Good as Straight!" Police were out in large numbers and by their presence prevented any untoward incidents from occurring in the crowded area.

The GAA leaflet for the occasion read in part: "Police are illegally arresting homosexuals on charges of loitering, disorderly conduct, unlawful assembly, and solicitation. These cases are thrown out of court when brought before a judge... We demand an end to police harassment of homosexuals." GAA went on to state:

#### WE PUBLICLY ACCUSE

**POLICE** (by order of Police Commissioner Leary):

of illegal arrests of homosexuals  
of verbal harassment of homosexuals  
of physical brutality against homosexuals

**POLITICIANS:**

of official support for police savagery against homosexuals  
of contempt for the social and political rights of homosexuals  
Councilman Carol Greitzer  
of not protecting the citizens of her district

**THE PUBLIC:**

of the crime of silence in the face of government-approved police-enforced persecution against the homosexual community

**THE PRESS:**

of negligence in not reporting the beatings and harassment of homosexuals throughout the city

By contrast, the GLF leaflet for the occasion read in part: "The time for gays to take matters into their own hands is now. Talking to police commissioners is doing no good. We will be oppressed as long as we do not have the power to fight back... THE TIME OF THE PIG IS OVER, THE TIME OF THE PEOPLE IS HERE."

Picket signs for the occasion read: "If a Cop Thinks You Look Gay, You're Not Safe Here," "False Arrests Don't Fight Crime," "Bust Police for Police Corruption—Not Gays," "This is Councilman Carol Greitzer's Police State," and "Who Will Arrest the Police?"

After marching around the key block on 42nd Street a half dozen times, the protesters then marched past the 14th

Precinct Police Station on West 35th Street, the station where homosexuals who are arrested in Times Square are booked. Police were massed in front of the building as demonstrators filed by shouting "End Police Harassment, End Police Harassment!"

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### NYU Breaks Gay Dance Contract

New York, N.Y.—New York University broke its contract with the Christopher Street Liberation Day Committee (New York) for a series of five Friday Dance-a-Fairs in August and the first Friday in September.

The Committee had negotiated with the Student Governing Association of Weinstein Hall (an NYU dormitory) for a hall to provide adquate space for gay dances in the Greenwich Village.

Officials of NYU did not become aware of these gay dances until early in the third week of August. At that time they overruled the Student Governing Association on grounds that students had no right to deal with outside organizations. Through the offices of Mrs. Bella Abzug, the Committee retained the services of an NYCLU lawyer. Discussions

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### Police Damage Totals \$1,000 In Bar Raid

New York, N.Y.—The Psychedelic Shack, an after-hours bar on Barrow Street, was raided at 2:00 a.m. August 26 for the third time in three months. Police destroyed three bars, broke glasses and windows, and left over \$1000 in damages, according to an employee of the club. All liquor and soft drinks, belonging to members of the club, were taken by police. The club was left unlocked by police and was vandalized after the raid. Fifty people were taken from the club and harassed and five employees and two members were arrested.

Police entered the club flashing at the doormen what they claimed to be a search warrant. When asked to see the warrant, the police threatened to break down the door if it wasn't opened.

"Why are gay bars and only gay bars being harassed?" demanded a furious

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# WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT?

## A Directory for Discriminating Dispositions

### GAY CALENDAR

**Monday, September 14:** "Homosexual News" rebroadcast of 9/11, WBAI-FM (99.5) 11:30 a.m.

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

**Wednesday, September 16:** West Side Discussion Group regular meeting at the Church of the Holy Apostles (9th Ave. & 28th St.) 8 p.m. Donation \$1.50 Subject: *Preventive Measures for F.D.* Talk by City Health Dept. Official. Men and women welcome. Social hour follows.

**Thursday, September 17:** Gay Activists Alliance regular meeting at the Church of the Holy Apostles (9th Ave. & 28th St.) 8 p.m. Donation 50 cents. Men and women welcome.

Daughters of Bilitis regular meeting at 8 p.m., 240 West 38th Street. Women only.

**Friday, September 20:** "Homosexual News & Comment" on WBAI-FM (99.5) 8:15 p.m.

**Sunday, September 20:** The American Church regular worship services at 2 p.m. Church of the Holy Apostles (9th Ave. & 28th St.) Social hour follows.

Gay Liberation Front regular meeting at the Church of the Holy Apostles (9th Ave. & 28th St.) Men and women welcome.

### BEST BETS

Compiled by John Francis Hunter

#### September 1

(Symbols include GM for genital males, GF for genital females, Int. for integrated straight and gay. It is suggested that you telephone certain bars on Friday and Saturday nights to determine minimum or cover, since policies fluctuate.)

In accordance with our new policy of urging readers, friends and would-be reporting to send in their purviews of the night life opportunities and fabric of cruising in cities we cannot reach at present, we herewith delightedly present the first in a two-part series on Gay Washington, by Bill. As Bill's visits to the capital and many other Eastern, Southern and Midwestern cities are courtesy of his company, we are going to keep his identity secret. More than the bosses' objection to this good-looking, humpy young man's being gay, they might assume so much night life would impair his efficiency. We bless him for taking the risk and hope the gratitude of his readers will more than make up for the discomfort of his hangovers in the quest of last-word information for GAY.

**GAY WASHINGTON, Part One: General Guide-Lines for Making Out (Note: Occasional parenthetical comments are mine.—J.F.H.)**

It takes a New York "man-about-town" to find it necessary to write about Washington, since Washingtonians simply do not need columns like this. Nor does one feel that the "need" to have to have fun in the Washington bar. The good times seem just to happen by themselves. The pace in the District is slower, more Southern, and a great deal less frenetic than in New York. As uptight as many Washington gays may be about hiding their homosexuality, they still have not reached the "ultra sophistication" of our bars with the back rooms. Even among the New Free D.C. gays, it is still expected that you will talk to a number before you trick with him!

Furthermore, Washingtonians are quite good at listing their fun spots for visitors. The best of the bar guides is compiled and printed

in the District. (You ain't seen my new one to Manhattan, to be in circulation in the fall, J.F.H.) There is even a newsletter called *The Gay Blade* distributed free in most of the gay places which will inform the visitor of just about everything that is going on in town.

#### You Need Wheels

However, a New Yorker on the make in our nation's capital had better know a few of the ground rules as interpreted by another New Yorker. First, Washington is more car-oriented than most of the East Coast cities. Several of the best bars and cruising spots are not within easy walking distance of downtown, as they are in Boston and Philadelphia, for instance. So be prepared either to spend a lot of money on cabs or else to have a car at your disposal. Don't worry about taking cabs to out-of-the-way places and then feeling stranded. If you don't find some gallant to drive you home, you can always call a cab to come pick you up. Remember! New Yorkers sometimes forget how convenient, if expensive, transportation can be elsewhere.

Second, be careful about walking alone anywhere in the District. Washingtonians, straight and gay, have a great phobia about being mugged, and with good reason. I don't know whether this kind of crime is actually more common in the District than in other cities, but Washingtonians think it is, and the streets are devoid of pedestrian traffic after dark. If you dig street-cruising, and who doesn't, make sure that you stick to the established areas where there are plenty of beehiveers around. The August *Blade*, by the way, underscores this point by noting:

"Our policeman was heard to comment that when the cruising on the block was at its lowest point, there were increased numbers of complaints of burglary and vandalism in the area. It seems that the presence of the gays made it difficult for criminals. Homosexuality a deterrent to crime? How about that? Maybe we should tell the White House."

#### Some Warning Signals

The newsletter also warned that "The Black Forest . . . is now highly dangerous. People are willing to go home with you instead of insisting on immediate servicing." They also mention that while DuPont Circle and Lafayette Park are still "going strong," the two Jima Memorial is "slow and requires extreme caution after 11:00 p.m., particularly in the woods behind the Netherlands Carillon." They advise you to "park your car on the street, not in the lot."

Third, dress is still in the early Sixties stage in the District. Not that there isn't an abundance of bells and tank tops to be seen; it's just that chinos or levis will make it easier for you to get the numbers you want. Washington is still keen on the kind of "clean-cut, all-American type" that has become all but extinct in New York. If you dig this type, you'd better dress as they do. Birds of a feather, you know. Or when in Rome . . .

#### Park Draws Croops

If you are into the "promenade" scene, you might try the aforementioned Lafayette Park. It certainly is easy to find, provided you've heard of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue for having succeeded in forgetting it—J.F.H.). Though it's right downtown, I haven't seen anything but the worst-looking creeps in there (I met an attaché to a foreign embassy there in '61 who wouldn't let me touch his cock until he was wearing a rubber—J.F.H.). The also-referred-to DuPont Circle, on Connecticut Ave. at about 19th St., N.W., is well known to all as a cruising area, including the leering straights who drive around to "get a load of the queers." Of course, Americans have a genius for misconstruing and misunderstanding and utterly missing the manifestations of change, and the voyeurs are now actually ogling feverish gays at the DuPont than members of the D.C. head community. It is like Tompkins Square Park in that you can't tell the straights from the gays without a score card—or without scoring. As for the two Jima, remember the heat's on, and it's out in the suburbs anyway, so don't go off of your way just to do it under the patriotic effigy of the flag being placed in a staged ceremony.

#### Cruise in Georgetown

My two favorite cruising areas are both in Georgetown, which is a collegiate town and atmospheric with its rows of beautiful old town houses that make it worth a visit during the day

for aesthetic reasons. It has the pre-Revolutionary charm that has gone to seed in Greenwich Village. The main street is Wisconsin Avenue. At night ask your driver for the corner of Wisconsin and M Streets, N.W., and walk north up Wisconsin to the 1300 block. You will undoubtedly find lots of alluring numbers strolling Wisconsin itself, but if you are really on the make take a little walk on the blocks immediately off the main drag, being careful to stay in the comparatively well-lighted areas, as you can get mugged. If the architecture doesn't interest you, perhaps one of the drivers in the constantly-cruising cars will.

If you are a Central Park buff, then the wooded area near 27th and Pennsylvania will blow your mind. From the corner of Wisconsin and M walk down M, towards downtown, for about five blocks until you come to a fork. Bear right at the fork and walk over the bridge. Immediately after the bridge leaves the road and leads into the woods beneath it. This is a section of Rock Creek Park known locally as the Black Forest and warmed against in the *Blade*. The terrain is very steep and rocky, and the police periodically drive by, but to some the big game is worth the hazards of the hunt! It has been customary to do in the bushes, but at the *Blade* pages out, now there is a very good chance of being asked home. This does harassment inadvertently bring about more personal contact and therefore, to some of us, greater joy!

**Bulletin:** With the disgusting raid on Christopher's End the night of August 21, in which two undercover cops had been "observing" several mornings and others were staked out on the premises (see interview with Una Sex, this issue), the after-hours clubs with orgy rooms are in trouble. You could get into trouble if caught in any one of them, but my motive in warning you away just now would be because of the viral hepatitis scare, not because you could get run in. They can't run us all in as a continuing policy, and may be it's time for a major confrontation. This is not editorial policy, just my thought on the subject. Do as you will where you will. So as you won't be misguided, the "back room" bars are starred (\*) below.

#### In MANHATTAN right now the major action is at:

- \*Bam, 26 9th Ave.; swinging but stifling back room that is quite a risk with viral hepatitis making the rounds; GM
- Blow-Up, 1544 2nd Ave.; dancing and a big draw on the Upper East Side; GM
- Blue Whale, 1117 1st Ave.; restaurant; just reopened after a vacation; Int.
- Candy Store, 44 W. 56th; jackets and tie exc. Sun.; GM
- \*Carnival, 507 West St. at Jane, above Tool Box; back room; GM
- Carr's, 204 W. 10th; GM
- Casa Laredo, 551 Hudson; restaurant; Int.
- \*Christopher's End, 180 Christopher; you never know what to expect at the door these days—on in the back room; GM
- Cinderella, 82 W. 3rd; dancing; GF, GM
- Country Cousin, 1313 3rd Ave.; restaurant where Sunday afternoon Bloody Mary brunch for \$1.50 now begins its busy season; desultory service; GM
- Danny's, 139 Christopher; a little leathery; GM
- Dean, Little W. 12th & Washington; a lot leathery; GM
- Dungston, 301 W. 46th; private and after hours, on its way up; GM
- Fedora, 239 W. 4th; restaurant; Int.
- Finale, 48 Barrow; restaurant; uptight about the idea of advertising in gay press, but very gay, though Int.
- Five Oaks, 49 Grove; restaurant; GF, GM
- Four Seasons, 99 E. 52nd; restaurant; bar cruise at cocktail hr. especially now that the season begins; Int.
- GLF Coffee House, 210 W. 82nd; rapping from 4:30 p.m. to 1:00 a.m. Sundays; GF, GM
- Gianni's, 53 W. 19th; restaurant; GF
- Ginger Man, 51 W. 64th; restaurant to the Lincoln Center trade; Int.
- Gold Bug, 85 W. 3rd; dancing in black light; GM
- Good Table, 45 Lexington Ave.; restaurant; Int.
- Harry's Back East, 1422 3rd Ave.; New York's most popular and vibrant bar w/terms of quantity and quality of its clientele; GM
- \*Hades, Jane St. at West, downstairs; private after hours with back room; GM

Heaven, 1 Sheridan Sq.; private, after hours, fruit juice and dancing club where the young gather; advertised as Unix

Hippodrome, Ave. A bet. 10th & 11th St.; GM

Keller's, 364 West St. near Barrow; rather leathery; GM

Kookie's, 149 W. 14th; GF

Lux Cage, 4th W. of 6th Ave., upstairs; private, after hours; GF

Milano, 257 Amsterdam; restaurant; Int.

