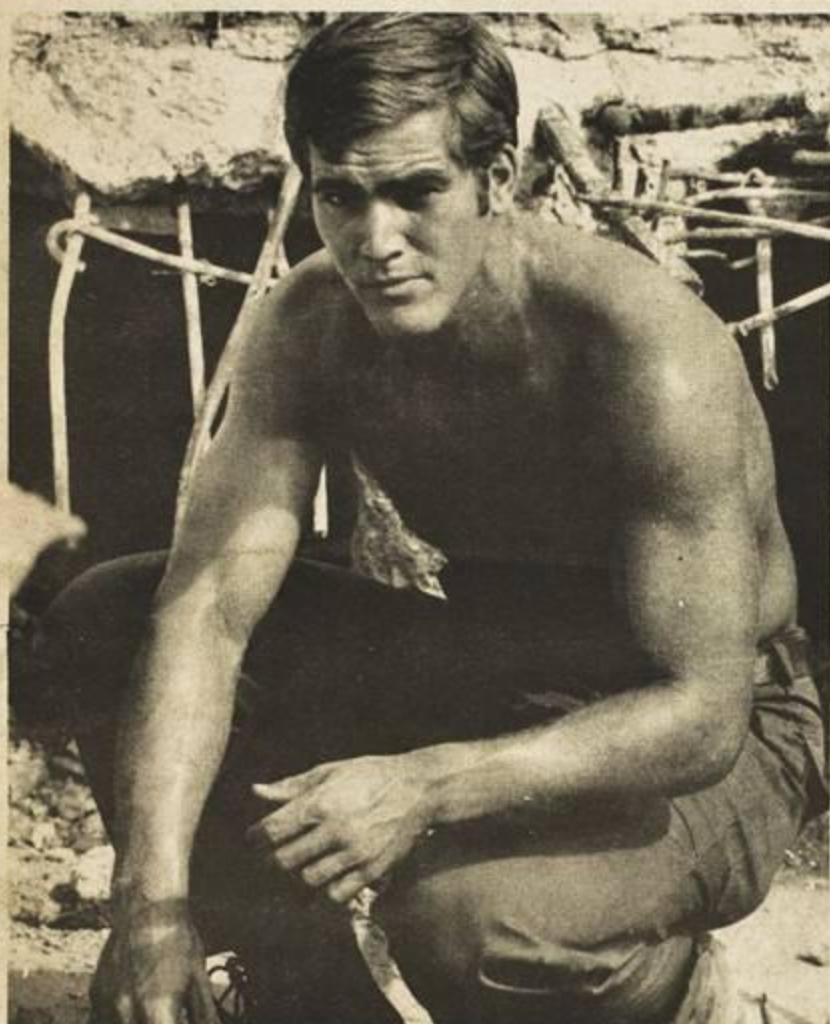


GAY

40¢
OUT OF
NYC 75¢

NO. 34



James Rand Agnew "He's really very goodie goodie"

Hairdresser Shelters Agnew's Son

Young Agnew Says "He's A Friend Of A Friend."

Towson, Md.—Syndicated columnist, Jack Anderson, has revealed that Vice-President Spiro Agnew is "deeply troubled" about his son, Randy, who has broken up with his wife and has been living for the past month with a male hairdresser in Baltimore.

Randy, whose full name is James Rand Agnew, is said to be a handsome clean-cut 24-year old Vietnam war veteran who works as a weight-lifting instructor in a Baltimore health salon.

Buddy Hash, the 27-year old hairdresser, is said to be a "pleasant, dark-haired man" with a moustache and goatee. He and his mother operate La Triolet, a chic East Baltimore beauty salon.

Anderson found Agnew's son living in Buddy Hash's posh two-story town house in the fashionable Bolton Hill section of Baltimore. "The decor was elegant," said Anderson, "with wall-to-wall carpeting, arty paintings on the walls, and an ornate table dominating the front room." Young

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Police Destroy \$20,000 In Private Property



The Haven: After police had completed their first "crowbar" raid.

Wield Crow- bars In Raid On The Haven

New York, N.Y.—Police raided the Haven, again, Friday morning, September 4, and destroyed an estimated \$20,000 worth of property. In an apparent attempt to put the unisex, private membership club out of business, police smashed bars, railings, speakers, discotheque machines, refrigerators, and toilets. The management of the club is suing the city for damages.

Eighty people were searched and ten arrests were made by police of the First Division on Thursday night. The charges of loitering to obtain narcotics were all dismissed in court.

"The amount of damage that they did here should have closed us up," said an employee of the club. But word got out to members of the club. Volunteers came to the club Friday and got the place together so that it was able to open Friday night. "Thank God for the members," the employee said. "If a group of members didn't come, we'd have had to close up."

The four-hour raid by police follows a continued effort to close the Haven. The Haven has been harassed throughout the last six weeks by the police and fire departments. There were five raids in August alone of the legally chartered club. The rampage by police September 4 seems to reflect the backing they have of residents on Sheridan Square who have complained about noise on the street from members of the club and also seems to reflect the support of the harassment by City Councilwoman Carol Greitzer who has known about the raids on the

club. When she met with homosexuals recently to discuss her support for an end to police harassment of homosexuals, it seemed that she was more interested in closing the Haven than in working to end police harassment of homosexuals.

Police harass members who are entering and leaving the club. On the night of the latest raid, customers were told by police, "You'd better not go in there, or before the night's out, your head'll be busted." On Friday night, police arrested a doorman of the club who didn't close the door fast enough. As

continued on page 3

U.S. Senate Candidates To Address Gays

New York, N.Y.—Democratic Senatorial Candidate Richard Ottinger will address the Gay Activists Alliance on September 24 at 8:00 p.m. at the Church of the Holy Apostles, 300 Ninth Ave., New York City. Mr. Ottinger has voiced his support of civil rights for homosexuals.

Republican Senator Charles Goodell and Conservative Party Candidate James Buckley have received similar invitations. Neither have officially accepted, but both have the matter under consideration. ■

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WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT?

A Directory for Discriminating Dispositions

GAY CALENDAR

Monday, September 21: Mattachine Society, Inc. of New York Legal Aid Clinic at Society offices (243 West End Avenue) 6 p.m. Free advice and information on legal matters. Men and women welcome.

Tuesday, September 22: "Homosexual News and Comment" WBAI-FM (99.5) 11:30 p.m.

Wednesday, September 23: Autumn Fashion Show at The Roundtable 11:00 p.m. Sponsored by GAY, 151 East 50th Street. An extravaganza featuring styles by Melh Boutique, the Upright Boutique and Liberation One (opening Oct. 3rd)

West Side Discussion Group regular meeting at the Church of the Holy Apostles (9th Ave. & 28th St.) Call 989-7572 for information. Subject: "Hangups," donation: \$1.50. Men and women welcome. Social hour follows. "Homosexual News" rebroadcast of 9/22, WBAI-FM (99.5) 1:30 p.m.

Thursday, September 24: 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 St. Women only.

Saturday, September 26: Dance. Sponsored by Gay Activists Alliance at 9 p.m. St. Peter's Church, 346 West 20th Street.

Sunday, September 27: 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

SEPTEMBER 28, 1970

(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.)

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 Unk 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 maybe 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

Blow-Up, 1544 2nd Ave.; dancing and a big draw on the Upper East Side; GM
Candy Store, 44 W. 56th; jackets and tie exc. Sun.; GM

*Carnival, 507 West St. at Jane, above Toots floor; back room; GM
Car's, 204 W. 10th; GM
Christopher's End, 180 Christopher; you never know what to expect at the door these days--or in the back room; GM
Cinderella, 82 W. 3rd; dancing; GF, GM
Country Cousins, 1313 3rd Ave.; restaurant where Sunday afternoon Bloody Mary brunch for \$1.50 now begins its busy season; GM

Danny's, 139 Christopher; a little leathery; GM
Den, Little W. 12th & Washington; a lot leathery; GM

Fedora, 239 W. 4th; restaurant; Int.
Finale, 48 Barrow; restaurant; upright 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 crisy at cocktail hr. especially now that the season begins; Int.

GLF Coffee House, 210 W. 82nd; rapping from 4:00 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 stable bar in terms of quantity and quality of its clientele; GM

*Hades, Jane St. at West, downstairs; private after hours with back room; GM

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

Hippodrome, Ave. A bet. 10th & 11th St.; GM
Keller's, 384 West St. near Barrow; rather leathery; GM

Kookie's, 149 W. 14th; GF
Milano, 267 Amsterdam; restaurant; Int.

Oak Room, bar in Plaza Hotel, 5th Ave. at 59th; venerable, just 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; 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; ; GF, GM

Royal Roost, Cornelia at Bleecker; restaurant; GM

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

Stud, Greenwich St. at Perry; biggest bore in town, but fun if you like to watch posing and beer's only fifty cents; 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 goodnight before the customers who are known to most of us to be gay, too, so if you are nervous about being picked, don't go in; Int. (?)

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 Dea; 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 cause 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

Bacon 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 "louange 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

NATIONAL DIRECTORY

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

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

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

Daughters of Bilitis, Inc. For information write DOB, 1005 Market St., San Francisco, Calif. 94103. Telephone (415) 861-8689. In Los Angeles, DOB meets the last Tuesday of every month at 7:30 p.m.; write P.O. Box 3237, Hollywood, Calif. 90028. In New York, phone (212) 565-8865. Women only.

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

FREE: Gay Liberation of Minnesota, B-67 Coffman Memorial Union, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn. 55455. Telephone (612) 338-1805.

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

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

Gay Liberation of Washington, D.C. Meetings Tuesdays 8 p.m. Grace Episcopal Church, 1041 Wisconsin Ave., N.W. 224-2000 (days) or 234-4287 (evenings).

GLF of Philadelphia, 611 S. 2nd St., Phila., Penna. Telephone (215) 896-6926 or 732-8384. Meetings Tues. 8 p.m.

Homophile Action League, 928 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19107. Tel. (215) LO 7-5406 or 732-9073 or EV 6-8728.

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

Homosexual Information Center (the Tangents Group) 3473½ Calhoun Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

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

LE III 180 Box 1003, Moravian Station, Bethlehem, Pa. 18018.

Los Angeles Gay Liberation Front, Box 29280, Los Angeles, Calif. 90029.

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

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

Mattachine Society of Washington, P.O. Box 1032, Washington, D.C. 20013. Telephone (202) 363-3881.

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

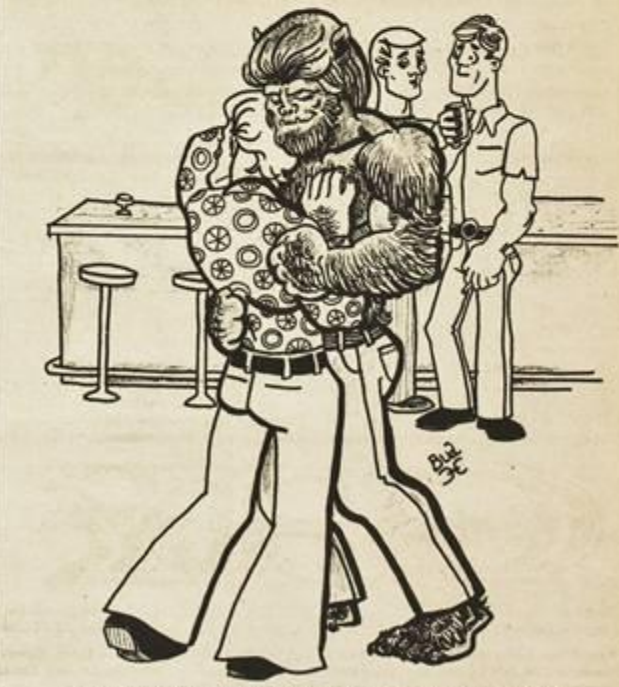
Philadelphia Action Committee for Equality (PACE) 1511 Pine St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19103. Telephone (215) KI 6-8929.

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

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

West Side Discussion Group, Box 502, Cathedral Station, NYC. 10025. Phone 989-7572.

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



There's such a thing as carrying this "butch" business too far!

EDITORIAL

September 28, 1970 Volume I, No. 34

NIXON AND AGNEW

We have just received a subscription cancellation from a reader who objects to GAY's editorial broadsides against President Nixon and Vice-President Agnew. The reader in question does not object to our support of Congressional candidates such as Bella Abzug and Edward I. Koch, but feels that if we're unable to say something good about a political figure, we should stay mum.

Fortunately, we will pay no heed to this reader.

Nixon and Agnew have demonstrated by word and deed that they are antimosexual crusaders. Thus, GAY will keep close tabs on their activities, exposing them properly as opponents of sensual freedom. Senator Eugene McCarthy reports that Nixon is concerned with "unnamed people," and "commies and homos in the State Department." Agnew refers to his critics as "effets." Nixon has publicly opposed the concept of same-sex marriages.

GAY now laments the latest move by Presidential pruders: an attempt by Nixon's sole appointee to the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography (Charles H. Keating, Jr.) to keep from the American public the published findings of the Commission. At this date, a Federal Judge has issued a temporary restraining order which forbids the Commission to publish its final report.

The President and his cohorts do not want Americans to know that the Commission wishes to repeal all laws pertaining to consenting adults who want to obtain sexually oriented films, books, or pictures. It is the hope of

Nixon's appointee that the entire report may be discarded.

How sad it is that the White House would prefer to create its own twisted morality rather than to face facts gathered with painstaking care by noted researchers.

