

GAY

75¢

Vol.2 Issue46

First Homosexual Runs For Congress

TV-Media Cover Gay Campaign

BY RICHARD C. WANDEL

Washington, D.C. For the first time in U.S. history, a homosexual is openly running for a seat in Congress. He is Dr. Franklin E. Kameny, an eminent civil libertarian and campaigner for sexual freedom for over ten years. His candidacy is for the District of Columbia Non-Voting Delegate to Congress.

Dr. Kameny, 45, a physicist and astronomer, received his Ph.D. from Harvard University. He has taught at Georgetown University and worked in the aerospace industry. He is a combat veteran of World War II, and has resided in the District of Columbia since 1956. He is a former member of the executive board of the Civil Liberties Union of the National Capital Area, and has been renominated for that position.

In 1961, Dr. Kameny founded the Mattachine Society of Washington, a homosexual civil liberties, information-education and community service group. He has testified before Congressional committees, made numerous public, radio and television appearances, and otherwise worked tirelessly to extend full rights of citizenship to homosexuals. Involved in many legal actions on behalf of homosexuals, Kameny is a prime figure in the Ulrich case (See GAY Nos. 20, 21, and 45) and the Wentworth case.

Kameny said his broad based campaign "will provide a forum for the first hand



Dr. Franklin E. Kameny campaigns for sexual civil liberties

Photo by Kay Tobin

presentation to the public of the feelings, problems, and concerns of the sexually oppressed."

"Although I am a homosexual," he said, "and the focus of my campaign will be sexual oppression, I appeal to all

minority groups and to all individuals who differ from the contrived conventions of the majority, whether by desire or by circumstances, by race or by gender or by lifestyle."

The District of Columbia has had no

continued on page 3

Anthro- pology Prof. Examines Gays/ Society At N.Y.U.

BY LEO SKIR

New York, N.Y.—"We must avoid the moralistic judgment," said Prof. Gregersen of Queens College at Rosalyn Regelson's class on "Homosexuality; a contemporary view" at New York University Monday night, February 8. "We must avoid ethnocentrism. When you say 'This society is sick' what you mean usually is 'I don't like it.' Each society gives instances of the biological potential of man, an alternative choice of life-style."

All human behavior, by definition, is human and therefore 'natural' Dr. Gregersen averred. Anthropology shows us that there are a series of choices.

A comparative anthropological study of homosexual behavior would entail knowledge of the extent of homosexual practices in a variety of societies and the degree of acceptance or rejection of such behavior within these societies.

The amount of information about other societies gathered at the present time is slight. The reason for this is partially our own culturally-induced reluctance to discuss sexual practices. The investigator might perhaps need, as Tobias Schneebaum did (see GAY No. 20 and No. 45) in Peru, to participate in the society's practices. The majority of our investigators have restricted themselves to obtaining oral reports from informants. This has resulted in a paucity of information about female practices and in obtaining often a report on the sexual ideas of the group rather than its actual practices. An instance: Margaret Mead, questioning a male member of an island group about possible restrictions on intercourse with menstruating women was informed that, in their tribe, the women did not menstruate.

continued on page 15

Lee Brewster's Mardi Gras Ball: A Smashing Success

New York, N.Y. Lee Brewster staged a Mardi Gras drag ball Saturday night, February 13, at the ballroom of the Diplomat Hotel. The price of admission was \$3.50 for advance tickets, \$6.50 at the door. Approximately 900 people attended.

Lee estimated that 15% of those

attending were in drag. He emphasized that his dances are for the entire gay community. 100 tickets were given to the Christopher Street Liberation Day Committee to sell for funds for the up-coming parade in June.

Benny Stephens' two orchestras played alternately. His own plays the grand ballroom favorites, the cha-cha-cha and other rhythm music. Benny's son's band, the Jimson Weed, does rock.

Go-go dancers were George James (a

continued on page 15



Lee Brewster

INSIDE

- A Jewish Boy in Exilep. 5
- Can Love Survive?p. 7
- Marriage in Middle America . .p. 10
- San Francisco's Graffiti House p. 8
- The Music Loversp. 13

THE WICKER BASKET



BY RANDOLFE WICKER

SPIRO AGNEW AS SEX OBJECT

Apparently oblivious to the startling good looks of her son, Randy Agnew, Judy Agnew has launched her own campaign to promote hubby Spiro as a sex object. *Newsweek Magazine* reported recently that Spiro's better half objected to political cartoonists who persistently picture her husband as a blimp. "He's very tall and slender," she insists, adding that her husband is 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 190 pounds and has a 32 to 33-inch waistline.

LOCKED ARMS STOP COPS

After raiding the Barn during the last week in December and arresting three people in the back room, the cops came back later hoping to get a bigger haul by entering through a back stairway. Patrons reportedly heard them coming, locked arms and refused to let them in. Mindful of the commotion the Stonewall raid a couple of years ago caused, the police gave up and left empty-handed.

HETEROSEXUAL BLEATINGS IN VILLAGE VOICE:

Andrew Sarris, one of the *Village Voice's* most cultural snobs, has waded into the sexual dialogue arena by confessing the "banal fact" of his heterosexuality. After confessing to being a bleeding heart liberal for every possible cause, Sarris says he has drawn the line with Merle Miller's *New York Times Magazine* feature, "What It Means to be a Homosexual."

Sarris says that for him, heterosexuality is a "frustrating obsession," that he has never been invited to an orgy and no woman has ever offered to keep him, and that his recurrent nightmare is "to appear in a public place with my fly open to the giggles of girls in groups..."

He says hetero have it rough "in Puritanical America where until very recently a male whore was easier to pick up than a female whore, and a buddy made a less scandalous roommate than a girl friend."

He claims that when a heterosexual

thinks of himself in terms of his heterosexuality, he is on the defensive at least semantically since "heterosexual" usually emphasizes the absence of homosexual experience rather than the presence of heterosexual experience.

"Note how Miller spreads the net of homosexuality to entangle as many members of the allegedly oppressing class of heterosexuals as he can," Sarris raves on.

He says homosexual writers suggest their experiences are not only equivalent to heterosexual experiences but "more authentic as well" and are somehow superior in sensibility and sensitivity.

He objects to Miller's allegation that "A 'fag' is a homosexual gentleman who has just left the room" on the grounds that it implies heterosexuals are always dying to gossip about homosexuals when "the truth of the matter is, at least here in New York, that homosexuals tend to be even bigger gossips than heterosexuals and that the word 'fag' has been probably used more often by homosexuals than by heterosexuals."

Finally, Sarris objects to the heterosexual male's vulnerability to being labeled "a fag" for being in the arts, for not making alimony payments, for being a Don Juan, etc.

Through it all, Sarris never once states the obvious—namely that most of his heterosexual problems consist of being mistaken for and treated like a homosexual.

GAY WITH RAG WINS CASE

John Platania, an active member of LA/GLF was arrested in Fern Dell in Griffith Park by a Hollywood officer for allegedly having asked another vice officer disguised in a Texaco uniform to screw him.

Platania undertook his own defense. Under cross examination, the officer he allegedly propositioned admitted that earlier he had suggested they go off into the bushes but that Platania had declined, saying it was too dangerous.

Previously he had scored some points by getting a pledge from each juror that they had no bias against homosexuals or any belief that homosexuals were especially prone to commit criminal offenses.

The officers were startled when Platania asked if they were homosexual, but the judge refused to allow the defendant to pursue that line of questioning.

