

GAY

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November 23, 1970, Volume 1, No. 38

NO. 38

Lindsay And Wife Zapped By Gay Activists

Mrs. Lindsay Obviously Shaken

New York, N.Y.—October 28, 1970. Thirty members of the Gay Activists Alliance surrounded Mayor John V. Lindsay and Mrs. Lindsay at the Imperial Theatre for 7-8 minutes, preventing their entry into the theatre. "It was a tight squeeze" said Eban Clark, whose committee planned the "zap." Mr. Clark noted that Mrs. Lindsay "really blew her cool" and that she "began pushing, kicking, and slapping" to force her way through the crowd of demonstrators. Bystanders said that she struck one GAA member who, along with

others, was chanting "Homosexuals need your help." According to Eban Clark, the "zap" was "needed" to protest Lindsay's



Mayor John V. Lindsay

silence, to protest police harassment, and to "force" the Mayor to meet with gay spokesmen.

Other homophile organizations did not take part in the "zap." GAY contacted Michael Kotis, President of the Mattachine Society of New York to determine his organization's stand on Mayor Lindsay. Mr. Kotis said, "N.Y. Mattachine is opposed to 'zapping' Mayor Lindsay primarily for two reasons: First, those people who have been involved in the gay movement for several years know what a good friend John Lindsay has been to the homosexual. Before he became Mayor, New York's administration was really sexually oppressive. This oppression included entrapment, employment discrimination within the city government and frequent raids on gay gathering places. All of that was ended by Lindsay and Leary.

"Secondly, 'zapping' is generally unproductive, we feel, in rectifying any grievances which homosexuals may have and could easily turn a friend into an enemy."



Activists in Harpers' Offices

Photo by Richard Mandel

Breakfast At Harpers: An Inside View of a Sit-In

BY LEO SKIR

(Note: Marty Robinson in a moment of manic bliss suggested I call this *Battle of Harper's Fairies* but Kay Tobin, fearful of reinforcing image-stereotype—said NEVER! NEVER! NEVER! but—I mean it's like cute, eh what?)

I arrived 3 hours late or almost because I'm a writer and Harper's had refused my suggestion for a gay article saying they'd done it and it would be a long time before they'd do it again and I didn't want them to think I was a sore loser (tho the idea of coming and peeing on the carpet was tempting). Reluctantly, then, climbing from my warm bed I went down with two boxes of Israeli cookies and a quart of milk.

In front of the building was one of US giving away a sheet entitled WHAT ARE HOMOSEXUALS LIKE? and inviting everyone up to Harper's to visit us.

I came to see the heterosexuals, especially the Harper Heteros (note Capital H).

Zip! Up to the 18th floor, a good omen (18 is the Jewish number for Life).

Harper's office is open and inside

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Nixon Says 'Smut' Issue As Important As Ecology



The President: Purity and Prudery

Baltimore, Md.—President Richard M. Nixon has denounced the findings of the National Commission on Obscenity and Pornography and has demanded that "smut" be outlawed throughout the United States.

Nixon said he had "evaluated" the report, and declared, "I categorically reject its morally bankrupt conclusions and major recommendations." Except for one member appointed by Nixon, the Presidential Commission had been appointed by former President Johnson.

"Pornography is to freedom of expression what anarchy is to liberty" proclaimed Nixon. "As free men willingly restrain a measure of their freedom to prevent anarchy, so must we draw the line against pornography to protect freedom of expression," he warned.

Addressing a rally for Republican congressional candidates, President Nixon refused to accept the Commission's findings that pornography does not affect criminal behavior and rejected its recommendation that most antipornography laws should be repealed, except for children.

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In the Darkest Days SHE LIT THE FIRST CANDLE

The Life of Radclyffe Hall

BY DICK LEITSCH

At a dinner party not long ago, the conversation turned, as it does often in the still-literate circles in which I move, to books. Someone mentioned that a mutual friend was about to publish "the definitive gay novel." Our host arched his eyebrows and said, "But my dear, the definitive gay novel was published in 1928. After *The Well of Loneliness*, all else is extraneous."

The Well of Loneliness is far from being a great literary work. It preaches too much to be good literature, and it is sometimes romantic to the borderline of the ridiculous, sentimental to the point of sappiness. For all of that, the book stands as a shining landmark in the history of homosexuality because *The Well of Loneliness* is much more than just a novel. It is a prophetic book, predicting the rise of the homosexual movement and anticipating the rhetoric, goals, and philosophy of the movement.

The current slogan, "Gay and Proud" was expressed by Radclyffe Hall in *The Well of Loneliness* much more defiantly: "We are as we are; what about it? We don't care a damn, in fact we're delighted!" She doesn't just yell "Out of the closets and into the streets"; rather, she inveighs against closet-queens: "As for those who were ashamed to declare themselves, lying low for the sake of a peaceful existence, she utterly despised such of them as had brains; they were traitors to themselves and their fellows."

I'm not going to outline the plot of the book, nor reprint all of the magnificent and prophetic passages. Most liberated homosexuals have read the book—which must have contributed to their liberation. Those who have not can easily find a paperback edition of the book. For all of its many faults, the book must be read by every gay person, if only to put homosexuality in perspective. Despite the claims of the late-comers, the movement was not begun yesterday. Reading *The Well of Loneliness* is as necessary to an understanding of homosexuality and the homosexual movement as reading the Bible is to understanding Christianity.

To have produced such a book at that particular period in history, the author would have had to be an incredible woman and Radclyffe Hall was just that. Born in the 1880's to an English father and an American mother, Miss Hall was christened Margaerite (sic). A verse-writing little tomboy, she was called

Peter, and later changed that to John. On the title page of her first published novel, John Radclyffe Hall became simply Radclyffe Hall.



Radclyffe Hall shortly after she met Una Troubridge (from *The Life of Radclyffe Hall* by Una, Lady Troubridge)

Until she was 34 years old, Radclyffe did little but hunt, make love, and travel, now and again writing a few poems. At 27, she met and fell in love with a 50-year-old woman, "Ladye," who converted her to Catholicism. Ladye admired people who "did things," and Radclyffe began taking her writing seriously. Three volumes of verse were published, and Ladye sent off some of Radclyffe's short stories to a publisher friend who demanded that Radclyffe write a novel.

The women were happy together, traveling and leading a very busy social life. Then there was an automobile accident and Ladye became a temporary invalid. There was no time for writing novels. Una, Lady Troubridge, came to tea, and she and Radclyffe immediately fell in love. Though Radclyffe, in 1915, was already a Radical Lesbian and Una "rebelled at her militant theories," Una moved in, and the famous *menage a trois* was set up.

During the First World War, Ladye died of a stroke. Radclyffe was grief-stricken, blaming herself for moving Una in and dividing her love for Ladye. The survivors took separate living accommodations for a while, but the shared love for Ladye brought them closer together again, and they took a house and began their 27-year long love affair.

They continued to travel, and in Florence, Radclyffe saw a scene that gave

her an idea for a novel. It took two years, but she finally finished *The Unlit Lamp*. Getting it published was another matter. The publisher who had asked her for a novel had died, and no one else seemed interested. Eventually *The Unlit Lamp* was issued, but not until after another novel, *Adam's Rib*, was published and had won three prizes and sold 27,000 copies in its first three weeks.

With the success of her early novels under her mannish belt, Radclyffe asked Una's advice about a book on lesbianism. It was to be a novel, designed to humanize the homosexual and help the public understand gay life. Such a book, she said, would have to be written by a homosexual who knew the subject well enough to be a spokesman for the minority group. It would probably ruin her career, but she didn't care. But the scandal might hurt Una, and if Una objected, Radclyffe would not write the book.

Fortunately for all of us, Una approved the idea and even supplied the title for *The Well of Loneliness*. The book became, as H. Montgomery Hyde described it, "a sincere and dignified plea for the toleration of lesbian relationships."

When it was published, the London *Sunday Express* called it "perverted decadence" and demanded that it be withdrawn. The Home Secretary caused the book and its publisher to be prosecuted. The objection was that homosexuality was not put down, but was presented sympathetically. For that reason, it was declared "obscene" in Great Britain, and not allowed to be sold in England until after World War II, by which time the author was dead.

Even so, the book was translated into 11 languages, and sold well throughout the world. In America alone, after a court here held the book not obscene, over one million copies were sold during the author's lifetime, and it continued to sell at the rate of 100,000 copies a year thereafter.

Radclyffe, who by now had adopted mannish clothes and close-cropped hair, became an international celebrity. She and Una traveled a great deal and became friends with the international gay set, often being entertained by Colette, Romaine Brooks, Natalie Barney, and others.

They settled down, more or less, in Italy. Radclyffe grew weak and sickly, and X-rays indicated lung damage, which

the doctors wrote off as the result of childhood tuberculosis. The Second World War broke out, and the women reluctantly left Italy and returned to England for what was to be the last time. Though sick, and weakened by the English climate, Radclyffe continued to write and ride her horses.

Then she began to die. What the doctors called "nothing" turned out to be lung cancer. Lady Una tended her with all of the devotion that could only be mustered by someone who had 27 years' experience in loving one person. In the harrowing last days, Una never left her suffering friend's side. Radclyffe died in March, 1943, and Una survived her by twenty years.

After Radclyffe died, Lady Una found a letter addressed to herself in Radclyffe's handwriting. In it, the homosexual world's greatest apologist had written, "God keep you until we meet again... and believe in my love, which is much, much stronger than mere death."

A gay man in *The Well of Loneliness* always advised his gay brothers and sisters: "Do the best you can, no man can do more—but never stop fighting. For us there is no sin so great as despair, and perhaps no virtue so vital as courage."

If we are fighting the good fight today, if we have hope for our futures, it is largely because women like Radclyffe Hall had the courage to start the fight long ago. If ever there was a homosexual militant, a radical homosexual, it was Radclyffe Hall who in the darkest days lit the first candle. When the homosexual hall of fame is built, this woman deserves the place of honor.

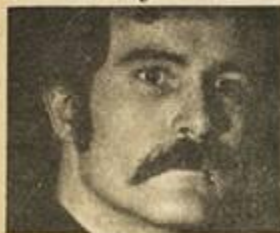


Una Troubridge at the time of her first meeting with Radclyffe Hall (from *The Life of Radclyffe Hall* by Una, Lady Troubridge)

BY JACK NICHOLS



editation? It does seem vaguely commendable somehow, doesn't it? But how difficult to wax enthusiastic about sitting motionless without any clear idea of what one is supposed to accomplish! What could be more boring?



Jack Nichols

And then, of course, we've all heard the streetcorner mumbling of the neighborhood love child: a post-acid, pro-astrology, macrobiotic enthusiast. His eyes are covered by a hazy film as he smiles the sweetest of smiles, peering through long strands of unkempt hair. He asks what sign we are, and then, in holy tones bespeaking a monotonous, dreamy devotion to eastern gurus, he informs us that meditation is where it's at. Meditation? Does this child practise it? Our best instincts rebel.