WOMEN AND THE PSYCHOLOGIST'S

One of our major complaints against the psychological and psychiatric establishments has been touted widely by female psychologists who now ask reparation for wrongs committed by psychologists against women. (See this issue's news columns.)

Both women as such, and homosexuals (male and female) have suffered at the hands of psychiatrists and psychologists because theory-bloated dogmatists have had control of major mental health facilities. Instead of questioning the outdated morality of a sick society, these "doctors" have supported the status quo, attempting to adjust nonconforming healthies to a civilization based on vicious sexual suppression.

The reparation demanded by female psychologists is to be used to liberate women who are victims of Freudian mumbo-jumbo, and to provide such casualties with proper care. A sane usage.

When will homosexuals ask for similar reparations? How many members of our community are now suffering shock treatments and other insane tortures perpetrated by witchdoctors in sheep's clothing? How many now languish in institutions convinced that they are "sick" by frauds and quacks with so-called "expertise." We wonder.

Police Recruits Score Low IQ's

New York, N.Y.—The average I.Q. score of recruits entering the New York City Police Department in 1969 were the lowest recorded in recent years, according to a study financed by the Justice Department.

The average score of 2,075 men brought into the department in four classes last year was 98.20, with one of the four classes averaging 93.19. The average was 107.7 in 1962, 107.28 in 1964, and 105.75 in 1967.

An I.Q. score of 100 is average. Although police experts are divided over whether the decline in I.Q. scores will mean a decline in police services, the results of the study have brought about changes in departmental training

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GAY

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RAID ON THE HAVEN

continued from page 1
members left the club, they were told by employees to keep moving and not to stand around the front of the club or they'd probably be busted.
The situation at the Haven is tense and will remain so as long as the police continue to interfere with the operation



POLICE DESTRUCTION OF PRIVATE PROPERTY: The Haven, a private unisexual softdrink club, reputedly a nuisance to Greenwich Village residents, was the scene of wanton destruction by police officers under the command of Inspector Robert McGowan of the First Division. \$20,000 in damage was done by drowbar wielding policemen.

Vatican Pushes "Virginity"

Rome, Italy—The Vatican recently introduced a rite of consecration in which a Roman Catholic woman will be able to commit herself publicly and solemnly to a life of chastity without being a nun.

The Christian Virgins will assist in missionary work. They will not be required to live in convents, they will not have to observe any particular rules, and they will owe no obedience to superiors. The new order will reaffirm the ancient church doctrine that the virtue of virginity is a "state of perfection" superior to marriage.

"Smut" Doesn't Create "Deviates"

Miami Beach, Fla.—The President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography was presented here with studies from a panel of psychologists of the American Psychological Association. The independent scientific studies produced little or no evidence that exposure to erotic material had any detrimental effects on character, moral values, marital behavior, nor does it cause sexual deviance.

of the legally chartered club. When asked if the club would continue to operate, an employee said it would. "The kids are really fantastic. As long as the kids keep coming, we'll hold out."

As of press time, it was learned that the Haven was raided Saturday, September 5, and ten more people arrested. Damage estimates on the most recent raid equal \$2,000.

"Our time, and particularly the young generation, seem haunted by eroticism," a church theologian said. "Yet among the best of our young people, there is a strong craving for asceticism, purity, and poverty." He added wryly, "Maybe the Christian Virgin will be the genuinely liberated woman."

Although the commitment to chastity is defined as irrevocable, observance is considered to be strictly a matter of individual conscience. Dispensation can be granted in grave cases in the same way as priests can be dispensed of their vows of celibacy.

In a study by Dr. Michael J. Goldstein, exploring the relationship of pornography to deviance, it was found that homosexuals reported less frequent exposure to pornography during adolescence than members of the control group did.

The four reports given here were among nearly four dozen studies funded by the President's commission. The over-all research results were "exceedingly consistent" in finding few damaging effects of erotic stimuli, according to Dr. W. Cody Wilson, executive director.

A majority of the President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography is said to favor elimination of all laws against pornography.

The official views of this newspaper are expressed in The Editorial. Opinions expressed in by-lined columns, letters, and cartoons, however, are those of the writers and artists and do not necessarily represent the opinions of GAY.
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Submission of double-spaced, typed, 5-page manuscripts, as well as drawings, and photographs is encouraged. Unused materials will be promptly returned and published writers will be paid upon publication. GAY does not assume responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts. Advertising rates upon request.

LIBERATION:

The following story may well prove an inspiration to gay people in smaller cities throughout the North American continent; particularly to those whose recreational facilities are exploitative and sleazy. The gay citizens of Calgary (Canada) took pride in their way of life and created new lifestyles. Let us learn from our neighbors in the North!

BY JOHN SCARTH

In 1968, Franklin E. Kameny, the President of the Mattachine Society of Washington, D.C. arrived in Calgary, Canada to speak to students at the university; he stepped from the plane and surveyed the city's vista, a vista which looks like a dream from the future since the orange, white and amber skyscrapers have all

Bingo club, a juke box that had yet to transmit sounds as current as Bill Haley, and a second-hand broom to clear off an open area for dancing. There was a bar (of sorts) serving coke, Sprite, orange, and coffee and a lighting system that would make a Blimpie Sandwich Bar look romantic by comparison. The chic basement club, then called the 1207 Club because it was located at 1207 1st Street, S.W., opened, quite appropriately, on Halloween and presto—it enjoyed an immediate boom. Admission to the nonlicensed, nonalcoholic club was \$2.00 along with the purchase of a \$5.00 membership card. Although grateful to have a dance club in Calgary at long last, the little cellar haven presented some problems to Calgary's gays from the beginning.

First, Teenie boppers, however charming, proved worrisome to some

ready for such scenes yet, Brigham Young still dictates from his grave and after all, this is the first year that the provincial government has allowed movies to be shown on Sundays. So a dilemma erupted and a reasonably brave decision was made. *Boycott the club—freeze it out—and take it over to run it as a nonprofit, all gay establishment.*

The boycott began in late February. Each Friday and Saturday a place had to be found for a huge private party so that no one could go to the club. Hotels were cruised so that transients were steered away from the club and were invited to the private parties instead. And, miracle of miracles, a place was found and filled each week and the basement club went empty. After the third week, the original owners gave in, turned over their lease to the gays, and dropped from sight. A

stand to testify that in the Club Carousel men were dancing with men and women with women. The judge refused this "irrelevant evidence" and the whole gay issue was dropped from the case. The case then revolved around finer points of law dealing with cabaret licensing and the court ruled that since no one was making a living from the club, a cabaret license was not necessary to its legal operation. A provincial charter for a nonprofit organization was written and the Club Carousel now operates under the auspices of the Scarth Street Society. All profits go back into operation and the constant improvement of the club and memberships have now reached nearly 200.

Annual memberships are \$10.00 which allows free entry on Wednesdays and entry for \$1.00 on the weekends. The club is open from 11:00 p.m. until 3:00



The skyline of Calgary, Canada

been built during the past ten years and huddle together against a backdrop of mountain ranges and an incredibly crisp, blue sky. He noticed the predominance of leather attire among arriving passengers and his thoughts may have strayed to fantasies from the Loon Society. Then, pointing to the huge, concrete tower which supports Calgary's revolving top restaurant, a tower even taller and more prickly than the Seattle Space Needle, he quipped, "If there's a gay bar in this town, it's gotta be at the bottom of that."

He was right. The one gay bar Calgary did have at that time nestled lovingly at the base of the tallest phallus in North America. One bar in a city of 350,000. And that "bar" wasn't really a bar at all, but a "men only," Scottish decored beer parlor in the fashionable Palliser Hotel. But that was 1968 and things have now changed considerably for the gays of Calgary. The Palliser Bar is no longer gay and the city now has its own, gay dance club, collectively owned and operated by Calgary homosexuals.

In October, 1969, two enterprising fellows noted that there really was no decent place for gays in the city, let alone a place in which one could feel truly relaxed or one that would allow dancing. They invested a few hundred dollars in a large basement, bought some cheap, round tables draped with incredulous flower-patterned oil cloths, a hundred metal chairs salvaged from a Catholic

Canadian Style

regulars of the club, and Calgary's Vice Squad, in long overcoats and d.a. hairstyles, strolled in to count noses. The Vice Squad got its jollies jutting down license plate numbers of cars parked in the vicinity of the club.

Secondly, the place was rather dirty—as are most exploitation dumps. Such complaints might not arise in a city offering several gay establishments, but in Calgary, where one must face the same walls week after week, a lack of charm and cleanliness weighs heavily on a truly gay spirit.

In February the final blow came. Anxious to make as much as possible, the operators of the club began admitting dozens of straights. The club had become rather fashionable since the best dancers in town were there and after all, who can resist a "freak" show these days? This meant that straight university students humped into their gay professors, secretaries saw the bosses of their dreams waltzing with last year's rodeo champion, and ordinary citizens popped eyes at a local T.V. hostess grinding with one of Calgary's more gorgeous models. Well, Trudeau or no Trudeau, Calgary just isn't

dedicated core of guys and gals went into the cellar and redecorated and rearranged it with only \$250.00. The sound system improved, the dance floor was enlarged and tiled, murals were painted on the walls, and a better lighting system was installed. On March 20th, new wine was poured into an old bottle and Club Carousel, opened at 1207 1st Street, S.W. On the first two nights three people were charged with operating a cabaret without a license. In Canada, even if a club serves nothing at all, it must have a cabaret license if there is to be dancing and, naturally, the city was not about to grant a cabaret license to a club for homosexuals only. The previous owners had operated without a license but had been shaking the vice squad's greasy palms. The new club operators were not on the vice squad's asshole, and so arrests were made.

On the advice of a lawyer, the club remained open until the cases were settled in court two months later. This allowed enough time for the club to raise revenue to cover legal expenses for a good fight.

One of the police officers took the

a.m. and on weekends easily fills to its 300 capacity. There have been no fights in the new club to date, no vice squad visits, and generally no police harassment of any kind. Memberships must be sponsored and guests, who are carefully screened, may go as guests only four times before taking out a membership. Besides the rent, the only expenses are the wages of a blonde door man and those of two girls who act as club assistants. Club Carousel is a friendly spot, certainly the liveliest and most attractive in the province. And now its board of directors has found a loophole that will allow them to serve liquor. Shows are planned and scheduled by the Program Committee and there is talk of picnics, bowling leagues, and theatre parties. A far cry from the old days: only a year ago!

Gay life is much less frantic and perhaps a bit duller in Calgary than New York, but if you're flying through on the weekend, I recommend a visit to the Club Carousel. There is proper ventilation (you remember air, don't you), a big dance floor and lots of very attractive, friendly, butch types. Granted, the back room is used for hanging up your coat and you may find an excessive number of polkas on the juke box (not to mention all 6 versions of "Ruben James"), but the hits are there too and if you have a favorite record from the States, bring it along and give it to the blond on the door and he'll play it during the evening.

BY THANE HAMPTEN

Recently I returned from vacation, a "duty visit" to see various relatives in a minor town of a nondescript midwestern state. I played my first pinball machine in over ten years, and watched with near mindless stupefaction as the local teams bowled. I was taken to every gargantuan, labyrinthine shopping center. (One for each person within a hundred mile radius. Total plastic; planned obsolescence; calculated pollution; consumer overkill.)

I went to see my ninety-eight year old grandmother who lives with a long-widowed daughter. Absolutely nothing has changed in that house since I was a little boy. Frozen in time: recorded selections from "The Student Prince"; the oak credenza with family china; my aunt's pearl hatpin stuck precisely in the center of the small strawberry cushion; the grocery lists written in tiny script on the back of grocery receipts. ("Waste not; want not.") The sepia photos of great-great grandchild, Fulton Oursler and Billy Graham on the coffee table, along with Reader's Digest and copies of Ideals. (In case you've forgotten, these are the magazines that have illustrations of primroses at dusk, and feature the latest James Whitcomb Riley poem.) There is a crab apple tree in the back yard. They make quite a bit of jelly in September. They go to church every Sunday morning and Wednesday evening. They vote straight Republican, always, and proudly. Their only problems seem to be increased traffic on their street and the roar of jet planes overhead. And I received the distinct impression that the Good Lord and President Nixon would soon take care of things. No, I am not making this up or exaggerating in order to force a point. It is all true.

One evening, the only remaining "young" relatives came to visit. The rest of us had fled years ago. My cousin, his wife, the four boys, (ages ten to seventeen). The father and all four kids wore bow ties. I really hesitate to include this information on the ties. Now you're positive I'm making it all up as the last bow tie was manufactured in 1948. (At least they have finally abandoned crew cuts.) At 6:30 p.m., on the dot, we had supper. (Not dinner; supper. Dinner is 4:30 on Sunday.) Afterward, the wistful, yearning reminiscences of and for the past. And I thought of what poet Hollis Summers wrote: "The yellow gray congeals on the sideboard. We breathe. We finger the antimacassars and carefully count the dead."

There is an uncomfortable silence. Finally Junior's wife—(Don't you just love forty-five year old men labeled "Junior," "Buddy," "Sonny," into eternity?)—turns to me and asks That Question; the one I have been awaiting for days; the one I know has been corroding their intestines: "But when are YOU getting MARRIED?" (Eyes wide, brows arched, breath baited. Silence. . . What an enigma I am. What a vague yet disturbing intrusion into their Way of Life. How strange. How sad! At my age, no wife, no children, no comfort, no security, no happiness, no beef stew simmering on the stove when I get home from the office on a winter's eve. Only a cold bowl of porridge. How and why do I

exist? "I only hope he doesn't end up like Uncle George. You do remember what happened to Uncle George?" Nervous whispers...clucking of sorrowful tongues...the pity...) That Question. I stand to speak. "But, Polly, dear. I can't marry. I'm sure by now you know

from her face. I could have also told her, quite truthfully, that I have been happily married for the last eight years. But to what avail? And so, with the creeping paralysis of terminal ennui, I gave the stock answer: "Oh, just-waiting-for-the-Right-Girl-to-come-along. Heh-heh."