Dak Room, bar in Plaza Hotel, 5th Ave. at 59th; venerable last stand of a bygone era; Int.

Pub Society, 1649 2nd Ave.; restaurant now serving the best food at the most reasonable prices in Gay Manhattan; service (unlike the shoddy variety at Country Cousin) is superb and with a smile, thanks to Bobby and Patty, who was everybody's darling at Tom Jones; GF, GM

Roundtable, 151 E. 50th; mad dancing to wild rock and the best cruising south of Harry's, probably the most representative cross section of gays in town; Leslie London's impressions of Diana Ross presented twice on Tuesdays and Thursdays has the crowd jammed around so tightly, you'd think it was Ross herself and cheering so wildly, the Middle East Side doesn't know what's happening; GF, GM

Royal Roost, Cornelia nr. Bleecker; restaurant; GM

Sanctuary, 407 W. 43rd; beautifully decorated with splendid sound system and light show, but losing ground due to high minimum (\$5.00 for two drinks on weekends as compared to Roundtable's \$3.75 on Fri., Sat., Sun.); GM

Stage Forty-Five, 305 E. 45th; dancing, where Black is Beautiful; GM

Steak, Greenwich St. at Perry; biggest bore in town, but fun if you like to watch posing and beer's only fifty cents; GM

T. Goldfarb, 7th Ave. at Bleecker; restaurant with good food and the salubrious presence of Edward at the back room piano who draws his celebrity following wherever he goes; GM

Taft Hotel Bar, 7th Ave. at 50th; jacket and tie and white socks; Int.

Tenth of Always, 82 W. 3rd; private and after hours; GM

Tool Box, 507 West St. at Jane; GM

Tor, 21 Greenwich Ave.; sidewalk cafe currently on the homophile hot seat because the alleged heterosexual owner allegedly fired a waiter for publicly kissing a friend of the same genital make-up go down to the customers who are known to most of us to be gay, too, so if you are nervous about being picketed, don't go in; Int. (7)

Triangle, 34 9th Ave.; GM

Troubadour, bet. 58th & 59th on 1st Ave.; featuring Ava Williams; GM

Uncle Charlie's, 1049 Lexington; still a happy look but not as pretty as it used to be; GM

Victor's Quarters, 984 2nd Ave.; GM

Wine Cellar, 531 Hudson; restaurant; Int.

Yukon, 140 E. 53rd; restaurant resumes serving sometime in Sept.; jacket required, no tie; GM

\*Zodiac Downtown, upstairs above Dean; one up on the back room bar, it provides orgy facilities with windows wide open onto warehouse rooftops; GM

Zodiac Uptown, 1487 1st Ave.; dancing; GF; GM

\*Zoo, 421 W. 13th; the original bar-with-back room and ozone celebre of the spring now seems to be in the autumn of its existence; GM

#### Also as warm weather persists in MANHATTAN popular tubs are

- Beacon Baths, 227 E. 45th; go in the main entrance and take the elevator to the 11th floor; still a best buy, GM, of course
- Continental Baths, 230 W. 74th; first tubs in N.Y. to have any class, they are now so with it they present "louise acts" on weekends; GM (see ad)
- Everard, 28 W. 28th; Old German alternate spelling Everhard, and most who go there now aren't; GM
- St. Mark's Baths, St. Mark's Pl.; the East Village types are shabby here but there's a lot of cleaning up going on; GM
- Sauna Baths and Health Club, 300 W. 58th; between 4:30 and 5:30 in the afternoon, this is where you'll find the businessmen coming in to knock off a piece before going home to Scarsdale; GM

# EDITORIAL

September 21, 1970, Volume 1, Number 33

There is only one eternal law:  
Hate never destroys hate;  
Only love does.  
The Buddha

#### Are policemen pigs? Are churchmen pigs?

Is the "establishment" our eternal enemy? Such thoughts plague each of us as we hear of violent confrontations between a handful of radical homosexuals and the "system."

It is often difficult not to define certain people and particular institutions as one's enemies. The *Random House Dictionary of the English Language* defines enemy as a person hated or who fosters harmful designs against another; an adversary or opponent. Certainly, it would seem, the homosexual community, as such, has as "enemies" most of society's major institutions and a vast segment of its citizenry.

In the midst of such concerns, we find ourselves reflecting on such words as enemy.

As long as we are manifest in human form, we must eat and live at the expense of other life. This is a fact we must face: accepting the limitations of our organism. It is wise, we believe, to give frank recognition to our dependence upon enemies, persons working under (or over) us, groups working at cross purposes with us, strangers, and, in fact, upon all other forms of life.

Those whom we would call truly dangerous are those whose blind zeal makes them think that they alone are "good guys" and all others are "bad guys." We are dependent upon our enemies because they are the contrasting agents against which our own identities are clarified. We would not recognize ourselves without them. Hence, in Sumo wrestling, Far Eastern combatants, before battling, bow low before each other: a sign of respect.

Devoid of the humanity which enables us to confess that we are all interdependent, we are unable to work out reasonable deals with those who oppress us. Such a loss is tragic.

By confronting our "enemies" violently and labeling them "pigs," "conservatives,"

"rightwingers" and the like, we give them proud badges to wear: symbols which increase their self-esteem. While we may boost our own egos by insulting or attacking them, our insults will only drive them to a massive consolidation, which, in the end, will work against our best interests.

There is one outstanding fact which we must consider when confronting our opponents. We, as homosexuals, are virtually invisible. We live in and through the "establishment" in untold numbers. While we may boost our own egos by insulting or attacking them, our insults will only drive them to a massive consolidation, which, in the end, will work against our best interests.

There is one outstanding fact which we must consider when confronting our opponents. We, as homosexuals, are virtually invisible. We live in and through the "establishment" in untold numbers. While we may not necessarily control major industries, we do, nevertheless, wield enormous power in media, in education, and in all other fields where our weight can be felt, and, in fact, already is!

What then, would we say to those who contemplate violence as a means to gain our ends?

First, we do not deny the need for meaningful confrontations between homosexuals, as such, and "the system," and, in fact, we welcome such confrontations. But we take issue with those who are given to the planning of violent confrontations. Spontaneous self-defense is necessary. It is, in fact, vital. But planned violence is not.

We would like to believe that the homosexual revolution, which is part of the revolution against all sexism, can utilize truly civilized and sophisticated methods to achieve its goals. Planned violence, we think, is not a wise tactic. It is self-defeating.

The best way to approach an enemy is by not allowing him to know he exists. Your punch will then be harder.

## San Francisco Gays Picket Macy's

San Francisco, Calif.—Gay militants picketed Macy's Department Store here charging the store with illegal trapping and arrests in its men's rooms.

The ad hoc contingent of some 20 persons said in a statement that the store was using "young, attractive security guards" to arrest persons thought to be homosexuals.

A total of 40 arrests have been made since Macy's began its campaign, the statement charged.

Both Macy's and the police vice squad have refused to comment on specific complaints made by the group, including one that two-way mirrors were

used by the store to survey the men's rooms.

Arthur Corsten, senior vice president for sales promotion of Macy's of California, said "We're not commenting on any specific accusations."

He said James M. Lundy, chairman of Macy's board of directors, had issued a statement that "action was taken a few weeks ago to stop the illicit activity occurring in Macy's men's washrooms," but that details of the arrests could only be brought out in court.

"Macy's recognizes its responsibility for protecting customers and employees from any activity that could be offensive to them," Lundy said.

## Owles Petitions City Councilman Greitzer

New York, N.Y.—Responding to increased harassment of homosexuals by police in the vicinity of 42nd Street (Manhattan), GAA President Jim Owles sent the following letter to City Councilman Carol Greitzer describing police tactics and asking for action. The text of Mr. Owles' letter is as follows:

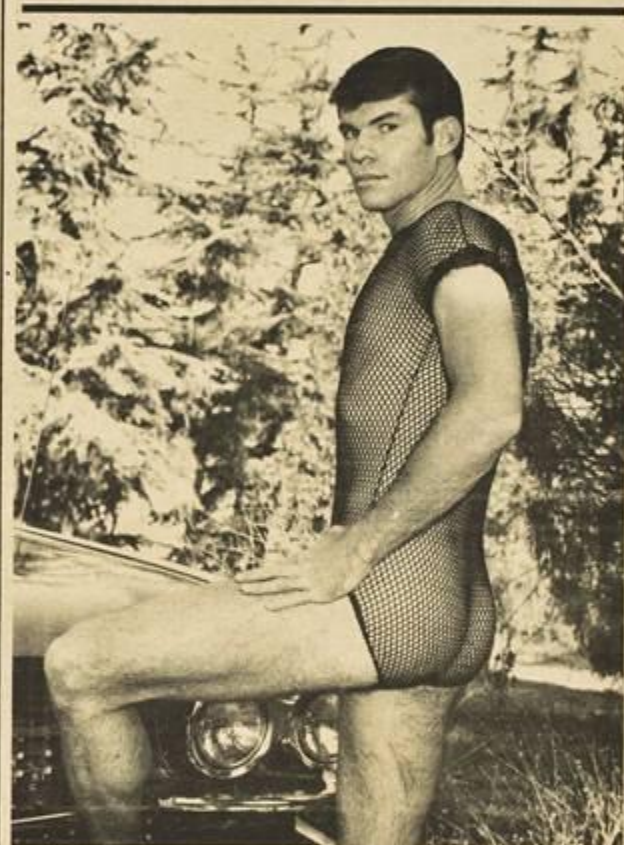
Dear Mr. Greitzer:  
Police Commissioner Leary has recently invoked the old police tactic of harassment. As you know, when the police department wants to cool things in a particular area, they cannot do it readily without the use of extra-legal

operations. Entrapping prostitutes is time consuming. The best tack is to hound groups outside popular approval: gays or prostitutes. In the case of the 42nd Street area, a harassment has begun. We cannot credit the department with anything even as substantive as a renascence of puritan ideals and ethics. Rather, the department is trying to make a show in the face of embarrassing disclosures of corruption. Their actions, however, only tend to underline what corruption already exists.

Police stationed in the area are under heavy pressure to produce arrests in order to provide the necessary statistics. Almost all of those arrested are held overnight and released without complaint at court the next day. This reign of terror requires many innocents—and we mean the truly innocent. When enough people have been chased off the street, the police will stop any pedestrian who looks like a mark and arrest him for loitering. Or if the pickings get really lean, cops will poke their heads into restaurants, spot a mark, and nab him as he exits, the charge again being loitering. We have victims, witnesses and badge numbers.

What are you going to do about it?

Sincerely yours,  
Jim Owles



LARRY SCHRAMM, winner of California's Groovy Guy Contest sponsored by the Los Angeles ADVOCATE. Larry is the third annual winner of the Contest. (See pages 10-11 for details about the contest.)

#### AUTUMN FASHION SHOW

GAY will sponsor an Autumn Fashion Show on Wednesday, September 23rd at 11 p.m. at the Roundtable, 151 East 50th Street, Manhattan.

# GAY

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This Book Isn't For Me. It's For A Friend.

BY LIGE AND JACK

Do you remember the days when your neighborhood bookseller eyed you suspiciously as you bought a gay novel? Now, you'll be pleased to know, he's eyeing nearly everybody suspiciously. Why? Because gay literature and its readers are multiplying nearly as fast as welfare babies. Soon, no sane person will be able to keep up with the vast outpourings of homophilia. Once, there were only a few meager books. For those who remember such dismal days, the following test may prove to be a challenge.

1. EDMUND BERGLER was:

- a.—An infamous cocksucker.
- b.—A convicted pederast.
- c.—A looney psychiatrist.
- d.—A drag queen who reared his 3 children as drags.

2. DONALD WEBSTER CORY wrote:

- a.—The Myth of the Giant Penis
- b.—Growing up Gay
- c.—The Homosexual in America.
- d.—Heterosexuality: Disease or Way of Life?

3. THE CITY AND THE PILLAR was written by:

- a.—Oscar Wilde.
- b.—Tennessee Williams.
- c.—Truman Capote.
- d.—Gore Vidal.

4. THE WELL OF LONELINESS is about:

- a.—Spiro Agnew's masturbation fantasies.
- b.—A wealthy Duke who falls in love with his male nurse.
- c.—A fine English woman and her ladyfriends.
- d.—A transvestite Congressman.

5. THE BOYS OF BOISE deals with:

- a.—A homosexual rapist who fucks Catholic priests.

b.—A witch hunt for gays in a small town.

- c.—A church choir's all-male circle jerks.
- d.—A clergyman who molests children.

6. THE GAY WORLD is an excellent:

- a.—Book by an understanding doctor.
- b.—Guide to America's homosexual underground.
- c.—Picture book of handsome homosexual men.
- d.—Report on homosexuality in foreign lands.

7. CITY OF NIGHT is a tale about:

- a.—A South Carolinian senator's romance with a shoeshine boy.
- b.—The life of a male prostitute.
- c.—A homosexual, Negro, Jewish Communist.
- d.—A nun who digs her Mother Superior.

8. ALBERT ELLIS wrote:

- a.—My Life in a Turkish Bath.
- b.—Homosexuality: Its Cause and Cure.
- c.—Tips for Successful Cruising.
- d.—Anal Intercourse for Fun and Profit.

9. THE SIXTH MAN is:

- a.—A sensational report on male homosexuality.
- b.—A mystery about a gay British spy.
- c.—About a hustler who gets blown by the District Attorney.
- d.—A book about sex orgies in a Baptist seminary.

10. THE WOLFENDEN REPORT is about:

- a.—Recommended law changes in Germany.
- b.—Recommended law changes in Illinois.
- c.—Recommended law changes in Great Britain.

d.—Recommended law changes in Canada.