Finally, evidence was introduced to show that the police report contained a doctor's statement that Platania suffered from a draining cyst in his anus. Platania bore in on this asking if someone suffering from such a condition would ask another man to screw him.

After four hours of deliberation, the jury came back with a verdict of "not guilty," saying they felt the evidence was inconclusive.

Later Platania told the *Advocate* that he didn't have a draining cyst at all but had surreptitiously stuck a wad of kleenex up his ass while the cops were undressing him and then allowed the police doctors to jump to such conclusions as occurred to them.

"I suppose such a trick wouldn't work a second time," he confided to the *Advocate*.

ITEMS

* One Hawaii legislator has attacked proposed revisions in that state's laws on the grounds that "nests" of homosexuals already exist in Waikiki and that if homosexual acts were legalized, homosexuals might try to take over Waikiki as they have proposed doing in Alpine County.

* LA's GLF has launched its own radio show entitled "The Homosexual and The Revolution" on listener-sponsored KPFF-FM in Los Angeles.

* John V.N. Klein, Suffolk County politician, has bitterly attacked a proposal by Human Rights Commissioner Kenneth Anderson that the commission look into anti-homosexual abuses. Klein says "the Suffolk Human Rights Commission should limit its attentions and actions to those minority groups it was originally established to help."

* The Joint Urban Mission Project, an interdenominational foundation which

also supports poverty and race relations efforts, has given \$3,000 toward establishing a "Gay House" specializing in counseling troubled gays and educating the public.

* On the January 21st edition of the "Today Show" moderator Hugh Downs read letters he'd received as a result of a discussion on homosexual rights broadcast earlier with Arthur Bell and a lesbian named Mark Giles participating. Most of the letters objected to the

discussion being broadcast early in the morning when "young listeners could view it." Downs seemed incensed at the negative responses, said homosexuality was a 'condition' about which the United States and a few other countries were too rigid in view of the fact homosexuality had existed since the beginning of recorded history.

* And finally, those bisexuals among our readership should exercise extreme caution while embracing any Women's Lib freak acquaintance or date. The girls recently roared their approval to a proposal put forth during an anti-rape rally held at a church on 42nd Street that "penises should be taken from rapists." An activist Woman's-Libber with those sentiments could be dangerous with a handy penknife.

BY LEO SKIR

"Knock and it will be opened to you." Think it was St. Paul who said that. And a lot of good it did him!

Where am I? In Somerville, Mass., which is near Cambridge so close to Harvard, Brandeis and all that. And visiting Havurah Shalom (Comradship, Community of PEACE), Jewish group centered in big house on College Avenue (113).

I had called from MIDSTREAM office in New York (which is very straight Zionist-oriented Jewish mag) saying I wanted to cover their revolutionary approach, could I come up, spend a week, cover their Shabbos (Sabbath) observances, etc., etc.

There's no train or bus to Somerville or Boston from where I was that Wednesday morning (Narragansett. How did I get there?). I was very broke, had no car, decided to hitch.

G-d is with me and I get 3 wonderful hitches, nice freaky acid types who are into communes and things and Zip! I'm in Cambridge and Bill picks me up (I'm waiting at a wonderful freaky restaurant called Orson Welles)—and takes me to my comrades.

He warns me it's not like New York Havurah. "They're not into a big hospitality thing," he sez.

I get there. And it's true. People quizzing me all the time what-I-do. I come on then (it's TIME) saying I do new-left and (Now!) GAY LIB work.

lot of rabbinic shit-apologetics for the Pharisees but somehow, magically, doesn't get the spirit of the first century which was really a strange/incandescent/freaked-out century (Jesus and Paul had LOTS of company).

After he's gone it's bedtime and (a) there's no free bedroom (b) they give me a cot in the library to flake out on and (c) no clean sheets or towels.

I guess this is the revolution, none of those old-style Jewish hangups on cleanliness. What has happened while I slept? Why no individual clean towels? Has the germ theory of disease been rejected?

I type up my notes, flake out. Next morning downstairs and Joey, who's to go to Israel the next day, comes

think an article is a good idea now. "Okay," I tell him, "No article in MIDSTREAM now if you don't want it."

"I'll have to talk to the coordinator," he says.

"Cool!" I say, "It's a good experience anyway for me, to be here, soaking up if I can, all this great Judaic stuff you kids are studying—"

He gives me fishy look. "But you're a writer—"

"I'll put it down. A book maybe. It will be published, if ever, years from now. It won't effect the House."

"I'll have to speak to the Co-ordinator," he says.

"Cool," I say. He goes. I go downstairs where is Joel

"Funny, This Kid Doesn't Look Jewish."



Tell Me That You Love Me, Jojo Moon

"DOTSON RADER'S novel is just fabulous." —ANDY WARHOL

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AND OTHER FUN SUMMER THINGS
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Ye! Ye! Ye! They were sure it was OK and would call back to confirm.

Aha! I smile from the New York office. Little do they know what a freak I have become, how I am going to spring Gay Lib demands on them, etc.

Ha! Ha! Ha! Little do I know the reception I will get when I get there.

I come a day earlier than planned (had phoned the house and confirmed my coming, they saying they would have a bedroom or put me up at house of one of the members.) But Wednesday morning Bill Novak who knows my Evergreen work called saying I should come that night Jacob Neusser was talking on the first century AND it would be a communal meal, something that happens only once a week and I should catch these lovely people all together.

Jacob Neusser! First century! Communal meal! AGAPE! Here I come!

How interesting! Frightened shit-eating grin. We must talk but it's suppertime now.

Very nowhere supper. I thought communal meals: we'll start by kissing each other, arms round shoulders, singing like Chassidic but maybe little hippie-like. No such shit. Much talk about appointments, courses, who talked where to what group. They are all guys (no women) some wives and some girlfriends holding their boyfriends hands during dinner and smiling around to show everyone how happy they are to get a Nice Jewish Boy. The bread is passed around very symbolically. I watch while Art Green's wife waits for her husband to give her her peace. (as Milton said re: Adam/Eve. he's-for-God-and-she's-for-God-in-him).

After supper Neusser talks and he's good, knows his stuff, cuts straight thru a

on, downstairs begins by telling me he doesn't think an article would be good for the House now.

"Bill says there was a group decision to invite me here as a writer," I say.

"If it's a mistake it can be rectified," he says.

Other kids come down. Everyone is sick with colds (those dirty towels). One of the girlfriends is in the kitchen, sits on her boyfriend's lap during breakfast (Liberation!) They discuss their oncoming marriage and Joey's girlfriend.

Joey had said I could ask him questions during breakfast but it's girlfriend-talk now. They've gone. I wash dishes (big pile of same, tho last night we'd eaten from paper plates with plastic forks and drunk cider from 3-oz Dixie cups). I go upstairs to interview Joey who starts telling me again how he doesn't

Rosenberg, who explains that he's been thinking too and, well, you see now everyone in the House has colds, so maybe it's not the best time—"

"Okay," I say, "I won't base any article on this visit. So there's no problem, is there?"

And he's looking GREEN at me (there's another guy there also looking green and twitching slightly) and the look says, "You know you're a freak and we're very straight, why are you freaking on us?" and finally he says, "We want to be observed, not acted upon. I'm a teacher. I made a mistake recently and had 3 visitors at a class of mine. They talked. They asked questions. "I should have imposed a rule of silence on them."

I look at him. "Is that the problem?" And he looks at me and I say, "I can be silent. Would that be okay?"

continued on page 14

If you have a question about IT... "ANAL matters, write to Stefan Verk c/o G.A. P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Station, New York, New York 10001. Only letters of the widest possible interest can be published. All letters will be answered if accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope & 50 cents for handling.

