

BARGUIDE INSIDE

# GAY

50¢  
OUT OF  
NYC 75¢

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## Gay Power Challenges Syndicate Bars

Photo by Richard C. Wandel

### Dances Draw Large Crowds

BY RANDOLFE WICKER

New York, N.Y.—The gay bars from West Village to the upper East Side have been emptier the past few Saturday nights because Gay Activists Alliance has found a home and commenced holding weekly dances in a four-story, 10,000 square-foot firehouse at 99 Wooster Street, two blocks south of Houston Street, & four blocks east of Sixth Avenue.

Admission is a voluntary donation of \$1.50 and once inside, soda pop is 25 cents and beer is free. Dances are replete with a sound system the Fillmore might envy, flashing strobes and a light show on the first floor. Refreshments are dispensed from the second floor kitchen and in the basement. The rest of the



The GAA Saturday Night Dances draw large crowds.

space there offers tables, chairs, and even a couple of sofas for those with weary feet. Upstairs, offerings vary from more lounge space to pre-taped video programs of media presentations regarding homosexuality to promotional introductions explaining the purposes and goals of GAA and interviews with active members.

The first three dances in May grossed \$4,300 and since all work was done by volunteers, 75% of that was net. Still, the group has found itself barely able to make ends meet since it has enormous expenses: improvements and decorations of the building; purchases of an air conditioning system, chairs, tables, kitchen equipment, vending machines, amplifiers, speakers, lighting, flooring,

soundproofing—the list is endless.

The police harassed the first dance. The investigating officer reportedly complained to the group's spokesmen, "You're competing with legitimate businessmen." Then asked for a certificate of occupancy, said there were noise complaints, but left with several other officers a bit later when advised that "the entrance of a large number of uniformed policemen could result in trouble."

GAA representatives met the next week with Barry Goetterer, Mayor John Lindsay's aide, who apparently passed the word along to the local precinct to "cool it," who explained to them the procedures necessary to obtain a

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Dancing at GAA's new "Firehouse" Center

Photo by Richard C. Wandel

## 'Gay Lib & Women's Lib Same' Says Well-Known Writer

BY RANDOLFE WICKER

New York, N.Y.—Germaine Greer, whose book *The Female Eunuch* has become a best-seller and made her one of the leading spokesmen for women's liberation, says that "women's liberation and gay liberation are the same thing, that both challenge the straight-jacket gender-defined social roles and relationships."

She adds that many of her fellow feminists don't share her viewpoint. However, when Dick Cavett asked what she thought of the lesbian element in the women's lib movement, she replied that she thought that their position was "a

consistent, well-thought-out, radical approach. "They have the advantage of never having to capitulate to men," she continued. "And while I am not a separatist, I believe that the lesbian position will become the dominant position within the women's movement at least for a short period of time in the near future."

Germaine Greer is not homosexual and likes to refer to herself as the "intellectual superwhore of the movement," something else which offends other feminists. Interestingly, she is one of the few feminists who is very popular with men.



Germaine Greer

Photo by Mary Phillips

## N.Y. Human Rights Commissioner Supports Law Reform

BY PETE FISHER

New York, N.Y.—Support continues to build for Intro No. 475 in the New York City Council, the Clingan-Burden-Scholnick-Weiss Fair Employment bill, which will extend human rights protection against job discrimination to gay people. Following a statement in support of the bill by Mayor Lindsay on May 17, Eleanor Holmes Norton, Chairman of the Commission on Human Rights released a strong statement of support for the bill on May 20 and urged its passage. In her statement, Mrs. Norton said:

*"If the discriminatory and frequently cruel treatment of homosexuals, for which there never was any excuse, is ever to end, the time for action to end it is now. Growing awareness of the continued denial of social injustice and human rights where racial and ethnic minorities are concerned should heighten consciousness of the bias and indignity suffered by many different groups and strengthen the resolve of government and the rest of society to eliminate such intolerable abuses.*

*"America must surely have learned from the past decade of protests by minority groups how serious are unwarranted restrictions on one's ability to get a job or a home and how fundamentally this kind of discrimination undermines the promise of American liberty. With this in mind, I urge the City Council to give prompt consideration and approval to the bill sponsored by Councilmen Burden, Clingan, Scholnick and Weiss that would bar discrimination based on a person's private sexual practice.*

*"At the same time, I deplore the failure of the Legislature to act this year on a bill sponsored by Assemblymen Leichter, Olivieri and Solarz to repeal the outrageous criminal penalties to which adults can still be subjected for private,*

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# Randy Wicker's Basket



BY RANDOLFE WICKER

## MEN'S LIBERATION WINS IN COURT

Celio Diaz Jr. who, according to *Newsweek Magazine*, "was not interested in the glamorous image, the clothes or the chance to meet eligible, attractive men," but who wanted to be a male airline stewardess so he could "fly around the world," sued Pan Am when he was refused under the Civil Rights Act of 1964, which was generally intended to provide equal employment rights for women.