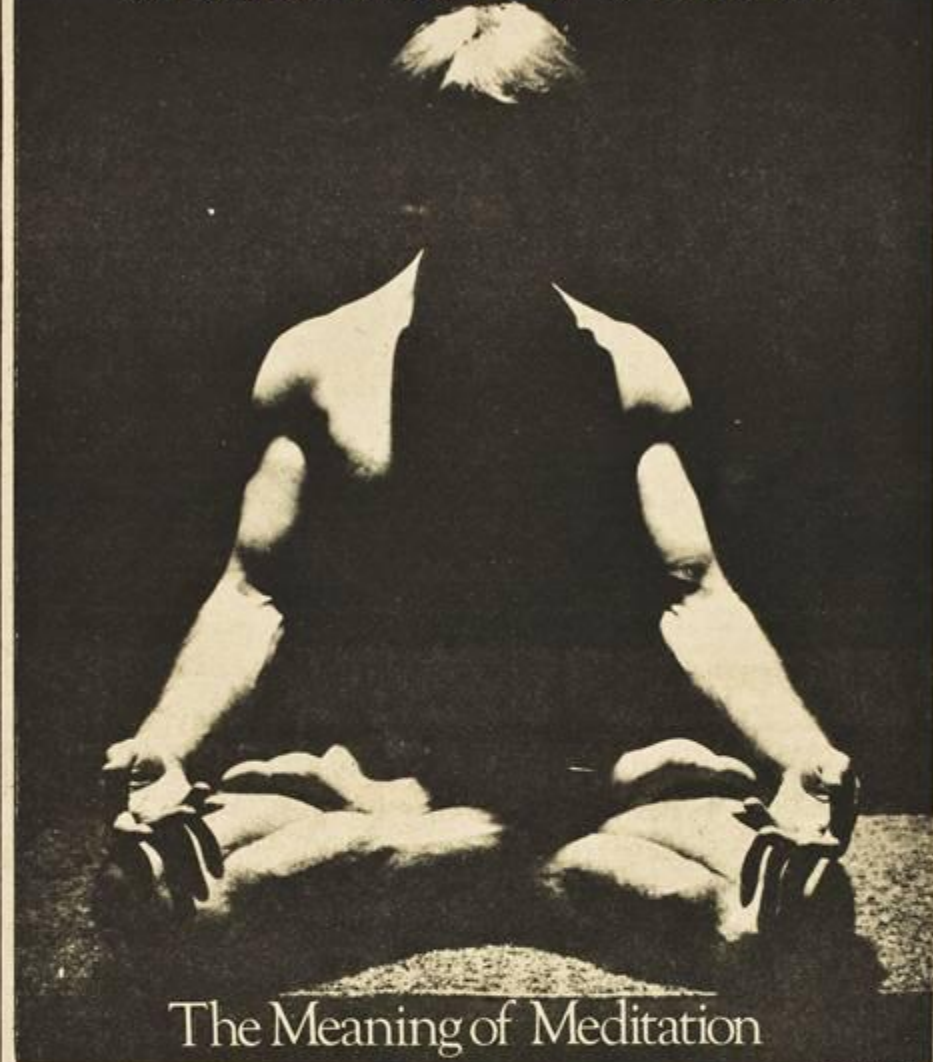
Then there's the sweet little old lady who works at Gimbels. She is a dear. While she's helping you find a suitable deodorant, she's preaching meditation. Somehow, you realize, this pleasant little soul has found in "oriental wisdom" a *raison d'être*. It's brought excitement to her life. Good for her, you think. But for me? Well, thanks, but...

When my lover and I arrived in New York, the first item we bought was a statue of the Buddha. Not because we're Buddhists, mind you, but because the statue is beautiful. Serene. Princely. It is a striking reminder that we should maintain good posture. And, since there's only a rug and a few pillows in our living room (no furniture), the Buddha soon became an eye-level member of our family. He never talks. But then some of life's best exemplars are those who give us silent cues.

Our room soon became a refuge from the madness of Manhattan. What else, after all, should a Manhattan apartment be? Facing the rough and tumble of city life; coping with the encroachments of technological proliferation; hurrying from one hassle to another, one soon realizes the absolute necessity for time to oneself. In short, relaxing. All around you people say, *I never have time*. An outworn complaint. Any sane person soon discovers that the only way to find such time is to take it.

The most attractive people are those who stand apart, who are not caught in the compulsive race for acquisition. Look at them anywhere: in a bar, at a party. Their eyes do not flit from one possibility to another; grasping indiscriminately, pursuing without thought. They are the center of their own existence. They respond to those around them with a warmth that's tinged with calm discrimination. You know that you are speaking to an individual who clarifies life from within rather than a follower: who seeks salvation outside himself. You realize that you're face to face with a

WE ARE WHAT WE THINK



The Meaning of Meditation

Photo by Roy Leigh

person who takes time for himself, and is not the frantic victim of circumstances. Somewhere, in the recesses of your consciousness, you remember a parent quoting: *I am the master of my fate. I am the captain of my soul*. You have taken the first step toward meditation. "The Light is within thee," said the Egyptian Hierophants, "let the Light shine."

To begin, perhaps, you may need a motive. Choose your own, but include the thought that the best motivation (the removal of personal obstacles and suffering) is also impersonal: turning your will toward the elimination of all suffering, without intemperate cognizance of your own.

Why meditate? Because every human mind is filled with a host of vain imaginings. We are plagued by useless speculations. Emotion pulls us all into a mesh of perplexing muddles. Problems which don't exist (except in our thought-ridden minds) grow all out of proportion to what is actually happening to us. We fall, in the rush of daily rounds, to discriminate

between a weighty conglomeration of futile worries and the calm conduct of those affairs which truly require our immediate attention. The proper application of meditation can bring about an amazing awareness of how the mind works. Within the curious spheres of the brain, wild stallions, galloping in all directions, without control, strike their hooves into our lives, kicking and stamping us into unnecessary anguish. We fail to realize that we can do our best and no more in the handling of pressing matters, but that self-torture brought on by agonizing *mind-play* is self-induced.

Do you really have control of those mental stallions? Or do they pull you outside of yourself? Perhaps you'd like to experiment. Sit quietly on the edge of your bed for only five minutes. Center your attention on some small object: an orange, perhaps, or even a matchbox. First, think about the object. Where did it come from? How did you get it? How was its cost established? After keeping your mind in such lines for only two or three minutes, shift your focus and think

only of the matchbox. Don't analyze it anymore. Don't consider its cost, its color or shape. Let analysis die away so that here appears before the searchlight of your mind only the chosen object.

What results can you expect? First, you will discover how much (or how little) control you have over your own thoughts. Your mind will jump from the chosen object to seemingly unrelated topics. Before you realize it, you'll be far away from the object. Halt. Retrace your thoughts step by step from the unrelated point you've reached, back to the object. Exercises such as these—in Concentration—will prepare your mind for the desired step: Meditation.

At the core of Meditation lies the Buddha's words: "All that we are is a result of what we have thought; it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts."

The power of our thoughts, of course, varies with the intensity with which they've been created. The majority of them fade away quickly. But some

Continued on page 17

THE WICKER BASKET



BY RANDOLFE WICKER

THREAT OF ZAP COWS CAVETT

For several weeks, GAA has been planning to "zap" Dick Cavett during a taping of one of his shows. Sixty or seventy tickets had been secured for the Tuesday, Oct. 27th, taping. The line outside the theater had formed with GAA members liberally sprinkled throughout. Each had a whistle. Plans called for all fifty people to commence blowing their whistles ten minutes after the taping commenced while a selected ten members leaped to the platform and confronted Cavett. Although the disruption could be edited out, GAA's hoped to make their point—namely that Cavett frequently told condescending and snickering jokes about gays but had so far refused to allow gay spokesmen to appear as guests on his show. With the radio and television stations reporting GAA's earlier occupation of *Harper's Magazine's* offices, someone tipped off Cavett regarding his impending confrontation that evening. Ushers commenced going up and down the line of several hundred people waiting to get into the show asking individuals if they "were with the liberation group," and saying that the management wanted to speak to liberation representatives before the show. "If not," they warned to each suspect, "you might not be admitted." Finally, minutes before the doors opened some GAAer's did meet with Cavett, who agreed to schedule a program including them within the month. Their ends secured, GAA called off the zap. This show should appear within two weeks of the appearance of this column.

LESBIANS NECK AT FINALE

A small dinner party of gay women, members of GLF's radical lesbian contingent, went to the Finale Restaurant for dinner one weekday evening in mid-October. While waiting for their meals, one or two couples commenced necking at the table. The management, claiming that "two policemen are present," told them to "stop that." Words led to more words on both sides, with one of the restaurant staff finally

saying something like "Come on, be reasonable. You're beginning to sound like a bunch of goddam dykes."

That so enraged the women that they stormed out only to return a couple of hours later with about seventy supporters. For the better part of an hour, they completely disrupted the Finale's business. The Finale's owner then entered into a dialogue which apparently placated the women enough for them to leave peacefully.

KISS-IN ON UPPER WEST SIDE

After two gays were ejected from the Gold Rail bar, located on Broadway around 109th St., for kissing one another, Gay Liberation Front organized a kiss-in confrontation on Friday, October 16. Members of other groups, including GAA, were invited to participate and many did.

Approximately thirty demonstrators came ready to demonstrate and fight if necessary. They didn't have to. The bar owners expressed a conciliatory attitude saying anyone with money was welcome in their bar and that homosexuals would be allowed the same liberties in displaying affection as heterosexuals. The owners, taking exception to the action of their employee several nights earlier, said hand holding and light kissing would be permissible between homosexuals but that heavy petting and tongue kissing would be forbidden between homosexual patrons as it was between heterosexual patrons.

GAY RADICALS EMERGE IN ENGLAND

English students who visited the United States during this past summer and who were impressed with the programs and activities of GLF and other activist groups have undertaken to establish a chapter at the London School of Economics.

Bob Mellors, the group's main organizer, writes that gay agitation is necessary in Britain because although laws have been changed, people's social attitudes toward homosexuals have remained condescending.

Come Out posters have been put up around the University. Support has come from AgitProp (Agitation and Propagation) who are described as "a socialist information cadre."

The first action undertaken by "a self-styled adventurist clique" of England's infant GLF was in response to an article in the London Student's Union newspaper, which, according to Mellors, "described the prospects for sex of the new male freshers. It referred to women as sex objects and gave the possibility that those who missed out might 'turn queer.'"

"Members of a self-proclaimed Gay Liberation Guerrilla Front sprayed corridors in the University of London Union with indelible black and gold paint Oct. 8th," the *Manchester Guardian* reported.

"Slogans and obscene drawings have been sprayed on the walls of every corridor of the six floors and in the changing rooms."

"Women and gay people demand to be related to as people, not as sex objects," a spokesman for the Front told the *Guardian*. Slogans included "Fight Gay Liberation" and "Fight to curb exploitation of Gay liberation."

"Gay liberation issued a statement quoted in the paper as warning the front's action was 'the first of a series of attacks against students and newspapers which continue to regard women and gay people in a sexless manner.'"

Gay Liberation Front, whose connection with the "guerrilla group" is unclear, has 15 people who have expressed an interest in joining. Twenty signatures are needed to apply for recognition at the University.

The group currently plans to "liberate" a school dance and to picket the London Court where the *International Times*, an English underground publication, is being prosecuted for having a "Males Wanted" column.

NEVER BELIEVE EVERYTHING YOU READ EVEN HERE

My meagre journalistic efforts since commencing this column have resulted in a rising flood of protests, some legitimate, some not, regarding items which have appeared.

Off the top of my head, I do want to correct a few errors. Weeks ago I implied the treasuries of GAA and WSDG were earmarked for establishing a community center. Although both groups are now seriously negotiating for locations, their monies at that time had not been

committed to the purpose as had the community center fund for GLF.

GLF's allegations that I was not a personal witness of the bottle throwing during the recent riots is true. However, four separate individuals all gave me identical accounts of what happened that evening when I reached the scene immediately after the event. Since GLF has no official membership, I may have been seriously in error in charging "members of GLF had commenced tossing bottles at the cops." However, the current issue of *Come Out*, GLF's newspaper, carries a report by Martha Shelly which says "Later one sister complained to me that as she stood in front of The Haven some of the people to her rear began to throw bottles at the police, thus provoking a club swinging melee," and then goes on to discuss the implications of that fact.