MISPLACED IN MIDDLE AMERICA A Return to the Heartland



I'm a professional child molester at kiddie matinees. At this very moment I covet your succulent youngster! Maniacal laugh and foam-flecked lips. Yes, you bet your sweet arse that's what I would have liked to have said, if only to wipe the smugly smug and complacent smile

(Now, can we put the dear subject beddy-bye for another five years, hmmm?) Sure it stuck in my craw; also my crotch and armpits. Verbal prostitution at its most glittering. But what would you have done? What have you done? Is there anything sadder or

more frustrating than trying to communicate with relatives that you have left so far behind, so long ago? The consequence of embellishing the family tree with lavish expositions of your faggoty is one of the most self-defeating acts imaginable. To my sixteen-to-twenty-year-old gay guerrilla brothers, a word of advice: move with grave caution. A strike for revolution and freedom on the familial front will result only in stagnant embarrassment at best. They cannot be objective, nor can you. Only one out of a thousand of us is armed with enough ammunition to face the berserk reactions.

You remain not "different," but "sick." (You flee into the gathering dusk of permanent exile as Dad either bellows: "That's not my son!" or hides in the upstairs john until it all blows over. Mama frantically calls your baby doctor for the name of a reliable Super-Shrink. "Doctor, where did we go wrong?" Dr. Gillespie replies: "Mrs. Smith, don't blame yourselves for the presence of hereditary taint.")

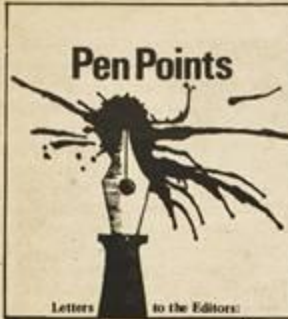
That entire evening was an eternity for me. I walked a tightrope of the most fragile and disintegrating cobwebs and had to keep reminding myself that only a few weeks before, I had marched ebulliently up 6th Avenue in the Gay Pride Parade. New York to the Midwest. Hop, skip and jump. Just entire cultures apart. Light years apart. Eons apart. I came from this! What a few light years can do to a body. I swear!

I sat, trying to keep my mind on the inane conversation: "Aphids are attacking my azaleas again." (I did delight in the alliteration and spent many happy moments repeating the sentence to myself.) "Harmon True moved back from St. Louis. Still as odd as ever." ("You do remember what happened to Uncle George?") My eyes kept wandering from the February Reader's Digest ("200 Ways to Save Your Marriage and Fight Multiple Sclerosis and Smut")—back to those goddamn bow ties. Then, further back, to our parade, that surge into Sheep Meadow, and the resulting bacchanal. Am I really only 1:22 minutes from my relatives by jet? How far is it by revolution? What kind of revolution would make any impact on them, any sense to them, any change in them? Industrial? Racial? Economic? Gay? Political? Detergent-Enzyme?

Distantly, I still have affection for them. They are genuinely good in many ways. (Pause to ponder my tap roots.) They are stable as hell (and that's part of the problem, of course). They are industrious and often creative. My great-grandfather was a well-known orchestral conductor, and it's nice to know my grandmother still bakes scrumptious coffee cake every Saturday. But this is the same women who thanked God my sister didn't marry a Catholic; is pathetically and laboriously tolerant of good Negroes, and was righteously satisfied when the assistant pastor of her church was fired because he grew a beard and long hair (even though the diffuse pastel of a rampantly Protestant Christ above her bed is liberally garnished with facial vegetation).

I suppose I'm stating the obvious when I say I feel those of us in larger cities are sadly seduced into feeling that our gay missionary work is going to have

continued on page 16



Pen Points

Letters to the Editors:

BAR FLIES: VARIOUS SPECIES

Dear Gay:

It seems that in every issue, in one form or another, GAY goes to great lengths describing how great the bars now are in New York. Having moved to New York in 1964, I can see the drastic changes made from the Wagner to Lindsay Administrations. However, no doubt the bars are better and much more wider, but the patrons seem to be getting worse.

Yes, I can recall, as well as others, times when bars were few and so were the chances of meeting people and having a good time...and the most important thing...to score, is all a memory now. But is the abundance of bars all for the better?

Just look at the clientele of any bar (excluding "The Barn" & "The Zoo"). The customers can be put into four separate categories:

Type 1: The social butterfly. He has waited all week for Friday and Saturday night to come. He bought that mad, mod, wild outfit just for the occasion. When he is in the bar, his presence gives that aura of a cocktail party. He just wants to talk, then drink, then dance and fly from one to the other. He doesn't want to make out and leaves alone. In this same category is the bar-fly, who just wants to sit and drink. If this is their bag, I am not knocking it. To each his own.

Type 2: Arrives with his lover. They are just checking and looking around to make sure what is in the bar isn't any better than what he has or what he can get. They drink together, dance together, talk together and leave together. Obviously, they don't make out and who cares, since they both deserve each other. Here too can be placed the single person who looks at your crotch and stares at you. Approaching him, he will give you the classic, "My lover is away and I'm so devoted." Just what are they doing alone in a bar in the first place?

Type 3: Arrives in groups of threes, fours and fives. Many come from out of town, especially New Jersey and want to hit as many bars in one night as they can. One drink here, one drink there. They can't become social, or break away from the group. Heaven's No! How will they ever get home? Or, horror of horrors, be able to face the group again knowing he left them. All will, however, later admit, they had a wonderful time.

Type 4: The single fellow arrives alone. He wants a few drinks, he wants to become social, he wants to dance, and yes, he wants to make out. But he

cannot, due to the above three categories of people I have just mentioned. He leaves alone.

Your readers that buy your paper, and claim that they read it, don't get the full message. They should stop playing games and enjoy their gay pride. And, they should get to know their brothers and sisters. Looks aren't everything. Maybe that fellow across the way isn't as handsome as you want him to be, but just talk to him. He's alone, just like you, and who knows?! Keep in mind that Prince Charming will never come through the front door waiting to rescue you in that bar, and even if he did he'd already be taken! Tell your readers to enjoy the bars, for, like their looks, they may not be around for much longer.

R.M., N.Y.C.

MONEY NEEDED FOR BAIL

Dear Gay:

On August 29, the police rioted during the Gay demonstration in Greenwich Village. Ten Homosexuals were arrested that night. On August 30, six more Homosexuals were arrested during an impromptu protest on Christopher Street. Members of the Gay Liberation Front were present in Court for each arraignment, and to date, GLF has posted \$1500 for bail and provided lawyers (with sincere thanks to The Lawyer's Commune and The National Lawyer's Guild) and aid to each and every person arrested, without question. Incidental expenses-taking people to and from hospitals, money for car-fare and food for those without funds, etc.--have

amounted to another \$100-odd. None of this money has gone to GLF members; only four of the people arrested belonged to GLF and none of those required bail or financial assistance.

We need money. Our treasury is almost depleted. There will be fines to be paid and it is more than probable that there will be more arrests before our monies are returned. We managed to raise almost \$200 on the street until we were arrested and a group of straight women from Women's Liberation contributed \$250. The very sad fact of the matter is that not one penny has been given by any homosexual organization and/or gay group. One mid-week gathering turned me away from the door when I pleaded to make an announcement.

Again, we need money and we need it badly. Today it is your Sisters and Brothers that are being brutalized and arrested; tomorrow it could be you! Please send whatever you can to:

GLF Bail Fund
P.O. Box 520
Madison Square Station
New York, New York 10010

Every penny received will go into this Bail Fund and will be used to assist ALL homosexual men and women. Gay power to the Gay people!

Bob Kohler
Gay Liberation Front, N. Y.

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

BY ARTHUR BELL

Something For Everyone brazenly borrows something from every one of at least a dozen films, including *Teorema* and *Love in the Afternoon*, yet emerges as an original work that is capricious and funny and wise. *Something* is a moralistic fairy tale in which Cinderella is a silly fat teenager, the evil stepmother, a blood-and-guts heroine, the wicked stepister, a pouting petulant male homosexual, and Prince Charming, a scheming bastard who gets his just desserts (and I don't mean Bavarian cream).

The story takes place in fairyland country—the Bavarian Alps. Into a lush meadowland cycles Michael York, an enigmatic young man with muscle and a winning manner. His scheme is to worm his way into the hierarchy of a moneyless aristocratic family and capture a castle they own through the law of entail. York uses his sex as a catalyst. He discriminately sleeps with the daughter of a vulgar rich family and the gay son of the poor aristocracy and finagles their emotions so that a union is formed. A transference of entail and a juxtaposition of two decadent cultures takes place.

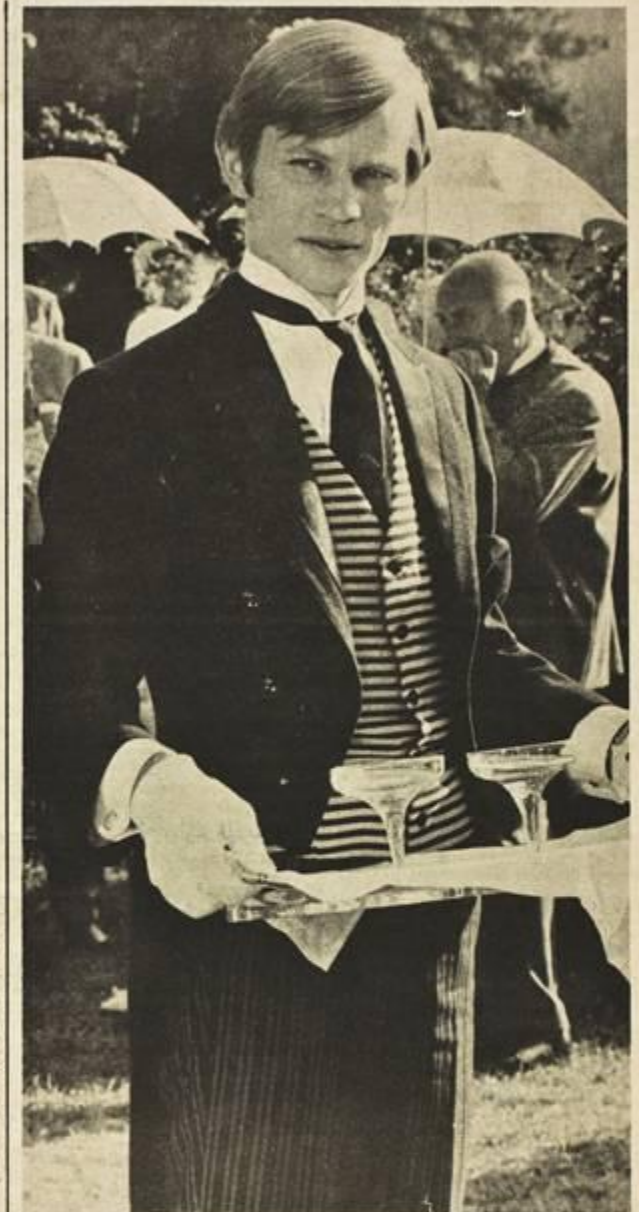
Michael York represents the new man, the new force that has come into the world, Attila the Hun born again. Scruples and morals are not his bag. He is willing to risk anything to get the castle, and with it, the elusive prestige that belongs to nobility. Murder, charm, and sexual prowess eventually take him into the bosom of Angela Lansbury, the head of the aristocratic family. A marriage is arranged. The plot and the plottings twist and turn, and everyone falls short of getting just what he or she wants. Except Cinderella.

Hugh Wheeler's screenplay is ripe with rich dialogue and filled with surprises. Harold Prince's direction (this is his first film) does not ever underestimate the intelligence of the audience. Mr. Prince makes his points quickly and lightly and the movie bubbles in a style much like the Lubich films of the early thirties. Lovely little touches abound. York, the narcissist, combing his hair in front of a mirror, elbowing out the rich girl he has just slept with; Angela Lansbury's relationships with her phoney peers, with her household help, with her daughter and son, all quite different, all uniquely within character.

Should A Mere Waiter Kiss An Aristocrat's Son?

Anthony Corlan plays Angela's gay son with sad goo goo eyes and a quivering lower jaw. His passion for York flows naturally into the film, and that's a blessing considering the token gay bits in so many current movies. There's a kissing scene, smack on the mouth, that comes off OK, and a horsing around in the water sequence that establishes the York-Corlan relationship. York gives more of himself to Corlan than to any other character in the film, and midway I wished they might leave together and settle down in another movie, like *Home in Indiana*.

Miss Lansbury is the superb embodiment of a dead world holding on. Propped in an old beach chair beside a



Michael York: The kissing stranger



Angela Lansbury: A dead world holding on?



Anthony Corlan: Gets kissed by a stranger

mirrored lake; draped in a black-and-white turban outfit, colors coordinating with her dahlias, reading *Vogue*, millions of psychic miles away from *Vogueland*, her eyelashes, all two thousand of them, blinking away at a new visitor as she extends a limp wrist and asks him for his credentials. She is incorrigible and one cannot question her validity, even within a fairyland context. The image of Lansbury with a kink in her back, slinking across a white-on-white room to a silken white-sheeted bed, is neither camp nor kitsch. It is funny truth.