Male Stewards are the next step in sky travel.

The three-judge federal appeals court in New Orleans ruled in Diaz's favor saying the exception applied only "when the essence of the business operation would be undermined." Diaz works at a Miami hotel and still wants to work for Pan Am—but only if the firm provides seniority and back pay dating from April 1967, when he was first rejected.

## SINGLE ADOPTIONS DIFFICULT

Despite a great deal of publicity regarding the "possibility" of singles adopting children in NYC, only 20 actual adoptions have taken place and only two of these by single men.

The *N.Y. Post* reports that agencies still give a child to a couple before a single person; they screen single people more closely than couples; they require

that the single parent have male and female relatives living nearby to provide models for the adopted child.

The two single males who have adopted a child are reluctant to publicly describe their experiences. All say, however, that their lives have been dramatically altered, that the rewards are far greater than the drawbacks, that they rely heavily on their families and don't altogether reject the idea of marriage. The agencies allow single parents to adopt children only of the same sex. Most are dark-skinned, coming from black, Puerto Rican or interracial backgrounds; many are over two years old and many are also handicapped.

Experimental programs are underway in California where gay couples recommended by clergy and thoroughly checked out by social investigators have been allowed to adopt children. However, when the first gay couple in the program went before a judge to make the "probational adoption" permanent, the judge balked at signing the order. In a couple of other situations, gay teenagers have been placed with carefully screened gay couples. These older "adoptees" are supported by the state which pays their keepers a monthly stipend for room and board.

## NORMAN MAILER ON MALE HOMOSEXUALITY

During the Town Hall forum on Women's Liberation where Jill Johnston stole the show by doing a lesbian grope on stage with a couple of girl friends, Norman Mailer ventured his own theories about male homosexuality.

Mailer, who spoke up in defense of gays in the 50's, years before it was fashionable, in his book *Advertisements for Myself*, said: "Every man is vulnerable to homosexuality because he can't have it with a woman. He must go to a man to fundamentally feel like a woman. He must go to a man to have something up his anus or in his mouth."

"Up your anus," some male in the audience shouted.

"Not up mine, buddy!" Mailer replied, then added that he thought "any man who is a really superb lover can be about 90% as good to a woman as a lesbian."

In his "Prisoner of Sex" article in *Harper's Magazine* recently, Mailer had attacked Women's Lib as follows: "But Kaleidoscopes came on the mind of a victory of women. Would they not rush



Jill Johnston steals the show doing a "Lesbian Grope" at Town Hall

to cut a bypass into the buttocks of man so that feces might leave by an inlaid tube? The mucus membrane of the anus could then proceed to give all men cunts. They might sew a perma-flesh of sponge and casing on the labia majora with a purse of plastic testicles to pump it full.

All the men and all the women would then have phalluses and holes. For certain: they would never fuck themselves—they would just sing praises to the command of a logic which did not cease."



Greer, Mailer, & Johnston at Town Hall.

## TIME MAGAZINE MUSES ON GAY MINORITY STATUS

*Time Magazine*, which for years has been openly hostile, snippy and bitchy regarding homosexuals, has apparently come to consider homosexuals as a vested-interest minority group at long last.

"This seems to be both the Age of Touchiness and the Age of the Beleaguered Minority," *Time* expounded in its "Time Essay," May 10th. "Blacks, Jews, Jehovah's Witnesses, Women, The Very Young, The Very Old, Homosexuals. Suburbanites. People from Philadelphia. Who does not qualify? Never have Americans been so willfully aware of belonging to one minority or another, never have they been so defensive and so belligerent about it. Not a day passes but new and even touchier minorities surface . . ."

"Think, like the Italians with their anti-Mafia crusade, it makes others not only act but talk and think the way it wants them to. At that point, of course, the oppressed minority becomes an oppressive minority—and there is no escape."

"The Italian-Americans dare make no jokes about homosexuals; the p.r. men from Gay Liberation Front have their stationery drawn and ready. And if the G.L.F. knows what is good for it, it will make no nasty cracks about those Oriental actors who recently accused Broadway of discriminating against them . . ."

"When touchy minorities turn hypersensitive," *Time* concluded, "and overreact to ethnic slights (some real, some imaginary), they succeed only in transforming tolerance into a subtle new form of hypocrisy, more mouth piety than reform of the heart."

## SEX ROLES BROKEN DOWN IN SWEDEN

Acceptance of the concept of "equality of the sexes" has produced some startling changes in Sweden's public school system. Girls are given do-it-yourself repair courses and boys are taught child education and sewing. One whole department in the Ministry of Education is devoted to tracking down "sexual stereotypes" in school books.