And finally, the report of the "Harper's To Be Seized" item was written at the time the action was planned during September. I submitted it to give GAY's readers some understanding of the offensive nature of the *Harper's* article. However, by the time the action came off

(reported elsewhere in this issue) tactics had been modified from "seizure" to a "sit-in with 'come up and meet the real homosexuals' at Harper's today." I was wrong. I apologize. I stuck my foot in my mouth trying to keep this column current. What more can I say? More information and misinformation next issue. ■

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BY DR. GEORGE WEINBERG

I admire those who are tireless at trying to teach psychoanalysts and the public the truth about homosexuality. And yet I also confess to lurking moments of feeling superior to them. I no longer try to teach anything about life to psychoanalysts. You might say I have given up. Or that my prudence saves me from repeated dismay, and that therefore I must have become wise.

My belief is that a groundswell, a *Renaissance in the populous itself*, will win us the freedoms and acknowledgements we all want—heterosexuals and homosexuals. Our national experts on mental health are for the most part the crust, the hardest people to change. The crust, as you know, crumbles before it moulds. My plan is to work for this groundswell, informing the public that no individual possesses an official rule book indicating the sexual acts that are mentally healthy or moral.

Take the psychoanalyst's standard mode of investigation. He begins with a premise, and then questions the patient or lets him talk freely about causes of his problem. He stops when he feels he has uncovered what he considers the crucial underlying cause.

Thus his belief about underlying causes determines how far he investigates for truth, and when he thinks he has found it.

I did my internship in one of Connecticut's three state hospitals servicing those deemed deranged in the state and too poor to go to a private hospital. The hospital is a ring of red brick buildings forming a city of its own. It is surrounded by countryside, and its lawns are well manicured by the patients. Across a dirt road is a pond where the hospital staff goes swimming in the summertime. The hospital contained over six thousand patients, permanently or till the decision came that they could go home.

The clinical director, who made these decisions, was a traditional psychoanalyst. He believed that all cases of paranoia stem from homosexuality. I would see him mostly at the staff conferences given on Fridays. They were the chief social events for the employees. Nurses, social workers, occupational therapists, psychiatrists and psychologists would assemble in their cleanest uniforms. They would report on the newly admitted patients, or those requesting discharge, after which the clinical director would assign an official diagnosis to each patient.

Sometimes when a diagnosis was difficult, the patient would be paraded before the group and the clinical director would question him.

This particular director considered himself an expert on the subject of homosexuality. He believed the strict Freudian doctrine that cases of paranoia are always the result of latent homosexuality, and he imagined he was



CAN PSYCHOANALYSTS REALLY BE CURED?

proving this and educating the staff whenever he questioned paranoid patients.

One day, a fellow who had fled to the woods in fear for his life, and was later properly diagnosed as paranoid, was ushered in.

"Why did you hide in the woods where you almost starved?" asked the clinical director. He was always red-faced from drink and he had a habit of jingling the heavy hospital keys while he talked.

"I thought my wife and my boss were part of a Communist plot." The fellow answered tremulously.

"What were they going to do?"

"Uh... I don't know... kill me, maybe."

"How?" asked the director.

"I... uh... uh... I don't know."

"You don't know?" the director asked surprised.

From this the fellow apparently thought he ought to know, and he concentrated on finding an answer.

"I don't know. Maybe... uh... maybe shoot me."

"Shoot you? How? You were off in the hills. How would they get to you?"

Because people who were agitated at the thought that they were homosexual comprised the main segment, or perhaps even all, of his paranoid patients.

The clinical director, being a Freudian, had learned psychoanalytic theory dutifully from books and perhaps from others who had learned it in turn from one of Freud's disciples. But this director obviously had seen cases of paranoia stemming from causes other than morbid concern over being homosexual. Doubtless he had seen light-skinned blacks trying to pass as white and becoming paranoid. Surely he had seen drug-induced paranoia. And even paranoia caused by concern over being detected for smoking pot. Later Freud himself certainly encountered paranoia in the form of peoples' esteeming themselves part of a master race. Hitler drove him out of Germany. But Freudian theory did not allow for inclusion of new observations as instances of paranoia.

Imagine the dilemmas that a patient encounters when he goes to a psychoanalyst with the intention of attacking some problem, but does not consider his homosexuality a problem.

To begin with, as a homosexual he is said to have fixated at an early level of development. As a non-parent, if this is the case, he is said to have left unfinished a major part of his development. If the person is a lesbian, there is the special criticism of not having experienced pregnancy or giving birth.

If the person questions the analyst's judgment of him, he is *resistant*. If he brings in literature to document his case, including the important works of great sex researchers of the day, he is *intellectualizing* his problem. If he threatens to quit, he is *running away* from the problem.

The analyst will almost certainly add that the patient must be touching the most vital, the most dreaded material. Too bad you are running away again, he will purr in the customary soft-sell of psychoanalysis. "You have shown this pattern before."

Worst of all, he will attribute failures in your life to your deviancy, your homosexuality, or your preference not to get married, or not to have children. He will attribute your unwillingness to try heterosexual sex contacts to fear, and will conclude from his own givens that he has seen massive evidence of this fear.

If by this time you want to punch him in the mouth, and he sees you rise in your chair, he will call you hostile. Your uncontrollable rage is proof that you are suffering from an impulse disorder. You know that what he is saying is true, or why would you be so angry?

Sometimes it is easier to move a mountain of ignorant people than to budge a self-righteous man. Therefore you might say I have chosen the easy way.

By the way, for reasons I shall discuss in a coming piece, paranoia tends to be found more often among members of oppressed groups than ordinarily. In nearly all societies homosexuals have been more frequent victims of maltreatment and of paranoia than heterosexuals have. But this is because the sense of embarrassment over a personal characteristic, and the desire to hide it for the sake of being accepted by a society, produce the most fertile starting place possible for paranoia. ■

BY LEO SKIR

itting in some expensive Italian restaurant (Marino something) at 2:30 (late for a lunch) with the real life head of a publishing house (Thomas Y. Crowell publisher)—he's a Mr. Tripp (really!!!)—and glory! glory!—the editor of the Dictionary of American Slang a Mr. Flexner. I'd been invited as a possible informant on the slang of the American homosexual and it's a big thrill for me, someone paying for my lunch (if I was a woman I might feel humiliated and used and unliberated).

I know all my homosexual audience (deep oral erotic! food-centered!) would like to know all the goodies I ate but cross-my-heart-and-hope-to-die I just had a quick spaghetti with marinara sauce and some FRUIT (note the word!) salad and coffee because my agent had gotten the lunch time wrong and the two Older Men had been waiting TWO HOURS for me.

Well, I didn't get much talking done (maybe that's why now, I'm writing). I had a hard time with that long spaghetti (used as I've become to the short stuff from cans) and the two of them were talking. They weren't homosexuals but writers (who like alcoholics and homosexuals are deep oral erotics—see Berger on this—and talk talk talk).

Well! Listen. One of them is speaking: "I have a couple, two close friends that I knew very well over years and of course have heard them talk. They seem, at least outwardly, well adjusted and happy with each other. But you know, when they're talking in my presence I'm there. I don't have any knowledge of the terms they use, the way they talk to each other when I'm not there."

There I am taking this all in with my spaghetti. I took a big gulp, got those LONG strings in and opened my beautiful mouth and talked:

"Sir! I am a permanent, No. 6-on-the-Kinsey-scale, full-time, professional homosexual, spending much of my time with other homosexuals male and fe-male. And let me assure you there is no special jargon into which we fall when the heterosexuals have left the room, no simple secret language. That such is supposed to exist I know well since a heterosexual article in the *Parisian Review* 'The Queer Problem in England' (to be followed by the Kike and Nigger problem no doubt) told me that homosexuals (Opps! queers!) had cabalistic signs (his term) and terms by which they know each other.

"I don't want to say *bullshit* because it doesn't go along with my class and peer-group but—by God!—*bullshit*!" "There is, in my experience no special homosexual jargon. Within the homosexual world there are small enclaves where a specialized argot develops and speaks out a little: the transvestites, especially those double-in groups the Spanish-speaking transvestites and the blacks do have a rich more private vocabulary. The Jews have motherized the derivative *jeg* (echo of the sticks of the Inquisition) into the softer Yiddish *fegele* (little bird) and arse and ass, harsh and having again derivative connotations have given way to the beautiful diminutive *tooshie* (from the Hebrew *tachat* "underneath"). But these are not secret, private words. I first heard *fegele* from my heterosexual brother, a lawyer, talking about a client. "Butch",



"Nellie", "straight", "camp", have become the common parlance of the New York theatre world.

"There is a certain tinge which homosexual talk has but it is not the dropping of a word. It is in a certain bitterness—this is New York gay talk—which to me seems an echo of Jewish bitterness, i.e. "You're a very interesting person" — "You're boring me to death."

The two men looked at me very sadly. I felt sure they felt I must know lots of special secret terms and had decided not to let the cat out of the bag.

"Cruise" "Swish" "Dyke?" I've heard my heterosexual friends use these terms as often.

Words more often on my homosexual friends' lips: fascist Agnew; role-playing (100 times a day); sexist (ditto); chauvenist (ditto).

I went home and thought and thought about it. Also thought about missing full-long Italian meal by being 2 hours late).

I looked through my books to see if there was anything good on gay slang. For New York there was my own excellent article on "Gay New York" from the book THE NEW YORK SPY.

A NOTE ON TERMINOLOGY As noted, the homosexual world in New York City is not one but several, with different slang. In general the subgroups, Negro, Jewish, junkie, teahed, acidhead, gay, use an interlingua whose only rule is that by the time a term is in, it's on the way out. The chief thing about any in vocabulary is not the term, but using that term in a sentence. Delivery is all, vocabulary incidental.

A "homosexual" rarely or never calls himself a "homosexual." If anything the word is "gay" (not "goose" as in England). Usually the in-group question would be "Is he?" with no adjective at all.

A lesbian never calls herself a lesbian, she is either "gay" or "heavy" (which has replaced "butch" to connote masculinity).

The Spanish term (much heard in New York City) is "mascico", which is abusive. Spanish femme types call themselves "queens," a term out of use otherwise. Also out-of-date: fairy, fruit, panty. "Pantico" is unknown in America.

"Faggot," like "nigger" is a hate and fight word. A "homosexual" in "homosexual" society will take it from another, but not from a straightnik.

"Straightniks" (also known as normah) in New York City are always trying to assimilate, to be a little colored, Jewish, gay, etc. but in Madison-Avenue term for gay kid is fagele ("little bird" in Yiddish), sound-alike to the abusive "fag." "Faggot," which terms come from the medieval use of sticks of wood to burn heretics, Jews, homosexuals.

In any event: Drooping hairpins—letting tender nuances into conversations to see if someone is simpatico. "He won't come to tea again"—self-explanatory. "I'll tell you, in that night!"—means that a couple is about to split up (see Luke 17:34-35).

Norman—normal. A term of abuse. ("There's this Norman girl at the office comes to my desk, wants to push her engagement ring in my face like she is the pope and I should kiss it.")

Pure—feminine. ("He looks so pure when he's dancing.")

Simon—from Simple Simon; a straightnik who does not know the score.

Tip (verb)—to leave. ("We must tip now.")

Ugly, bad—beautiful, good. Wonderful—awful. (He's wonderful," translates as "He's awful.")

"You're a very interesting person"—"You're boring me to death."