BY STEFEN VERK

Q. My ex-lover and I are both in our middle thirties, so it was not a case of puppy love when we met. We went together for almost a year, before deciding to leave home and share an apartment together. Just before we were to move in together, he used money belonging to me, promised to pay it back but then just disappeared. As I truly loved him, needless to say I was broken-hearted that our plans had not worked out. Perhaps I was very naive (or very in love) not to see... his visions of grandeur, constant lies about his job/accomplishments (imagined)/abilities, missing time from work and "social" drinks as definite mental signs pointing directly to Alcoholism. (Also his parents had a record of alcoholism... if that means anything. I learned in time to get along without him, although I never found anyone else I cared to get serious about. For almost a year and a half I heard nothing from or about him. Now he suddenly has returned and is living in the city. He has called and invited me over, explaining when I got there that he had been in a hospital all this time, but is now out and "cured." He has promised to pay back the money he owes me (at present he has no job). Also I am very happy to see nothing alcoholic at his place and he says he is now a "total tee-totaler." I do not drink myself. He now wants to establish an intimate relationship as before. Although I am pleased he is not drinking, I still wonder deep down if he could be trusted with money or to tell the complete truth (even if he does pay back money owed). It is for this reason that I cannot bring myself to have an emotional or sexual

relationship with him. I still have some feelings toward him but am trying my best to keep the friendship on just a casual basis (no sex), which it is clear he does not want. I have not told him of my feelings, as I know he would instantly get mad and accuse me of holding the past against him. I really want him to have a new life, free of the bad habits and traits of before, but I feel this is something he will have to do (and stick to?) for himself. Should I try to forget the past? How? Are these traits of lies and dishonesty part of alcoholism and



therefore cured when the drinking is cured? I also understand that Alcoholism is now considered a disease and can be treated, but my friends tell me there is no "cure." Is this true? Is there some positive way I could be sure he has changed in ALL WAYS before involving myself with him again? Your advice and suggestions (good or bad) would be so greatly appreciated at this time.

A.U., San Francisco

A. There is no need nor little possibility of forgetting the past, but it would be moronic to repeat it. Lying, dishonesty, lack of responsibility, and grandiose fantasy are not only symptomatic of alcoholism (and drug addiction) but also of gross immaturity. Both alcoholism and immaturity are subject to change, if the subject is deeply motivated and helped to change. "Cure" is a word of debatable value in this context, but there is no question that alcoholism can be treated and brought under complete control. It requires, in addition to treatment

(medical, psychological or A.A.), TOTAL abstinence from alcohol. I am not quite sure what your friends are trying to tell you, but I suspect that you know. The only way you can be sure if your "friend" has changed in all the ways you find undesirable is to let sufficient time pass so that you can see for yourself how he is functioning. You have a perfect right to hold the past against him until he has proved that the past will not repeat itself. This is particularly true, since he wishes to get re-involved with you. He must assume the full responsibility for his

life, like all adults, and though you can encourage him in any suitable way, the major burden is his. You can certainly deal with him as a concerned friend at this time, but I would think it much too early to get re-involved romantically with him, until you are sure he has given up the bottle and is more responsible. If he cannot understand why you should feel this is necessary, then he is still not facing reality and would make a dreadful risk. PROCEED WITH CAUTION is my advice but don't cut him loose until he has had a reasonable chance to prove himself.

Q. After six months of visiting Washington's gay bars, I not only have made no friends, I haven't even acquired acquaintances. If the authorities think these places are smoke-filled dens of iniquity, they're in for a surprise. These are dens of smoked codfish! And all this time I've seen three couples kiss and perhaps ten people holding hands. I can see greater displays of emotion on Wisconsin Avenue in Georgetown and in any of the local theatres. Why are 95% of

the dance tunes selected of a "masturbatory" nature: stand 3 feet from your partner (making sure you don't touch) and jump up and down. Why is touching another human being considered a sexual advance? Why do strangers on the bus strike up a conversation with me on any topic but guys in the bars recoil in error to such questions as "How was your week?" and "What's your line of work?" If people have lovers, why aren't they happy? If they don't, why aren't they pleasant and eager to meet people? I think Socrates must have been here when he formulated his opinions of homosexuality. My own opinion is that 15% of D.C. gay bars are homosexual and the remainder are narcissistic practitioners of onanism. My question is where does an average-looking, warm, outgoing person go to meet other guys in hope of establishing a relationship? The correspondence clubs don't reply (if indeed there's anybody at the other end), 3 of my replies to ads in your paper have been returned by the P.O., and the face-to-face meetings at the bars here result in a state of continuing depression. D.W., Washington

A. Get in touch with the Washington Mattachine Society (202) 362-2211 for alternatives to the gay bar scene or attend some of their meetings. Bars full of government employees with possible security-conscious hang-ups might leave much to be desired, but there are gay restaurants, dances, theatres, and organizations in Washington where you can also meet people. If you are as warm and outgoing as you describe, it seems inconceivable that you should have frightened off everyone or been unable even to make acquaintances. I think you will find that the Mattachine people and those who attend the private gay dances don't frighten so easily. Give it a try.

ED. NOTE: You may also wish to contact the Washington Gay Liberation Front (202) 283-2181, or The Homophile Social League (202) 779-5725.



BY JOHN P. LeROY

uring this past decade, I have witnessed fewer lovers and more hedonists, greater emphasis on instant gratification and less on long-term satisfaction, expanding opportunities for all kinds of sensation and fewer chances for true communication. People seem to use each other more and trust each other less.



The quality of life continues to decline. Our callous technology goes on its merry way with no regard for human needs or human fulfillment. Our politicians continue to tell lies and prove themselves more and more incapable of dealing with even the simplest problems. People become more and more violent, and no one seems to care. Another headline. So what. People are receding into themselves, concerned only with making it and to hell with anyone else. Under these conditions, love cannot grow or flourish. It will be miraculous if it can indeed survive. Of course, love is one of those words whose meaning nobody can seem to agree upon. Whatever else it may be, love is an art. To be a lover is to be an artist. To be an artist, such qualities as acute perception, awareness, inner discipline, sensitivity,

concern, are required. Unlike musicians, painters, poets, or architects, a lover's medium is the heart, soul and mind of his beloved. Through a deep reverence for life, a lover strives to make the life of his beloved so important that the existence and sense of well-being of his beloved are more important than anything else. When love is reciprocated between two people, their egos become merged as one. Experiences are shared. The most intimate thoughts and feelings can be expressed and a sense of supreme trust is established.

When in love, one's tenderest emotions are exposed and made vulnerable to another. As the slightest movement of the bow can make a violinist's tone turn sour, so can the most minor misunderstanding, lapse of feeling, or insincerity cause the gossamer bonds of love to strain. Love is tender, fragile, and often short lived.

To be a lover is to be courageous enough to make one's self vulnerable, to make a deep commitment without ever being certain of the outcome—be it joy, heartbreak, ecstasy, fulfillment, despair, contentment, or agony. It is to be bold enough to care for another and hope that he will return that care, to respect another for what he is and what he may become, not what one may think he ought to be. As the famous psychoanalyst Erich Fromm put it, "I want the loved person to grow and unfold for his own sake, and in his own ways, and not for the purpose of serving me." Only those who have achieved their own independence do not need to dominate others.