Michael York is good too, though perhaps too old for the part. York is one of those "thinking" actors. When Jane Carr tells him she can see his eyes plotting, plotting away, we can, too. The rest of the cast is fine, especially Miss Carr. Motley, obese, with 5-5 vision, she epitomizes all that is homely. Just the kind of daughter that Miss Lansbury doesn't deserve. She is one of the many delights that makes *Something for Everyone* a delightful film.

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The Wicker Basket



BY RANDOLFE WICKER
NYPD WATCHING GLF

The New York Police Department has been attempting to get members of New York's Gay Liberation Front to tell whatever they know about Lydia French, who was allegedly one of the radical lesbians within GLF before she was shot through the back of the head in a sensational murder a couple of months ago. GLF members have reportedly refused to cooperate in the investigation. After an article in GAY mentioned that Frank Thompson, a Cornelia Street art gallery owner, had been briefly involved in GLF, detectives dropped by to question him about GLF and to see if he knew Lydia French. Nice to know that our local blue coats are keeping up on their reading of GAY.

HOMOSEXUAL FEARS INTIMIDATE JURIES

The Wall Street Journal recently did a feature on a young lawyer named Friedman who, only two years out of law school, had managed to establish a \$200,000 a year practice by specializing in defending obscenity cases. "He likes the drama of the courtroom," the WSJ noted, "and seems to be a natural at handling juries and witnesses. A favorite ploy early in a trial is to pass photographs of naked men and women among jurors, observing: 'Now psychologists tell us that many people who are shocked or offended by nudity

are often very neurotic, with latent homosexual or lesbian tendencies. This sort of thing doesn't upset any of you—does it?"

"It seldom does, after that speech," The Wall Street Journal noted in parentheses.

GAY CHURCHES GROWING

Rev. Troy Perry's Metropolitan Community Church centered in Los Angeles has been growing rapidly. There are now three ordained ministers, one licensed minister, and six exhorters, the lowest order of the ministry. The church has four missions, San Diego, San Francisco, Chicago and Phoenix. A seminary is in the planning stages. The Church's governing board voted to increase Rev. Perry's salary to \$750 a month at its last meeting, noting that he has served the first year without any financial compensation whatsoever.

COP EYES BIG BOX ON VIRGIN ISLANDS

Patrolman Theovald Slater of St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, stopped Anibal Albert after noticing a large bulge in Albert's crotch. Realizing "nobody carries a football in his pants" the officer investigated and recovered \$500 in jewelry which had been stolen from a nearby store a few minutes earlier.

LOUISVILLE GLF PICKETS QUEEN BEE

Louisville, Ky. GLF organized July 8th commenced picketing the Queen Bee bar on July 24th charging exploitation of gays when the owner refused them meeting space. The first day, police dispersed the pickets after Doris Caton, the bar's owner, called for their arrest. But the next day picketing was allowed provided the bar's entrance was not blocked. The resulting publicity and picketing caused the bar, which is usually packed on weekends, to be nearly vacant. The weekend drag show was cancelled.

GLF was organized in support of two women who sought a marriage license. Marjorie Ruth Jones, one of the women, sent her 14-year-old son out of the state when the Jefferson County Attorney, J. Bruce Miller, suggested she might be contributing to the delinquency of her son (by a former marriage) in seeking to marry her girlfriend, Mary Knight.

Both the GLF and the ACLU are also interested in the case of a 15-year-old boy expelled from high school for being homosexual.

Currently, GLF is meeting Sunday

afternoons in the offices of a local underground newspaper, The Louisville Free Press, at 1438 S. First St.

L.A. BAR OWNER SAYS DRAG QUEENS PRESENTED SPECIAL PROBLEMS

Owners of the Sewers of Paris Bar and club in Los Angeles claim that charges that they barred women were unfounded and probably arose when drag queens and other women were on the premises in their purses.

VETERAN HAUNTED BY GAY EPISODE

The Los Angeles Advocate reports a soldier named Art, who had spent 15 years in the service was given an undesirable discharge several years ago after fellow servicemen peeked through his window and saw him having sexual relations while intoxicated with another male. Since then, he has had trouble getting and keeping civil service employment. In one instance, he worked two years with the post office before his military record caught up with him and he was dismissed. Recently, he has enlisted the aid of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, a group in which he has been active, to help him gain reinstatement or possibly change his undesirable discharge to a general discharge. While the sexual act he allegedly committed is not specified, it's hard to imagine the Veterans of Foreign Wars coming to the aid of anyone gayer than, say, rough trade.

JUSTICE—TEXAS STYLE

Dr. Page Keeton, Dean of the University of Texas Law School, doubts the Supreme Court will strike out the entire Texas sodomy statute in the Buchanan case.

Dr. Keeton favors "reducing penalties" for homosexual acts and is chairman of a committee preparing proposed revisions of the Texas Penal Code.

"I doubt seriously that the legislature will ever eliminate homosexuality as an offense," he warned.

WAVE KNOCKS NAVY

Seaman Anna Flores, 23-year-old enlisted woman, has brought suit against the U.S. Navy for discharging her a year before her enlistment was up, despite a good record, because she became pregnant while unmarried.

Anna, whose pregnancy ended in a miscarriage, and who still plans to marry her fiancé, an enlisted Navy man, charges Navy men have sexual intercourse outside marriage, father children, and incur venereal disease, but aren't discharged.

ITEMS

* Post Graduate, a sex-technique film playing at the Cameo Theater, 44th St. and 8th Ave. in Manhattan, includes a segment on homosexual oral and anal sex, which sometimes sparks verbal heckling and nervous shuffling of feet among predominantly heterosexual viewers.

* The Lord Won't Mind, Gordon Merrick's homosexual novel, is now a best seller with nearly 30,000 copies sold.

* Pat Rocco has agreed to give L.A.'s GLF a premiere showing of any new films or other public GLF activities he may make in the future.

* Latest findings at Indiana University's Institute of Sexual Research show nearly 50% of all high-school educated males report being fellated between the ages of 16 and 20.

* The Ribicoff Amendment to Nixon's Welfare Reform Bill has been accepted. It establishes that single people can constitute a family, and that single persons are to be included on the basis of need.

* Mexican-Americans in Los Angeles are organizing their own homophile organization in which meetings will be bilingual.

* The San Francisco Chronicle has editorially endorsed the concept of gay marriage on the grounds that all people, homosexuals as well as heterosexuals, should be allowed to "derive great security, pride, and social acceptance from this 'rendering public' of an honest, social commitment."

* The S&M Attic, a new after-hours club located at 21st St. and 11th Ave. in Manhattan requires members' dress to be either leather or western.

* A new "membership club" called Peter Pan's Magic Garden, cards for which were being distributed freely to passersby on Christopher Street, has opened at 400 West 14th St. in Manhattan.

* The Barn has eliminated its back room and now entertainment is supplied by a live band.

* The Dean Martin Show, during the summer, has featured comedians Charles Nelson Reilly, Paul Lynn, and others who have reportedly done many skits playing on humorous gay themes. (Thursdays, 10:00 p.m., Channel 4)

AND TO LEAVE YOU THINKING

I would like to thank those five or six people who have sent me news items, jokes, and phoned in tips for use in this column. Keep up the good work by calling me at 254-1180 or writing, c/o Four Swords, P. O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N. Y. 10011.

Childhood, School, Graduation, Marriage, Parenthood, Money, and Death

BY DR. GEORGE WEINBERG

In the phone a man said he wanted to talk to me with his wife. He said their marriage was on the rocks and they were both worried about it. I sensed a note of blame, which I assumed might be his way of handling massive anxiety.

I told him I would want to talk to each of them alone before seeing them together. I wanted to give them each the chance to tell me things being withheld from the other, if there were any.

He introduced himself urbanely, and I escorted him into my office. He was immaculately groomed—in a custom made suit and well polished shoes. He told me he had been married for four years. Before that, all his sexual contacts had been with men. His wife had been told nothing about them till an argument a year ago, when he blew up at her and disclosed them.

Recently, she had become suspicious that his friend, who was collaborating with him on a play in the evenings, was also his lover. This was so, but he had consistently denied it.

I said to him, "Suppose I asked you to sign a document saying that you promise not to have sexual relations with men during the next ten years. And there was to be a heavy penalty if you broke it. Would you sign it?"

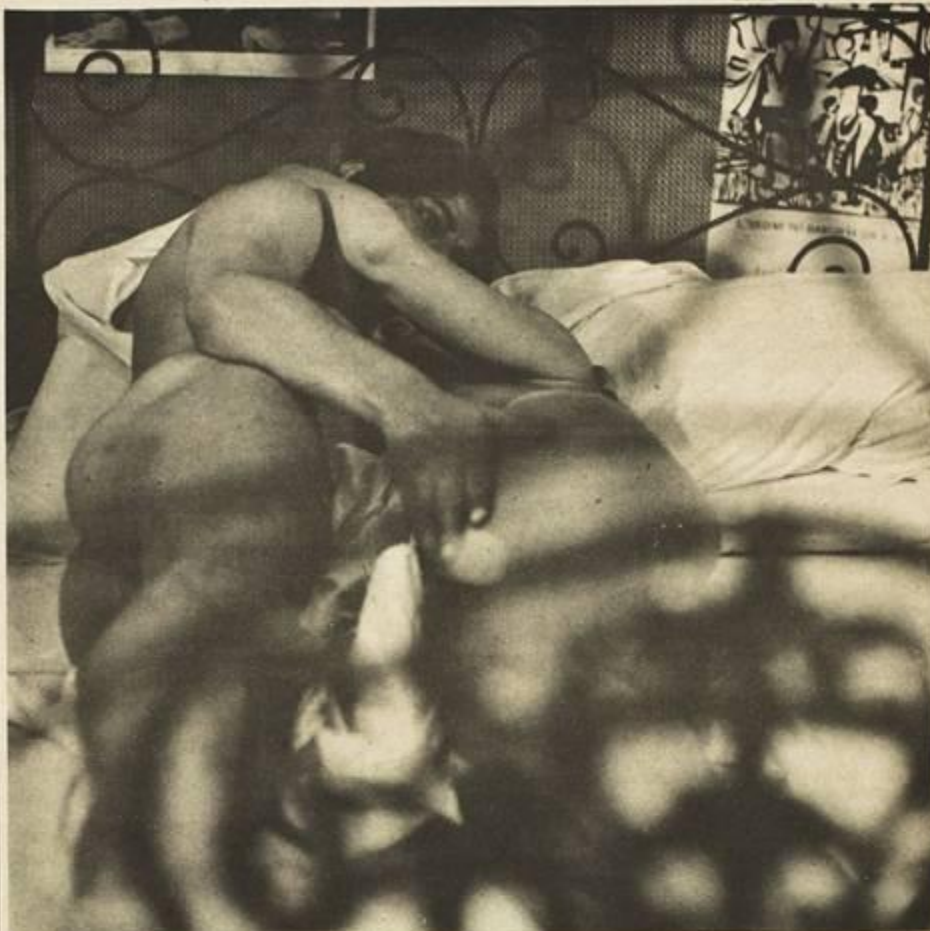
"God, Never," he yelled. "Suppose I had made it 'women instead of men'?" I asked.

"I could do that easily," he answered. In response to further questioning he said that at no time in his life had he felt otherwise. He had married because "I thought it would change."

Now he was planning to put into my hands the task of giving him zest for females in general, and for his wife in particular.

Such an assignment is more than any psychologist living or dead could have handled. However, it is no stigma on us that we have failed. The real stigma would be on us if we had succeeded. For then we would have been stamping out one aspect of human variety, one facet of human possibility—merely because it distressed us to think about that possibility.

But luckily, as most of the readers of this paper know by now, psychotherapists have not succeeded in altering homosexuals. Or in discouraging sexual preferences of any kind, for that matter. They have merely discouraged people, on occasion. And happily for me, I had never sought orthodontist aims, and



TILL DEATH DO US PART?

so have not suffered the frustrations and the sense of impotent rage often reported by therapists "working with homosexuals."

He mentioned several friends, older and presumably more experienced in life, who told him that his homosexuality was rooted in fear of women. He had felt, therefore, that by marrying a woman who was genial and very attractive, and by sticking it out, he could make the whole experience wonderful.

More important, he had envisioned a developmental sequence, which had included childhood, going to school, graduating, getting married, becoming a parent, making a sum of money, dying, leaving the money to his children, and finally being forgotten. After four years of unrelieved indifference to his wife, he now felt hemmed-in by her. In recent months his indifference had turned into repugnance toward her, and especially at the thought of touching her.

He had stopped having sexual intercourse with her years ago, and in the last year each had been careful not to appear nude in front of the other. But he still allowed her to believe that he might soon desire her again.

When I asked him why, he answered that it was "kind" to allow her that hope. Actually, by concealing his homosexuality, he had disposed her to believe the worst about herself, that she

was in fact repulsive and that perhaps another woman might have stimulated him.

Her story corroborated his. She had grasped his distaste for her but did not want to acknowledge it. She was persevering, not out of love but out of the desire to avoid failure in marriage.

She too had responded to the sense that there was a developmental scale, and now she was on the run marked marriage. She had leaped to her perch without knowing what was there. Now she knew, and the two of them were wretched together.

By then, I think, even if they had been forcibly separated for an indefinite period, as for instance, if a war had torn them apart and sent them to different countries, there is no predicting that either would have made a happier relationship.