The only thing I left out from the final printed list were terms for specific genital things. The reason: my Lesbian friends all found them distasteful (so much for homosexual love of slang!) I'll print them here, and see if my readers (a) use them or have never heard of them (b) find them offensive and would not use them (c) know other terms:

Brownie Queen—male who prefers the passive role. Head, Heaven—when one person is "giving head" going down on the other so the other sees only the top of his head "Give me head/heaven baby!"

Kickie-Wickie—"nookie" affectionate term for female genitalia. Heard from southern blacks, male and female and seen by me only once in print—in Shakespeare to connote female-sweetheart.

Shimping—Fellatio. (This read, not heard—in an article by heterosexual Seymour Krim in *Cavalier* on gay life. Randy Wicker insists he didn't know it either by was told but his informants it meant toe-nucking.)

Teapot—Male genitalia—Used often in South by heteros.

Tearoom—Public toilet. "Can you ever sing Tea for Two again with a clear conscience after knowing this?"

Re: English gay talk. Gordon Westwood's A MINORITY has a list with some words which to me are very normal hetero words i.e. "Affair" a la sweetnik Margerie Morningstar (no dirty shel). These terms I have never used or heard and would be interested if others have (in America by Americans)

bent—homosexual
bitch—passive homosexual (male, I assume)
cottage—public lavatory
minny—(also min)—effeminate homosexual on the game—working at prostitute
rest, reater—a male prostitute
trick cyclist—psychiatrist

Also rather barren was THE HOMOSEXUAL IN AMERICA, by Donald Webster Cory, written in 1951, most of it's "in" terms are now hetero property ("French" and "Greek" culture are staples of the SCREW ads—hetero)

With fellatio being popular among heterosexual couples today the term cock-macker, synonymous in the 50's with homosexuals does not have the same circulation. Homosexual behavior, being less specialized and tight, (role-playing, anyone?) has given rise to fewer specialized gays. So the term "fish-queen" (gay guy who likes cunnilingus) and that's his thing—hasn't anything like the same circulation. The Gay Liberation Front has reissued the word Faggot, especially "flaming faggot" as a call to arms, and Queen becomes now the call to return from exile and take command. With gay pride these terms have changed in value and complexion (as with the establishment of Israel, Jews wearing yamulkas in the subway seemed prouder of them and the word Jew has a new pride).

But we gayniks have no Hebrew, no Yiddish. We may get Land-of-our-own (as GLF in LA and HI! in New York want) but there's no homo-English! (Cross-my-Jewish-heart-and-hope-to-die!). Note: This article is a part of my book on my own gay liberation WHEN THE MORNING COMES. If any readers differ with me or have other info, please send it on. I'll put it in the book, share with Mr. Flexner of Dictionary of American Slang. If he uses anything he pays the contributor (if you can give citations in any printed text it's grand) so include your name and address when you write me:

Leo Skir
P.O. Box 69
Planetarium Station
New York City, N.Y. 10024

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BY LILLI VINCENZ

ne night Marcelle, Tony and I went looking for a gay dancing bar. The back of the Crown and Anchor was said not to be as lively as the Pilgrim Club, and so we headed for the latter. I heard the guy by the door of the A-House bar say it was located on Champagne Street. Forgot to ask where that was, however, and so we wound up asking a gay store owner. He said it wasn't Champagne Street but Shank Painter Street and that the Pilgrim Club, for more than a year, had been known as Piggy's Truck Stop. Weird. We decided to try it.

It was a rather cold night that Labor Day eve, and we were walking. Provincetown is a town of walkers and bikers. Cars don't seem to belong there—they crawl awkwardly, like huge bug-eyed intruders, through the human masses. Shank Painter was a large dark street that seemed to lead out of town. It got darker and darker, and street lights fewer and fewer. We passed a lonely laundromat, and our feet were beginning to hurt. Could we have been had? We decided to try one more light in the distance. The sign below it said "Dance Bar."

"Is this Piggy's Truck Stop?" The two men at the door eyed us warily (or was it listlessly?) and nodded. "Do you have gay dancing here?" I asked, observing the boy-girl couple on the floor. Slight hesitation before the affirmative reply. But the cover charge, the empty interior, and the kind of welcome we received (at the Pier Nine in Washington you get a smile) persuaded us rather to see what the Chinese carry-out across the street had to offer.

It was a tiny place, with a kitchen four times the size of the "dining area," which

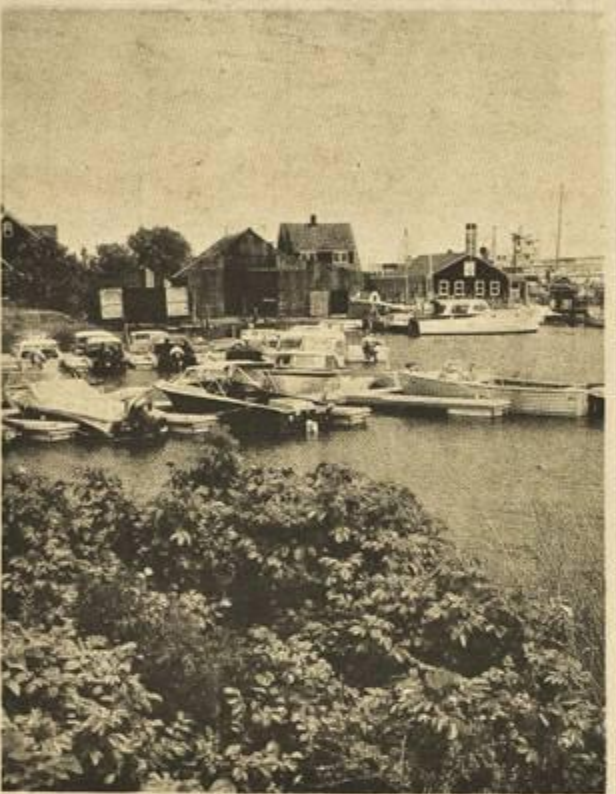
consisted of two small tables. There we rested our feet and warmed up with delicious soup freshly made by the two long-haired blonde proprietresses. Next door, the Wuthering Heights Playhouse featured the last performance of *Fortune and Men's Eyes*, based on Sal Mineo's New York production. A man was taking down posters, and two boys on a motorcycle picked some up. Suddenly inspired, I rushed outside—and managed to get the last poster.

With soup gurgling in our stomachs, we finally hiked toward town. People were now entering Piggy's Truck Stop, but we had "promises to keep and lots to do before we sleep" (pardon the paraphrases). "How much further to Piggy's?" someone yelled out of the darkness. We pointed to the light which was now behind us.

At the Ocean's Inn we settled down to an arts and crafts session. "What kind of sign would you like, Tony? Gay Liberation Front?" "How about 'Out of the Closets and into the Streets,'" he suggested, lounging on the bed watching us make picket signs for Labor Day's gay march. We found the back of Ocean's Inn paper bathmats useful for printing (with crayons) our homophile slogans, such as "Homosexuals Are American Citizens, Too." "Mattachine Society of Washington," plus Tony's choice. Marcelle painted "Gay Is Good" in pink and lavender on a sheet from her water color pad.

Labor Day offered the cheerful people a beautiful sunny afternoon for its Gay Liberation March—not a protest demonstration but a "celebration." Led by a police cruiser, at least 150 gay celebrants marched proudly and joyously through P'town's streets, chanting all those familiar Christopher Street slogans.

"Ungawa, gay power, boom boom, bang bang!" (That ditty was new to me.) At the athletic field a small rally was held, with short, zesty liberation/celebration speeches by the Boston sponsors of the march. About half the participants were estimated to be members of Boston homophile groups.



SUMMER'S END IN P'TOWN

"Three, five, seven, nine, Lesbians are mighty fine!" Crowds of onlookers, most of them smiling and half of them gay, lined the streets. The chorus from the marchers of "Join us! Join us!" was heard over and over again. "Off the sidewalks and into the streets!" we yelled, and some people actually obeyed.

"Two, four, six, eight, Gay is just as good as straight!" Passing by the Town House bar, the crowd hissed loudly, chiding the establishment for not permitting the "All-You-Need-Is-Love" leaflets to be distributed advertising the march.

"Hey, hey, what do you say. Try it once the other way!" Spirits were high. Marcelle and I loved it. A real feeling of brotherhood prevailed (which I had not been able to appreciate as much at the Christopher Street march because of the nuisance of trying to film the event.) To our delight, Kay Tobin popped up suddenly among our ranks. She and Barbara had come from New York especially for the occasion.

Others represented were G.A.A.; San Francisco Tavern Guild; H.A.L.; D.O.B.; and M.S.W., H.S.L., and Gay Lib from Washington, D.C.

Barbara Gittings was discovered on the bleachers and got cheers and applause.

"Spiro Agnew's son is gay. Spiro Agnew's son is gay," a group of people were chanting mischievously.

We met two boys from Worcester, Mass., who were planning to start a homophile organization there. Repression of homosexuals is very bad. Recently one boy was beaten so badly by straight hoods he ended up in the hospital. The following night his young gay friends "went down with bats after these 'knocks' and ended up by getting fired at by rifles... (We call them knocks because they gather together in gangs and 'beat up the gay kids in the cruising area')." Since then it's been unsafe to cruise in Worcester "openly."

The only gay bar has only one window left, after fourteen toughs demolished

the establishment. "They took the grand piano and tipped it right over into the mirrors, put two of the bartenders in the hospital, one with a broken jaw. Another one they blinded temporarily."

We talked about how to get an organization started, and I referred them to Old Faithful, i.e., Frank Kameny.

The rally over, the momentous question arose of whether we'd have time for the last afternoon song fest at the Moors (a motel and restaurant). For two days in a row we'd been turned away at the door because of an overflow crowd inside, even when we came an hour ahead of time. This day we were in luck, however.

"No Business like Show Business," "Climb Every Mountain," "Mame," "I Feel Pretty," "Red Balloon," "Hello Dolly!"—you name it, we sang it. From four to five p.m., the low-ceilinged converted stable rang with the voices of 200 gay male and female voices. Simple improvised drag routines added a camp flourish to the occasion, while the versatile piano player plunked out a continuous medley of old and new favorites.

Ava Williams, entertaining at the Crown and Anchor, and someone I remembered from my last visit three years ago, held forth with her hilarious adaptations (perversions?): "On a clear day, you can see Claire Trevor..." "A foggy day in Provincetown... for suddenly I saw you here and through foggy Provincetown my friends were cruising..." "There were bells in the dunes, but I never saw them..." "Fly me to your room..."

Then some more melodies for all to sing. At the end they played a song I hadn't heard in a long time. Everyone was standing up—with a slight shock I recognized the National Anthem! Everyone knew the words to this one and it was beautiful. We were singing "for the land of the free and home of the brave," wishing it to be so.

When it came to "God Bless America," everyone sang at the top of his lungs. Was it only because it's a catchy tune? The fervor in the "home, sweet home" part made me doubt it. It sounded like a hymn.

Labor Day was coming to a close and people were leaving. But we still did some shopping and took in one more terrific jazz concert at the A-House, where Perry of Pittsburgh played a mean saxophone and where the organist's feet skimming over the pedals were fascinating to watch. The guitarist and drummer were good, too. Years ago the A-House was always a favorite haunt, whether for music, poetry readings, or dancing. Am glad I rediscovered it.

Monday wasn't over yet! Returning to the inn at midnight, we found we'd been invited to a party at Martha's and Nancy's. There we finally had a chance to talk at leisure with our old friends Barbara Gittings and Kay Tobin.

It was a great finale to our P'town visit. The next day, after a delicious brunch served by Martha and Nancy, we headed back south—and back to the heat! You should have seen our lawn! It was a stepple. It was brown, and sad little stalks of dried up tomato plants protruded from the baked soil. Oh...