To be able to care for another, to respect him, to watch him grow and develop, to grow old with him, to rejoice in his existence and well-being, and to be willing to share all the wonders, secrets, and mysteries of life together, from sexual passion to spiritual

communion—these are among the things that lovers do. Whatever else lovers may be, they are always mature, independent, and generous without being self-sacrificing. They give to another those things that are most alive within them—their joys, sorrows, interests, understanding, and personalities. They do so, not because they expect to see it reciprocated, but because they know they will be stimulated toward a greater sense of equanimity and deeply felt satisfaction similar to the way an actor feels when he knows he has given a great performance, or a teacher feels when he senses that his students fully understand the lesson. It is then hard for the beloved not to want to give back what has already been given. Two people fall in love when they both become givers.

I must take a pessimistic view of the future of love and hope that I am wrong because wherever I go, people are frightened. Few people seem interested in giving pleasure and more seem interested in taking it. Too many of us would rather not lose our cool. We are expected to view others as a means to our own ends, to treat each other as things, treat ourselves as things, and then wonder why we feel lonely, unhappy, and often desperate. When enough of us are too afraid of giving ourselves to each other because of what we may lose, then love is going to die, no matter how much we cling to each other.

Counterfeit love is everywhere to be found, but genuine love is rare. If we strive for as many sex partners as we can in order to prove our potency, we are not expressing love. We are only trying to cover up the inevitable fact that we must all die some day. Rather than come to grips with it and learn to live the best lives we possibly can, we delude ourselves into believing that if we can look young, remain physically attractive, or have more

orgasms than the next guy, we may somehow become immortal. If we don't make out, we tend to feel deflated. We wait in line to see movies like Love Story because we would rather fantasize about love than experience it. Here is a movie about two beautiful people doing beautiful things in beautiful places to beautiful music. Even the death scene is beautiful, and the majority of the audience wept. Why? The entire situation had little or nothing to do with what does or even could happen in reality. The entire movie was a perfectly wrought daydream for the masses. Could it be that the only way we can experience love is as spectators to the love affairs of others? Would we become frozen with fear at the idea of having to experience a real relationship with another real person where passionate music does not accompany every embrace, and where we sometimes have to say we're sorry if we want to express sorrow?

And yet, in spite of all the forces that are at work to destroy love, the potential is there like never before for it to once again grow and flourish. Even in New York—the capital of the one-night stand, there is enough personal freedom, diversity and opportunity to meet all sorts of people in all sorts of places under all sorts of circumstances. What if, the next time we go out cruising, on the streets, at the bars (with or without back rooms), or at the baths, we decide to put a little more emphasis on acquiring a companionship and a little less on achieving a good orgasm, might we then become a little less frightened, suspicious, and nervous the next time we meet someone we would like to go to bed with? Yes, just suppose we decided to take a chance and undressed ourselves emotionally and spiritually with the person who gave us physical pleasure. Someone has to make the first move.

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San Francisco's Graffiti House



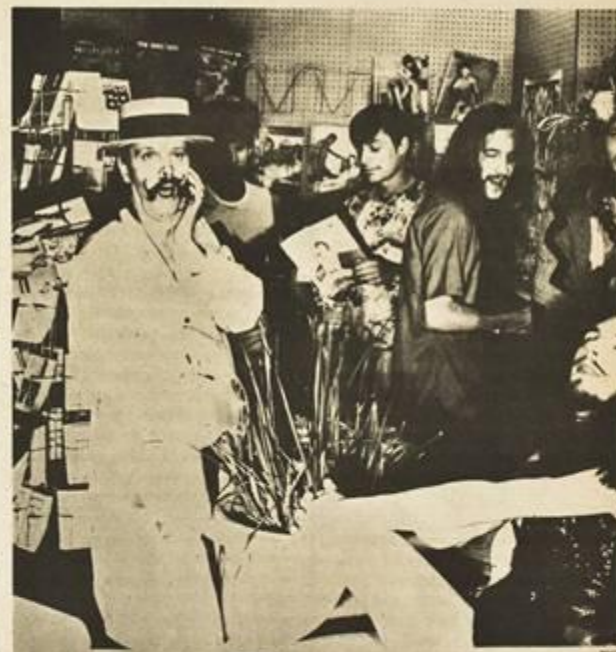
Marlowe interviews each model personally



The Sex Encounter Board is a busy spot.



Everyday just the same: men, men, and more men.



Ken Marlowe (Mr. Madam) keeps the back room as mad as possible.

Step right up ladies and gentlemen. You are about to enter Cinderella P. Stumpf's Graffiti House.

"What the hell is a Graffiti House?" you may or may not be asking. Accustomed as he is to answering un-asked questions, Kenneth "Mr. Madam" Marlowe (soon to star in Continental Pictures' color production of his own life, as depicted in the best-seller,

"Mr. Madam") is quite happy to satisfy your possible curiosity.

"Everyone in the world either wants something, wants to buy something, to give something, or to get something for nothing," says Ken Marlowe. "The ads in the underground newspapers are a big help, but we've gone one step beyond to satisfy even the most unusual desires in

order to keep people from getting pimples. Cinderella P. Stumpf's Graffiti House is a public forum for sex encounter advertisements and other goodies. If you want a sex encounter, buy a space, put your picture on the wall, say your piece, sit by the phone and get happy."

"Mr. Madam's" partner, Don Baker, is one of San Francisco's leading models. Together they have decided to do a good

turn (in the Aimee Semple McPherson style) by opening a Loitering Hall where folks may meet others and do all of those wonderful things that state ordinances proscribe.

If you go to San Francisco, stop in and see this unique shop. It is located at 4077 18th Street, San Francisco, California 94114. "We sell 'those kind' of pictures and books too," says Kenneth.

BY DICK LEITSCH

Permission is a word we're going to be hearing a great deal. Lately every psychiatrist and marriage counsellor I know is dropping the word frequently, and I suspect it's going to soon become one of those cliches, like *ecumenical*, *dialogue*, *sexist*, *meaningful*, etc., so necessary to cocktail party chatter.

It seems that marriage counsellors and psychiatrists have finally come to realize something that the rest of us thought they already knew: the reason most people visit them is to obtain sanction for a decision the client has already made. As one marriage counsellor put it, "80% of the people who come to me know what's best for them. They just want me to tell them it's o.k. for them to engage in what they consider "deviate" sexual acts, or they want me to tell them they're right to get a divorce."

Jane and John Doe have been married for a number of years. Every time they've had sex, it's been in the missionary position. They've gotten bored with that and their sexual activity has dropped to almost zero. He frequently gets horny and irritable, and she thinks he doesn't love her because he doesn't ball her anymore. She's also afraid she'll lose him if she can't please him sexually.

They both know the possible solutions to their problem: sexual experimentation using different positions or perhaps oral or anal intercourse; group sex, partner-swapping, each taking a lover, etc. They were taught these things are wrong, and they probably can't even suggest them to one another.

They go to a marriage counsellor, and he gives them *permission* to try these alternatives. It may be that Jane or John already got *permission* from Al Goldstein and Jim Buckley, or from Hugh Hefner—by reading *SCREW* or *Playboy*. In that case, the purpose of the marriage counsellor is merely to give the partner *permission*.

Almost everybody who visits a psychiatrist or turns to any agency offering help, knows the solutions to his problems. The reason he seeks advice is merely to have his decision confirmed. I've seen thousands of letters in the Mattachine office in the last decade, and most of them are from people who outline their "problem" (being gay), and include the advice they want us to give them in return.