New tax laws have greatly reduced deductions for men with high salaries whose wives do not work. Traditionalists charge his measure forces women to work outside the home.

Mrs. Anica Baude of the Central Organization of Salaried Employees which has half a million members advocates eliminating payments to widows and divorcees, giving financial support only to children too young to work and support themselves.

She also hopes children will no longer be given automatically to the mother after a divorce. And fathers who stay single, widowed or divorced, should be entitled to bigger financial compensation, she says, because a single man with a family is considered to need a woman to run the house.

\* A West German Court has upheld the prohibition against male midwives saying the restriction did not violate constitutional guarantees of equal employment rights for both sexes.

\* The Club Orgy on West 24th Street caught fire while live performances of sexual acts were in progress and the place went up in flames. No one was injured.

\* The homosexual stereotype supposedly prefers poodles to other dogs. Some homosexuals object to this stereotype. One fellow dragged his huskie out to the Christopher Street Liberation Day Parade and walked him with a sign on his back reading: "We don't all own poodles." Any gay who owns a poodle knows they're cleaner, brighter and friskier than most other dogs. They don't shed either. Now they can claim poodles are in the best of taste since a white poodle was recently chosen as the best of 3,785 dogs entered in the Trenton, New Jersey, Kennel Club Show.

\* *Newsweek Magazine* says this year's Mardi Gras in New Orleans was a "little more ludicrous and a little less entertaining" than similar galas in the past. Among other things, *Newsweek* lamented that homosexuals who were described by the *Daily Picayune* in 1838 as "dressed in female attire and acting the lady with no small degree of grace" had this year "tended to be militants in the Gay Liberation, languishing some distance from the first respectability of yore."

\* The New York Transit Authority has closed nearly 20% of its subway public toilets because they "required extensive cleaning and maintenance, are frequently the scene of public nuisances, and cause many police problems."

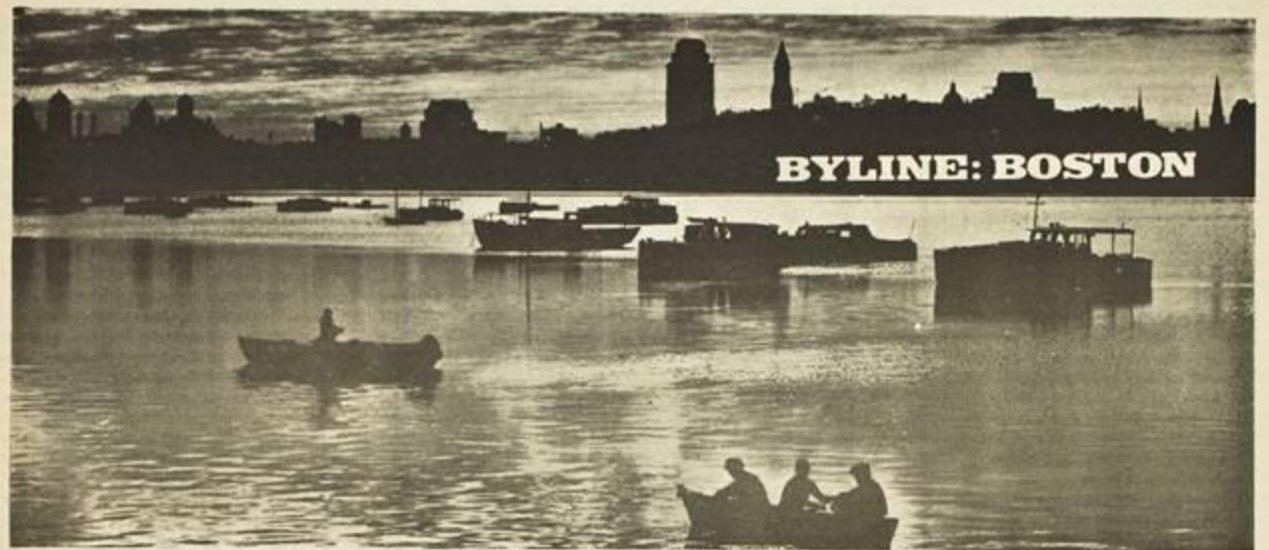
More women's toilets than men's were closed, those used the least frequently had been determined by a survey. Subway lavatories had been the scene of 702 misdemeanors and felonies during 1969 and 1970.

\* A vasectomy clinic at Bellevue Hospital has been opened for the voluntary sterilization of men. The hospital requires the consent of both husband and wife and a joint interview before performing the 30-minute operation. Single men and married men under 45 without one living child will not be eligible.

\* Among the charges leveled at the Spofford, Manida and Zereda Detention Centers in the Bronx is the allegation that many of the juveniles aged 7 to 17 who are held there become "situational homosexuals" and that some of these become "male Lollitas" who find they can gain better treatment and extra favors by seducing the guards.