The person who tries to plot the direction for his life solely by learning from others how it ought to be, and who disregards the messages of his own impulses, is in deep trouble—whether that person is heterosexual or homosexual. No matter which way you turn him, he will follow the crowd. Or what he thinks is "the crowd."

Think of the difference between the two approaches to life. If you assume that we all ought to be the same, you

raise the possibility that you may be a deviate—and this has an awful implication. The next step in that direction is to withdraw from pursuing aspirations, and to solidify the belief that as a deviate you deserve less—that it would be a mockery to ask for all you once thought possible.

But suppose that we, members of the human family, are truly unlike one another—we are unlike one another and the choices we make as individuals render us more unlike one another every day.

Under this supposition, we are all deviates—each from the rest of us.

In this sense, none of us can be more deviate than others, since to exist is to be deviate.

This was the truth the young man would have to live with. And there was also the truth that his efforts to hide his separateness by spurious efforts to belong, as his marriage was, could only wither him prematurely, and embitter him.

Dr. George Weinberg (Ph.D.) is an outstanding psychotherapist, and author of a new and excellent book, The Action Approach: How Your Personality Developed and How You Can Change It, published by Signet pocketbooks. It is now available at your local bookstore. The editors of GAY are pleased to recommend it.

BY DICK LEITSCH

A recent article in a San Francisco-based gay publication began "While it is commonly understood that gay life is a lonely one, it is difficult to realize the extreme loneliness of old gays." The cliché that the homosexual world is a young man's world, and that homosexuals over thirty are doomed to unhappiness and abject misery is a commonly accepted "truth." (I deliberately wrote "young man's world" because lesbians are said not to be so youth conscious.)

Like everybody else, I used to accept this "truth" unquestioningly. My doubts began a few years ago in the Mattachine office. Many people bring their problems there, which is one of the main reasons why Mattachine exists. After listening to hundreds of people with all sorts of problems, I began to notice that most of the homosexuals who had problems were young, and the younger the person was, the more likely he was to be unhappy, troubled, and particularly, guilt-ridden. The older people who shared such problems tended to be the ones who "came out" late in life and were young *homosexually*, despite their chronological age.

This is increasingly becoming a problem to the homosexual movement, too. Younger homosexuals tend to be almost paranoid about their homosexuality, and about gayness in general. They tend to think they're more oppressed than they really are, and usually believe more things to be illegal than are actually forbidden by law or public opinion.

These people tend to see everything as another example of persecution of homosexuals. If a bar that happens to have some gay customers gets raided for selling liquor without a license, peddling heroin out of the back door, and being a "front" for organized crime, it is safe to bet that some group of young homosexuals will see it as a persecution of gay people. The raid will become a homosexual issue, despite the fact that 100 other licensed, nonheroin-selling, non-Mafia operated gay bars continue to operate openly and with impunity.

Some years ago, a peculiar headshrinker named Edmund Bergler wrote a book in which he said homosexuals were "injustice collectors." That means we go around finding things which have little or no bearing on us and point to them as examples of how unjustly we are treated. It may have been this paranoia of many young homosexuals which gave him that idea that he foolishly projected onto all homosexuals.

Young homosexuals tend toward being guilt-ridden, and don't much like themselves. They then assume that they are unworthy of being liked and, of course, that nobody else likes them. The best portrait of this self-hate is found in the article, "The New Homosexual," published last December in *Esquire Magazine*.

The "new homosexual" is very akin to a Negro. Remember Negroes? They were Blacks who, in the 1950's, despised their Blackness. They'd no more wear a "natural" hairstyle or a dashiki, nor eat a slice of watermelon than a "new homosexual" would buy a Judy Garland record.

The "new homosexual" doesn't

approve of gay life (his straight background told him gay life is bad), nor anything that smacks of gay tradition or culture (that's for "fags"), or anything else that is part of the in-group lifestyle. Like Negroes, the "new homosexual" is "just like anybody else" and not at all "different." Even as Negroes joined country clubs and nobody was supposed to notice their Blackness under the light face powder and the newly-straightened hair, neither are we supposed to notice that the "new homosexuals" are gay.

Esquire is not the only place where the difference between the "new" and "old" homosexuals was noticed. It is *de rigueur* for popular magazines to extol

youth, as part of the American dream is that youth is better than anything else, and *Esquire*, partly for that reason, and partly because it is a heterosexually-oriented magazine, approved the "new homosexual." After all, these people were struggling to be "just like heterosexuals," and thus underwriting the old American myth that everyone should want to be heterosexual, as well as young, white, and male.

It remained for a scientist, Dr. Martin Weinberg, to examine the myth that youth is good, and the "new" (i.e., the young) homosexual, is best. (Martin S. Weinberg, "The Male Homosexual, Age-Related Variations In Social and

Psychological Characteristics," *Social Problems*, Vol. 17, No. 4, Spring, 1970.)

After examining questionnaires returned by 1100 homosexuals of all ages, Dr. Weinberg found there is no significant difference by age among homosexuals with regard to loneliness, unhappiness, and depression. Younger homosexuals were most likely to be anxious about being gay, to fear being known publicly as homosexuals, and were least likely to accept themselves or to have any self-confidence. Those under the age of 26 were most likely to want psychiatric help and to have psychosomatic problems.

None of this should be surprising, because young homosexuals are still coming out, which is almost a traumatic experience. On one hand, they have their straight-world ties, family, school, etc. They want approval from the straight world, and yet know that they don't fit into that world. They are more involved in the groups that put down homosexuality—family, church, school, etc., and have not yet broken those ties. The older homosexual has had more time to adapt to being gay, find himself as a person, and sever those ties with the straight world that impose guilt.

The 26-35 age groups is most likely to frequent gay bars, go out with gay friends, have a male roommate and frequent sex partners. From age 36 onwards, this heavy participation in the gay world lessens, and those over 46 are most likely to avoid gay bars, have both straight and gay friends, and live alone. Sex becomes less frequent.

From my own observations, I would suggest that younger homosexuals (under 26) tend to have many conflicts between their backgrounds and their homosexuality which they work out (in the years between 26 and 35) by throwing themselves into the gay world. That way they build a new identity as part of the gay group, learning to be gay, just as they earlier learned about the heterosexual world from the family, church, school, etc.

The next step in personal growth is toward independence and individuality. Between the ages of 36 and 45, going to bars becomes less frequent, sticking with an all-gay social circle drops off, and living alone becomes more common. The individual's self-concept, self-acceptance, and personal adjustment improves. As his conflicts between the straight and gay worlds decrease, he probably doesn't need to be surrounded with other gay people to give him self-confidence. He can become an individual, rather than part of the gay group.

Of course, he is less in demand in the sexual marketplace, and has less "value" as far as "social interaction and sexual gains are concerned," as Dr. Weinberg puts it. This may help cut older homosexuals off from the group and direct them toward becoming more independent and individualistic. It does not appear to make the person more lonely, depressed and unhappy, and "the holder the homosexual, the more psychologically adjusted he appears to be" according to Dr. Weinberg's respondents.

Perhaps Logan Pearsall Smith was right when he said "There is more felicity on the far side of baldness than young men can possibly imagine." I hope so, because I'm reaching the stage where I can't comb my hair without loose strands coming out in the comb.

BY WILLIAM J. LAMBERT

Move over Dodo, American Bald Eagle, Tyrannosaur: there is yet another species apparently ready to enter the ranks of the extinct or near-extinct. The passing of this particular group has affected me greatly, mainly because I often called myself one (when I was pinned down for labeling—which was as seldom as possible).

I wasn't even aware of our passing, would have probably gone on living the illusion, had it not been for my entering the pomographic world of literature. Of course, I was forewarned. A friend, who blatantly confesses homosexuality in private life but steps into a closet every time the front door opens to the hetero or homo worlds on the outside, has persistently informed me that I was nonexistent: Deluding myself into thinking I was something similar to the unicorn which exists only as a figment of the imagination. Not only was I, singularly, nonexistent, but so were others of my species.

"So what about Marvin?" I asked. He'd once told me that Marvin was the only true member he had ever encountered. Though, how he could one minute state a species nonexistent while the next minute pointing out his prime example of that species, always somehow eluded me.

"I changed my mind about him," he said. "He isn't bisexual, either."

And so, in those few words, he finally succeeded clearing up that long-existent ambiguity.

Of course, I invariably laughed off his ravings. Anyone who was so afraid of girls as to go into a cold sweat when confronted with one could hardly—as far as I was concerned—be any sort of an expert on the subject.

I also laughed when he told me he'd read my latest book.

"It won't sell," he said.

I smiled at his imbecility. But then, why not smile? As I pointed out to him, he hadn't liked my first five books which had been grabbed up by the publishers, nor had he been able to completely finish the last four. His copies ended up in the bottom of his dirty clothes hanger three weeks before the books were even on the shelves of his local dirty-book store.

"There just aren't people like this," he scowled indignantly. "No one can go from girls to boys to boys to girls."

I smiled knowingly, took my manuscript, bundling it up to send to my publishers.

Alas, I was struck cold by their reply. It seems my friend and my publisher tend to agree. Although the rejection was kind, with every mention of the book's being just a bit too literary for their reading audience, their wording depicting the vaguest hint that few people would go from girls to boys to boys to girls: anyway, not a group large enough to compose a sizeable segment of the soft-porno-reading population.



BYE BYE BISEXUALS?



So, I hid the rejection slip from my friend, not wanting him to gloat over his temporary triumph, and immediately bundled up my manuscript again, sending it to yet another publishing house I'd had dealings with: confident they would see the light.

"Mr. Lambert: Although this should not reflect on your writing nor your purpose in telling the story, I'm afraid this novel is not for our market. With us, gay stories must be gay, and hetero stories must be hetero. That does not mean we do not include scenes of deviation within a novel; it does mean that these scenes remain extracurricular and not integral to the theme. For us, yours is mixed. We don't know who the audience is. We cannot identify the reader. We would not risk publication of something we do not recognize ourselves. But because we do not recognize them, it doesn't mean they are not there. Some other publisher may have more insight than we do."

No luck! Bisexuals, where are you? After three more rejections, each one vaguely or not so vaguely hinting that there was no "land-in-between," I was forced to place my book aside to await the bisexual resurrection.

I also began wondering if I'd ever actually put my cock into as many holes as I had imagined. To reassure myself, I immediately dropped everything, proceeding to cruise the streets for a trick. That scene completed to its finish, I called a cunt I often plugged (or imagined to plug). She came over, and together we passed away a few enjoyable hours before I sent her on her way, desiring to contemplate the reality: whatever that was.

Alone again, I sat back with my limp dick wondering if I'd actually done what I'd done. Had I enjoyed both male and female? Or had I enjoyed just female? Just male? Or neither? I certainly hated to contradict my publisher, but I thoroughly enjoyed them both.

But then, perhaps, I really don't exist. Perhaps my bisexual horniness is an illusionary as the unicorn's unicorn is an illusion.

Whether illusion or not, I thought it time that others of the species, if there are others, should be made aware of their passing. After all, I remember how many years I existed thinking that I was actually bisexual.

Ignorance, after all, is not always bliss. Besides, if our breed is so near extinction, maybe we should unite and appropriate money from Congress to preserve us from complete destruction. But someone else will have to lead that cause. I have a date with Adrian on Monday, Susan on Tuesday, and somewhere in between, I have to get started on another book: not a bisexual one, either, you can bet your sweet ass. Writing is my bread and butter, and I really can't take the time to write for a group of people who just aren't there anymore—or at least won't be there for very much longer.

POLICE RECRUITS SCORE LOW IQ's *continued from page 3*

methods. These changes include less straight lecturing in the Police Academy and an increased use of training aids such as films. A new technique in which recruits will get their first taste of walking a beat under the guidance of 1,800 carefully selected and trained "escort officers" will be shortly put into effect.

The Los Angeles Police Department will not take men with I.Q.'s under 110, according to Dr. Nelson Watson, director of the professional standards division of the International Association of Chiefs of Police. "I personally think that is a bit high," he said. "But when you start getting men scoring less than 90—and with an average of 93, you begin to wonder."

Rights Commission To Hear Gays

New York, N.Y.—Mrs. Eleanor Norton, chairman of the New York City Human Rights Commission, has said that public hearings on employment and housing discrimination against homosexuals will begin in late October.

The hearings will be held to establish the need for bills which are to be introduced into the city council this fall outlawing discrimination based on sexual orientation in employment and housing.

Homosexual spokesmen are preparing a brief to be presented before the Human Rights Commission documenting cases of discrimination. Any homosexual who has been discriminated against in New York City or who knows of any discrimination against homosexuals in New York City is asked to contact the Human Rights Commission immediately so that action may be taken.

FLASH!

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.

Troy Perry On Virginia Graham Show

Los Angeles, Calif.—Reverend Troy Perry of the Metropolitan Community Church appeared on the syndicated Virginia Graham Show recently. The minister of the first homosexual congregation in the United States explained that homosexuality is not a sin.

Reverend Perry told Virginia Graham

APA Gets Reparation Demand

Miami Beach, Fla.—A group of women psychologists has demanded \$1,000,000 in "reparations" from the American Psychological Association, the profession's principal organization. They charge that modern psychotherapy has perpetuated male supremacy and contributed to mental illness among women.

The study of human behavior, say the psychologists, tends to perpetuate the

sexist Freudian concept of women as passive and men as dominant and elitist. "Both psychotherapy and marriage function as vehicles for keeping a woman in her place," charged Dr. Phyllis Chesler of the City University of New York who spoke for the Association for Women Psychologists.