Almost invariably, the writer says, "I know I ought to recognize my homosexuality and learn to accept it and enjoy it." Then comes the part where he (or she) admits to being afraid (usually of not being accepted—man, the herd animal, needs the approval of the herd), or unsure of how to proceed. "Will I be persecuted?" "Where can I find others like myself?" and "What is the best way to be a happy homosexual?" are the most often asked questions.

Millions of words have been written about what the homosexual movement is all about. The genre ranges in language from the leaden prose of Frank Kameny to the verbal arabesques of Angelo D'Archangelo, and the tone varies from the high-flung rhetoric through the reasoned arguments to the hysterical shouting of the semi-literate. Most of it deals with the peripheral: civil rights,

police problems, discrimination, etc. Such issues are important, of course, but the main function of the movement is to give *permission* to homosexuals so that they can be homosexuals.

Critics of the movement, like the now-senile Donald Webster Cory, call this "proselytizing." They would have us send all inquirers to Albert Ellis and his friends to be told that homosexuality is a no-no, a sickness, a disability to be stamped out at all costs (and the cost is high; the doctors see to that). Instead, we give

(sic) movement"). That journal claims "Gay Is Good," but consists solely of examples of how people have been punished (arrested, fired, killed) for being openly homosexual. At the same time it says "out of the closets and into the streets," it warns closet queens that they will be punished if they do leave their closets.

I recently got trounced by the GAA and by some chick writing for a now defunct woman's lib paper for disagreeing with Marty Robinson and Arthur Evans (homosexuals who have "made it," and playing down "oppression." I know "oppression" exists, and I also know it is not nearly as common as many, particularly the Donald Webster Corys and others who put down gay life, would like us to think. You can read about how sad gay life is in Albert Ellis' books, the tracks of Teen Challenge, and issues of *Gay Flames*. I'm not interested in that. I don't find gay life sad, I find it rewarding, and I want to give *permission* to others who might want to come out of their closets and try it.

This isn't proselytizing, as Cory charges. Catholics, Democrats, radicals, conservatives proselytize in that they attempt to convert people from one doctrine to another. Nobody is asking heterosexuals to adopt homosexuality; we're just asking homosexuals to stop pretending to be something they're not, to give up pseudo-heterosexuality and follow their own natures. This can only lead to a healthier society as nobody's best interest are served in making homosexuals try to be heterosexuals, often involving abusing women and children in the process, as in the cases of Oscar Wilde and Andre Gide.

Most intelligent people recognize this, which is why *permission* to be gay is so easy to obtain these days. Psychiatrists, clergymen, even parents, are more likely than ever before, to give *permission* to leave the closets. Every time the Legislature seriously considers a sodomy law reform bill, every time a court rules in our favor in a test case, every time a magazine publishes an article on homosexuality, they are giving *permission*.

Life is much like that children's game of "May I?" Heterosexual boys are told to get married. They find a girl they like and introduce her around to parents, family and friends, asking, subconsciously, "May I?" If *permission*, in the form of approval, is given, the marriage takes place. Gay people look for *permission* everywhere, and seldom find it until they discover a homosexual organization, a gay bar, or another gay person. Politicians send up "trial balloons" and, if public sentiment and the political columnists give *permission*, adopt the course of action.

The first time you and I walked into a gay bar, they tell me, we were asking "May I be gay?" The answer was "Yes." When Nixon intervened in Cambodia, he was asking "May I?" The answer was "no, you may not," and out he got. He tried playing with the economy and caused a recession. *Permission* for that sort of economic policy withdrawn, and Nixon now announces, "I am a Keynesian"—meaning, I hope, that he follows Keynes' economic, and not his sexual policies.



Photo from the Off-Broadway Smash Hit: Foreplay

"I Have To Ask My Priest If It's OK."

permission to put aside notions of homosexuality being a sickness, and we encourage homosexually-orientated people to try to become reasonably happy homosexuals instead of miserable pseudo-heterosexuals, a la Mr. Cory.

Unfortunately, the movement, like weak parents and schizophrenics, is often ambivalent, giving and denying *permission* at the same time. A good example of this is a little magazine called *Gay Flames* (subtitled, for some peculiar reason, "A publication of the homofire

on a Dick Cavett Show. Those two were painting gay life as 'pretty sad, emphasizing the disabilities of being gay and ignoring the advantages. I felt they were denying *permission* to any homosexuals who may have been watching, and I choose to give *permission* by indicating that it's fun to be gay.

If we're going to say that Gay Is Good, we have to show that it is. I've been accused of being a Pollyanna in this column, emphasizing the bright side of gay life, devoting columns to,



Meet Jack Wilson, truck driver, bartender, member of the Metropolitan Community Church (MCC) and the Society of Pat Rocco Enlightened Enthusiasts (SPREE), hard worker and likable guy.



And this is Ron Douglas. Also a member of MCC and SPREE. Young chef at the French Bull Restaurant in Van Nuys, California. Shy, handsome and lovable. Jack and Ron met at a SPREE meeting and have been together ever since. That was more than a year ago. They decided their relationship was more than just a passing fancy. It was for keeps. They both agreed to make it legal. A marriage was planned.



Love And Marriage In Middle America

PHOTOS AND CAPTIONS BY PAT ROCCO



It's the night of the wedding. Ron greets two of the guests who have been together for six years. More friends arrive. A house full. The friends and well wishers fill the corridors. Reverend Troy Perry arrives. He greets the couple and their friends. His warmth and friendliness adds more love to the already-love-filled atmosphere.



Let us pray. All heads are bowed as Reverend Perry leads in prayer.



... Identical wedding bands ... hands clasped ... Reverend Perry seals their vows ... "I now pronounce you man and spouse."



Although many kisses had been passed around that evening, the most meaningful one followed the ceremony. Some wept.



And Ron was one of them. He had been looking forward to this day for months. His happiness was now complete, and what's more, it was legal.



Friends were next in line to congratulate the happy couple with kisses and hugs and words of well-wishing.



The inevitable culmination of the evening was the cutting of the wedding cake. Their happiness was quite evident.

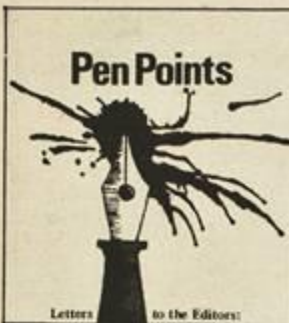


This is one time that a few calories from the wedding cake will be overlooked. The cake exchange was more important.



So that's the wedding story of Jack Wilson and Ron Douglas. We wish them love, health, and good cheer always.

(Reprinted by permission of the SPREE News National)



PenPoints

Letters to the Editors

DROP THE ADS

Dear GAY: I wish to register my enthusiastic support for a change in your advertising policies.

First let me state that I think that GAY is a newspaper of the highest quality. The news articles conform to the best journalistic standards and the bulletins are intelligently edited.

This is why I find your "anything goes" policy (in both personal and commercial entries) to be a mistake. It is out of place in your newspaper.

to bearing this burden. I vigorously the right of a person to buy hard-core material, but I am still offended when I find it in my own newspaper.

Carefully note, however, that there is a difference between pornography and erotic material. The back room, genital display type of photo is just plain vulgar, but a tastefully, sensitively arranged picture is a cerebral as well as a sensual pleasure.

Elimination of the offending material would make for a much better newspaper without any loss of genuinely erotic content.

Sincerely yours, D.M. NYC, NY

LIBRARY PROBLEMS

Dear GAY: In the large city library where one is unforgivably forced to sign special forms to use homosexuality material (Library Journal, 1/15/71, p. 155), there probably exists the same problem I have encountered as a librarian.