11. A SINGLE MAN is a gay book by:

- a.—Strom Thurmond.
- b.—Melvin Laird.
- c.—Mary Renault.
- d.—Christopher Isherwood.

12. THE LADDER is:

- a.—A book about penis sizes.
- b.—A lesbian periodical.
- c.—A list of gay bars.
- d.—A nudie mag for gay girls.

13. SAPPHO was:

- a.—A lesbian poetess.
- b.—Alexander the Great's lover.
- c.—Michelangelo's lover.
- d.—Shakespeare's lover.

14. THE HOMOSEXUAL HANDBOOK was written by:

- a.—Oral Roberts.
- b.—Angelo d'Arcangelo.
- c.—Billy Graham.
- d.—Frank Caprio.

15. THE SAME SEX is one of the finest new books on homosexuality published by:

- a.—The Daughters of the American Revolution.
- b.—The Daughters of Bilitis.
- c.—The United Church of Christ.
- d.—The John Birch Society.

16. IRVING BIBER is:

- a.—A sugarplum fairy.
- b.—A Mattachine orator who lips.
- c.—A fiend who chases lesbians.
- d.—A dimwitted doctor who did lousy research.

17. O O MAGAZINE is:

- a.—A magazine which promotes bisexuality.
- b.—A gay quarterly.
- c.—A study of lesbianism in New Zealand.
- d.—The Mattachine newsletter.

18. GIOVANNI'S ROOM is:

- a.—A horny psychiatrist's seduction pad.
- b.—A cruising Pentagon tearoom.
- c.—A James Baldwin classic.
- d.—An S&M play by James Purdy.

19. THE MYSTERIOUS MR. W.H.

- a.—Was the only begetter of Shakespeare's love poetry.
- b.—Is J. Edgar Hoover's lover.
- c.—Was seduced by President Nixon's son-in-law.
- d.—Asked Dr. Charles W. Socarides to expose his penis.

20. DR. WAINWRIGHT CHURCHILL wrote:

- a.—Homosexual Behavior Among Apes.
- b.—Homosexual Behavior Among Religious Fanatics.
- c.—Homosexual Behavior Among Males.
- d.—Homosexual Behavior Among Porcupines.

ANSWERS:

1	C '01	11	C '1
2	V '61	12	V '6
3	C '81	13	B '8
4	B '21	14	B '2
5	D '91	15	V '9
6	C '51	16	B '5
7	B '11	17	C '1
8	V '11	18	D '1
9	B '21	19	C '1
10	C '1	20	D '1

SCORE:

- 15-20 Correct: You should open your own gay bookshop.
- 10-14 Correct: You should receive high grades when your local university is forced to open a Gay Studies division.
- 5-10 Correct: You learn from experience, not from books.
- Under 5: Why are you reading this newspaper?

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

Humpty male models, all sizes and varieties, hung, will come to YOU. Mind-blowing manicures, pedicures and massages a specialty. \$35/session. Complete discretion. Call (number listed) any time.

Such an ad in the Village Voice, the East Village Other or the New York Times, reputedly the prime sources of information for those seeking a particularly unusual service, is a front for a call operation. So a dish with Sonny, the attractive young telephone secretary to one of New York's most popular and successful male madames, reveals. "Of course, the Times wording is somewhat more, well, good and gray," he points out. "Fit to print, you know."

As to whether any of the Wanton Ads in GAY or their equivalent in its mother publication, SCREW, are lead-ins to the exotic world of male prostitution, Sonny grins, shrugs and feigns ignorance. "It's enough that you are advocates of homosexuality without getting linked up to prostitution, isn't it? Besides, I just work here, keep my eyes open, my mouth shut (most of the time), make the

most reliable and loyal and are largely uncomplicated. Of course, a lot of the boys do nothing but hustle. Almost everyone in everybody's stable is devoted to sex, though. Highly-charged. They just love their work. I used to get horny as hell discussing specifications with customers when I first came here, and so when one of the boys would pop in with his commission, we'd do it. They are very obliging. Of course, the interviewees expect to audition. Rocky generally leaves that up to me."

Interviewees? "The advertisements asking for models are sort of open calls, you see. One reason Rocky is so generous with his telephone secretary, me in this case, is that it takes subtlety and discretion to handle the calls. And some insouciance. He had one secretary who just jerked off all the time, you know."

He is alert to complaints from johns, though not terribly sensitive to extravagant praise. The frequency of a boy's being called back to the same place is not very high however excellent his performance."

A COME-AND-GO BUSINESS

The boys—who are called boys and not hookers or hustlers—generally go to the john's apartment, usually staying until the john has his mind-blowing climax and not often lingering for the night. Sometimes they use Rocky's apartment—and occasionally their own—for a quickie. Johns tend to be busy career men, for the most part, and it is a simple convenience to have room-service sex, coming and getting it over with. Instances of a call boy's intriguing someone to the extent that he is set up on his own or swept away to a bungalow

that is when the paper first comes out carrying it, the telephone is sometimes busy from noon on. Rocky handles the early calls himself, and it often interrupts his sleep or study time."

One of the really big services, he guesses, averages at least \$1100 a week, which is all service profit. This is at \$35 a shot. They keep \$17.50, splitting with the boy. Sonny figures this comes to about 70 calls for that service for them to make that much profit.

Rocky's operation, based on a majority of boys who go for \$25, gives the boy more than half—\$15 out of \$25, \$20 out of \$35.

Rocky's a sweetheart," Sonny coos. "He's not trying to get rich, though he probably could, with his acumen and charm. He knows most of the johns socially, you see. Rocky doesn't feel it's worth the hassle to try to get rich."

SERVICES HAVE PROBLEMS

Hustle? Just what are the chief problems of operating a call service in New York?

If you get too big, the syndicate tries to muscle in. One of Sonny's most incredible stories has to do with such an attempt by the syndicate in an unholy alliance with the telephone company.

"The underworld simply called the New York Telephone Company and

# RECTUMS FOR RENT



assignments, get quite a lot of nookie in the line of duty while manning the telephone, and split the profit for fees for the successful arrangements I make during my working hours."

HE'S GOT THE DOPE

Indeed he has kept his eyes open very wide, and this young actor/singer with occasional stretches of unemployment to face has enough information to write a book—or perhaps start his own profitable service.

It's very profitable if you attend to business," he asserts. "Our madame—we'll call him Rocky—makes \$200 a week easily when he is on his toes, and that is chicken feed in the business. But, you see, he's working on his Master's and doesn't have much time to devote to the service. He began as a simple masseur in Southern California and never really intended to get into such an elaborate set-up here."

Hold on! Master's?

LOTS OF STUDENT WHORES

"Many of our boys are college students. Some of the adepts are Master's or even Ph.D. candidates. They are among

# Get the Asshole of Your Choice

ALL KINDS OF CALLS

Response to the general numbers listed in the ads includes a lot of customer jerk-off calls, too, Sonny explains. Also no-shows and a few crank calls.

"Some of them really should dial a prayer," he laughs. He goes on to point out that the least "blatant" advertising garners the fewest "sickie" calls. After someone becomes a regular client of the service—a john in call-boy parlance—he uses a private number, of course.

"The general numbers are just a beginning," Sonny advises. "Occasionally, people with money, perhaps a little bored, will try a new general number out of the blue, but they tend to be service-oriented as long as they are fairly treated and kept satisfied. They jump from service to service, though. There is little loyalty to just one where you are dealing with flighty tastes. Rocky, like most of the madames, really strives to

on the Costa Brava are rare, though by no means unheard of.

"It's usually an arrangement *du soir*," Sonny says. "The john is very specific about what he wants—type, age, size, specialty, everything. I take all this information and go into the file to find just the right person."

Rocky has from 60 to 75 full- and part-time boys in his stable. It is estimated there are about 2000 boys supplementing or making their entire incomes from prostitution here, most of them at one time or another working through one of the ten or twelve full-time services operating in Manhattan.

IT ALL ADDS UP

Sonny did some quick, unofficial statistical work in an attempt to estimate further the volume of business:

"Our service, one of the smaller ones, which charges \$20 a call, averages about six calls a night. The most I ever handled was ten. However, when an ad is running,

spoke about our number, you know, claiming it was theirs. They said they wanted all calls to that number transferred to another number, which in reality was theirs. The telephone company did it!"

Without a routine check of customer's signature or anything?

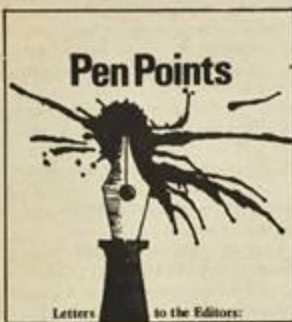
"Without a question. There was no ID required, no nothing. Rocky's number was simply taken over—just like that—by another service. That is where your telephone company is at. It could happen to you. It could happen to anybody!"

So Rocky stayed out of business a couple of months, knowing who had done it, how and why. He laid low, then eventually got his number back when the bigger outfit, under pressure of a pending investigation, had a "change of heart."

A SEASONAL SLACK

Another problem is that the business is seasonal. "It's slow during the summer months because the principal and regular buyers are either out of town all summer or weekending on Fire Island. Your Fire Island closet queen types are very important customers, you know. Ours is a

Continued on page 16



**Pen Points**  
Letters to the Editors:

**IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL**  
Dear GAY:  
Washington. A bland downtown apartment building harboring the latest batch of federal recruits. Some still clutch Pottsville diplomas as they wait deludedly for the coming "excitement" of the season... in this cartoon-pate capital, one of the world's shallowest and weariest.

But wait! Someone with really shattering audacity has chafed at the squareness. He made a gesture so heedless of channels, indeed, so "un-security like," it's Topic No. 1 at the round of cocktail-apartment "get togethers:" this bizarre little newspaper—tagged GAY—has been found lying around in the

cheekiest of places; once in the laundry room, once big as you please on the "Mediterranean" hall table in company of other donated "New Republics" and "Congressional Registers"... someone in this warren of glazed-eye bureaucrats had a rippling old time with those squadrons of interviewers! Ah, these breaths of fresher air these days in Washington are openers... Thank you, GAY.

Most sincerely, Florian Wickoff  
Washington, D.C.

**SEXUAL PREFERENCES CAN BE HANGUPS**

Dear GAY:  
I've been reading your paper for some time now and I must admit I'm bothered.

Each week your "Wanted Ads" column seems to be filled with ads concerning men who want other men, but under the age of twenty-five, and I am beginning to wonder if any of your readers are interested in my twenty-six year olds. I grant you I'm not heaven's answer to unsurpassed beauty, however, no one has had any complaints concerning my performance.

I'm interested in white men over twenty-five, dark haired or blonde, large or small, kind and considerate, and above all, someone who is definitely a man!

I would like to submit an ad, however it doesn't seem to be practical in

light of your recent issues where the majority of your readers seem to be youth oriented.

Possibly you or someone who reads GAY could inform me that there are a few men left in this world who do not find a twenty-six year old prehistoric.

There must be others who feel the same way and I would greatly appreciate your printing this letter. It might just possibly happen that someone is in the market for a "senior citizen." I would love to meet him.

Sincerely,  
J.S.R.M. Danbury, Conn.

[Ed. Note: Hooray! Strict sexual preferences (age, height, etc.) are often sexual inhibitions. Glad you've said so!]

**FIRST PERSON APPROACH**

Dear GAY:  
I very much like the first person articles in your newspaper which creatively narrate a person's subjective experience.

I have meant to write you about this before. The article about the kissing record gave me the undeniable stimulus. This kind of article is what I am hungry for, more than the standard news article. I want to know what other people feel.

In fact, you have a high percentage of subjective writing, which I like. And I also like non-persuasive writing, and the kissing article was good from that

standpoint, too. He described his experience, but without any proselytizing, and could even see with good humor the older generation's objections to his attitude (his mother's advice at the end of the article).

He seemed to have a soul like a mountain stream.

Sincerely,  
R. R.  
Los Angeles, Calif.

**AN AUTHOR TO JOHN P. LeROY**  
Ref: Book Review of "Cruising," GAY No. 28

Dear Mr. Leroy,  
Let me first go through the entirely crass, and so entirely sincere, motions thanking you for your enthusiastic review of my book. You certainly read me as I intended. Let me also compliment you on the felt, well written essay you made out of the occasion of the review.

Gerald Walker

[The motions aren't crass—they're deeply gratifying and encouraging!—J.P.L.]

**PLEASE SEND ALL CORRESPONDENCE, INQUIRIES, SUGGESTIONS, COMPLAINTS, and PROPOSITIONS to: LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, GAY, P.O. Box 431, 6M Chelsea Sta., NYC, N.Y. 10011.**

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L (32-34)  
XL (34-36)

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VILLAGE NYC 691-0444-5

**BY STEFEN VERK**

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

**Q.** Three questions, please. Is there a big chance of getting Hepatitis from rimming? Is there any precaution outside of abstinence that one can use to avoid contracting it? (A douche perhaps?) What are the symptoms of Hepatitis?

R. W., Va.

**A.** I vaguely suspect I have covered this subject some months ago, but it can't hurt to discuss it again. I want it clearly understood, however, that I am not attempting to practice medicine (not even as a witch doctor), and that if one has the slightest suspicion of a medical disorder, one should IMMEDIATELY consult a physician and to hell with such trivia as embarrassment or guilt. Hepatitis can be fatal, you know, not to mention the more hideous possibilities lurking in cases of untreated venereal disease. Doctors are paid to have medical opinions, not moral opinions, and you must always remember that. Now, back to Hepatitis. Yes, indeed, my curious one, there is a substantial chance of getting this disease from rimming (as well as from a number of other means, such as dirty hypodermic needles). A douche perhaps? Yes, my friend, an antiseptic douche or a thorough shower before the sport begins is a reasonable precaution to take, although nothing is totally foolproof in life, as you know. The symptoms can be yellowing of the eyes and skin, constant fatigue and increasing weakness, but you should consult a doctor or medical text for a fuller pic-

**WELL OF POSSIBILITY**

ture of the possible symptoms. And if you insist on practicing this popular diversion (as I suspect you would like to continue doing), you could have a blood test every 30 days. It's not a bad idea—anyway, for anybody with an active sex life involving more than one steady partner.