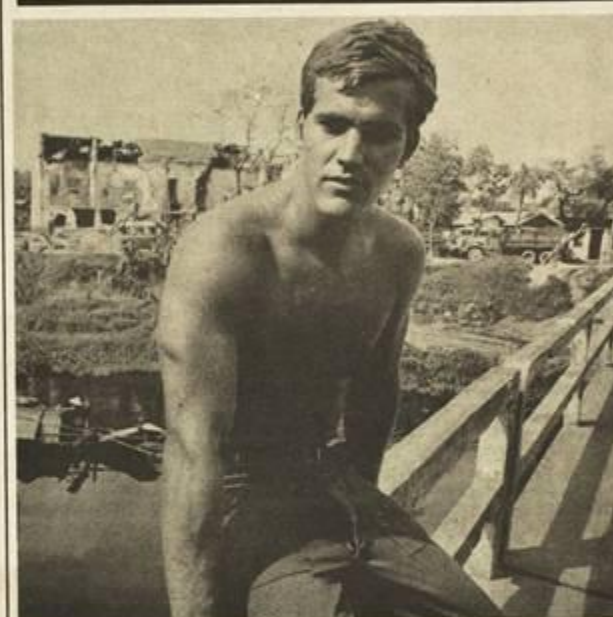
"The ethic of mental health is a masculine one in our culture. Women are perceived as childlike, churlish,

emotional, intuitive—as alien to most male psychologists."

She charged psychologists with participating in the "physical imprisonment of countless women whom they have labeled mentally unfit because they were rebellious slaves." She added, "I feel women should stop seeing male therapists or female therapists who do not believe in female liberation."

Dr. Theodore H. Blau, a board member of the American Psychological Association, agreed that many male therapists harbored stereotyped views of women. "There is tremendous merit in women's liberation—I'm glad they brought it to our attention."

The \$1,000,000 in reparations would be used to release women from mental hospitals and to improve psychotherapy, Dr. Chesler said.



HAIRDRESSER SHELTERS SPIRO AGNEW'S SON

continued from page 1

Agnew greeted the columnist barefooted, wearing white slacks and an open-necked striped shirt. Based on Anderson's report, the young man seemed slightly defensive. He said that he was staying with Buddy Hash "only temporarily" and that he was in the process of moving out. "Buddy is a friend of a friend, and he was nice enough to let me stay here until I got straightened out," he explained amiably. "I've got my own place now and I just

stopped by here to use the bathroom because the plumbing in my place isn't hooked up yet." Mr. Anderson did not question young Agnew about his bare feet.

Young Agnew said that he had been living with Hash "about a month." (*New York Times* reports said six weeks.) He has been separated from his wife for six months.

Anderson also spoke with Buddy Hash who denied that Randy had dropped out of society to "pursue a hippie existence." "He's really a very goodie-goodie."

that the purpose of his church was not to convert people to homosexuality, but to provide a place where homosexuals could pray. "Forsoke not the assembling of yourselves together," Reverend Perry quoted from the New Testament when asked why homosexuals need a church of their own. Reverend Perry explained that homosexuals are not welcome in churches because they are homosexuals. Miss Graham, somewhat taken aback, blurted out, "Then let's change the church."

A woman member of Reverend Perry's congregation was in the studio audience. She was asked why she belonged to Reverend Perry's church. "Because the first time I felt God loved me was in Reverend Perry's church," she said.

Miss Graham debated with Reverend Perry whether homosexuality was a

sickness and in a confidential tone asked Reverend Perry, "Tell me honestly, what would you rather be if you could start all over again?" Reverend Perry smiled, "I'd rather be just what I am today, a happy homosexual."

Humanistic Psychology's Influence Grows

Miami Beach, Fla.—Fifteen hundred people attended the eighth annual

Rockefeller 5 To Stand Trial

New York, N.Y.—The Rockefeller 5 come to trial on September 29 in Criminal Court for their sit-in in Republican State Committee offices last June. They sat in the offices when the Republicans refused to meet with them to discuss the Gay Activists Alliance six homosexual civil rights demands.

The Rockefeller 5 are GAA members Tom Doerr, Arthur Evans, Jim Owles, Phil Raia, and Marty Robinson. If convicted on charges of criminal trespass, they could be imprisoned for three months.

The demands which Republicans refused to hear ask for the repeal of the state sodomy and solicitation laws, an end (statewide) to enticement and entrapment of homosexuals, a state fair employment law protecting homosexuals, an end to the practice of those bonding companies which deny clearance to homosexuals, an investigation of the State Liquor Authority, and an end to the harassment of gay bars throughout the state.

meeting of the Association for Humanistic Psychology here recently. Psychologists, teachers, sociologists, scholars, students and others gathered to participate in the serious and rapidly growing movement that is challenging the most basic precepts on which the study of human behavior has been based for a century.

Barely a dozen years old, the movement arose mainly as a "third-force" protest against the two prevailing forces in psychology—behaviorism and Freudian psychoanalysis. Humanistically-oriented psychologists fundamentally see man as uniquely creative, controlled not by outside or subconscious forces but by his own values and choices. Man must be seen as a whole, they contend, and therefore resist the approach of behavioral scientists who have sought to reduce the many aspects of behavior to quantitative terms.

They also reject as destructive, the Freudian approach, which explores the inner recesses of consciousness, in favor of instilling a higher human awareness of "self-actualization." They seek to develop the greatest potential inherent in every

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THE LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

At 8 a.m., on Monday, Air France, formerly my favorite airline, dumped me in Portugal...

No. What a lousy beginning. Let me try again: I've been in Portugal four days, changed hotels three times, got picked up twice and was...

Horrible. Try again. Go through this with each column. Patience, dear reader, I'm doing this for you. How's this:

Last night I dined at the Restaurant Taveres in Lisbon where I sent back my napkin and tried to pick up the bus boy. I slipped him my card and when he saw my name, he burst into laughter...

That's a little better. Oh, here's one, a good one and the last:

I spent the weekend with Esther in Estoril. Afterward I did Lisbon with... God no. The reader be spared...

What I'm trying to say, before I am accused, once again, by readers who, silly geese every one of them imagine I'm imitating the great Jill Johnston, is that no matter where you are, there is some fool around who'll remind you of home. But let's not think of them.

Instead I will write about lovely Portugal and the polite, charming Portuguese, the blue sea, the excellent food, the total lack of intelligent diversion, the idiotic Americans I encounter at the pool, brainless waiters, getting thrown out of the dining room at the Ritz because I wasn't wearing a tie, while at the very moment they fall over themselves welcoming a fucking priest also without tie and probably smuggling dope as well, and the stupid people I ask directions on the street: "Where do I get the train for Lisbon, Madam?"

"There isn't any train to Lisbon," she yawned and if I had given her a shove, she would have been run over by it.

Or should I write about personal matters, like finally meeting the love of my week just before leaving New York? Alas, neither love, God, nor last week exists, as we know, so let me stick to my fantasy and place which is Portugal, a police state where the police mainly seem to be doing what they're supposed to be doing—directing traffic, and where I give lessons in Hotel Management to waiters at the Grand Hotel Monte Estoril (well, lessons in wine pouring, la meme chose) indicating what many have suspected all along which is, quite simply, that I missed my calling. Well, I almost didn't. As a freshman at Michigan State, I was a Hotel Administration major until our sick society gave me the idea that it was more honest, morally good and dignified to devote oneself to art, and I became an art major. Thus my true calling—Hotel Management—went up in smoke and like a fool, I pretended to be an artist for a good ten years or so. I was very good at convincing other people that indeed, I was an artist, but never able to imagine myself a real artist in the 19th century romantic tradition which 20th-century artists insist upon. In the hotel business, I could have been making money and perhaps have done some good; hotels and restaurants (and steamships and railroad dining cars) are the foremost institutions of authentically civilized cultures. But no.

I had to revolt against my idiotic Catholic upbringing and was driven into the easy, glamorous, wasteful clutches of High Art when, indeed, even High Mass would have been more intelligent, not to mention the High Seas. Incidentally, both the priesthood and the merchant marine were callings I almost didn't miss also—but I bore the reader, whose keen interest and misguided anticipation is, presently, my only concern.

In that case, I shouldn't start on ladies' lib again, but you know, I get so furious when I see them scooping together their sexuality (which is such a burden, we're told) in order to get better service in cafes, nicer rooms in hotels, extra attention in restaurants, permission to remain in first-class compartments while holding second-class tickets, and to get out of parking fines in Spain and vehicle summonses in Morocco. I call them "Aunt Tomasina's." In fact, women's lib seems to attract very few truly liberated women. We are, as I always say, as liberated as we want to be. Only the helpless are oppressed. In our

society, the oppressed rot away in ghettos, are victimized in high schools, and cruelly conditioned by repressive totalitarian institutions such as the family and church. If one is educated, economically self-sufficient and properly cynical, one is as liberated as one can get.

Liberation is a question of taste. First, I'll have the ameijoas natural, then the omeleta mariscos, and then a salmonete and a good white wine, yes a large bottle, from Dao and after, frutas da epoca, of course. Some red wine with the frutas, por favor. Yes, Obrigado.

It's a good thing I'd rather eat than go to the movies because the local house in Cascais is featuring the same movie they tried to make me watch on Air France—*Romance in Acapulco*. Everybody is going in droves, thus indicating dissatisfaction with the prospect of romance in Cascais, which is just as dismal as the prospect at the next table, I tried to pretend I wasn't listening, busy scribbling away in my little book.

In fact, I was writing down the conversation going on between an elderly,

military-type American in plaid sport jacket and a young Portuguese hoodlum. In short, it was the same old story. Perhaps more confusing, that's all. "Can you come to New York sometime? I have a nice apartment, East 89th Street. You can have your own room. No, Rue 89th, East Side." Whereupon our Portuguese youth produces a scrap of paper with another address, something like 138-50 89th Avenue, Astoria. Endless confusion.

"I have no passport."
"Well, you can get one. Just get in a plane, fly TAP and I'll meet you at the airport. This place is like New York, like a zoo." (God knows what brought that on.) Finally the boy asks for 20 escudos. "For you?" Mr. Military queries. "No, for my father." I was spellbound.

The episode worked itself up to a finale that was so embarrassing, it caused me to sweat. Our American started making a big thing about paying the bill, demanding the check, etc., instead of just leaving a few coins on the table, gracefully. Americans love making a big production of money. I caught two American girls at my hotel who had cornered a tiny, child bell-hop, demanding to know how much money he

continued on page 16

"A deeply imagined piece of contemporary horror."
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A NOVEL

CRUISING

BY GERALD WALKER

"A brilliant and, sadly, unforgettable study of one of America's most persistent sexual nightmares."
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The scene is New York City. The time is mainly night, when Stuart Richards, a graduate student by day, prowls the parks and streets preying on homosexuals.

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HORN SCOPE

BY ZELDA ZODIAC

"There was a star danced, and under that was I born." - Shakespeare

ARIES the Ram (March 21-April 20) - All sorts of attractive people are being drawn to you. There are signs of success in your business and career. Be careful. The two are going to conflict with each other unless you go easy on humping.

TAURUS the Bull (April 21-May 20) - There are indications of storm and stress in your business and social life, but a series of one-night stands, especially Tuesday through Thursday will keep you serene.

GEMINI the Twins (May 21-June 20) - Everything looks quite placid this week. In fact, a new love affair could blossom by Friday, with a superb orgy late Sunday.

CANCER the Crab (June 21-July 22) - Even though somebody will try to penetrate you from behind, keep things frontal this week, especially on Thursday. Now is a good time to be sociable with family and friends.

LEO the Lion (July 23-Aug. 22) - Pay more attention to your career than to your cock this week, even though those who are intimate with you may be playing with their behind your back. If you find out, don't get freaked out. Your time will come.



VRGO the Maiden (August 23-Sept. 22) - Now is a good time to try something different, from new ideas to new methods for anal stimulation. You will be heavily cruised this weekend. Make the most of it!

LIBRA the Scales (Sept. 23-Oct. 22) - If you discipline yourself, especially now, you are almost certain to be rewarded. Take care of all your business affairs and give your cock a rest. Wednesday or Thursday, some unexpected help is likely to come your way. Be wary of strangers.

SCORPIO the Scorpion (Oct. 24-Nov. 22) - This week, make caution your watchword. Stay uninvolved. Postpone all joint ventures, especially encounters at bars and baths, as you could be exposed to something very undesirable.

SAGITTARIUS the Archer (Nov. 23-Dec. 21) - Shoot your arrows at close range this week, and you'll be glad you did. Fuck close to home, don't overexert yourself, and keep out of strange places. Love is nearby.

CAPRICORN the Goat (Dec. 22-Jan. 20) - Confront all your problems directly, and you are sure to overcome clandestine plans that swarm about you early this week. You will do much better to approach bottoms openly and above-board, at least until the week-end.

AQUARIUS the Water Bearer (Jan. 21-Feb. 19) - Now is a good time to be seductive and coy. Although your posterior and your patience may be sorely tried, you should come out on top by Saturday.

PISCES the Fish (Feb. 20-March 20) - Pay as many bills this week as you can, bringing all your resources, including your sexuality, into play to bargain for advancement. Don't worry about feeling worldly if you know what you want, but don't waste time playing games. Saturday is good for humping provided you meet someone who shares your enthusiasms.