The books and material on homosexuality may not be so stringently protected because of their specific subject matter, but because all books in that subject field continually are stolen from public library shelves. In the library

where I am a staff member, no such restriction is placed on the books, but there never are any available, although we continuously replace them.

Perhaps the library you visited intended only to protect the books to make them available to you.

Yours truly, (Mrs.) Sarabeth Sullivan Community Living Department Dallas Public Library

ED. NOTE: It is true that some society-fearing closet-cases would rather steal books than put their names on the book's card.

HELP! HELP! HELP!

Dear GAY: I keep on telling myself that the gay-existence would be equal to the hetero-existence in weight of happiness. But would I really be the same?

Last week my parents threw me out of my childhood abode on my birthday, and told me to go to my gay friends. Tonight for an hour I was alternately throwing paper airplanes out of my tenth floor window at the YMCA with a cute kid on the 13th floor opposite me. My planes flew better. This morning I met a kid named Angel who has assured me we're in love, but we can't have sex for a week to prove it. Yesterday I was anally intruded twice in a row by the same guy who had a Lagosi complex. He gave me five hickies 2

inches wide. I now look like the iceberg the Titanic bumped into.

But at the same moment, I am in love with a songwriter named John who eats Campbell's Chunky style soup and jello, and a Dionysius who works at a Bookmaster's and is going to get a shark's tooth for his left ear.

I am twenty, but my looks range from that of fourteen to thirty five depending on the lights, and every time I take a shower, the drain gets clogged with my hair.

I've been told I look like Dustin Hoffman and Juliet Prowse. I don't go to bars and I don't cruise except on holidays. I belonged to GLF for a month and I cried when I read "City of Night." The problem is I also cried when I read "Love Story."

I once had a repressed gay side and now I fear I have a repressed hetero side. I keep on saying this week you'll have physical contact with a pair of bosoms, but every time I see Taylor Mead, I come to the conclusion "a phallus in hand is better than 2 breasted bushes."

Do I need help?

B.J. YMCA

ED. NOTE: No. It sounds like you're quite alive!

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

Homestead Act, Home Economics, Romanesque Art, Ulfert Wilkie, Jill Johnston and the railroads.

In first class on United Airlines you get free peanuts. Because the plane left without me, I had four hours to inspect the fine facilities of the "quad cities" airport. (Moline, Davenport and two others.) The famous "Cloud Room" there features a fine selection of domestic beers—Budweiser, Miller and Hamm's. Somebody kept following me around but nothing happened.

According to many travelers, changing planes at O'Hare is one of this world's most depressing ordeals. My last time, I stole a pair of sunglasses from the newsstand. This time I flashed "v" signs at a bunch of military recruits being marched around. Some signaled back. Anyway, you should always travel first class because otherwise the stewardesses have nobody to talk to, which is the only thing they have to do anyway, because United Airlines can't manage to produce any 1) Cognac, 2) food, 3) wine, 4) beer. "We have cocktails" she said. Who the fuck wants cocktails at midnight? I asked. And got the usual incomprehensible answer. "What are ya writing?" she asked. "My column for GAY." "What's GAY?" she wanted to know. I didn't tell.

It's nice to be back. Jill called from Houston. I taped a radio program for Vivian at WFUV, was on a panel at Emanu-El Midtown, and had dinner with David and Henry. I tried to call Charlotte Moorman at the Hotel Paris but she wasn't there. Alice Neel painted my portrait and some idiot in Riverside Park came up to me while I was jogging and said "Out jogging in this weather?"

THE LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY BATTCKOCK

You can't put Chianti in an ice bucket because it'll get all soggy... Ah, dear reader, you have guessed that Battcock is stuck for an opening sentence again... Well, I may not be Vladimir Nabokov, but we have similar tastes. This time it's Iowa, sulking around the Rebel Motel, watching day-time television and drinking the Champagne I brought all the way from Chicago.



Battcock lectures in Iowa

In 16 degrees below zero I unloaded three suitcases, one case of Champagne and two shopping bags containing old newspapers, rags and \$19,000.00 cash in small denominations. My home for two weeks is a motel on the edge of the prairie. It's Iowa City, where the girls from the bowling team have steak and a glass of milk at the town's best restaurant—dressed in their satin team costumes.

Iowa City! Exotic Wasteland! Home of the University of Iowa and more charming people than you can shake a stick at. Yet not a decent bar or restaurant. Movies are months old—I caught "Where's Poppa?" and liked it. They have dinner at 5:30, and everybody saves up all their money so they can get to Europe in the summer. Americans are content to endure the most banal lives—practically any deprivation during 10 months of the year so they can spend two months living in a civilized way. Why? They know better. It could all be so nice; just as nice as Europe if they wanted it.

Today's concern for ecology is just as hypocritical as America's concern for the freedom of Asians. Ravishment of the American landscape is of secondary importance to ravishment of American sensibility and temperament. What good is a nice clean landscape for a society that likes to sit in cars eating overcooked hamburgers with ketchup and drinking Coca Cola with ice cream in it?

One of the specialties at the "Airplane Bar" opposite the Iowa campus is something called SANGRADA which is sweet wine with grenadine in it, on the rocks.

The invasion of Laos was not met with widespread protest in America. The papers and commentators talk about the "success of Vietnamization" and "military success of the invasion." We

who want Vietnamization to fail, who hope that each military venture will be thwarted by the North Vietnamese, and who want America to lose in Vietnam have no spokesman in Washington in the national press. We who want America to



Battcock & Portrait with Artist, Alice Neel Photo by David Bourdon

lose in Asia are the silent minority. The war should end because current American policy in Vietnam is actually playing into the hands of the "Communists." Well if it is, then I'm all for it.

Two weeks in Iowa City have taken their toll. People like living there because life is "easy." It's also cheap. It is without tension and surprise. And you don't get mugged. There aren't any cops around. Everybody is pleasant, except in those bars where they beat up the "hippies." You can watch television all day without feeling guilty. I offered a series of lectures at the University on Art, Art Criticism, Bullshit and America. I talked about the

BY AARON BATES

In a recent issue of GAY, Thane Hampton knocked The Music Lovers, a movie inspired by the life of Peter Tchaikovsky. His primary criticisms were based on the film's historical inaccuracies. Mr. Hampton's criticisms, no doubt, were justified. But I maintain that a motion picture need not be historically valid if it fulfills certain artistic obligations. Bonnie and Clyde, A Man for All Seasons, Beckett, and The Lion in Winter were all motion pictures historically inaccurate, but artistically superb.

This is another view we must take of Ken Russell's film: the view of the artist. Mr. Russell, I think, is completely justified in playing his game according to the rules he sets up. The question is, does he play the game well? And the answer, I believe, is yes. He does so, brilliantly.