**Q.** I guess desperate is the only word to describe me. I am 27, can never hold a steady job, drink too much, and have never had a lover or any close friends. All this is bad enough, I realize, but my worst problem is that I can't stay away from movie toilets. The minute I think about sex, I have to rush off to one and look for a trick. Last week I was arrested for the ninth time in a 42nd St. theatre, and I'm now out on bail. Already I feel the urge to go back to one of those movies and cruise. I can't seem to help myself. Why do I keep repeating this? Is there any hope for me?

D. G., NYC

**A.** Five months ago I received a letter similar to yours. I will repeat what I told this man, for he followed my advice and in frequent letters has told me how well things are now going for him. I would be happy to recommend a reputable therapist for you also, if you should desire one. Now, let me explain you to you, as best I can:

There are two major reasons entwined like a pair of poisonous snakes, fear and guilt. The same two familiar monsters we almost invariably find slithering through the darkest jungles of most homosexual problems. People who prefer sex in public places such as described in your letter

to enjoy beds, which are much more comfortable than urinals. Seek help, not punishment!

**Q.** Right now I am so mad I can hardly work this goddamned typewriter. I have just had the six millionth argument with my lover, always over the same kind of thing. This ingrate, who I love for some weird reason, never appreciates a single thing I do for him. We are almost the same age, but there is so much he has to learn and do to reach his full potential, and I have tried to help him with all my heart. My educational and professional accomplishments are first class, and I hold a Ph. D. in my field. He didn't even finish high school, speaks terrible English, and usually has the manners of a Georgia field hand. Until he met me, his only interests were comic books, cruising, drinking beer in cheap bars, and going to the lowest quality movies. I have tried to show him how much there is in life than such empty things. I try to encourage him to read worthwhile books, take some interest in good music, plays, and worthwhile films. I even help him with his grammar and social demeanor. Believe it or not, I even had to teach him how to dress properly. I have resented none of this, because I love him and want him to be all the things he is capable of being. He knows what I am trying to do, and he does want to better himself, but he still fights me every inch of the way. He accuses me of trying to control his life, of trying to make him over for my own benefit, not his. He doesn't realize I only want what is best for him. My life is in good shape, and I am only trying to help him get his in order for his own benefit. I have to do most of the talking, as he rarely wants to explain anything to me unless it is to begin an argument. Then, he insists that I talk too much and never want to listen to him. He doesn't ever have very much to say, so what can I do?

A. C., Savannah

**A.** Shut up and listen to him, anyway.

**The Wicker Basket**



**BY RANDOLFE WICKER**

**HOMOSEXUALS USED AS GUINEA PIGS**

Dr. Orthner of the Department of Neurology at the University of Goettingen destroys that portion of his homosexual patient's brain which regulate his sexual urges.

An electronic probe is sunk into the homosexual's brain and the area in question destroyed by electrical shocks. The patient remains conscious during the entire operation.

"No patients," Dr. Orthner declares, "have lapsed into their former perversion." Further, he describes the side effects as "gratifyingly small."

One after-effect of Dr. Orthner's surgery is the inability of patients to make visual recall, such as not being able to remember the details of pictures or being unable to recognize his mother's face even when he sees her frequently.

Dr. Orthner sees his mental surgery as aiding in "social recovery" since afterwards, he claims, his patients function better in our antihomosexual society. Their aggressive drives are also reduced.

Somebody better put an electric probe, better still, a silver bullet, into Dr. Orthner's head before we find ourselves in a homosexual's Auschwitz with Dr. Orthner as Surgeon General, Dr. Socrates as administrator, Dr. Bieber as therapist, etc. Some of our brothers have already had their minds mutilated by this latter-day Viktor Frankenstein!

**GAY YOUTHS GET STONED**

Gay Youth is a subgroup of offshoot of N.Y.'s GLF consisting solely of homosexuals under twenty-one years of age. Meetings are at 7:00 p.m. Sunday evenings, Church of the Holy Apostles, 28th St. and 9th Ave. Meetings usually end early and the GY's go out for refreshments together afterwards.

One recent sojourn ended at a pizza stand on 8th Ave. As they entered, a local teenager standing outside realized they were gay and commenced public taunting and name-calling. Initially, the young activists were more amused than concerned, but by the time the six or seven of them finished their pizzas, the lone taunter had recruited such a large number of neighborhood youths, mostly Puerto Ricans, they were afraid to leave.

The pizza stand owner refused to let them call GLF which was meeting nearby for assistance and finally they exited amid a barrage of thrown bottles and bricks. Only one boy was slightly injured when hit on the ankle by a tossed bottle. The youths throwing things saw a cop three blocks away heading in their direction and fled down the street in the opposite direction.

Two blocks safely away, GY's 19-year-old president reportedly commenced having second thoughts. "We shouldn't have run," he counseled. "We

should have stayed and confronted them."

Previously, neighborhood teenagers who have become aware of the numerous homosexual groups meeting in the church's auxiliary hall have occasionally attacked lone individuals on their way home afterwards. Once or twice they have physically attempted to force their way into the hall to disrupt meetings.

This ceased after the clergy complained and the NYPD stationed an officer outside a few meetings to make it known to local troublemakers that they were not welcome.

**ANTIHOMOSEXUAL DRIVE BY ANY OTHER NAME**

The Villager, a local Greenwich Village newspaper, featured a lead story entitled "Sheridan Residents Fed Up With Noise" in its Aug. 27th edition.

The article charges that Sheridan Square is "overrun nightly with hundreds of young loiterers... The congregation of these nonresidents is thought by all to be due to the operation of the Haven, a private membership club at 1 Sheridan Square, which requires no cabaret license and has virtually no regulation by the city."

Since the Haven operates under a charter granted by the State which does no supervision after the charter is granted, only soft drinks and sandwiches can be served. Haven membership is reported to be around 900.

"Many of the young people in the square re- or make it inside the club," the Villager alleges. "They may not have the \$2 admission fee or they prefer to mill outside."

Complaints by residents have resulted only in cars illegally parked around the square being ticketed. Police say they ask the people to move on and they go to another street where the residents complain and then they just come back.

Assemblyman Passante told the Villager he had discussed "these social clubs" with Lefkowitz and suggested Lefkowitz move in Supreme Court to revoke charters of clubs creating nuisances. Passante also intends to ask the City Finance Administration to look for possible irregularities in sales tax returns and to introduce a bill requiring social clubs to submit a statement of purpose which must be approved by a Supreme Court Justice and the Attorney General before a charter is granted. Passante got a similar amendment passed regarding charitable organizations.

The petition signed by the Sheridan Square residents did not mention homosexuals. Instead it made allegations (among others) that "sidewalks in front of our homes are filled with strangers in various stages of intoxication and stupefaction... our streets are strewn with refuse including glassine envelopes commonly associated with narcotics—especially around the Haven's premises; and we are treated to the tragic sight of youngsters emerging from the premises in a state of advanced disorientation... We call upon the public officials... to have the place closed. We also urge... a drive against all illegal after-hours 'clubs' within (the) area."

The Sheridan Square vigilantes have brought enough pressure so far to have the few bushes in tiny Sheridan Square park closely cropped. The Haven is one of New York's "unisex" clubs which has dancing and mingling among straights and gays and which is one of the few places where people under 18 years of age can go and socialize with their peers.

The bill proposed by Passante would literally erase the homosexuals' right of assembly by making it subject to "approval" by judges and public officials. It would no doubt be used against legitimate gay groups seeking to establish social clubs in N.Y. State.

**AND TO LEAVE YOU SMILING**

So Oscar went to meet his God. Not earth-to-earth, but sod-to-sod. It was for gentlemen like this Hell was created bottomless.

business if violations include gambling, selling alcoholic beverages, use of narcotics, fire, health and building violations.

BY ANGELO d'ARCANGELO

The beach at Fire Island is surely one of the most beautiful in the world, and first thing in the morning, before the majority of citizens hit it, one has that delectable shock of feeling the savage; of seeming to be primeval Adam. Of course it's all over by eleven o'clock. By noon, when the late-rising surfers blossom, you're too busy either dodging their decapitating boards or ogling their multicolored haunches to recollect any Eden. At midday then, all the beach seems one community. The glare and the strolling couples obscure to the eye that most important of regional schisms, the differences between Cherry Grove and The Pines.

I like both for different reasons: they're subtly different looking communities with profoundly different goals and personalities. As Dick Leitsch writes, Cherry Grove "is the spiritual capital of the gay world. It is our community, not a straight world in which gay people have to fight for recognition or, at best, survive on grudging and limited tolerance." Quite true. Rather like the high holy days in Israel, if one is a Jew: the touchstone of minority identification. Being gay, naturally I identify quite heavily and regularly with that feeling, but because the world isn't, I have to cope. I am not a professional homosexual in the sense that one becomes a stage Irishman, and I'm sure nobody could sell me gay toothpaste. I'm on the make and I know the rules of the game. John Francis Hunter, another of my fellow journalists for GAY wrote in his piece on the island, "The Pines people live in a stratified society, one unique in America as far as I know, imitative of the hetero but thoroughly gay in its grain. It is hard to go against that grain. You are not much sought after if you buck it."

Not a bad description of the social climate of the Pines at all, but I rather think that the Pines is a microcosm of the American business world or just the world at large in that respect. The heterosexual world has certain standards



Grove strollers

of "behavior in business. The Pines as a businessman's community at play has rules of behavior, for the making of money, when one is dedicated to it, is a job which begins as one opens one's eyes and ends only with sleep.

Granted there are compromises; ways to get on when one's gay. J.F.H. sums it up like so: "It is possible to make the grade in The Pines if you are endowed with great beauty, however... you've got to be one of those on the make. The Pines is a marketplace, and the flesh is a cheap commodity." Dig it! Simple as that. But no novelty, right? Put it this way: If you're out for just a good time, relaxation and ease, The Pines won't do.



Cherry Grove from afar

# Can A Blasé Sophisticate Find Happiness In A Gay Mecca?

Just too phoney. Phoney unless you consider the money-fame-power game the most important thing one human being can concern him/herself with. Very, very real if you're out to what most of the world is doing. Oh, specifically, the food's bad, the people are overdressed and very lightly equipped for conversation, the harbors are cluttered with the best examples of Chris-Craft glitz; what Morris G. calls "the teard-head fleet." And the social protocol is astounding, boring, and time-consuming. BUT, nobody's forcing you to go there. Nobody. I happen to find high tea at the Boatel as gay and chic as a vivisectionist's convention, but then there's something amusing about even that. How perverse are you?

The newest scene at Cherry Grove beach is homogeneity. A kind of live-and-let-live tradition which transcends age, race, social status, and appearance. As I said, during any good afternoon, you can see the usual bleached surfers, the perennial poodle-carriers, and lately, a sprinkling of the Geritol Set (GM & GF) as well as brai-laden yentas of all backgrounds. But somehow it works: all minorities are aware of each other and mutually respectful. Oh! That the city and the nation might take note of that happy fact!

The look of the place in the evening has changed from what it was, say five or even just one year ago. Nearly everybody comes to the Ice Palace for the three-dollar two-drink Do. Eventually the "swinging singles" from Ocean Beach tire of the relentless one-cuntsmanship of heterosexual cross competition and beach-taxi up to let down their hair. Intersexual chic-freaks from The Pines drift in on amphetamine clouds, hungry for what I suppose I ought to call "human contact" and/or the sweat of personal involvement. Marrieds and singles of the plain-Jane variety (male and female) sail over from Sayville and its environs and date to be a little "funky," or at least to dance beside somebody who is. The *Toute Monde*. And as I live and breathe, some of the most beautiful lesbians imaginable: gorgeous, proud, healthy women.

And there's that blonde again. Who is she? Who was she? Lana? Jayne? Ginger? Last night at the Palace I saw her again. She wore something like an East Indian pancho or serape, heavily embroidered, orange, covered with dozens of tiny mirrors. Long bare legs and high-heeled slippers. Bracelets and rings. About

two-thirty in the morning she strolled down to the dock to sit alone by the water and... who knows? Dream? For privacy. But there were some three-penny dreaties from the mainland who couldn't resist a departing crack as they untied their boat and headed back to Reader's Digest Land. I didn't quite catch it: I abominate bad manners, but still watching the lady stroll by on her way back to the hotel, I saw that she hadn't let herself be ruffled, that she kept her



A house goes up

runway pace and poise and shut the motherfuckers up with one salty remark. Breeding, you know.

But those others... What can one do with them? For them? The Silent Majority morons? Personal freedom is threatening to them: even their own. An afternoon enjoying themselves makes them feel guilty, I suppose, and somehow compromised. Oh, well. Cherry Grove may be a kind of inoculation. Something to be taken in multiple, timed shots.

When you give shots to children you generally offer candy as a lure or reward. Fesco and company have worked out as efficient a lure system as I've seen. It consists of people like Jim Sykes, the Van Claibourne of the reservations desk, and the chef at the Shack, Bill Beardemphil of the Big Basket in San Francisco, and organizer of the homophile organization SIR. (Don't misunderstand: I don't think anybody'd come all the way to the Grove to meet him. I only mention him because the food at the place is so damned good and so amazingly above what it used to be. The rest is local color.) Somehow they've managed to keep prices down. Example, dinner for two on my last night, with cocktails, \$10.50.