BY STEFEN VERK

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

Q. Black chicks are getting uptight about so many black studs taking up with white chicks. The other day I noticed the reason for their beef. Sit in Washington Square or Tompkins Square and for every black stud that goes by with an armlock on a white chick, you will wait a long time before a white stud is seen with a black chick in tow. What is it that makes black cats pick white girls when black girls are as pretty and willing? Aren't these black cats putting down "Black is Beautiful"? And if black is beautiful, why is the ratio of integrated couples seen in the Village 10 black males with 10 white females to 1 white male to 10 black females? Black females must feel put down when so many black males appear to prefer white girls and flaunt their "conquests" in the busiest areas. Have black girls a complaint about their soul brother's discriminating against them? And what makes white chicks so eager for black males, especially the blond girls? You probably won't publish this because you fear black resentment or worse, or you'll say the question is not of general interest.

A.D., Brooklyn

A. The question may be of general interest, but I am curious as to why you directed this letter to a gay newspaper. Also, why should I "fear black resentment or worse" for publishing your letter? Didn't you want it published? In several columns I have dealt with the question of interracial sex relations among homosexuals (the latest in issue no. 30 of GAY, August 31st), but I was specifically discussing those people who use color as a put-down device in their

sex lives. It is equally true of heterosexuals who select partners of another race solely because of their color rather than because they are people. I quite agree that the type of black male you describe is discriminating against black females, just as those blond girls are discriminating against white males. I must repeat that there is nothing new, unusual, or wrong in going with any person you like, regardless of color or ethnic origin, but unless you are going with them because they are people... not just color symbols or symbols of other kinds... you are probably engaged in a put-down game with each other. If I like you because you are black, I don't give a damn about you, only your blackness. If I like you as a person, then I care enough to deal with you as a fellow human being, not just as a specific pigmentation. I don't know why we see fewer white men

him. But it was no use, and I had a nervous breakdown. After three weeks of suffering this disillusionment, walking on the street, I met a Puerto Rican boy of 20 whose personality arose my interest. I was able to make friends with him but I thought at the time that it wouldn't last long, and I kept this friendship to forget my boss. We started to go out together and saw each other a lot, and the love that I felt for my boss was slowly erased from my mind. This boy with whom I'm still together is 90% straight, and he likes girls very much. In the beginning I thought our relationship was an illusion, but as time went on and we knew each other better, I began to fall in love with him. When we were going to have sexual relations in the beginning, he tried to refuse on the grounds that he never had such relations before. I started assuming a passive role with him, but later I also

because I think that by giving him gifts is the motive to hold him to me. But then I realize that a forced love is no love, that love must come spontaneously. Last week he told me he wanted to go to Puerto Rico to see his mother and could I lend him the fare and \$150, which I promptly did to please him. He said he would give me the money back \$50 weekly. When he came back, he was as cold as always. The goodbye was warmer than the hello. I'll never be happy with this boy, though I wasn't with anyone else either. It would be to my advantage to look for someone my own age or even a little older, but I am afraid I would love that person too much and that person wouldn't love me enough, or vice versa. What can I do about my problem? If I leave this boy, I'll be desperate and unhappy, and if I don't, also.

A.V., Newark

A. Permit me to quote a very old proverb from your native country. "No se puede taper el cielo con la mano." Translated, "One cannot cover the sky with the hand." You can try to do this, my friend, but you know that the sky is still there and all you have covered is your eyes. It is time to start asking yourself why you seem to select people for romance who are either unavailable or unable to return your love. A boy who is 90% straight (whatever that means) couldn't give you the kind of love you are so desperately trying to buy from him. Your boss, a heterosexual, could not do so, either. It would surely be to your advantage to look for someone who wants you, not someone you have to buy or bribe or brainwash into being with you.

Stop fucking around with these silly Latin operas (all Latin romances are operas), and look for a real live human being who understands what you're talking about. That means a gay man within 10 years of your own age and with a mind of his own, who wants you and not your gifts. Don't be afraid in advance. Take a chance and worry about it later. You might find what you're looking for. Throw that kid out now. He's too expensive a hobby for what you're getting in return.



with black girls, but perhaps there are more black girls who really believe black is beautiful and are waiting for more of those black studs to learn to believe it, too. What do my other black readers think about this?

Q. I am a 40-year-old Puerto Rican of middle height, green eyes, and very pleasant appearance. Last January I fell hopelessly in love with my boss. My love was so strong that I didn't feel at ease until I let him know I was gay and desperately in love with him. He took this news without reproaching me but told me at the same time that he didn't like these type of relations, and that he was strictly Catholic and the father of a child. Before I declared myself, I had given him many expensive gifts and often took him out to eat. After, I was hurt in the deepest of my being and disappointed because of the impossible love. I decided to try to forget

wanted to satisfy my sexual instincts by doing the active role, which he continued to deny me for a long time. After 2 months of friendship, I was able to get him to accept my conditions which we are now practicing, but it is always I who must initiate and motivate the desire to have sex with him. He is a very cold individual, never had the courtesy once to start the caressing, always talking about girls, and two weeks ago we had an argument because he came home at five in the morning with a hickey on his throat. This makes me lose my patience. I have given this boy many gifts, took him to Canada and Washington, and we always go out to eat. He is using my car and even my clothes. I am beginning to suspect that this boy is with me for interest's sake, even though he told me several times that this is not so. I love him so much that I found myself ready to give him a down payment for a new car,

THE BATHHOUSE BOOM

BY JOHN P. LeROY

How to Build a Pleasure Palace

Because the demand for safe, casual, uncomplicated sex in clean, wholesome surroundings has risen sharply, and public opinion seems to have mellowed a bit, the opportunity for starting gay baths or health clubs has never been greater. In addition to providing sexual relief from daily pressures, baths serve as a place to find new acquaintances, friends, and sometimes lovers.

If, in your locality, you have noticed more and more gay bars opening up, the streets becoming cruiser, and people in general showing more knowledgeability and sophistication with respect to gay people, then the time may be right for starting a bath. According to Walter Kent, a heterosexual public relations specialist and part-time playwright who is one of the men most responsible for turning the bath scene in New York from contemptuous dingy exploitation to friendly dignified sanitary hospitable service, and who is now actively promoting the Beacon Baths at 227 E. 45th Street (11th floor), N.Y.C., the most important and difficult consideration in starting a new tub is its over-all layout. Corridors should be short so that nobody, not even disguised police detectives can observe more than a small portion of the place at a time. The protection of the customer's privacy is of paramount importance, and cannot be overemphasized.

Instead of starting from scratch, a used gymnasium or health club can easily be converted, for the lockers and plumbing are already there. The goal is to be able to maximize the number of rooms without overcrowding. The steam room, drying area, sauna room, showers, and toilet facilities should be as close to each other as possible. Lighting should be dim, sensuous, and inviting, but the place should not be so dark that groping around is the only means for finding one's way about, however much some would prefer it. Red and amber color schemes often help to create an intimate romantic atmosphere. A few imaginative touches here and there, such as pleasing fixtures instead of naked light bulbs can make the difference between a dull place and an exciting one.

If a tub already exists in your community, pay it a visit, and examine it closely to see how you can improve upon it. Walter visited every bath house in Manhattan with a tape measure in order to determine the ideal dimensions for

rooms, corridors, and beds, even to the point of measuring the steam rooms while full-scale orgies were in progress. Although Walter feels that orgy rooms are not really necessary, they have proved to be so popular among exhibitionists, voyeurs, and the "new free," that they are becoming a must. A large dimly-lit room with a huge double bed or wall-to-wall mattress to accommodate thirty or forty people in a far-off corner of the premises is ideal.

Among other features, a TV room, preferably color, a refreshment room, and some form of background music are essential. For the TV, be sure to invest in a good antenna so that there is always perfect or near-perfect reception. An attendant should always be nearby to

system is needed. A safe deposit locker removed from the front desk is one solution. Renting out only lockers and allowing the customer to use any unoccupied room he likes is another. In the event of loss of key, the patron can quickly notify the management, and his clothes and valuables can be moved. It is a good idea to change the locks frequently.

Another headache is the maintenance of towels and linens. Of all possible alternatives, the owning of one's own linens and having one's own laundry service is best and safest, if initially more expensive. Towel and linen suppliers often charge exorbitant prices, give unreliable service, and do shoddy work. If

are opening, and to give out a few free passes to assure a good crowd. A few institutional ads are sometimes helpful, but seldom necessary after the place has been thriving for six months or so. By then, your place will be so well known, people will beat a path to your door if they know they can get something they can't get elsewhere.

Here, choice of personnel is vital. Attendants should not only be good at changing the sheets and mopping the floor. They must excel at handling all kinds of people, being cordial, friendly, but not patronizing. Since most attendants are paid a base salary of \$90 to \$125 a week, the ability to please a customer will be reflected in the size of tips.



Recreation rooms should feature magazines and TV sets.

adjust the set or serve as arbiter over program disputes. If you do not wish to go to the trouble and expense of setting up a restaurant, the problem of refreshments can be handled by setting up a series of vending machines equipped to serve coffee, tea, soft drinks, sandwiches, and sweets. A bar is usually more troublesome because of the difficulties of maintaining a liquor license. However, a punch bowl isn't a bad idea.

To keep the place from having the atmosphere of a morgue, some form of background music is desirable. A few well-placed quality loudspeakers together with a good FM receiver will do the job very nicely. This should be hooked into an intercom for summoning attendants or making general announcements. Although musical tastes vary, and one cannot please everybody at once, heavy classical music and hard rock should be avoided. Music should be heard, but not listened to in baths.

One of the biggest problems is security. Those baths where valuables are checked at the desk upon entering are the most risky, for, in the event of a hold-up, the cash and jewelry checked for safekeeping on a busy night far exceeds the amount of admission revenue in the cash register. Yet, if rooms are rented out individually, some sort of checking

your tub is to have a good reputation, keeping all the linens immaculately clean, and replacing them often is likely to result in a high return of satisfied customers.

One of the most costly and difficult of items to obtain is liability insurance. Although there are companies that will grant liability, the risk is multiplied if there is a pool or staircase. Yet, it is all but impossible to open your doors without it.

And once the doors are opened, the biggest problem is promotion, advertising, and public relations. Mailing lists are all but worthless for many of the names are phony, and, it turns out, people who like to go to the baths usually value their anonymity. Because gay people have been so exploited in the past, the best possible advertisement is a satisfied customer, who is sure to spread your reputation through word of mouth.

The kind of crowd you eventually have will be a direct reflection of your policies. If you charge a quarter every time someone loses a towel or wishes to change one, you will draw forlorn masochists. If you want to keep derelicts out, keep your admission charge high enough so that they will not be able to afford it. To break the ice, you may wish to talk to various members of the gay community and let it be known that you

Many attendants take home over \$200 a week. Managers, to be properly motivated and responsible, should receive a good managerial-level salary, starting at around \$12,000 per year, plus a percentage of the profits. At first, you may wish to be your own manager in order to get the "feel" of the operation and to solve whatever unforeseen problems still exist, such as plumbing repairs, palm-rolling law-enforcement officials, or keeping drugs off the premises.

The latter problem is a serious one. For some strange reason, possibly the influence of old-time gangster movies, the public still thinks of steam baths as locales for all sorts of shady and illicit criminal deals.

In spite of all these, and other problems, too numerous to mention here, the baths as an institution is likely to grow with extreme rapidity over the next few years, and, once the initial investment is recouped, can yield excellent returns.

And if baths increase their success, as they have over the past few years, why not baths for straight people admitting men and women? When such a place can become profitable, then the age of unisex and true liberation will indeed have arrived!

THE LAST ESTATE

continued from page 13

wanted for carrying their lousy bags. Anyway, back to the cafe. Suddenly the man wanted to leave, had to get out, started getting up and sitting down again. In the confusion the waiter brought two more beers. The American was furious, ordered the Portuguese to "hurry up and drink up" which he didn't understand. In Portugal, when you sit, you sit. Forced to relax for a second, the man demands "Do you like girls?" At that moment (according to my notes) another motorcycle went by. I missed the reply. Anyway, I want to get on to the next story.

I met an American couple by the pool; young, probably Jewish, he teaches high school someplace, she went to F.I.T., and they weren't having a nice vacation. I could have told them why. They simply didn't want to. They would insist on going out for dinner at 7 when everybody else eats at 10. They didn't

like anything. No, they couldn't eat raw Portuguese ham (presunto) but had to have boiled Danish ham. They didn't like fish. They didn't like wine. "No, we don't have lunch. It's not the money, but we don't like to have two meals a day."

They "... don't know anything about architecture but went to the Prado." Back home they have this dog, a Weimaraner that they worship. They miss the dog. The dog has "never been to a vet," they confided proudly, and went on to disclose that "We take his temperature every day with a rectal thermometer, you know. It's the only way to take a dog's temperature. We've been doing it since he was 10 days old. He's one year now but only partially trained. We hate to discipline him. He loves to have his temperature taken. When we put the thermometer up there he stands perfectly still for five minutes or more. He looks forward to it. At night he sleeps with us." And that, I swear to God, is a true story.

MIDDLE AMERICA

continued from page 5

any sort of immediate effect on staid, stolid, mass mid-America. (Even in New York we are kept around primarily as fashionable pets.) Go back to school. Reread you Sinclair Lewis and Sherwood Anderson. They are not that dated. Write on the blackboard 100 times: "I will proceed carefully when tampering with Calvinistic morality." (You may substitute the morality of your choice.)