But really! Who cares now? The summer is over, and it was well spent!

Breakfast At Harpers

continued from page 1

filling the tiny reception room is us, also coffee, cookies and TV equipment and cameras and a pamphlet giving two pages of quotes from the offending article in the September Harper's that we're protesting: Joseph Epstein's article "Homo/Hetero; the Struggle for Sexual Identity."

I'd read it when it came out. It was just a stupid nowhere article about some straight guy who didn't seem very connected to his own balls. You know the sort of girl who goes to the prom and comes back and tells Mother about how some of the other chicks let boys actually feel their boobs. So our Joseph tells how his friends—no—not friends—a removal—people he heard about got done by homo-sexuals (clinical word), then beat the living piss (not "urine") out of him.

Well, what about Mr. Epstein's homosexual experiences? Since he's writing about homosexuality—what were they like? Bad? Good? Neither. Non-existent.

Then why write the article? Well, you see, the thought of it makes Mr. E. sick-queasy and apparently this thought about something he wishes wouldn't happen (and he's gotten to middle age without a single do) occupies his time, so why shouldn't it occupy ours?

And did this vacancy get printed? Yes it did.

And around this little empty hole of an article we are assembled here today.

Someone's handed me a sheet. It's song lyrics. 3 sheets, Peter Fisher, our organizer has written them himself. I look at the top one.

BE YOURSELF.
Do I have a choice? (If I do, the answer is NEVER!)

Another title: THE TIME IS NOW.
Again, no choice about it.

They are strumming a guitar, all my dear freaky friends.

"Where are the heterosexuals?" I ask. "I want to see one of them."

"They're inside," says Jim Owles. "We're just going thru the place rapping with them."

"This is good," I say.
Onwards.

Heterosexual No. 1.

Angie Santoro, secretary (it later turns out) to Midge Decter. I haven't re-read the article but half-remember she uses slang terms like fag, queer, etc. to describe gay guys and ask her since she's Italian, if she wouldn't flop out over wop, etc. No use, she's cool, tapping out at the typewriter. "I'm not thin-skinned" she says. In my day in Brooklyn, Italian girls didn't talk like that.

Next Heterosexual No. 2.

Jean Halloran, editorial assistant, cute cute kid but cautious, uptight, trying to be nice, Irish-Norwegian, Staten Island. Thinks hetero article re: homosexuals better than homo since after all, you know what they're going to say (like very pro-). So, Harper's had man doing their women's lib article, getting the girls all riled up, etc.

Next: No. 3.

Production Manager, gave name, then took it back, saying I not to use same. Thought demo needless. "You have your own gay papers to print in." (I.e. You colored wouldn't be happy in our

church.) I asked if she had gay friends in school (Pratt). Yes, she said, some male, no female. About the article, didn't she find it offensive. She finds use of word "gay" offensive. What would she use? "Invert."

She doesn't feel the gays have any special complaint to make. But I look at her and she looks a little shaken. She must know there's something wrong.

Two incidents:
Incident One

Ruth Simpson, DOB (Daughters of Bilitis) president enters, gives rap re: harassment of the organization, phone tapped, etc. On the faces of the 2 girls, no expressions of anything. Surprise at meeting Lesbian, shock at police harassment? Nothing.

Incident Two

Peter Fisher comes in while I'm rapping with the two girls, tells me—when I tell them if they feel a homosexual might possibly write an article about homosexuality to tell Harpers—and tells



Midge Decter

me the committee decided at a session that (a) no such questions were to be asked, no appeals from staff solicited and (b) I was to submit my copy to Jim Owles.

I told him I was there as a GAY (the newspaper) reporter and like *New York Times*, other writers under no obligation to secure anyone's approval for my writing and would NOT submit same to Jim.

Guy with him, in suit, chest swelled with pride, told me as long as I wore the Lambda shirt I was under Movement discipline (some such crap). So I took off the shirt and the kids left but the girls were shaken. They're sweet things unused to the heavy shit that goes on every day in our organization and I couldn't get them back.

I just asked Jean Halloran to make the statement that she felt she had been willing to make before, and after much thought, she ventured:

A homosexual might be capable of an article which we would want to publish.
The Fight for Freedom. Don't trust anyone under 30, say I.

"You got guts kid!" I said.

"Don't use my name" said the Production Manager.

"I'll try not to," I said.

I went back to the reception area. Those Harper's people were very nice. They had left all their office doors open and people were going in using the phones, sitting and eating their egg sandwiches. I was amazed how open the place was. The only restrictions to my freedom I'd met so far were from the Gay Activists Alliance, my thought-control brothers.

I asked the receptionist if I could

speak to Midge Decter (who had rejected my article-outline) and she said the secretary would come out which she did and I followed in.

Midge Decter thinks/speaks.

There she is in her office, black hair, grey dress, pasty face, smoking smoking. Why can't she learn to twitch like me?

She comes on with a very bum nowhere rap (albeit with literate allusions) which must be heard to be believed. She had given it, more-or-less for an hour or more earlier in the day onto tape (Randy Wicker's) for immortality/immortality.

To summarize: (cross my heart and hope to die)

"The article was serious, honest and misread. It does not re-inforce anti-homosexual prejudice. The narrator finds himself not liking queers and wonders about his difficulties since he is a liberal eager to insure political and social rights for homosexuals. He does not address himself to the bigot to reinforce him. This is assumed. The gay rights people suffer from a confusion about what belongs to politics and what does not as do the black militants. To my mind, political activity should re-inforce proper civic behavior. It is a question of changing the minds and hearts of men, a complicated one that does not yield to political demand. It works in other ways."

I stared at her wondering if she'd had recent brain hemorrhages.

"Midge!" I called her. (She resembled one of Poe's sleeping/waking ladies.) "You wrote me saying you—Harper's—weren't going to do a homosexual piece for a long time, that you had covered it with this article."

She smiled. "Oh, that was because we were under pressure, getting phone calls from other people, not you of course. But now that we're reasonable..."

This was madness. Having a crowd of these beat-looking kids wandering through your office was not reasonable. But it made you willing to say you would consider articles.

And not commission them?

Note: Looking later through the notes I took from Randy Wicker's tape of the first hours, I see that Harper's generally commissions articles, this from Kotlowitz, another editor.

The earlier raps repeated the assertions of Midge Decter. That the piece was not anti-homosexual, that it was "literary" and not "political" and therefore could not have "political" effect, so why why why (dear G-d!) did political us bother them?

To this, the best answer: Randy Wicker: "Would you like to know the effect of this on gay people, on gay kids, on their parents who might start sending their kids to shrink to 'cure' them?"

An interesting exchange:

William Blair the publisher: No one protests Gore Vidal.

Randy Wicker: He doesn't print anti-heterosexual articles. Would you let a writer promote a stereotype of chicken stealing Negroes? Or let him say all blacks should be shipped back to Africa?

Blair: I don't think homosexuals should be equated with Negroes.

Or Negroes with Jews?

But the connection exists. It's not race, or religion or sex that's the question. It is the right to exist.

Joseph Epstein: "If I had the power to do so, I would wish homosexuality off

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Rev. Troy Perry To Speak In N.Y.

New York, N.Y.—The Rev. Troy Perry, widely known West Coast leader in the homophile movement, will speak in New York on November 11 under the auspices of New York Mattachine.

Perry, an exciting and colorful speaker, will describe his Los Angeles Metropolitan Community Church and its impact on both the gay and the straight community, the many services now being provided by the MCC, and the powerful



role of a church of this kind may play in the homosexual community.

Perry will speak in the Embassy Room of the Summit Hotel, 51st and Lexington, the talk to be followed by a reception at which those attending can meet and visit with him. The meeting will begin promptly at 8:15 P.M.

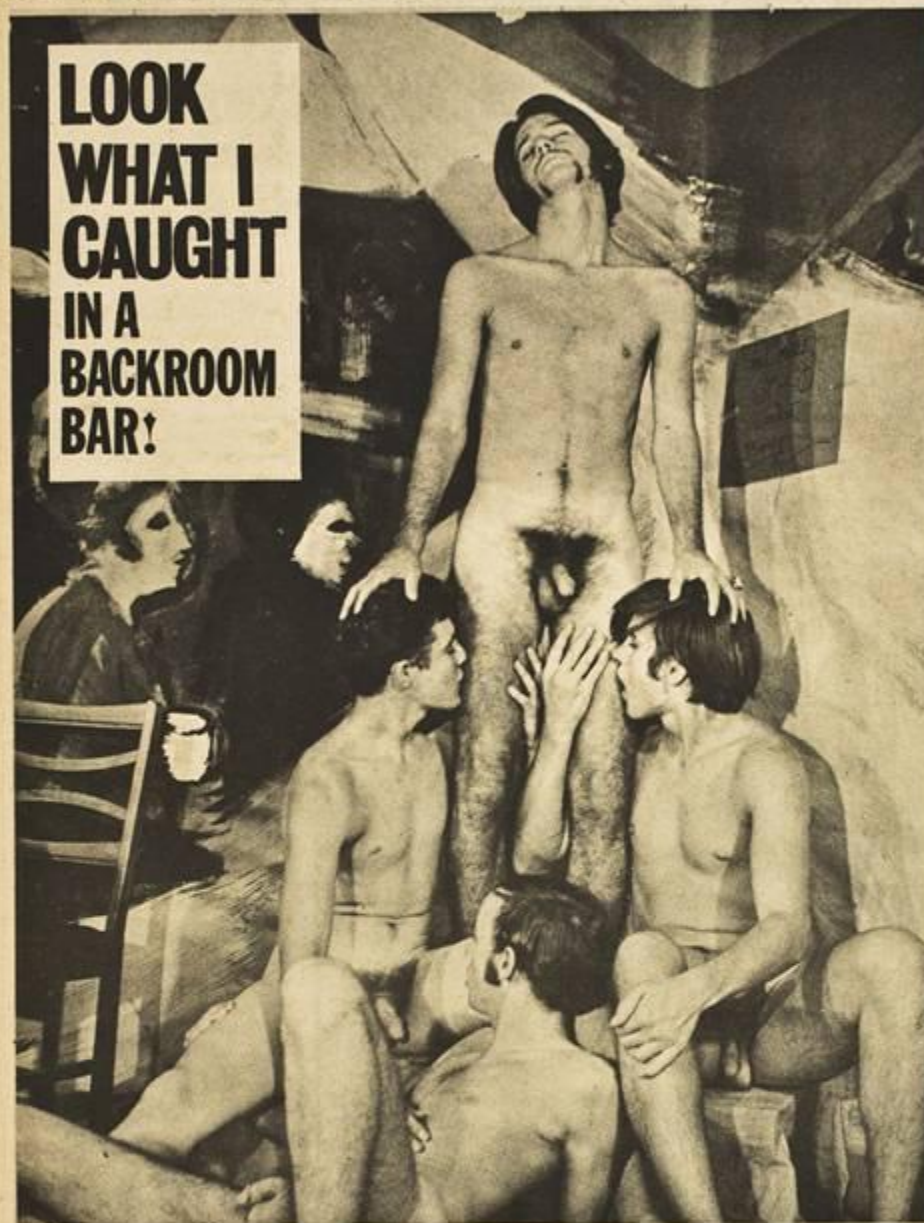
Admission will be by donation of \$7.00, for the talk and reception, the price including two drinks. Since part of the proceeds will go to the eastern Institute for the Study of Human Resources, a research foundation, 50% of the donation is tax-deductible. This foundation, originally set up by ONE-Los Angeles, has been made available to Mattachine to provide funds for educational research and publications.