Finally, tete-a-tete with Fesco on the sun deck on my last afternoon, we managed to get some insight into the

Grove's metamorphosis and the Orphan Caper. For example, the approximately twenty thousand dollars raised over the past nine years by Cherry Grove for the Little Flower Orphanage hadn't received any publicity outside of the Grove community because the Archdiocese of Suffolk county hadn't acknowledged it aside from annual thank-you notes to the givers, and because, until very recently, the means to publicize such a remarkable community project hadn't existed: i.e., *Fire Island News* or *GAY*. However, there's no doubt in my mind that the decision to continue the affair was a wise one. Jimmy Mari, who now runs Country Cousin began it, and it has become a subtle and effective public relations policy, more decent and humane and effective than any kind of police or political payoff might have been. Something else, too: Although the idea of raising money to perpetuate Catholicism, even in orphans, seems to me to be perverse in the citizens of the Grove—all of whom recognize the ambiguity of the predicament—the occasion represents an opportunity to display community pride and heart. It is a matter of pride to the Grovers that no other community on the island contributes in like measure to any other comparable charity. I do not consider the purchase this summer of sixty bicycles, the random dumping into the pool of four hundred dollars in

change, the gift of twenty dollars each to sixty children, and the outright gift of three thousand in cash to the orphanage to be a trifling thing. Though I feel free to take this information and to add it up my own way, bear in mind that these personal remarks are not intended and should not be permitted to reflect in any way on the good faith of the people involved. I have, nevertheless, come up with the conclusion that the Grove has "indeed gone legit."

Why? Because there's been a change in the past few years in the over-all moral and sexual climate of the country. It is only reasonable that the Grove should reflect it. And it does, but without changing its identity. It seems to mean only that the rest of the world is catching up to what the Grove has stood for all these years, and that people from outside the so-called "gay world" are now able to travel through it on passes and visas, circulating freely, without the need for border checks or the threat of passport revocation.

Ten years ago, there were only three places in the world where one could have a heterosexual or homosexual "gay" vacation: Capri, Provincetown, and Cherry Grove. There was a definite psychological need for a camping ground;

Continued on page 16

BY DICK LEITSCH

Back in 1964, someone gave me a copy of a book called *Jonathan To Gide: The Homosexual In History*, a compendium of biographies of famous homosexuals throughout the ages, a sort of "who was who in the gay world." At the time I was, as many young people do, going through a phase of militant know-nothingism. I thought history was irrelevant, only the "now" counted, and I found the book silly.

Since then, I've grown up, and my present philosophy can be summed up like this:

*The widespread myth that homosexuals have no past, and that homosexuality is unnatural and sinful, has constituted one of the most tragic and unnecessary stumbling blocks in the homosexual's thinking of himself, while, at the same time, it has been a prime source of antihomosexual prejudice. It is essential to evoke in the homosexual that feeling of pride and sense of connection with homosexuals of antecedent cultures which is indispensable to his own development and sense of personal dignity.*

That paragraph is not mine, but is borrowed, and altered slightly, from a speech on Black history given by Warren Robbins, head of the Frederick Douglass Institute of Negro Art and History.

Not only do we need the self-pride and group pride that comes of having our own culture heroes, but their existence provides an aid to gaining our liberation. It would be difficult for the Catholic Church to put down homosexuals if we make the public aware that a half dozen or so Popes and countless saints were homosexuals. Why fight to keep homosexuals out of government when so many homosexuals in the past have distinguished themselves in that field?

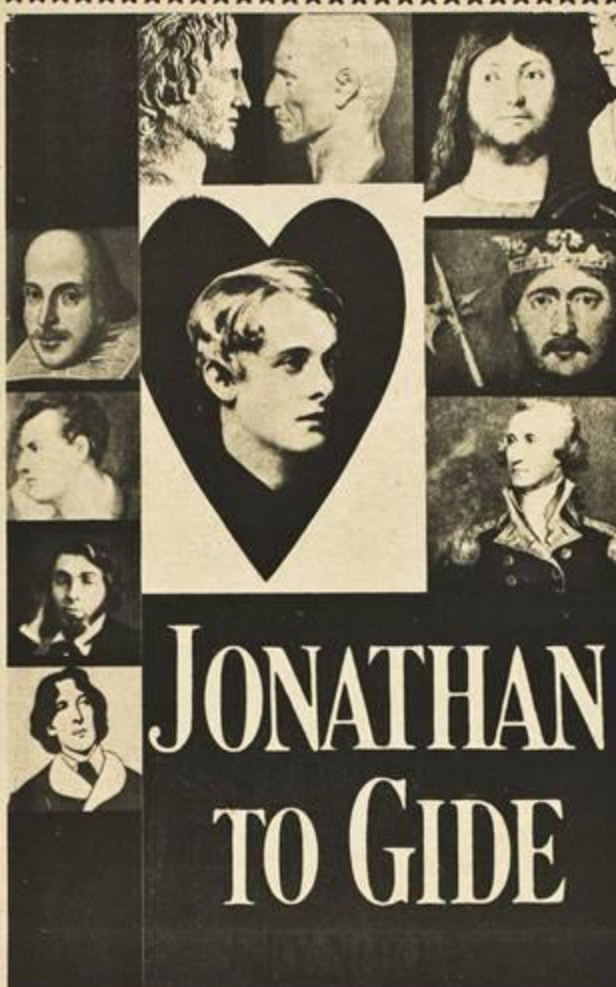
Far from finding *Jonathan to Gide* silly, I now respect it as the first contribution to homosexual historical studies. Other volumes touch on our history as a group, but this is the first specifically historical reference book we have produced. I am delighted that it is once again available (\$10.00 per copy from Nosbooks, 42 W. 88th St., New York, N.Y. 10024).

The book has 300 listings, arranged chronologically. Not every man listed is claimed to have been an overt homosexual. The author includes those who might, on the Kinsey scale, fall into the "homosexual" categories, as well as three other classes:

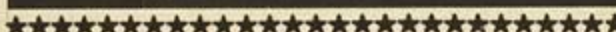
- Repressed, latent, or sublimated homosexuals, married or otherwise free for heterosexual relations but probably totally chaste (homosexually): e.g., George Washington, Michelangelo*
- Repressed, latent or sublimated homosexuals committed to chastity by formal or self-imposed vows: e.g., Jews*
- Alleged homosexuals whose citation is considered probably unjustified by the present writer: e.g., Goethe, Napoleon, George III.*

More than 100 names of prominent men said to be homosexuals were excluded for one of the following reasons: (1) the claim, as with Milton's charge of homosexuality against Charles I, was probably a political weapon and not a fact; (2) the man was the object of another's affection and probably not gay himself, as with Alexander Hamilton, whom Washington loved; or (3) the man was a relatively minor figure in a period or nationality already well represented or insufficient biographical material was available.

The book is arranged, as I said, chronologically, and considerable data is given for each listing. This includes a personal biography, an account of the



# JONATHAN TO GIDE



# The Homosexual In History



man's accomplishments, a discussion of his love life (when details are available), and the source of the claim that the man was gay.

All of the obvious people are listed: Aristotle, Shakespeare, Robespierre, Hart Crane, Proust, Leonardo, Sir Roger Casement, etc. Some are surprising: Magellan, George Washington, Pontius Pilate. Others I doubt, such as Raphael and Cesare Borgia (who was a dirty old man who would do anything, but probably in no sense of the word, gay).

had sex with him. When Hamilton married Elizabeth Schuyler, the two men had sort of a "lover's quarrel," but later become close again. Then there was James Buchanan, the "strict constructionist" who was unable to prevent the Civil War. His homosexuality is said to have been an issue in the election campaign of 1856.

Appendices in the back of the book list the subjects by nationalities and occupations. The longest list is that of "Politico-Military Leaders (Emperors, Kings, Princes, Dukes, Generals, Tyrants, Presidents, Statemen, Politicians, Diplomats, etc.)" Only one dancer (Nijinsky) is listed, making that profession equal to "Gunfighter and Marshal of the U.S. with its one listing (Wild Bill Hickok).

My arguments with the author are few. I feel some people are included for insufficient reason and only for effect—like George Washington. I could construct as good a case to "prove" that Richard Nixon is in love with Babe Riezzo as is made here for the Washington-Hamilton affair.

Some of my favorite people are missing, but then, some of my favorite historical homosexuals are women (Queen Christina, Gertrude Stein) and don't qualify for this book about male homosexuals.

Some of my favorite anecdotes are missing, too. There's nothing under "Augustine" about that saint's famous bitch fight with St. Jerome. The hilarious story about Diageiv calling for Nijinsky at Rodin's studio, where the dancer was supposed to be posing, and the scene when the impresario found his dancer-lover and the sculptor in bed, is absent. There is one I didn't know about Nijinsky being fired from the Marinsky Ballet for refusing to wear a dance belt under his tights. (As the airline ads say these days, "If you've got it, flaunt it.")

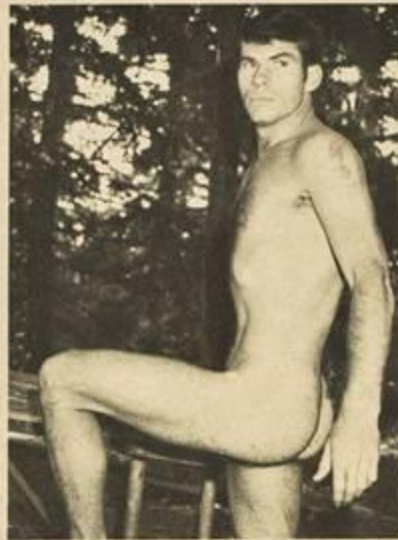
The 750-page book is valuable as a reference tool and fun as a bed-side book. The two- and three-page biographies are entertainingly written and fun to read just before going to sleep.

The author is very obviously gay himself, and well understands gay life. He peers between the lines of those old tomes and sees his people as "just folks." It's difficult not to notice how little people—and homosexuality—have changed over the centuries. Take old Pietro Arentino, for instance. The first gossip columnist, he had the pen of a Louella Parsons and the dirty old mind of an Al Goldstein. What does that make him but a 15th-century Rex Reed? Our gay "revolutionaries" might read the biography of Robespierre, a victim of his own revolution, to learn pitfalls to be avoided. Ernst Rohm's story shows that the Right is as dangerous a place as the Left for homosexuals.

But I don't believe the teaching of moral lessons is the intent of *Jonathan To Gide*. The importance of Gide's work is that it constitutes a history of 3,000 years of political and cultural history and shows that homosexuals have played a major role in shaping our lives and our history, as well as our art. We are not a meaningless, powerless, irrelevant group, as some of our oppressors have convinced some of the younger gay radicals and activists. Our group members have included some of the greatest, most admired, men who ever lived. If we can get that message across to the public, perhaps more of us will have a chance to make our marks on the world in the future.



Larry spent four years in the Navy



Larry shows off his bird.



The Three Winners: (left to right) Jim Cassidy, Larry Schramm and Chico Rodriguez



Marc Lowy, a Go-Go dancer entertains the audience



Pat Rocco and his contestant entry, Jim Cassidy



Dancing during intermission



Groovy Guy Contestants await the opening of the curtain



Larry Schramm



A Groovy Guy Rehearsal

photo by Pat Rocco

# SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA'S GROOVIEST GAY GUY Apple Pie and Freckles

BY GERALD STRICKLAND

TIME: Long after midnight  
August 22nd, 1970

PLACE: Clie's on the Sunset Strip - with just a touch of the glamour of bygone days.

SCENE: Every table is over-occupied. The bar is lined three deep. Pat Rocco's movie camera grinds and hundreds of spectators sit on the dance floor for a better view. An anticipant hush falls over the audience. The distinguished panel of judges' decision is in, and in a moment emcee Lee Glaze will announce the Advocate's Groovy Guy for 1970. There will be no surprises in this year's contest. Almost everyone believes that a beautiful blond hunk, Jim Cassidy, will win the coveted award thumbs down. They had made their choice obvious with a thunderous ovation when Jim Cassidy had appeared earlier in brief gold and copper-toned trunks accenting his magnificent sun-bronzed physique.

Conversation overheard among the contestants (Larry Schramm to Jim Cassidy): "When they announce you as the winner, accept the award in a hurry so we can get the hell out of here. I'm tired."

Then the unexpected happened. That quirk of fate that no one understood at the time, least of all Larry Schramm. The judges named Jim Cassidy second runner up; Chico Rodriguez, first runner up; AND LARRY SCHRAMM, GROOVIEST GUY OF THE YEAR!!!

Larry stood mesmerized for an instant, not believing his own ears. If he moved forward to accept the award he would make himself into the laughing stock of Southern California. The contestant beside him nudged him, and slowly, without a smile, Larry Schramm moved toward the center of the stage. International starlet Lillianne Montevecchi handed him the award and planted a big, star kiss on his cheek. He still didn't believe it. "It was the grooviest feeling in

the world," Larry said later. "It was like well, the beginning and end of my world."

I had met Larry Schramm a few mornings earlier when I had stolen an hour away from the office for a martini at the Jaguar. It was a quiet afternoon at that particular establishment, and after we had been introduced by the manager, Larry had time to talk. He seemed a nice guy; friendly and unprepossessing. I liked him, but I came back and told Pat Rocco: "Larry Schramm is awfully good looking in the way that you expect a small town class president and star athlete to be. Certainly nothing very spectacular. But he hasn't got a chance against Jim Cassidy."