Okay. Now, how do we go about their education? Sirenic calls of hedonistic abandon from the sunny slopes of Sheep Meadow? The Lib groups springing up like daisies on college campuses? Increased circulation of GAY and other such publications? A pornocopia of little 42nd Streets mushrooming across the land? Revised church laws and legal guidelines? Are you jesting, Horace? You don't know how resistant these people can be. And how many of those you would wish to have such liberalizing and lubricating information partake of it? Go back to the blackboard. Write 200 times: "They do not care." They don't. Not one teenie-weenie bit. And why the hell should they? Oh, how we overestimate our importance! It will be years before they even fuzzily comprehend a fraction of Black malcontent. And remember, we stay in Vietnam simply because three Presidents have told us we must, to fight this century's Holy War. That's all. That's it. One does not question one's leader's motives. *Not ever.* Now chuckle with me as we savor the idea of these Norman Rockwell archetypes embracing any facet of a concept so alien as sexual deviation.

(Deviation, to them, begins with a hetero-coupling behind the barbecue pit instead of on the bed. Don't attach too much importance to the emergence of Sex in Suburbia and those grubby little covers of forced naughtiness. They are not that common and would appear most quaint to gays as we have always embraced healthy group gropes as part of our rightful heritage.)

Homosexuality is still distasteful, crude, pagan, contrary, bizarre, bestial, repugnant, repellent and repulsive. And, most depressing of all (for us), hardly worth consideration. As long as making babies is the Only Ultimate Aim of Life (with side glorification of Mom, the flag, apple pie, chicken every Sunday, and the thousand uses of Saran Wrap), we don't warrant a furtive moment's distressed contemplation. Please don't assume I'm being unthinkingly intolerant as I'm sure they are. There is just no room for any minor deviation from their norm. (Write that 300 times on the blackboard.) Can you remember, or have you even had a glimmering of how protective they are of the status quo? The prize of conformity is indeed worth selling your collective soul for. And there is nothing they won't do to guard the prize, benignly or brutally. Behind the doors of those covered-dish church socials is an impenetrable barricade of closed minds that makes wet tissue paper of the Berlin Wall.

I'm glad I'm on the other side of it. Holy Socrates, I'm glad! You know, I never really liked phrases such as "Gay Pride" and "I'm proud to be a Homosexual." I distrust all slogans, no matter how beneficial they are to believe in. One should not be forced to have pride in one's sexuality. Sexuality is, for godsakes. Imagine how foolish to be put in position to have to say: "I am proud to

drink water!" *Cogito, ergo sum* reduced to "I urinate; therefore I am." Big deal. My pride stems from the fact that gay life has automatically freed me from the passive, stereotyped thinking of my relatives. Deviation means elevation through alienation. I'm an outcast, so thank goodness I don't have to cast out coffee-colored skins or slanty eyes. How much mental torture and obfuscation I save myself.

Flaw in the ointment: many gays are just as bigoted and prejudiced as any straight/conservative/reactionary who ever walked this earth. (My turn to write on the blackboard 400 times: "I do not understand.") Are fruits the superior-inferior of niggers, or the inferior-superior of kikes? If you've nurtured your own index of biased opinions, perhaps you can, with a little effort, see what all gays are up against. Years and years of re-education for Granny. And don't think Junior's bland offspring will react differently. Ancient, thoroughly ingrained concepts die hard, baby. I remind you to not be deluded by the rapidity of change in the larger, more hip cities. Grover's Corners doesn't move very fast, even if they do sell that 'demon Playboy' there now.

We had a swinging parade. I was as giddy as anybody, but now that I've been sobered by that stultifying communion with my kin, I must reserve some ebullience for the day when we march as proudly down Main Street in South Bend, Lebanon, Harmonyville, Winesburg...with Grandma, Auntie Em, Juniorsonny and the four bow ties all giving us the clenched fist, the V for Victory, and yelling: "Right on, brothers and sisters!" But when you think of your own relatives, don't you double up at the mere idea of this vignette? Aren't all our relatives mid-American in temper, if not locale?

Have many of us really paused to consider how we are going to achieve a "total freedom," from Maine to California? Acceptance doesn't come from mainlining it to them, and any gentler osmosis takes a very long time. (The ideal method of dealing with the majority would be to have them suffer a few hours, impaled on spikes, as was poor Diego Vinales. Alas, wishful thinking.) Could the approach be flexible enough to encompass Bronx housewives, Upper East Side matrons, Lower East Side Latins, Mississippi Baptist deacons, and latently gay North Dakota Marines? Or do we imitate the idiotic philosophy of our government and say, "We're gonna make them love us queers if we have to kill every one of the bastards!" Each strata of our incredibly complicated society is going to require individually ingenious methods of attack. (Most Americans resist unification on everything except adoration of babies and Julie Andrews.)

Nothing will require more originality, subtlety, patience, (and don't call me Auntie Arteriosclerosis, Mary), fortitude and resilience than making Center City, U.S.A. understand that gay is, and straight is. Let it be! Neither will ever cancel out the other. Peace. What we need is our own cool, charismatic Music Man to sell sexual freedom instead of brass bands to the Iowa stubborn. I wish I had the cleverness to do it. Anyone out there qualified or willing to play Pied Piper of Peoria? I'm now atwitter with optimism, and in my next diatribe, I shall endeavor to show, with one good example, why that utopian symbiotic society ain't just around the corner.

(To be continued.)

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HUMANISTIC PSYCHOLOGY'S INFLUENCE GROWS

continued from page 12

person through "experiential" means. Humanistic psychology has provided the ideological underpinnings for the "human-potential" movement which has spawned encounter groups, growth centers, and sensitivity training, including yoga and Zen Buddhism.

Although the psychological establishment still regards the movement with a certain amount of hostility, the humanists have gathered many converts. Association President Floyd Matson of the University of Hawaii said he believed the movement could exert influence far beyond psychology. Humanistic psychology, he believes, has wide implications not only for psychology but also for education, sociology, theology, and culture in general.

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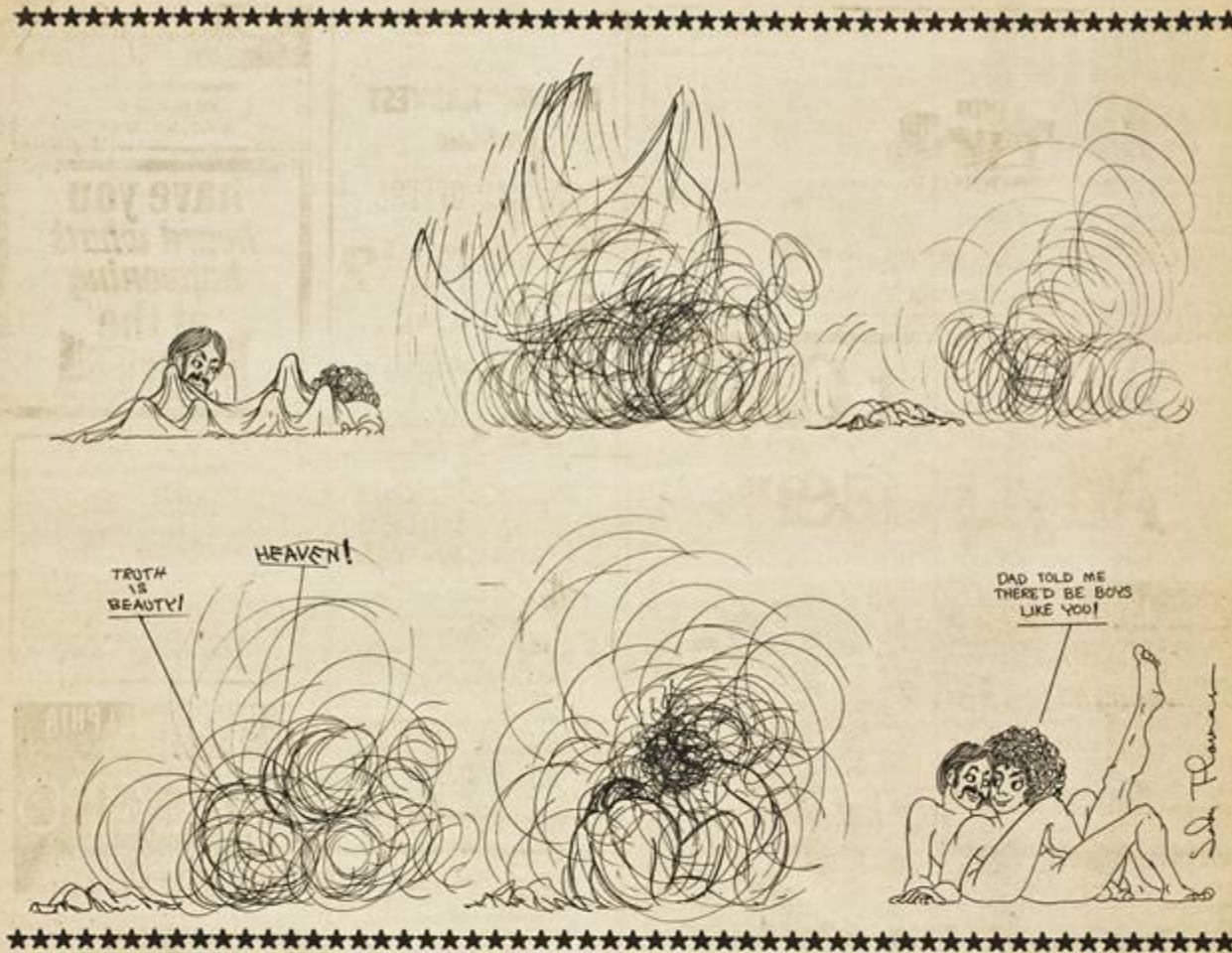
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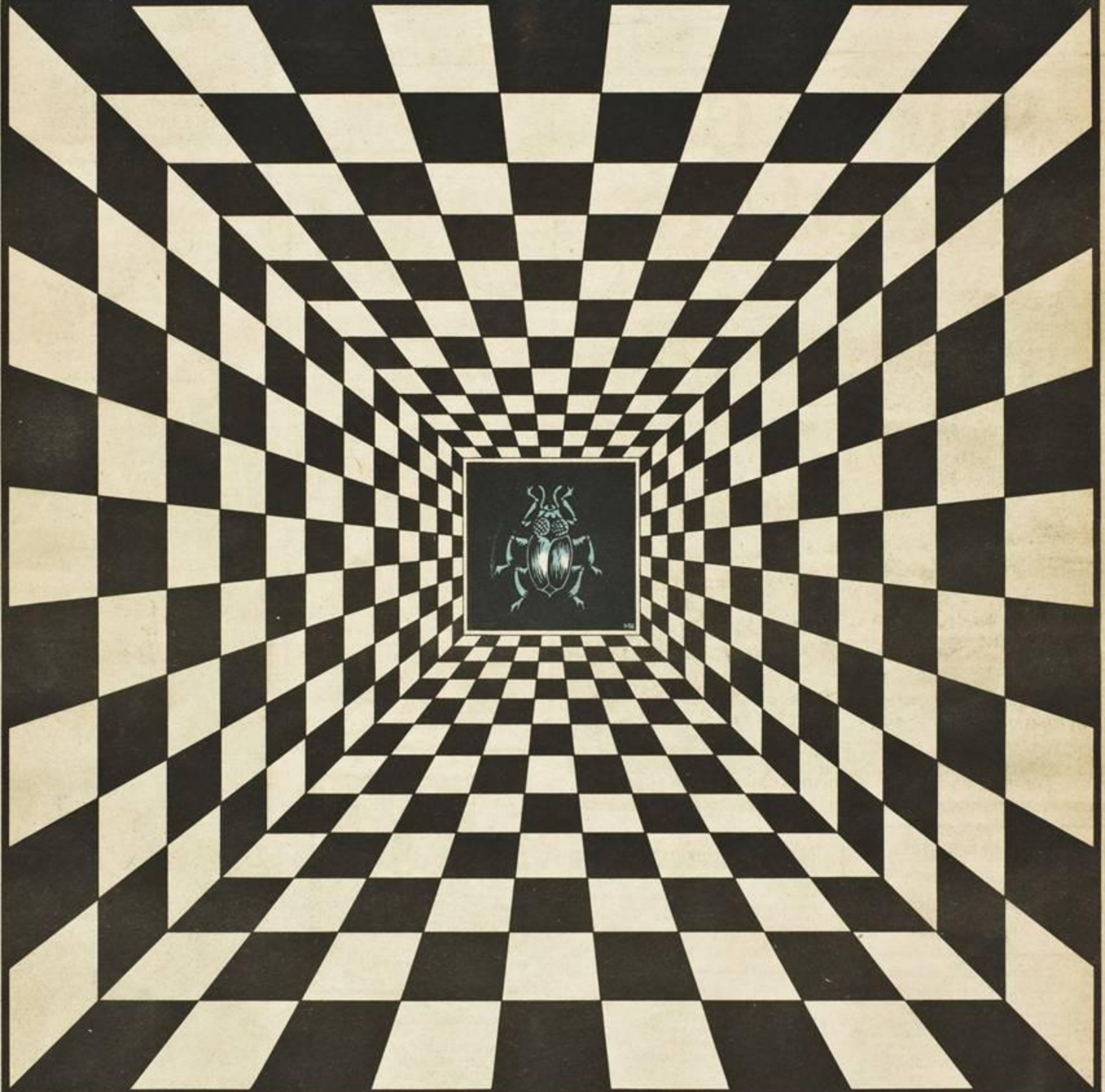
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