For those who wish to attend only the talk, there will be a general admission of \$2.00, which does not include the reception.

Perry was ordained in the Congregational Church, but left his denomination to go openly into the gay world, founding the Metropolitan Community Church in Los Angeles three years ago. With a combined gay and straight congregation, the MCC has been phenomenally successful and is now setting up missions in various parts of the country.

This is Perry's first appearance in the East, where he is also speaking in Boston and Albany. Reservations should be made in advance by calling 799-0916.

LOOK WHAT I CAUGHT IN A BACKROOM BAR!



BY JASON GOULD

Two weeks ago I woke up and went to take a piss. Swinging into position, and half awake, I really didn't notice the droplet of gism-like liquid clinging to the tip of my cock. But the burning feeling I had as I pissed wasn't the heat of passion. It was the big GC. The Clap. Applause. Applause. Gonorrhoea.

"Oh, Christ," I thought, "not again!" I once asked my doctor if some people are more susceptible to gonorrhoea than others, as my friends had variously claimed that vitamins and solid healthy food protected them from anti-social diseases. My doctor claimed that no one was more or less physically susceptible to GC than anyone else. "Just socially more susceptible," he observed.

Having a fairly active sex life and rotten luck, I've managed to pick up a

case of the clap a couple of times. Having gone the route of private doctors/high fees before, I opted this time for the VD clinic run by the city. I'd heard it was free, institutionally dreary but extremely competent. After all, treating cock after diseased cock kind of makes you an expert. Naively I trundled off to 303 Ninth Avenue (at 28th Street), home of the Chelsea Health Center and the Lower West Side VD clinic.

The clinic building is a yellow brick trip, straight out of the Art Deco thirties. I thought had passed on when they tore down my neighborhood movie palace. Those thrilling decorative echoes of the 1939 World's Fair end at the front door, however. Inside, the clinic looks like the high school Horatio Alger must have gone to.

In the center of the foyer against the back wall is a glassed-in booth that holds the switchboard and its operator, who refuses to talk to you. Across the booth

from her is a window like the ticket window at the movies with a sign proclaiming: "Social Hygiene Clinic. Open 9 to 11 and 1 to 3. Also open 4-6 on Mondays and Thursdays" hand-lettered (badly) on a piece of cardboard. If you're lucky, there's a line of people waiting to get a number which means you don't have to stand there alone until someone from the clinic finally notices you're there and comes to talk to you (to be perfectly fair, the place is understaffed, so you wait. And wait. And then wait some more. But what do you want for free? Service?)

If you've been to the clinic before, you already will have a yellow card with your file number on it. You give them the card and they give you a number on a little slip of paper. If you've never been there before, they give you a number on a little slip of paper, but you don't have to give them anything first.

I was number 33 that afternoon. One thing about the numbers. You don't

always get called in order. I suppose there is a reason for this, deriving from the way the place is organized, so don't get overly paranoid if everybody on either side of your number is called but you. The next time you might get called first. Or last.

The waiting room was designed by DeSade. First of all, the men's VD clinic is the busiest clinic in the whole District Health Office, so naturally they were given the smallest waiting room. The walls are painted institutional yellow. Originally, they were institutional cream, but they yellowed. And got dingy. Very dingy. Classroom-type seats ring the room and there always seem to be fewer seats than people, just like "Musical Chairs." What's more, you're not supposed to smoke, for Christ's sakes!

While you wait for your number to be called, you can look around the room. It's about 80/20 gay/straight, with every type of gorgeous-to-ugly, young-to-old New Yorker in residence. Since everybody is there because they think they've got VD, it struck me funny that everyone sits around sheepishly embarrassed or withdrawn or frightened. Christ, why let a good opportunity go unexplored? The waiting room could become one of the cruelest places around if people weren't so uptight. After all, you've only got to wait about a week before you're safe. And since you've both been treated, you know you're not going to catch anything from each other. Bring a pencil and plenty of paper with you.

"Number 33, 34, 27 and 39." See, I told you about the numbers. It was just the nurse who wanted to fill out my chart. Name, address, phone number, place of employment and a close friend or relative in case of emergencies (that was reassuring!). Let me stress this point right here about the Health Clinic: THE RECORDS ARE CONFIDENTIAL. No one outside the clinic can get their hands on them, including the city. So you don't have to be uptight about that.

Meanwhile, back in the waiting room, a medium-long wait and then "Number 33" again. The man who called my number was a super-hip, super-cool black doctor who turned out to be very efficient, friendly and funny. I told him I thought I had the clap. In the examination room I was told to drop my pants and milk my cock. A yellow-tinted liquid the consistency of come oozed out. He took a well-hung Q-tip and smeared some of the liquid on a slide and told me to get dressed and drop off the slide (called a "smear," which seemed obvious enough) at the laboratory down the hall on the way back to the waiting room.

The next time my number was called I was led into a room occupied by a kindly but palsied old man whose hands were vibrating wildly as he told me he was going to take a blood test. He told me to roll up my sleeve and sit opposite him. In a state of shock, I obeyed unquestioningly. He locked my arm tightly between his knees and eyed my veins ghoulishly. He took a length of rubber hose (while I flinched inwardly, remembering Paul Muni in "I am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang") and looped it tightly around my forearm. "Hold this with your left hand," he commanded, handing me the free end of the rubber hose, "and don't make a fist until I tell you to." He searched around for a vein, told me to clench my hand and

continued on page 18

HARPER'S AUTHOR

continued from page 3

GAY: In private employment. Do you think the same legislation that aims to protect against discrimination for race, religions, and sex (female) should be extended to sex (homosexual)?

EPSTEIN: Yes.

GAY: So you're against the Army questionnaire sieving out of gays, for equal employment in government and private industry?

EPSTEIN: Yes. Could I have a copy of this to correct before it's printed?

GAY: We're setting up in type today. I can read it to you. (*Reads. Minor corrections made. Only correction made is that I had said he had thought in "confused way, that" and he said, no he was describing a confusion, not being part of it.*)

No head fuck he as he clear a-way from the fray.

He is now a no-fray. That's what he calls himself.

Goldberg Makes Rights Statement

New York, N.Y.—New York Candidate for Governor, Arthur Goldberg, released to the Gay Activists Alliance and the Mattachine Society of New York the following statement (October 25, 1970):

Homosexuality has been treated by our society as a criminal problem, with harsh and discriminatory laws, for too long. I believe that issues concerning consenting relations between adults in private are mishandled when they are dealt with adversely in the legal area. Questions of fair employment, bonding, police harassment and other, related matters should not be answered negatively for a man or woman just because his or her private life involves homosexuality. Present laws and present attitudes are wrong. The law must change and social attitudes must change. I will work to these ends if I am elected.

Governor Nelson Rockefeller made no statement for the homosexual community. His managers told the Mattachine Society that Rockefeller would make his views known when the State Legislature presented him with a bill for sodomy-law repeal and for homosexual equality. Mattachine officials noted, however, that this was done several years ago in the passage of New York's new penal code which abolished homosexuality as a crime. Rockefeller vetoed this part of the new code.

BREAKFAST AT HARPER'S

continued from page 10

the face of this earth."

Thanks a lot Joe. I knew someone who felt that about Jews.

We left, going out (as Omar Khayyam said) the same door we came in. But TV cameras, reporters, even these words come forth with the message.

We're here. To live. As best we can. We're at the door! Can you hear us! Let us in! We're living and we want to live.

Pete Fisher: "What you don't understand is that there's been a revolution."

Radicals Split Directions Of Mid-Western Conference

BY ERIK LARSSON
MIDWEST CORRESPONDENT

Minneapolis, Minn.—The direction of a Midwestern Gay Liberation convention was changed drastically when participants voted to junk the proposed agenda and substitute lengthy rap sessions on racism, sexism and the Black Panther Party.

The convention, held Oct. 9-11 at historic Dania Hall in Minneapolis, was sponsored by FREE: Gay Liberation of Minnesota, which had spent four months planning workshops and inviting speakers.

When the conference opened Friday night, Oct. 9, however, 20 members of the Gay Liberation Front and Gay Activists Alliance, both of New York, and 30 from Chicago Gay Liberation, objected to the proposed agenda.

They pointed to proposed speakers, all straight, such as the Rev. James Siefkus of the American Lutheran Church; Conrad Balfour, Minnesota commissioner of Human Rights; Jerold Winters, director of social work programs for a county mental health center in St. Paul; Prof. William Howell, president of the Speech-Communication Association of America; and Sandra Purnell of Minneapolis Women's Lib.

All these speakers had been invited to give friendly, helpful analyses and progress reports on Gay-Lib rhetoric, the fight for gay rights in employment and housing, gays' personal problems and church attitudes toward the gay community.

"We didn't come here to listen to a bunch of straights," said one New Yorker. "This is the time for us to get our own heads together."

Also junked were speeches and discussion sessions with Paul Goldman, the Chicago lawyer who had flown to Minneapolis at his own expense to discuss the successful repeal effort of Illinois sodomy laws; and by two members of FREE's coordinating committee on how to establish campus gay-lib clubs and how to set up college and high-school courses on homosexuality.

James W. Chesebro, a coordinator of FREE, said he planned the agenda and constantly rearranged it through a series of long-distance phone calls with gay-lib leaders on both coasts, as well as the Midwest.

But, at the urging of New York, Chicago, and San Francisco participants,

the convention instead decided to spend the entire convention hearing reports from what each gay-lib group was doing, followed by detailed discussions of racism and sexism, concluding with plans for attending the Panthers' Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention in Washington, D.C., during November.

The convention also scrapped plans for a march through the downtown shopping district for which a permit had been secured by FREE from police.

The convention was originally scheduled for the University of Minnesota campus near Dania Hall, but on Sept. 11 the university regents denied permission to use campus facilities. FREE gained the backing of the American Civil Liberties Union's local chapter to fight the denial in court, but the union said it was unable to obtain a lawyer to handle the suit on such short notice.

FREE members proposed that the convention march from Dania Hall to the student union, to hold the conclave there in defiance of the regents, but other delegates—again led by the New York and Chicago's contingents voted that down, too.

Several FREE members expressed disappointment that the agenda was thrown out, and said they found the rap sessions dull and repetitious. They cited the Saturday night dance as the convention's high point.

Chesebro said he was not disappointed. "I think it's great that we could have people come halfway across the country to discuss, seriously, honestly and in detail, the issues of racism and sexism," he said.

Chesebro said accomplishments of the convention would have to be judged on the basis of the changes in opinions and attitudes on the part of the over-100 individuals who took part.

"And I think the reports we heard show that New York, Chicago and San Francisco standards apply to those cities," he added. "I mean, there are some things that are just not appropriate to do in Lawrence, Kansas, for example."

FREE invited all gay-lib groups in the country to attend the convention after members of the Gay Caucus at the Panthers' constitutional convention in Philadelphia Sept. 4 sought a meeting-place in which to prepare further their proposals to the final session of the Panther's conclave in November.

The lengthy discussions in Minneapolis

frequently burst into moments of solid, honest interchange.

"What you should try to understand," one black participant said at Saturday's men's plenary, "is that you gay whites are doing the same thing to your black (gay) brothers as straight people are doing to you."

A 24-year-old white later spoke of his feeling "paralyzed, almost, when I walk down the street alone and see a gathering of young black people up ahead of me."

"I mean, will I be judged as an individual, or just as a member of the racist white majority. I don't want to be patronizing or anything, but what do I do?" he said.

The answer, responded a tall, lean, young black, lies in understanding that "my skin stops you from knowing me. Black people are people. You don't have to like all blacks—you don't like all the whites you know."