Little did I suspect that these very qualities were the combination which would make Larry Schramm refreshingly different from his competitors. If flaming Dr. Zambules served on a penthouse terrace aren't your bag, as they are mine, then grass roots and apple pie are very groovy. Let's face it, the Groovy Guy is supposed to be the ideal representative of Southern

California's gay population. I've got to admit, now that my anger over Jim Cassidy's placing third has subsided, (I think I was more disappointed than any of the contestants who didn't place, when Jim Cassidy didn't win) the fact that Larry Schramm is somehow, nostalgically the gay counterpart to Jack Armstrong, the All American Boy, is a compliment to the wisdom and selectivity of the judges.

"I look forward to trying to represent the gay community to the best of my ability," says Larry. "I'm gay, and I'm just as good as any heterosexual walking down the street - and so are the majority of gay people. I want to help establish this image." A marvelously different approach when you consider that the last two Groovy Guy winners in '68 and '69 accepted the award as a personal triumph, and all but disappeared from the sight of the community. (Exception: last year's runner up, Eric Martin, has been tremendously active in SPREE, and other homophile organizations.)

Another surprising factor in the selection of Larry Schramm as Groovy Guy 1970 is that he was barely known in the community. His discharge from the Navy, in which he served four years, rising to the rank of third class petty officer, had only recently been effected. Larry had been working a couple of weeks as part-time bartender at the Jaguar when owner Dale Haverstaff and manager Bill Stolek decided to enter him in the contest. Larry accepted as "a great honor". He didn't think he had much chance of placing, let alone winning against twenty-one other contestants. "But I thought I might as well give it a try - for fun. I like to try everything once. If I like it, I do it again; if I don't I chalk it up to experience. At least I have grounds on which to base my opinion when the topic comes up in conversation."

The auburn haired, green eyed, pleasantly hirsute Groovy Guy, prior to the hitch in the Navy and his settling in Los Angeles, hails from Fort Worth, Texas.

For astrology enthusiasts, he was born on the cusp between Scorpio and Sagittarius on November 24, 1947. He is the middle child of a family of six, with three brothers and two sisters. Larry was president of his class in Junior High School, and a track star in High School. He spent his summers working at Six Flags Over Texas, the Lone Star State's answer to Disneyland.

While in the Navy, Larry visited every major port in the Pacific, and was stationed in Viet Nam. His ship was a rescue ship for survivors after the burning of the U.S.S. Forrestal. He has very definite opinions about the war. "A lot of people are getting rich on it, and don't want it to end." Nevertheless, he is not one of today's angry, rebellious youth.

He believes changes will only be brought about through wise use of the American vote.

Larry has very definite opinions on the subject of love, too. "I'm a one man dog," he laughs at himself, then adds

seriously, "I know somewhere, someday, the right guy will come along, and when he does, I want to spend the rest of my life with him. A lot of people say this kind of love is impossible in gay life. They're wrong. Many of my friends who've been together for years and years will prove them wrong. And so will I. My parents have been married for thirty years. They'd die for each other. That's the kind of love I want with a guy. And nothing is impossible if you want it bad enough. Desire makes it so."

The night of the Groovy Guy contest, Larry stood in the wings behind the curtain, watching the male pageant. From there he kept his own score sheet. "I figured Bizarre Production's Jim Cassidy would be first, Terry West from SPREE second, and Howie Webster from the Sewers of Paris, third. Howie has a beautiful body, a fine personality, and is really a very beautiful person," he says of his rival-friend.

"When I went before the judge,"

Larry continued, "I figured I'd clam up. But they were groovy people. They didn't ask any trap questions, just simple ones that made them as easy to talk to as you or I."

Groovy just happens to be one of Larry's favorite words. The contest, the judges, the winning were all groovy in Larry's vernacular. "But the grooviest thing of all was making a film for Pat Rocco afterwards. I've long admired his work. When he asked me, I was scared shitless. But he was so easy-going I felt as though I had spent my life in front of a camera. All day long I had the feeling that Pat Rocco's lens were making me look a lot better than I actually do, and when I saw what you call the 'nubes', I couldn't believe the final result. It was groovy."

This is the kind of open, honest humility—the kind of grass roots, apple pie lack of pseudo-sophistication that may just make Larry Schramm the grooviest Groovy Guy yet!



IT'S ALL BECOME SO DRAB... SHABBY... I MEAN WE'VE HAD "MIDNIGHT COWBOY", "LONESOME COWBOYS"...



"SATYRICON"



"BOYS IN THE BAND" ET AL...



OH, REMEMBER DICK AND RUBY... AND GINGER AND BEBE...



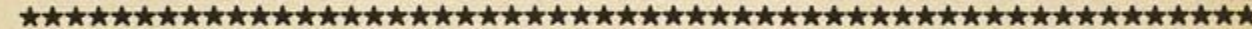
BUT EVEN FORTY SECOND STREET HAS BECOME SO DREARY... DREAR...



OH, WHY AREN'T THEY MAKING THINGS WE CAN DANCE TO ANYMORE!



Solo Flower



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# Curtain Calls

BY LILLI VINCENZ

**F**ocus on Homosexuality in Theatre, performed by the Back Alley Theatre of Washington, D.C. is a fine show. It consists of readings from literature, staged with a few props, and selected by the director and the company together. Among the source material was *Boys in the Band*, *Sister George*, *Madness of Lady Bright*, *Tea and Sympathy*. Says the playbill: "The purpose of this program is to present the many viewpoints on this issue."

I saw the ad in the *Gay Blade*, Washington's gay community news sheet, and was intrigued by the fact that a panel discussion featuring members of the Mattachine Society of Washington and the John Birch Society would follow the performance.

Since Marcelle was studying and Tony had a Gay Lib meeting, I asked the cameraman who'd helped me on the Christopher Street movie to come along. There were just a few people in the little basement theatre when we got there, ten minutes before curtain time. Frank Kameny, however, was already present and admitted that he was a bit nervous about the panel discussion, which was to include him and a member, not of the John Birch Society, but of the Black Panthers. Frank regretted not being able to encounter a Bircher; no doubt he had been looking forward to chewing him to bits.

The little 80-seat theatre began to fill. The stage was in the shape of a wedge, flanked by audience right and left. The ratio of black to white spectators was about equal. I was surprised to find many more women than men in attendance.

When the lights dimmed on a full house, we were treated to about 17 (that's all I could differentiate) little skits and readings, performed non-stop with great imagination and zest. The appreciative applause and the way the audience responded to the humor made me judge it about 80% gay and at times gave me the feeling of being at a private party.

The show starts with a lively bitch fight between a brother and sister from *Bringing It All Back Home* by Terrence McNally, where each accuses the other of

being h-o-m-o-s-e-x-u-a-l. Then actors enter the stage one by one, proclaiming that they are homosexual and are therefore branded unemployable, criminal, sinful, a security risk. Their lines were written by a homosexual member of the cast. A reading of Shakespeare's "When in Disgrace with Fortune and Men's Eyes" follows.

A priest hears confession from a man, announcing his new-found happiness (as a homosexual). The priest, if it were only a question of jeopardizing his place in heaven, would acknowledge this choice. But he has to consider his situation here on earth and be practical. "The Jesuits watch me very closely," he says. (Jean Cocteau)

Excerpts from the trial of Oscar Wilde are next, in which Wilde explains why homosexual love is called, "the love that dare not speak its name"—namely, because it is so misunderstood. Being falsely accused of homosexuality and suffering ostracism in a boys' school is the content of scenes from *Tea and Sympathy*.

Tennessee Williams is represented by a poem about how two people late at night in a hotel room ask to hear each other's life stories. They then go to sleep listening to them, forgetting to extinguish a cigarette—"and that's how people burn to death in hotel rooms." Also by Tennessee are a couple of bar scenes from *Dragon Country*, one involving the efforts of a self-styled "faggot's ma" who tries to understand the problems of two boys, and the other a sketch of a bartender, who doesn't like to operate a gay bar because it requires associating with gangsters and police.

A monologue from *Boys in the Band* presents an account by the "married" man of his first pick-up in a train station rest room. *Midwestern Maniac* by William Inge shows a hustler who is a queer-beater outlining his technique for robbing gays.

The ugly scene in *Sister George* where George makes Childie apologize by eating her cigar butt is also included. In *Madness of Lady Bright*, the drag queen tries to call people on the phone and, finding no one home, inspects herself in front of a mirror. "You're definitely a faggot," she says. "There's no doubt about it. You're not built like a faggot, though — you're

built like a disaster."

At one point, a couple in the audience noisily objected to the subject of the play and started making a fuss. One of the actors explained to the incredulous man that homosexuals can be counted among those who have made some of the greatest contributions to mankind, that they deserve equality, and that persecution should stop. This skit was so well executed that the incident seemed real. Only after seeing the couple disappear backstage were my suspicions confirmed.

I went to a *Marvelous Party* by Noel Coward was staged like a Laugh-In sequence, with everyone dancing and exchanging one-liners from *Boys in the Band* and then stopping dead with the music, to hear someone declaim a witty stanza about what happened at the party. "Although the Riviera seems really much queerer, than Rome at its height late yesterday night..."

The finale was a three-part skit from *Spriting Image* by Colin Spencer concerning a pair of lovers, Gary and Tom. Tom refuses to believe that Gary is pregnant and tells him to do his exercises, so he wouldn't have a "pot belly at twenty-five." After the delivery of a "bouncing boy" ("It really couldn't have been anything else," says Tom), the new father is visited by flower-bearing Tom, who tells him about the baby: "He's got your nose." Third scene: a lady reporter "from the Washington Post" sweeps into their apartment and wants to know where they "found" the baby. The newspaper will offer "thirty thou" for the story. Gary tells her he's just founded the Homosexual Mothers of America Organization and wants the *Post* to give him publicity. Shocked, the reporter retreats in a huff, calling them "really perverted."

The audience was so enthusiastic that it gave the cast two curtain calls. After a short coffee break, the panel discussion commenced, with Frank Kameny joined by Maxine from the Black Panthers.

After outlining the purpose of MSW, Frank expressed his view that almost all the excerpts shown depicted homosexuals and homosexuality in a negative light. But, he conceded that currently there isn't much literature available presenting

the homosexual as he really is and not as a caricature or stereotype. Yet to appear on the drama scene is the "gay musical comedy."

Maxine described the Black Panther Party in Washington as having mainly an educational function, as being a community service organization to help people. She said that it didn't have any "hang-ups" regarding the revolution and regarding people's feelings. Referring to the characters in the play, she said, "These are people!"

A member of the audience complained that an ad in the *Washington Post* advertising the production had read "Focus on Male and Female Sexual Behavior." The woman placing the ad was happy to tell about her confrontation with the *Post's* advertising policies, which prohibit use of the word "homosexual" (and, as Frank pointed out, also "homophile" and "Mattachine"). The advertising department suggested that the ad simply read "Focus," but since that was out of the question, the above wording was agreed upon. When the cast heard about it, it almost mutinied. Consequently the ad was changed to read "Focus on the Love That Dare Not Speak Its Name."

Frank Kameny described Mattachine's past efforts to advertise in the *Post* and its early acquaintance with these restrictive regulations about eight years ago. The *Post* justifies its discriminatory policies (which don't govern the news department however) on the basis of its being a "family newspaper." The audience was shocked to hear about such illiberality on the part of the "liberal" *Post*.

Maxine made a liberation issue out of this example of prejudice. "Homosexuality is here — it's real. It's no big thing, you dig?" Newspapers that discriminate against homosexuals by prohibiting the word in effect deny us our right to existence and say to us, "You ain't even existing!" This is indeed "oppression!" Maxine went on to describe how the System oppresses all of us, and drew political conclusions therefrom.

The audience kept asking questions, and everyone stayed until the panel discussion was called to an end at 11 o'clock. We left the theatre with a sense of exhilaration and gratitude.

The next evening I was back, together with Marcelle and Tony. This time I gathered information about the theatre and found out that it was started in 1967 by a woman in her garage driveway as a free children's theatre for inner city youngsters. Since then it has grown into a community theatre, at first having only temporary quarters in churches. Since fall 1969, however, its permanent home has been the present location at 14th and Kennedy Streets, N.W. Participation is open to all, and in addition to producing plays (*View from the Bridge*, *Slow Dance on the Killing Ground*, *Dutchman*, *Rose Tattoo*), the theatre offers a workshop program in playwrighting, acting, etc. The current show is part of its "Focus" series — the first one having concentrated on "Blacks in Theatre" and the next one to feature "Drugs in Theatre."

The *Washington Post* partially redeemed itself by printing a favorable review of Back Alley's production, entitled "Gay Drama." Lauding it for meeting a "gut issue head on," the *Post* commended the cast for entertaining and provoking the audience "on a level of sophistication too seldom encountered elsewhere."

Next on Back Alley's production schedule? A look at the prison system via *Fortune and Men's Eyes*.

# THE LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

I want to be as free as I know how to be. My dismal educational background, squalid family environment, lackluster circle of friends, questionable taste (which, I have been told, is all in my mouth) and my peculiar behavioral patterns have all reduced my potential for freedom. The same is true (more or less) for almost everybody. The society, its hypocritical social pressures and economic functions militate against the individual and prevent him from achieving real freedom. Capitalistic society cannot tolerate authentic freedom.