Based on the book, "Beloved Friend", The Music Lovers is an often fictitious story of Peter Tchaikovsky's world and people whose lives he touched (and often destroyed). These people include Count Anton Chiluvsky (Christopher Gable), his lover; Nina (Glenda Jackson), his wife; Sasha (Sabina Mydelle), his sister; and Madame Von Meck (Izabella Telczynska), his patroness. Each one has his own vision of Tchaikovsky and each one's fantasy is ultimately destroyed. Perhaps, Count Anton is the most realistic of the four "music lovers," for he sees Tchaikovsky as a man—a friend, a drinking buddy, and a homosexual lover. He neither understands nor seems to care particularly about Peter's musical genius and only seeks Peter's love. Tchaikovsky's sister Sasha is incestuously fond of the composer and she, too, like Anton, is callously dropped from his life. In Peter's attempt to find normalcy and respectability via the heterosexual route, he abandons both Anton and Sasha for Nina. His romanticism becomes extreme when he imagines that his marriage to this "spiritually pure" woman will change his life. Nina, sort of nineteenth century groupie, is equally deceived by her hero. A woman of rather large sexual appetites, she tries on a number of occasions to turn Peter straight and only manages to repulse him. When he abandons her after three tempestuous weeks of marriage, she deludes herself into thinking that he will return. As she slowly begins to lose her sanity, Nina, believing that Peter will return if she makes him jealous, decides to sleep with all the great Russian composers. One by one, Nina's procuress mother lures them up off the street and Nina sleeps with men she supposes to be Borodin or Rimski-Korsakov. As her mother pockets the money, Nina goes madder by the minute until she winds up in a hell hole of an insane asylum. Though even in her demented state, she believes that Peter will return to her. Finally, in one of the most lucid moments of her life, she realizes the truth. "He hated me!" she screams out again and again in one of the most horrifying moments I've ever seen on film.

"I LOVE MY MUSIC MORE THAN MY BOYFRIEND"



Richard Chamberlain as Tchaikovsky

only one who understands Peter and his musical genius, but she is just as much a romantic as the others. When Count Anton is rejected a final time by Peter, he spills the beans to Madame Von Meck about Peter's "other" life, and hysterical, his patroness bans Peter from her property and cuts off his allowance. Peter decides to wallow in self-pity, complaining of his misuse and the misery of his life. His misery actually consists of eating sumptuous feasts, taking long walks in the country, and writing letters of a spiritual nature. Occasionally though, Peter does have nightmares of his mother's death from Cholera. He is fated to die a similar death and the music ends. But if one feels sorry for anyone, it is not for Tchaikovsky. It is for Anton and Von Meck and Sasha, and most of all, for a madwoman in a straitjacket.

"The Music Lovers" is directed like a Tchaikovsky symphony. Needless to say, his music forms an integral part of the film, but I am referring to the action itself. The climatic moments in his music are offset by equally climatic words and actions. Everything is caught up in the mood and the rhythms of his music. Russell creates a world of romantic glitter and extreme passions founded on air. In the beginning of his film, one is introduced to each of the major characters, all going about his business during a festive carnival-like atmosphere. Like clashing symbols, they meet, love,

hate, and part company. The dialogue is excessively romantic, although never sentimental. It simply reflects the ideals of people operating under different standards and values. At times, Russell's people are laughable, and they were meant to be so. Russell's dry wit can be seen in the most tragic of scenes. Is it not laughable when the half-demented Nina is tricked into sleeping with a man she imagines to be Borodin to the music of Prince Igor? Or when, to the love theme from Romeo and Juliet, fondles a peach that Tchaikovsky has taken a bite out of?

Even Tchaikovsky's impotency is made a laughing matter. On his first night with Nina he apologizes and begs her to give him time, telling her that they can be like "brother and sister." The next night they ride a train to St. Petersburg for a honeymoon. The train is excessively bumpy and the lights continually flash on and off. The viewer gets slightly nauseous watching everything bump up and down. Under these conditions, Nina tears off her clothes, writes on the floor, and attempts to seduce a slightly green Peter. Since the camerawork is so successful in producing the effect of travel sickness in the viewer, one becomes as sexually repulsed as Peter is by this simulation of nausea.

Technically speaking, Russell's cameramen produce very pretty pictures indeed. Each frame is a gay colorful panorama of 19th century Russia. But

unlike the phoniness of, let's say, Elvira Madigan or A Man And A Woman, the beauty of the camerawork is an integral part of the grandly conceived story-telling. The colors are lush and brilliant or gloomy and somber, capturing the heights and depths of romantic passions.

The acting is equally in keeping. Richard Chamberlain is fine in the role of Tchaikovsky, but he serves only as a catalyst. Glenda Jackson's performance as Nina is so brilliantly executed that her award-winning Women In Love performance is modest in comparison. If one were audacious enough to predict the greatest actress of the twentieth century, one would have to consider Miss Jackson a front runner. Christopher Gable as Anton, the man who unsuccessfully attempts to bring Tchaikovsky out of his closet, is exceptional. So are Izabella Telczynska as the "spiritual" Von Meck and Sabina Mydelle as the tender and neglected Sasha.

In this so-called biography of Tchaikovsky, one leaves with the impression that Peter is an observer of life and never a participant. He is cruel, self-centered, and insensitive to everything and everyone but his music and his short-lived fantasies. Ironically, while his passionate admirers have long since passed from renown or even memory, Tchaikovsky continues to live as he never lived in life—in his music.

HORNYSCOPE

BY ORION
(for period March 1 - March 15)

ARIES the Ram (March 21 - April 20).—Social life activated. Whether traveling or partying, the prospects of some new friend turning you on are enticing, esp. on the 6th and 14th. Yet, if you give too much too soon, you may be undervalued. Don't overwhelm others with generosity nor talk too vociferously. Let things develop quietly. Avoid gossip, be discreet and discriminating. **KEYWORD:** subtlety.

TAURUS the Bull (April 21 - May 21).—Flirtatious and frisky, a bull in heat, you may be caught with your pants down, as romantic adventure leads to costly exposure on the 10th-13th. The call of the wild could lead to stains on your sheets and tears on your pillow, as lust may mean having to say you're sorry. Friends confuse, but one who is new consoles and enlightens.

GEMINI the Twins (May 22 - June 20).—Right now you're temptation's favorite child, as your whimsical magnetism attracts both the involved and the uncommitted. Thrill of a lifetime on the 14th. However, don't kid yourself into thinking that last night's one nighter is going to drop his lover, job, and cool for you. Just because you're nice to a runaway man, don't expect her to run right into your arms—besides, what would you do with her on Sundays?

CANCER the Crab (June 21 - July 23).—Those who show how long they have waited for this moment may screw it up. Though the heart is often a lonely hunter, still you must know



when not to say all. Around the 14th, it is his moods and not your own that you will have to cope with. Let sensitivity overrule your penchant for sentimentality. **Challenge:** the heart.

LEO the Lion (July 24 - Aug. 23).—Love is going so well that some of you are tempted to

test it. Don't interpret the adoration that you are now getting as a signal that you can stand alone. Those who seek new orgasmic outlets the 10th - 11th may have to pay the piper the 14th-15th. Whether he will forgive all or not is an ego ploy, for the hearts you are playing with both belong to you.

VIRGO the Maiden (Aug. 24 - Sept. 23).—While your mind's on your work, someone at work may have their eyes on you—romance for those who catch the other person looking. The 6th-9th talk about affection won't be idle chatter; the 14th love and money mix unfavorably, or maybe you think love means putting up with someone too extravagant for your taste. After the 12th, you're more aggressive and some may be surprised to see your modesty turn to a Mize.

LIBRA the Scales (Sept. 24 - Oct. 23).—A new romance the 14th may inspire, but the hangover may be indecision about a present one. Looking at both sides of the question when there is none could be mutually unsettling. Overall the romantic picture is bright, but the 9th, 13th and 15th, a live and let live attitude may be the key to keeping both inner and outer harmony. Say little, let intuition be your guide in affairs of the intellect as well as the heart.