But, he added later, "Some people feel they have to prove their liberalism by going to bed with a black. Or, they've heard that fallacy that all Negroes have large penises, and they're after that."

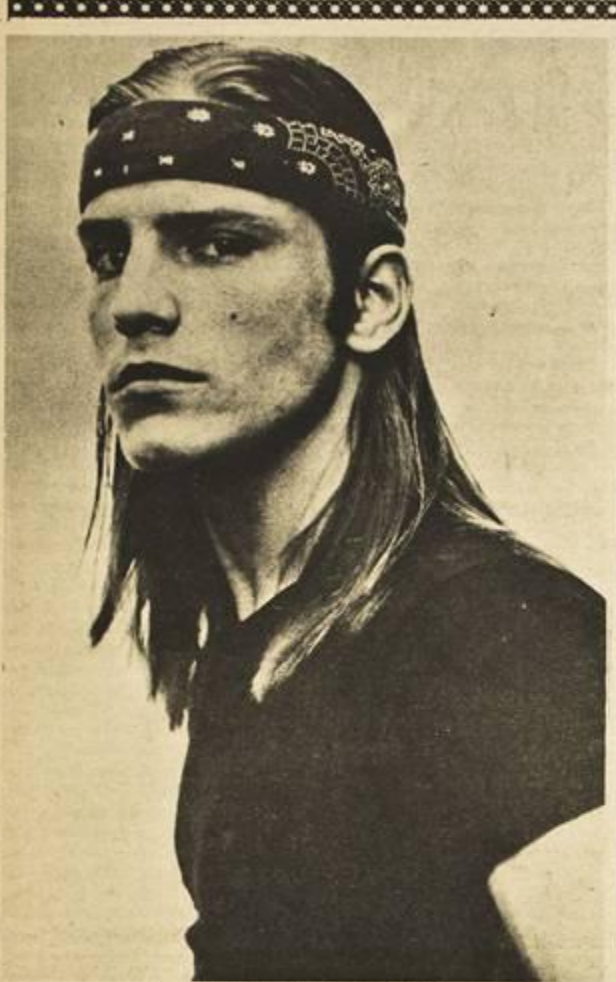
An estimated 30 women, who met separately all during the convention at a private home 15 blocks away, sent a delegation to the men to demand that the men deal with their sexism by giving priority, in their plans for the Panthers' convention, to "the problems of Lesbians and of the Third World (racial minorities)", and by choosing two women and two Third Worlders as delegates for every white male delegate.

Those demands prompted one male, who had earlier complained that "women have entirely too much importance in this conference," to stalk angrily from the room. He returned 15 minutes later to renew his complaint.

Later, the convention acknowledged the validity of the women's demands but, after a rap session with five of the women on Sunday, chose no delegates and urged everyone who could to go to Washington for the Panthers' sessions.

"They're the only political allies we have," a Philadelphia white observed.

Those present came from gay-lib clubs in Madison and Milwaukee, Wis.; Mankato, Minn.; St. Louis, Mo.; DeKalb, Ill.; Iowa City, Iowa; Ann Arbor, Mich.; Lawrence, Kan.; New York, Chicago, the Twin Cities, San Francisco, Philadelphia and Washington.



Joe Dallesandro: Flesh becomes trash

WOULD YOU RISK GETTING CRABS FROM JOE DALLESSANDRO?

BY ARTHUR BELL

I consider myself a tough cookie, yet I cannot sit through certain films without being torn to shreds. *King Kong* is one of them.

The sight of that valiant ape thrashing dinosaurs, winning battles a la *Bella Abzug*, and finally being ripped off by those sonuva bitch exploiters kills me. When Kong breaks out of his cage, captures the girl he loves (Fay Wray, who is really a blonde gorilla), and is smitten down again by the system, I just fall to pieces.

I bring up Kong now, because I've seen *Trash* which Vincent Canby of the *Times* calls escapist entertainment of the Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, James Cagney

variety. *Trash*, to me is more *King Kong* than *Footlight Parade*. It is thought-provoking, moving entertainment, a glad bag of poetry pornography, sentimentality, and profundity. *Trash* is pure Tiffany glass.

The characters in *Trash* are victims Joe Dallesandro, who has to be the most beautiful creature on the screen since Jean Peters (he closely resembles her in *Apache*), is everybody else's malleable clay, but he can't be malleable into getting a hardon. He's on dope. He injects *trash* into his veins. He can't perform sexually as is expected of beautiful people. He tries, he waddles along, dumb animal with honest instincts who doesn't belong in the 1970 East Village zoo culture any more than Kong belongs in Manhattan. Joe is a primate. He shouldn't have left the forest.

Joe lives with Holly Woodlawn. Holly, as we know, is a transvestite. She doesn't inject trash, she collects it. She also collects young boys at Fillmore East, but buying and selling trash is her mainstay. Holly is a three-dimensional transvestite star, and from this moment on, she will be a type for which casting directors will advertise in *Variety*. She will never be duplicated.

That incredible face! At times I couldn't tell her lids from her eyes. Ever see expressive lids? Holly's got them. Her hair is electricity seeking its way back to the nearest Con Ed plant. Her teeth are knit one, pearl two. And she talks with her wrists and legs and shoulders.

Brooklynese appendages that spout dialogue: "Be careful," she says to someone moving a sink, "people got to pee in it." Funny, loud, tragic, Holly is

apartment. She's Jane Firth of the mazola'd hair, and she proposes rape. No erection there, either, and no wonder. He pumps away at Holly's pregnant sister, but Holly breaks in, and we don't know how far he's gone. Holly does nothing for Joe, Holly resorts to a beer bottle (the scene of Holly masturbating with that bottle is so real that the couple in front of me walked out of the theatre, the man told the woman to close her eyes, he'd lead). Try as he may, Joe fails to assert his masculinity in a castrated society. The cock that everyone wants from him remains limp throughout the film.

The last scene in *Trash* when a naked Joe and a put-on pregnant Holly are visited by a welfare worker, gives the feeling that the primitive human spirit can rise above its environment, even when that environment is garbage. That, I



Holly Woodlawn: Home Sweet Home

courage personified and strangely beautiful. The film is hers, and Joe Dallesandro's.

Trash opens with Joe nude, lying on a couch, playing with himself, while a go-go dancer performs in the buff in front of him. She performs on him. He can't get it up. "Does politics turn you on?" she asks. From his expression, you know he'll never attend a GAA or GLF meeting. Later in his wanderings, a female acid freak picks him up at St. Marks. "I wish I weren't a girl," she says. "I'd like to be a cock." She wants Joe's cock too, but he can't get an erection with her. He breaks into a newly-married society girl's

think, is the lead theme of *Trash*. It is found in Kong, too.

Joe Dallesandro is so right, such a gentle wow specimen stud that I'd wager half of New York would cheerfully risk getting crabs from him. Even gonorrhea, if that were possible. As for Holly, I hope she's back in circulation by the time this review comes out, starring in a million movies, all directed by Paul Morrissey. She and Joe are Fay and Kong, and I expect to see Joe scaling the Empire State Building with Holly in his arms, one day soon. That'll be the day that Joe gets his hardon, and Holly throws away her beer bottle.



Joe Dallesandro & Gari Miller: Sorry, No hardons

Gays To Take Over Calif. County

Los Angeles, Calif.—The Gay Liberation Front in Los Angeles is planning to take over Alpine County, a sparsely settled community in the High Sierra.

"This is no joke," said GLF members to the establishment press.

GLF-L.A. hopes to move at least 200 homosexuals into the county, vote out the elected officials, install their own government, and turn the area into a "refuge" where homosexuals "can live without harassment."

Alpine County officials are less than

enthusiastic about the plan. Rancher Herbert Bruns, Chairman of the County Board of Supervisors said: "We are all very concerned. Naturally we will do everything we can to prevent anyone taking over our county. The trouble is with that new state supreme court decision and the new election laws, it makes it easier for people to register. We have a real nice county here. We don't know what we're going to do if they succeed. We'll try anything."

GLF-ers envision a "gay territory, a gay government, a gay civil service, a

county welfare department which makes public assistance payments to refugees from persecution and prejudice." It would mean, say GLF leaders, "the establishment of the world's first museum of gay arts, sciences, and history paid for by public funds."

GAY attempted to reach New York's foremost spokesman for homosexual segregation, Craig Schoonmaker, for comment on activities of the West Coast GLF members, but was unable to contact him prior to deadline.

THE LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

"DEATH WITH FATHER"

We buried father today, or was it yesterday? At the suburban, mass-production funeral home, visitors made a bee line for the open coffin, where they knelt and appraised the comers' art. "Nah, doesn't look like Greg. Get some glasses. Yeh, that's better. He looks better with glasses."

There was a steady stream of priests, all of whom assured me they would remember father in their prayers. Couldn't care less. Neither would father. They also made a bee line for the coffin, knelt there and mumbled. One of them decided we were all in need of spiritual enrichment. He distributed prayer cards and, without apology, launched into a tirade about Mother Church, and how they didn't use black at funeral masses anymore. Good, I thought. We're going to get our choice of color. I love arguing about color. Not so. He'd already decided on white. "Does that mean we have to wear white?" I asked. No, we could wear whatever we wanted to.

Couldn't make head nor tale out of the sermon—which we hadn't asked for. "You can't have flowers without seeds, unless they're artificial." was one memorable line. He also pointed out "Sorrow is mixed with tears and joy..." implying we should all burst into tears,

which is what everybody wanted but didn't get. The mourners kept throwing sister and me pathetic, imploring glances. Before leaving for the church, a funeral employee imposed another "Our Father" on us. It was so unexpected, we started giggling. "Now don't cry, don't cry" exclaimed one mourner.

The incomprehensible prayer cards were large enough to shield the Cognac bottle I passed around. Our priest kept interrupting his "impromptu" sermon (which he had already offered in Rooms 1, 2 and 3) to tell us of his recent bout with pneumonia. He kept referring to the corpse as Gregory, instead of Mr. Battcock, which made me think he was referring to me. Since I wasn't listening anyway, it was annoying as all hell, like when they call your name in elementary school, interrupting a daydream.

My sister, Pat, decided we could go to the cemetery in her Volkswagon "camper" so we cancelled the limousine and saved \$75.00. Fortunately mother simulated a heart attack so she wouldn't have to go to the funeral, which was a pretty decent thing to do actually, since she hated father intensely. Some old trout who wowed her way into the camper for the ride to the church (very annoying because we couldn't grab a little snort before mass with her sitting there) pressed a bill into Pat's hand: "Use this to have a mass said for your father when you get back to Washington," she said. She had gone to a local church and tried

to buy a mass but they said it would be better to have the mass said in Washington. No wonder. We took the five dollars and bought a bottle of wine. When will the poor learn that it's better to spend their money on booze? Anyway, it's what father would have wanted. Perhaps the first thing about the whole fucking funeral that father would have approved of.

The church was big, damp and empty. The priest arrived late and kept coughing. There were four charming altarboys, all of them wasps in a Puerto Rican parish, as Pat pointed out. They kept staring at us, probably because we didn't realize we were supposed to be kneeling; we stood through the whole performance which was, incidentally, my first mass since the liturgical reforms. Charming, but as pointless as ever. A felt banner that looked as if it had been made by an arts and crafts group proclaimed "OUR FUTURE MAY LIE BEYOND OUR VISION BUT NOT BEYOND OUR GRASP." Something to ponder. The Sister Corita influence. It remained a puzzle. Time for communion. A quick conference. Should we or shouldn't we. "You can do whatever you want, but I'm not going to" said Pat. O.K. Neither am I. The sermon was a mess. So, of course, is Catholicism, Religion, and Death in America.