I've asked for a \$10,000 loan to renovate a loft on Mott Street. But what that really means is the next time I have a scene at work, I will be reluctant to announce that, if I can't have things my way, I'll quit, which is something I do almost daily. So the next time I will start thinking about the loan and the enormous monthly payments and how much I need the job, etc., and just shut up and do as I'm told and that's what's worrying me. And that's how you lose freedom. The police haven't taken away my freedom. Indeed I don't think they could—unless, of course, they arrest me. In this way, once again, I have squandered what little freedom I have. Am I foolish to think I can beat them to their own game? Probably, but this isn't the sort of question that is likely to satisfy the reader, sitting on the edge of

his front stoop impatiently reading on in anticipation of a spine-tingling climax.

There is more to my story about the crossing on the *Michelangelo*—the one that occupied the last two columns.

Disembarkation from our good ship was uneventful, except that I lied to the customs officials about the peaches in my pocket; nor would a taxi take me to the West Side (they wanted to go to Kennedy) until I called a rude cop who insulted me and commandeered a cab. Lorenzo, my congenial cabin steward came with me and we had lunch at the Bethesda Fountain, picked up my car at the MGB garage, and had dinner at Max's. We went to see the Guggenheim Museum because Mrs. Frank Lloyd Wright had been a passenger on our crossing and we saw the Italian paintings at the Metropolitan Museum where they have hung all their "old master" pictures in temporary galleries, all on top of one another. The effect is tremendous, very casual and indifferent yet compact, reminding one of the Louvre. I wish they would leave them like that. It really looks impressive when you've got to tote a foreigner around.

Since then I've been to New Hampshire where a tart of a headwaitress employed by the tacky Hanover Inn decided we weren't dressed properly. "This is *the* restaurant in Hanover," she announced, doing her best to humiliate us. "Yes, and I'm Gregory Battcock and you're going to give us a table or aren't you? Finally she said she had a table and by then we decided we didn't want one until we realized there wasn't anyplace

else to eat anyway. With all their appalling pretension and insulting snobbery they didn't know the difference between "extra dry" and "brut" champagne and served lamb chops with flavored jelly. The waitress also informed me that I was the first patron to know that the quail eggs were indeed quail eggs.

I should have known better than to have tried to travel any place in this country. For the six hours it took to get to Hanover, I will get to Portugal tomorrow and at least, when I'm insulted, it won't be in English. Air France doesn't have 747's to Lisbon yet. They're waiting for supersonics and so am I. Why take five hours when you can get there in two? Of course, there's no time for a sip of wine or a stupid movie, and absolutely no sensation of going anywhere. Jill Johnston has a good idea. She wanders around in a Volkswagon camper bus which she brought to my house. "Come in for a drink," I said. "No, you come out. Everytime I visit you, somebody breaks into my car."

"Well, you're lucky. Everybody else gets mugged in the lobby."

I went out and Jill emerged from the bus, tin pan in hand, and proceeded to dump the contents onto the middle of 99th Street. "Watch out," she said. "I had to take a piss." Jesus. The women libbers should see this. I'd better call the *Times*. Should I tell everybody, which would just show how untogether I am, or what? (Later on, Jill solved the problem by telling the story to Perreault at Max's.) He can write about it in his column. Besides Jill Johnston pissing in the

middle of 99th St., the only other fascinating thing that happened to me in August was my visit to the birthplace of Calvin Coolidge in Vermont. The guide book, the wall plaque and the picture post card all inform us that the quilt on the bed is one that Cal pieced when he was ten years old and that "it was common custom in those days for a boy to piece a quilt." All this lest we get the impression that there wasn't something quite normal about Calvin. The place is stuck out in the middle of no place and you wonder how they managed, all cooped together in that tiny house, in the winter, I went over to the "Hospitality Center" which, according to the guide, "Historic Sites in Vermont," is actually the Wilder House where visitors may "stop to rest, relax and enjoy homecooked Vermont food—regular meals or snacks." Except that, being a busy Sunday in August, they "aren't serving lunch today." One dramatic tale about Calvin Coolidge goes something like this:

"History singled out this white house in Plymouth Notch for a dramatic event unparalleled in American annals. Here at 2:47 on the hot, muggy morning of August 3, 1923, by the light of an old-fashioned kerosene lamp, Vice-President Calvin Coolidge stood at a table in the front room and was sworn in by his father (a Vermont notary public) as President of the United States. Never before or since has a president taken the oath of office from his own father..."

The guide book didn't mention that the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court wasn't at all taken by the charm of this unparalleled event and made Calvin go through it all over again, under proper circumstances, in Washington. Nor does the guide point out that it is Old Cal himself who is generally credited with having brought on the Great Depression in 1929.

# IS NUDENESS LEWDNESS?



BY JOHN P. LeROY

Personally, I would prefer it if everyone went nude. People would take better care of their bodies and develop saner attitudes toward sex once the initial shock wore off. But, more important than that, I am beginning to believe more and more that one major way to save the human race from self-destruction lies in the creation of a nudist culture.

A few weeks ago (GAY No. 31), John Francis Hunter exposed himself on page 7 as a gesture to end hypocrisy, and invited all other writers for this publication to do likewise. I am full of sympathy for John's predicament, admire his courage, and applaud his triumph over the Puritan/Victorian shame over the body, but I cannot accept his invitation at this time because I fear that the Age of Aquarius has not progressed far enough as yet, and a lot more sunshine still needs to be let in.

Of course, you may think that I am only being coy, cowardly, and hypocritical. To some extent, you are right. Frightened timid soul that I am, I admit my own foibles, yet my pronudity convictions remain as strong as they would have been if I were indeed to follow Hunter's example and display my average-size genitals, slender build, and slightly protruding potbelly. I might succeed in sexually arousing some of you (I still like to think I'm attractive), I might receive a few blind proposals, and I

might be applauded by my fellow writers and GAY staff members. However, I shall have to forego these pleasantries for the present and wait for a time, I hope soon, when people stop hating their bodies so much, stop using various states of dress and undress as a weapon, and stop worrying about how they look and place more emphasis and what they are and what they strive to be.

In his famous book, *Understanding Media*, Marshall McLuhan defines clothing "as an extension of the skin" and as a "means of defining the self socially." At this stage in history, the birthday suit is neither an expression of our true selves nor a very good way of communicating very much about ourselves. What it does express and communicate is worse than what it covers up.

In the theater, nudity is used as a means to shock people. It is a weapon against groups of people we may despise. The trouble is that it often works too well, shocks people so much, either positively or negatively, that whatever artistic merit or message the nudity might have been intended to convey gets lost. Shortly after *Hair* opened on Broadway, all my gay friends went to see it for a second time, taking care to sit near the front of the theater or use high-powered binoculars. During intermission, they discussed not how beautifully the magnificence of man contrasted with the senseless destruction of war, but which one of the handsome men had the best

body or the biggest cock. To them, sexual desire mixed with the novelty of seeing naked men on the stage of a legitimate theater completely obliterated a far deeper and more significant artistic message. My straight friends, at least my sophisticated ones, got the message, but the unsophisticated ones were so stunned, they could not stay for the remainder of the show.

If we were all to take off our clothes now, too many of us would look down to see who had the biggest cock. Only a small minority of us can have more than seven, eight or nine inches, for the Creator has not seen fit to create all penises equally. Because we have been forced to deny our sexuality for so long by covering our genitals, we've become so anxious about our sexual potency that the human race may very well destroy itself. If my cock is bigger than yours, am I not more sexual than you, more alive than you, more powerful than you? If my cock is smaller than yours, can I find a substitute means for making you think it is bigger? Not only can I put a bigger bulge in the crotch of my trousers, I can develop weapons that can shoot longer, penetrate farther, kill more efficiently. In Western culture, where we must cover up our cocks—the greater your power to destroy others, the more masculine you are thought to be.

In nearly all competitive endeavors, the object is always to defeat and humiliate the opponent, to gain power over him, be it two salesman trying to outsell each other, two football teams

playing off for the championship, or two superpowerful nations stupidly racing each other toward the moon. Americans have more nuclear weapons than the Russians. Are we trying to say that our dicks are larger than theirs? And when the size of one's genitals becomes a source of "racial pride" or racial envy, as the case may be, needless, brutal hatred reigns supreme.

No! Now is not the time for me to take off my clothes on the pages of GAY or any other publication. Nudity has not yet become a glorification of ourselves through the glorification of our bodies. Beautiful people who take off their clothes in public tend to do it because there is no other means for them to find self-expression except to say by their nakedness "Look at me! Am I not more beautiful than you?"

We still need our clothes, not only to keep warm, but to keep up appearances in a culture where appearances are everything. Nudity is considered acceptable only where it makes one look good, and it is never wise to show off unless one has something to show off. Doing exercises to shape up our bodies is another means of starching our shirts, creasing our trousers and shining our shoes. But one can do nothing to make one's cock exceed its natural size, for the penis is a gland, not a muscle.

When we are no more concerned with the size of a man's cock than we are with the size of his left ear lobe, then I, too, will take off my clothes.

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**RECTUMS FOR RENT**

*Continued from page 5*

ervice appealing not only to very busy men, but also to ground hogs. The ones who are afraid of their own gay shadows."

Saturday, according to Sonny, is the slowest night in the week from the service standpoint because the Johns are out trying to pick up "freebies" and/or the boys are out having fun, meaning getting laid.

In the long run the biggest problems revolve around the boys themselves:

The more desirable boys, specifically those who are moonlighting, will not plan their lives around their work for the service. The professionals, who do no other work, suffer over-exposure rather quickly. When everybody has had them

and the demand diminishes they are dead inventory.

**BOYS BYPASS SERVICE**

Moreover, since it is not uncommon for the boys to be asked out to dinner or the theatre where they can be shown off by the more exhibitionistic Johns, they don't insist on payment, or, if they do, they will bypass the service and take the entire commission for themselves.

As for apprehension by John Law, Sonny minimizes it as a risk. "They have their hands full elsewhere, so to speak, entrapping the nickel buyers in subway tearooms and infiltrating after-hours bars."

**OLDEST PROFESSION GETS OLDER**

Sonny maintains the services in New

York, Hillywood and San Francisco, in particular, have been in existence as long as men with loot have been getting a hard-on and will probably persist through and beyond the Sexual Revolution with its hoped-for free society that would enjoy modification of mores that oblige people to pay. Though there would be less need for paying with everyone giving it away, there are those who wish to pay and those who wish to be paid.

"It is in the nature of some men to want to be disappointed," he believes. "And sex you have to pay for is bound to be a disappointment. The anticipation is always greater than the realization. Where the aftermath is not holding each other by money passed in exchange for what's gone before, there is let-down. We have a world full of people dying for a let-down—and always will."

**A GAY MECCA?**

*Continued from page 8*

some spot on earth where, for a couple of weeks, you could take off the gray flannel and blaze. More decent people were saved from mental collapse by these summer bacchanals than anything else. It meant something to be able to parade about on one's own turf in some outlandish costume, half crooked, regarding tourists from the other world as a subspecies to be jeered and mocked. Well, despite the cocktail-table banter in the Pines and the dyed-in-the-hair trade bitchitis of the Grove old guard, the sexual revolution that's got everybody cornered is working, and those extremes of behavior aren't either as attractive or as effective as they once were. As greater numbers of people recognize the homosexual alternative for what it is, greater opportunities are created for personally uncompromising business within that state of mind. Therefore, it is timely indeed that all of the businesses in the Grove, most of the homeowners and the CGAP organization, and the Suffolk County businessmen and police, recognize the legitimacy and the desirability of a financially healthy homosexual resort community, as they would recognize the desirability of any other financially stable minority community.

The powers are working toward that end. Plans are being made to improve and to expand the Grove's facilities. Although there are now seven or eight shows per season there, next year there will be more. The season is being extended, and the Beach hotel will remain open till the 30th of September for those of us who enjoy the island while the beaches are still hot and sunny, the water warm, and the population much smaller. The Shack will remain open through October: good news for boaters and for beach lovers who just want a day in the air before returning to the city. The Ice Palace will remain \$3.00 for two drinks. Hotel rates will continue to be low, and the season rates are only \$750.00, May through September. A remarkable bargain.

In addition to a resident doctor, there is helicopter service from the mainland in case of accidents. The seaplane service will continue too, so long as the weather is warm. Groups of various kinds are using the facilities of the Grove. Cycles met recently. It is worth noting here that, for various reasons, that short unfortunate spate of police harassment in the Grove is over for good. Relations with the gendarmarie are cordial and protective. Part of this is due to the sensibility of the Grovers about drugs, a big haggaboo last year.

The two biggest planned physical changes for the Grove are a larger Marina and pier, with low docking charges, and a return to the old tradition of the Cherry Grove Art Colony. There will be an art gallery and the CGAP is planning to actually use the Fire House Theatre, perhaps on a rep basis. Also, I'm told, there's a possibility of seasonal rates and arrangements for painters, writers, dancers, and so on. A kind of McDowell colony with the fun left in.

Fantastic. But reasonable. The mystery of Pisco and company stands revealed as nothing more nor less than that old business "uplift," or civic improvement. Personally, I can't think of a better group to engineer it. In these times of "the new homosexual," it's reassuring to see that he reacts wonderfully well to the old capitalism. ■

**POLICE DAMAGE TOTALS \$1,000 IN BAR RAID**

*Continued from page 1*

employee. "Why aren't other after hours places being touched? Why don't they look into the charitable organization clubs like the American Legion and the Knights of Columbus? Why don't other private clubs that sell liquor get harassed?"

Court dates for the charges of selling liquor without a license and violation of liquor storage laws are set for September 15, October 21, and October 22. ■

**Stonewall Inn To Reopen**

New York, N.Y.—The Stonewall Inn, scene of the first gay riot in June, 1969, will reopen November 1, after having been closed for over a year. The new Stonewall will include a swimming pool and will not serve liquor.