SCORPIO the Scorpion (Oct. 24 - Nov. 22).—Love has its problems, but it is how you handle those problems that provides the glue that binds. Sometimes we cannot shed the past as quickly as we'd like, though around the 14th, something unique happens in consciousness as you tend to the familiar. An insight into the past can make the future brighter, unless you let the memory of an old dream unleash a buried grudge.

SAGITTARIUS the Archer (Nov. 23 - Dec. 21).—You're on the go, a trifle rash and impatient. Possible disagreement re. romance around the 14th, yet this period your love life is very much within your own hands, if you don't overpower others with your enthusiasm/ego. Don't let love with a stranger lead to an argument with a friend. Watch extravagance in cash and speech. **Challenge:** strutting like a peacock.

CAPRICORN the Goat (Dec. 22 - Jan. 20).—Others may want you to show that you're financially secure as well as emotionally stable; and that you live up to the standards you require of them. The 5th-7th a short trip is romantic, but you're caution is needed now, as some of you find yourselves involved with more than one. Warning: leave the smart thinking to the Air Signs, as you don't have the wits to charm your way out of romantic complications.

AQUARIUS the Water Bearer (Jan. 21 - Feb. 19th).—Attention to your appearance will make you a romantic winner. Don't try to buy love with money, as your charm is a big enough asset right now. The 7th - 9th, one new friend is a good one: the 13th-14th, forbidden fruit that does not meet up with your ideals should not be tasted, esp. since you're in a period when you don't have to settle for bargain basement sex. Dare to care and then show it.

PISCES the Fish (Feb. 20 - March 20).—Love unfolds in private and should grow in quiet; don't let friends get to know him before you do. The 14th you clasp each other's souls, though the 13th love may lay you down. On the 15th don't let a friend cost you money and around the 10th someone may try to draw you two apart. After the 12th social life turns you into a butterfly, but watch out for a preying mantis.

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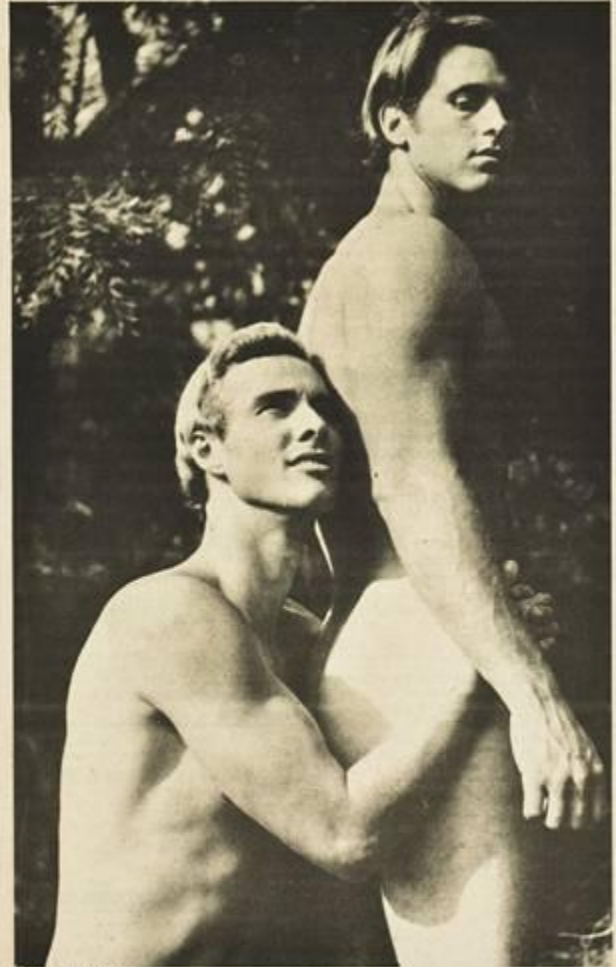


Photo by Pat Rocco

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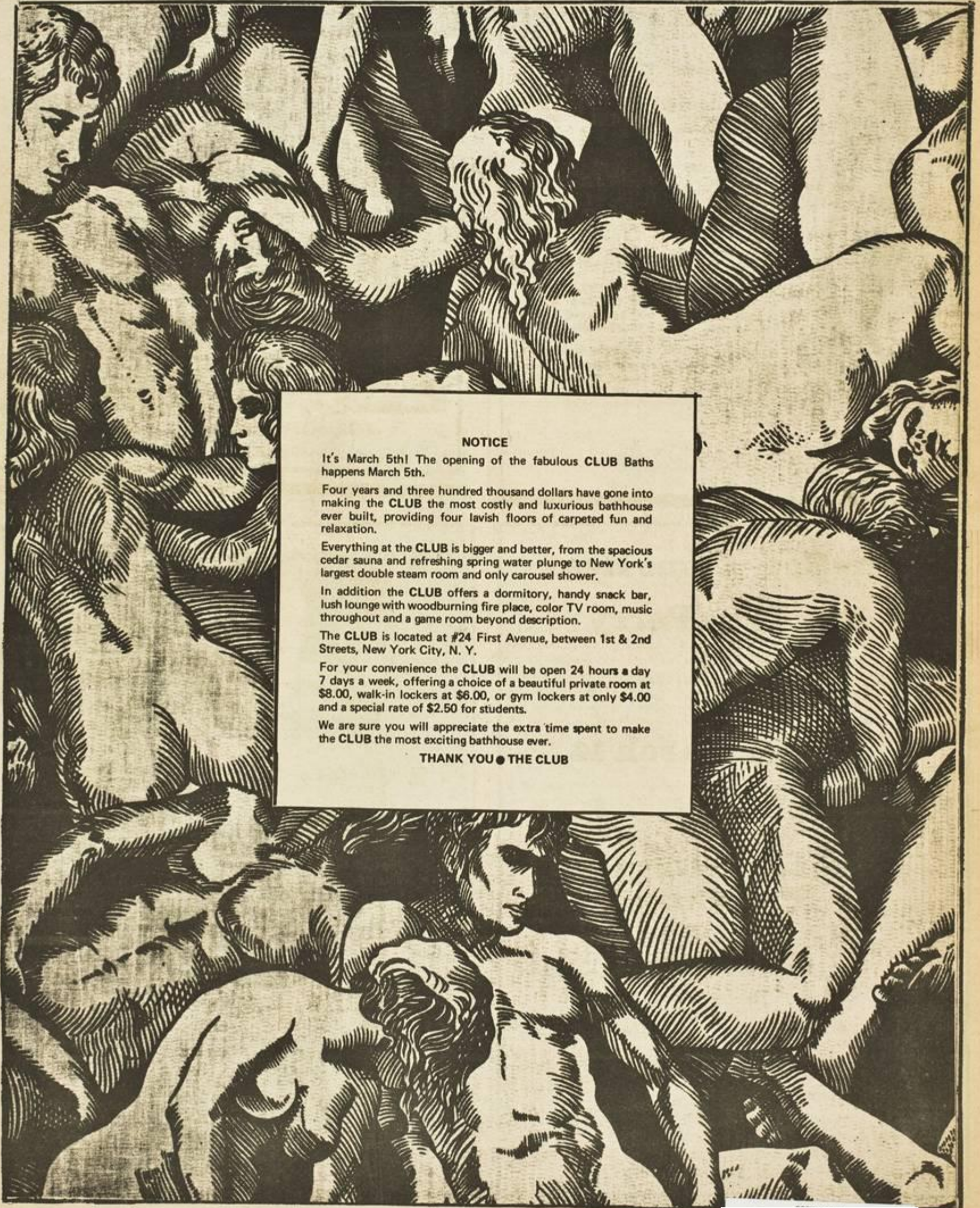
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