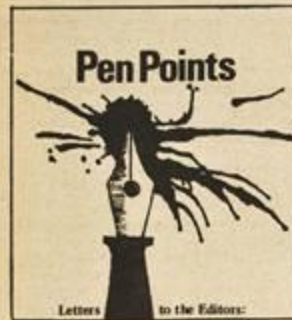
We got rid of the mourners; the three of us followed the hearse in our Volkswagon camper, along endless expressways and bridges. Toll booth

ahead. How do funerals get through toll booths? Never thought about it before. Do we have to pay? No, we didn't. Turns out the trip to the cemetery was rather pleasant. We passed lots of other funerals on the way. Long Island expressway is nothing but funerals. They were elegant funerals, with flower cars, and limousines and lots of cars following with lights on. We put our lights on too. They all stared at our VW bus. At one point, shortly after a horrible traffic jam in the vicinity of Old Westbury, we discovered six cars, all with lights ablaze, following US. Must be some mistake. Certainly was. Who are they? Pat asked. Looks like Puerto Ricans. After fifteen minutes, it must have dawned on them they were following the WRONG funeral. They slowed down, and finally pulled off to the side.

I had prepared a little picnic for the ride to the cemetery. Lovely cheeses, a gouda and a nice gorgonzola, a Pate de Compagne, some grapes, pears and a nice Chateau Crozet-Bages 1964 and a 1961 Clos-Fourtet.

At the cemetery. We had to wait on a long line. Lots of funerals, lots of cars, lots of mourners. Our funeral was the smallest, so they let us ahead—in the express lane, as it were. Got out of the camper. Holes all around, coffins everywhere. Some dame offered me an American flag... "a token of the appreciation of a grateful country, etc., etc." and the hearse driver launches into ANOTHER "Our Father." Why the "Our Father" all the time, Pat asked. Because it's daddy's funeral. For Mommy's, it'll be the "Hail Mary."

For Mommy's it'll be the "Glory Be" and "Apostle's Creed", not to mention the Halleluia Chorus



Letters to the Editors:

POLITICIANS ELSEWHERE

Dear GAY:

Ordinarily, the act of subscribing to a newspaper is a mere formality which consists of sending the check. I did want to take the opportunity, however, of doing more. Namely, to congratulate you for such a fine publication. Your articles are not only informative, but well balanced.

Your October 12th issue, especially, carried an article by Dick Leitsch entitled "The Strong Arm of The Law." Mr. Leitsch said some things that have long needed to be said, especially in regard to police-homosexual relations. While none of us, I am sure, condone criminal acts by police, we really should think about where we would be, as a group, without police protection.

It also pleased me to see a report in the very same issue that Assemblyman Willie Brown addressed such a large group in San Francisco. Whatever his personal motivations, Mr. Brown has put himself on the line and deserves all our support. It might interest you to know that other politicians here in California are speaking out. Lana Clarke Phelan, running for Assembly in the 39th District, and in whose campaign I have been working, for

an example, has even attended Metropolitan Community Church in Los Angeles.

The new political awareness on the part of all gays is very healthy. It is unfortunate that so many dimensions exist within our own ranks and that too many homosexuals are politically naive, at least out here, when it comes to bloc voting, swing voting, and raising contributions for worthy candidates.

It is my feeling that you would be performing a real public service by writing perhaps a series of articles dealing with the political process and especially with organizing politically at the local, state and national level.

Again, my many thanks for all your excellent work.

Yours very sincerely,
D.L.H.
Los Angeles, California

MOONLIGHT

Dear GAY:

I will espouse Reich as against Reik. Jung as opposed to Freud. It is an occult, spirit story: homosexuality. A form of Karma that has enlightening elements within. Only reincarnations can explain it beyond clinical psychology which so often goes into atheism or never leaves it. The reason for our awareness is the AURA. It blends on one level, yet there is as always conflict due to astrological factors that color it. Earth-sign people are exactly what you would expect. Most all of them. On and on, these variances. Even born prudes. So it must be. It was this way since man and woman number one. God is the cause.

Read the pocket-book on Mu—a new finding thru archaeology, by Earl. It reveals that even then there were female and male prostitutes. Incredible. They were treated for venereal disease and screened as well! A remarkably sensuous people. All over 7 feet tall! This is not fiction. Read it and wonder. So it was in

Atlantis. The shamans were gay then. Too many of them became drunk with power. So. Without balance comes failure. It is imperative now, as then. Beyond shit and come are the stars. For a reason. We are a Neptune-ruled group. Liquid. Mists of illusion. Gas. Etc. Neptune also rules high spirituality. We had better work toward that. Now! We are more than flesh. We are.

Ed. Note: You are a beautiful child of the Lunar Light: one of the truly rare and little known Loonies!

A WORD FROM VIRGINIA

Dear GAY:

I was reading your news which reports that the Black Panther Party supports gay liberation. I feel that if the gay liberation needs the support of the Black Panthers, then gay liberation is in for one hell of a downfall. I don't think that a gay person in his or her right mind needs this kind of support.

I believe in protesting, but I don't believe that gay people should take the law in their own hands. There are proper ways to get things done. I am in this gay life as well as the next man. But I just don't want to see everything go down the drain that the gays worked hard for. It would be one hell of a shame.

Yours Truly,
J.A.S.
Colonial Heights, Va.

ENOUGH PROBLEMS ALREADY?

Dear GAY:

In my opinion these demonstrations, strikes, marches and picketings will impede rather than advance the liberation of gays. Homosexuals like myself have enough problems already with our image without at the same time being identified in the mind of the straight world with a bunch of long-haired, radical, pot-smoking freaks.

I am a quiet, intellectual, conservative, church-going gay. I live an ordered, reasonably happy and contented life, and I like to swing—and indeed do—as much as the next guy. But it will be unendurable if, as a homosexual, one is automatically typed as a far-out, left-wing, contumacious, exhibitionist weirdo.

I believe that most of these gay liberation activists are less interested in securing more equitable treatment of homosexuals and improving the attitude of the straights than they are in calling attention to themselves. I say to these activists, "BACK TO THE SHRINK'S COUCH!! Stop making the well-adjusted among us look like asses."

My gay friends share this point of view.

Ed
NYC

A CONTRIBUTION TO SOFTBALL

Dear GAY:

The article in GAY, August 24th, was very interesting. Jean Devente has a damn good idea that deserves support.

Enclosed is 10 bucks and a lottery ticket. I wish her luck.

Sincerely,
J.J.B.
NYC

Ed. Note: Jean Devente would like to thank Mr. J.J.B. for his contribution. The homosexual softball league is still desperately in need of sponsors. Anyone interested in sponsoring a team in the proposed league can get in touch with Jean Devente c/o GAY. She would very much appreciate assistance.

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

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Young Floridian Convicted Of Murder

Tampa, Florida—A Florida jury, refusing to believe that an Episcopal priest had been gay and had attempted to threaten another into sexual relations, convicted 21-year-old David Kinney for the murder of the Rev. Jerry C. Monroe. The defendant had claimed he committed the murder in self-defense when the clergyman allegedly threatened him with a knife saying, "I did it to you, now you do it."

On the stand Kinney readily admitted that he had met Monroe in a bar the night of June 1 and shot him twice after having sex with him in a wooded section of northwest Tampa. Asked by the prosecution whether his choice of words indicated a knowledge of gay slang, Kinney replied, "No sir, I'm not a homosexual."

He claimed the Rev. Monroe had lured him into being driven home but once in the car, the priest grabbed him, he said. "A man that grabs another... something has to be wrong" was Kinney's remark. He said the violence began when he refused to return the minister's sexual favors.

The defense attempted to portray

Kinney as an innocent youth who had the right to defend himself against the "advances of a deviate," and who shot the priest only in self-defense after Monroe had gashed his wrist with a knife. Kinney's boss later testified that he had not noticed any injuries on the young man at work the next day.

The prosecution denied that Monroe was a "man of the cloth" who had "fallen by the wayside," and insisted that his investigation failed to show any evidence that Monroe was a homosexual. Kinney accused the prosecutor of trying to make him appear as a homosexual and on another occasion he accused the local press of presenting him as a "hippie type."

Testifying that his "mind was already messed up" before the sex act, the defendant claimed that the influence of marijuana and an LSD-laced drug made him easy prey for the priest's advances. After his cross-examination, Kinney sat glaring at the prosecutor and then broke down and wept.

The 10-man, 2-woman jury conferred for two hours before announcing the verdict of guilty on October 15th. A

recommendation of mercy saved Kinney from the electric chair. The 21-year-old roofer whitened when he heard the verdict but later regained his composure sufficiently to utter profanities at the state attorney.

The 38-year-old victim is survived by a wife and a daughter and was the vicar of St. Catherine's Church. His badly decomposed body was discovered 12 days after the slaying in a wooded area near Kinney's home.

Library Fails To Hire McConnell

Rochester, Minn.—The Minnesota Library Association has asked its national organization to investigate the University of Minnesota's failure to hire librarian James M. McConnell and, if it finds discrimination, to publicly censure the university.

McConnell, 28, was denied a job in the Twin Cities by the university regents July

10, in a special vote taken after McConnell had been offered the job—but also after he publicly applied for the position but later regained his composure sufficiently to utter profanities at the state attorney.

McConnell obtained a U.S. district judge's ruling Sept. 9 restraining the university from failing to hire him because he is gay, but the regents are now appealing.

Five members of the University Library Staff Association asked the state Library Association, at its annual conference Oct. 16, to take an interest in the case.

With only a few no votes from among over 150 delegates, the conference asked the Intellectual Freedom Committee of the American Library Association to investigate the case and propose a censure, if warranted, to the national group's 1971 convention.

Last summer, when the McConnell decision was imminent in the board of regents, the university staff association endorsed Librarian Ralph Hopp and his judgment in standing behind McConnell, regardless of McConnell's private life.

A decision from the St. Louis court is expected in January or February. McConnell had asked the Minneapolis district court to order him hired pending the appeal, but the judge—noting that he has discretion in such instances—decided against it. It is believed that McConnell could be awarded back pay upon winning the appeal, however.

LOOK WHAT I CAUGHT IN A BACK-ROOM BARI

continued from page 11
inserted a very long needle into a syringe. I averted my eyes and missed the rest, but he was surprisingly adept and it didn't really hurt at all.

Back to the waiting room where I waited again. "Number 33, your smear is positive." Back to the blood room where behind a discretely draped curtain I took it in the ass. 2.4 million units of penicillin.

The blood test is for syphilis. Everybody who comes to the clinic gets the test for it, which is a good thing. In fact, everyone should have a blood test at least every six months; if you're "sexually active" (as they put it so tactfully at the clinic), you should have a test every three months.

If you've got syphilis, you get to meet the case-workers at the clinic. It's their job to find out who's got syphilis in New York and to get those people treated. The case-workers are all young people, hip, professional and cool.

If your blood test is positive, one of the case-workers (five guys and two girls—take your pick) will ask you to come along for an interview. If they lead you down some stairs to the basement, don't panic. They're not going to beat the information out of you.

for case-worker training sessions and never during an interview, so don't get paranoid.

The case-worker will usually give you a speech about syphilis and VD, because most people know nothing about it, and then ask you for a list of people with whom you've had sex. For Christ's sakes (and yours and mine), DON'T BE SHY!

If it sounds like I'm propagandizing for the clinic, I am. Admittedly, part of their operation is a genuine horror show, but they handle thousands of cases a year with limited funds and staff.

I don't like VD and I'd like to see it disappear, especially with my luck. When you've got the clap, not only do you suffer the discomforts of the symptoms, but you're out of commission for a while as well.

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