"Homosexuals won't be hassled," said an employee of the new Stonewall. "The police can't stop us. Gay people will have more places, not fewer to which to go." ■

**Police Confer With Mattachine On Harassment**

New York, N.Y.—In response to a complain registered with Police Commissioner Howard Leary about the harassment of homosexuals in New York City, a police representative visited Mattachine headquarters on September 1 to discuss charges made against the department.

Mattachine president Michael Kotis, gave details on several problem areas to the police representative: the increased number of arrests on 42nd Street and on Third Avenue; the campaign against after-hours bars; the harassment of DOB members at their regular weekly meeting; the intimidation of the radical elements of the gay community; the violation of an individual's right to have a telephone call made for him when arrested.

Although the department's representative said he would have to investigate the harassment of DOB members, the intimidation of the Radical

Lesbians arising from the murder of one of their members recently, and the denial of rights in the case of arrest, he stated that the police are not engaged in a campaign against the homosexual community and, in fact, seek to establish definite lines of communication between the various gay groups and authorities within the department. In regard to the bar raids and the arrests on 42nd Street, the representative stated that there has been no special increase of police activity in this area—a point which Mr. Kotis seriously questioned—and that the police were pursuing this action to rectify violations of the laws on serving liquor without a license or under unsanitary conditions and the laws concerning loitering.

Mattachine challenged the police explanation of raids on gay bars. Noting the sharp increase of such raids as well as the time and manner in which they take place, Michael Kotis discounted the

department's view that their raids were merely in the line of law enforcement duty. No adequate explanation was given as to the timing and frequency of the raids beyond the availability of manpower. The representative conceded the point that the department is under special pressure from time to time to take action in certain areas and that the police were experiencing such pressure at present. Mattachine's president warned the representative that the gay community was becoming increasingly annoyed with the manner and timing of the police activities against homosexuals and that the situation could become increasingly difficult.

The meeting concluded with renewed proposals by the police representative for increased communication between the department and the various gay groups, and he promised to investigate charges made against the police by Mattachine and other organizations. ■

**NEW GAY RIOTS ERUPT IN GREENWICH VILLAGE DEMONSTRATION ENDS IN VIOLENT MELEE**

*Continued from page 1*

The gay crowd then chose 7th Avenue as its route to Greenwich Village. One demonstrator was hit in the head and seriously injured when a bottle was thrown from a window near 29th Street. Another was hit by a rock at the same corner. Carloads of Tactical Patrol Force men followed the demonstrators as they moved.

As the marchers came to the Village proper, GLF passed the word that it would march around the Women's House of Detention to protest that controversial institution's very existence. Because GAA is a nonviolent organization working exclusively for the gay cause, GAA folded its banner and officially ended its participation in the march at Greenwich and Christopher Streets. GLF moved on to the House of Detention shouting "Hey, Ho, Ho, House of D has got to Go!" GAA members began to disperse, but streets became clogged as more and more Village residents, gay and straight, gathered in the streets to lend support or watch the happenings. Streets were soon filled with over 1000 people shouting "Gay Power" and "End Police Harassment!" The crowd moved toward Sheridan Square.

At that moment, police were discovered to be harassing The Haven, a partly straight and partly gay night club in the Square. The crowd surged forward, with scores of men and women shouting and yelling at the doorway of the establishment. Police reacted, emerging in a flying wedge from the night club, their night sticks raised. The crowd scrambled back, dispersing in every possible direction. A few were actually struck by police. Everyone scrambled for safety. It seemed as though the action for the evening was over. Actually, it had barely begun.

GLF members regrouped and led another march on the Women's House of Detention. As they demonstrated in the street and urged the abolishment of that institution, the women in the House of Detention began to riot. They yelled down to the crowd, they threw burning rags and papers from the windows. Demonstrators urged them on, as sirens wailed.

Police swarmed into the area to quell the riot inside the House of Detention and to break up the massive crowd. Gay extremists began hurling bottles at police. One source said bottles were also hurled from a roof-top in the area. Police reacted and attacked the demonstrators. A group

of police brutally beat one demonstrator and dragged him away face down. Many demonstrators began yelling, "Off the Pig, Kill the Pigs!" Fires were started in litter baskets, store windows were smashed, two GLF lesbians kissed each other in front of a bank window that was smashed. A record shop was looted, and two cars were reportedly overturned.

In all, eighteen arrests were made and several gay people and several police were injured. Commander Michael Lonergan, of the third division, was struck in the groin, according to the Daily News. Police could be heard in the early hours of the morning moving through the Village streets breaking bottles so they couldn't be thrown at them. Small groups of people milled about the streets until dawn.

Sunday night, many homosexuals were on the same streets again. Hundreds of gays marched in a spontaneous parade through the Village that began about 10:30 p.m. By 1:00 a.m., six gays had been taken into custody by police, but no charges were pressed and they were later released.

The righteous rage of the homosexual community has surfaced once again. However, this time extremists stood ready to escalate the situation and turn it to sure violence. They came ready with bottles, which they called ammunition.

Conditions which prompted the spontaneous Stonewall riot last summer, police harassment and bar raids, have not been corrected. Leaders of Gay Activists Alliance said that city officials had been told of the growing indignation in the community over police harassment, but had done nothing. GAA is seeking another meeting with Police Commissioner Howard Leary to repeat its demand for a cessation of harassment. Until police harassment of the gay community is ended, a highly explosive situation will continue.

Speaking from the non-violent perspective of GAA, president Jim Owles commented, "The anger and frustration of the gay community is more understandable when you take into account that despite promises of coordination and support, solutions were not forthcoming from the establishment. The police again picked prime hours on a weekend night, the very night of our protest demonstration, to raid The Haven. There should be some sort of cease fire, with both sides realizing the things we want cannot be attained by matching violence with violence." ■

**NYU BREAKS GAY DANCE CONTRACT**

*Continued from page 1*

between the Christopher Street Liberation Day Committee and the NYU administration saved dancing space for August 21st and negotiations were to be held regarding any further dances at the Weinstein facility.

Because of the many legal technicalities and restrictions imposed by the NYU administration with regard to these negotiations, Gay Student Liberation-NYU, the on-campus gay group, decided to hold the dance scheduled for August 28th. When GSL approached the NYU administration, they were informed that now it had been decided to close all NYU facilities to all gay social functions until it (the administration) had decided whether or not homosexuality is morally acceptable! The basis given for this decision was said to be NYU's responsibility to impressionable freshmen who, the Vice-Chancellor in charge of student affairs was willing to acknowledge, could swing both ways!

Following this, a demonstration was organized for Friday night, August 28th, outside of Weinstein Hall by the N.Y. Christopher Street Liberation Day Committee with help and support from members of other gay organizations. A picket line marched which included not only the parties directly involved, but also many who had arrived merely expecting to dance. At the height of the demonstration, there were approximately 300 people on the line. The mood was one of frustration and anger.

At about 11:30 p.m. an official from the NYU Department of Student Affairs met with members of the committee and other representatives of the gay community to discuss the situation. The Subcellar of Weinstein was opened. But the question of NYU's attitudes remain unsettled. ■



"A DELICIOUS ORGY FOR 120,000" was the experience of those who attended the Strawberry Fields Pop Festival at Mosport Park, Ontario last month. "We've had three whopping days of music, love and weed," said these four happy youths as they posed for Dustin Pitman, GAY's roving photographer. ■

**Village Unisex Club Suffers Harassment**

New York, N.Y.—The Haven, the private unisex, membership nonalcoholic club at 1 Sheridan Square, has been harassed by the police and fire departments four times in a two-week period.

On August 15, ten police forced their way into the club charging that liquor was being sold. They left after finding no liquor on the premises. At 3:30 a.m. on August 26, fire inspectors and five police entered the Haven to search for fire violations. One hundred people were ordered from the club and five summonses were given for minor fire regulation violations.

On August 28, police again forced their way into the private club without a search warrant. Over two hundred people were ejected from the club as police searched for drugs. Police arrested managers and employees of the club when some pills and marijuana were

found on the floor. The six persons arrested were taken to the precinct station, held overnight, and released in the morning when charges against them were dismissed.

On August 29, the TPF were lining up waiting customers outside of the club and fire inspectors came again to check fire regulations. All fire regulation infractions had been corrected and the fire inspectors left without issuing further summonses. It was harassment of the Haven on that particular Saturday night which sparked a riot in Greenwich Village.

Three hundred Sheridan Square residents calling themselves the Sheridan Square Area Residents League have

circulated a petition calling for "immediate and effective official action regarding an all-night 'club,' the Haven, which has turned these quiet streets into scenes of nightmarish disorder, lawlessness, filth and general chaos." The petition further urges "a drive against all illegal after-hours clubs... which are a threat to our entire community."

When questioned about residents' grievances, an employee of the Haven said that they have been trying to cooperate with the community group. "We have made efforts to speak to them, but they will not talk to us." He said security guards are being hired to help patrol the streets. "But this is a business district, not a residential area. It is the job of the police to supervise the patrolling of the streets, not to close down legitimate businesses in the area."

"This is a nonalcoholic club. Kids come here, dance, and get home safe. They don't drive home drunk. No booze, no narcotics, no illegal activity goes on in this place. We do everything we can to discourage it. If we catch anyone doing anything in here, they are thrown out. Members are kicked out permanently."

An employee of the club said the harassment was due in part because gay kids come to the club. "They close down gay bars, so now there are legal places and they still hassle us. The police and fire department incite riots by driving up in squad cars and fire trucks and forcing inspections that should be made during the day when the club is closed," said the employee.

"Precinct police are hostile for some reason to the gay crowd in Greenwich Village," he continued. "Every year the gay crowd gets bigger, and they don't know how to deal with homosexuals. In most cases the TPF has more understanding of gay people in Greenwich Village than precinct cops who are here all the time."

"Why don't the city authorities let both gay and straight people have their own places without hassles?" he asked. "Or does Mayor Lindsay want 40,000 people on the streets?" ■

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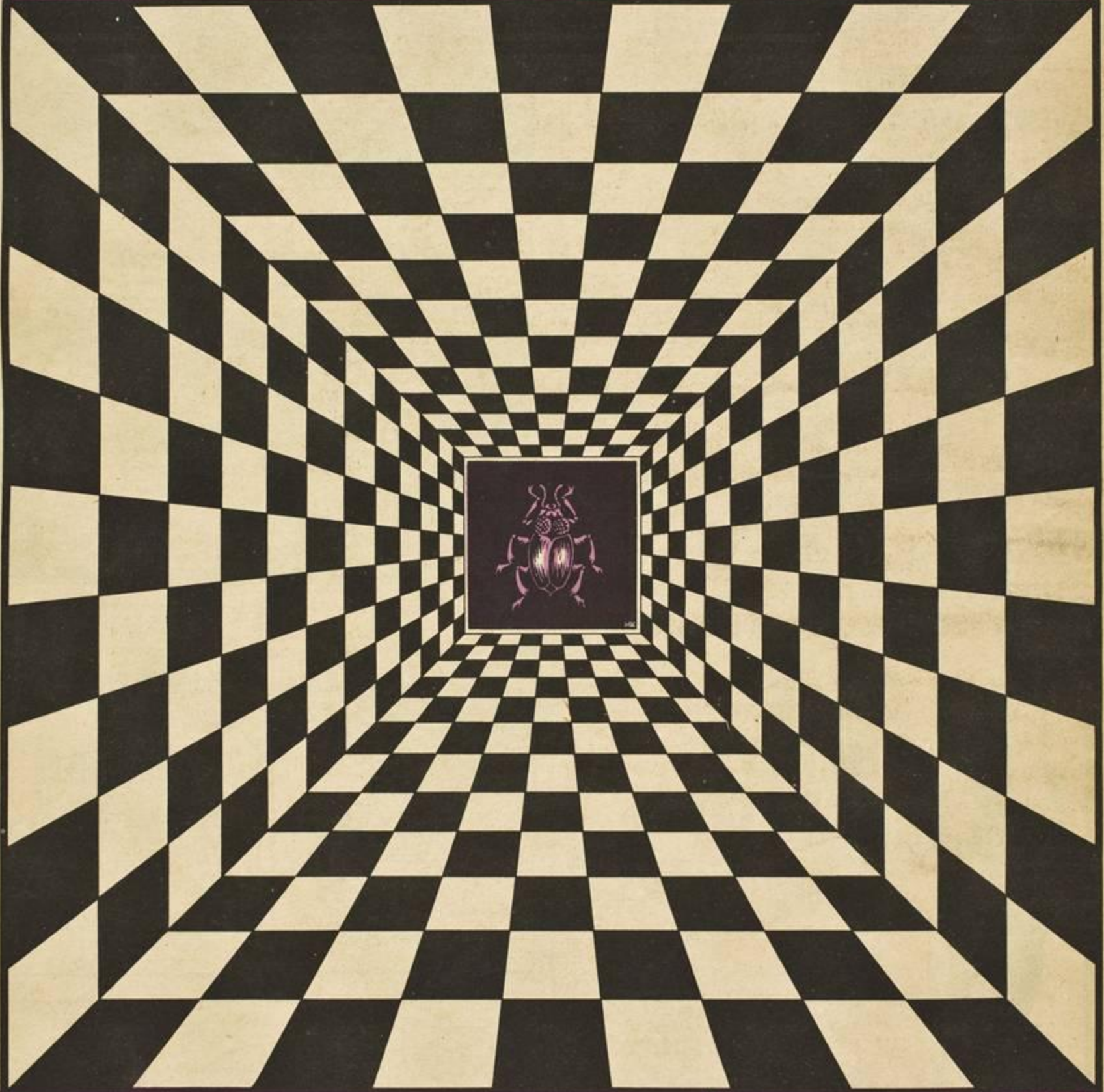
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