\* Butch-Femme, a supposedly

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## BYLINE: BOSTON

Vacationers are awed by Boston's summertime beauty.

BY RANDOLFE WICKER

All the Boston gay bars Walter Winchell listed in his 1943 *American Confidential* are still going strong except the Punch Bowl which was recently demolished for new construction.

There are several dozen universities and technical schools in the metropolitan Boston area, giving it the largest concentration of collegians, straight and gay, in the country.

Until a couple of years ago, no organized gay group existed in Boston. Prescott Townsend held Thursday night meetings in his rooming house on Lindall Place but his "Demophile Center" was essentially a one-man operation with only a select few benches, couch, and bed-warmers dropping in for social activities.

Today, the Homophile Union of Boston (HUB) maintains offices and a library at 1514 Dorchester Street, HUB, a democratic structured group which lobbies for law reform in Massachusetts, holds bi-weekly meetings, Sunday evenings, at St. John's Church a few blocks from the State Capitol building.

Boston University has a student homophile league, as does the graduate school at Harvard. However, many collegians have recently gravitated to the Student Homophile League which encompasses all local schools and holds weekly symposiums and social hours at St. John's Church Friday evenings.

Boston GLF, unstructured and politically radical, meets Wednesday evenings at 60 Westland Avenue one block from Symphony Hall in a community center originally funded by a food co-op. The center's rent has not been paid for the last three months as a result of a withdrawal of financial support by the food co-op and eviction notices are posted on every wall. GLF is only one of many groups using the center for its meetings and activities.

Twenty-five people attended their mid-May meeting. Most were exhausted from the "big push" all had made for the May Day demonstrations and disruptions in Washington the previous week. Boston GLF is as much into the third world, leftist, black "revolutions" as they are into gay liberation.

Earlier that day, GLF had demonstrated at the Mattapan Chronic Diseases Hospital which is part of Boston's Municipal Hospital system. A drug addict in therapy at Mattapan who also happened to be gay had asked behavioral therapist John O'Brien to help him overcome his homosexuality. O'Brien had commenced applying aversion therapy.

GLF, objecting to aversion therapy, picketed the hospital and leafleted passers-by and medical personnel. They encountered a "surprisingly favorable response" from other professionals at Mattapan, many of whom expressed serious reservations about aversion therapy. Nevertheless, one of the demonstrators who held a janitorial job at Mattapan was called in, told the hospital's administration considered his activities "subversive," and fired. About thirty-five people had participated in the GLF action.

Another member reported his friend had been kicked out of the local YMCA for having nude male pictures on his wall and that a second friend had been told to remove his beefcake displays or face expulsion also. He suggested a public accommodations question was involved but after some unenthusiastic discussion, the matter was dropped. Boston GLF has no formal structure, doesn't take votes, and operates on a consensus basis.

Most of the meeting conversation centered around people's experiences at the Gay Lib conference at Amherst the previous weekend.

A party in one dorm's lobby brought noise complaints and some dean had spoken to them regarding it. Three schools, all situated very near one another, were involved—Amherst, University of Massachusetts, and Hampshire College—the details of what role each institution played was not made clear.

One of the schools had made dormitory facilities available to conference participants and some students reportedly vacated their rooms upon hearing "those people" were also going to be on the premises.

According to the GLFers, at one dorm where either people were housed or where a party was in progress, two gay brothers who were allegedly "tripping" at the time left the group and sat outside in the hallway holding hands. Subsequently,

they were reportedly surrounded by hostile straights armed with umbrellas. In the ensuing confrontation, two GLFers were thrown down a flight of stairs but not seriously hurt.

Outraged at this incident, the GLF contingent went to a Phil Ochs concert which drew a very large crowd from all three universities in the area and told the women in charge they would like to speak for five minutes to tell those present about the "sexism" they had found so rampant on their campuses and to complain about their two gay brothers being thrown down a flight of stairs. The woman refused on grounds something like "people have come here to be entertained, not to hear your complaints."

Phil Ochs triggered everything shortly after the concert began while commenting between numbers that he was

At that point, twenty gays stormed the stage, seized the microphone and gave their spiel. Reportedly, the audience was more on the side of Ochs than on the side of the gays. After having their say, the gay contingent left in protest.

"After you left," those who stayed behind told them later, "Ochs said, 'Being of the old school, people who were so uncouth and impolite as to interrupt a show should not be allowed to live.'"

New Yorkers appreciate many things about Boston: the beautifully sculptured parks and gardens, bicycle paths, Harvard boys rowing their shells on the river, relatively clean air, hospitality and personal warmth not found in Gotham. Also, for those so inclined, Boston offers a lively assortment of gay bars.

There's *Sporter's*, a perennial favorite just at the bottom of Beacon Hill at 228 Cambridge. Its masculine, casual atmosphere makes it a favorite with the mid-'70's set.

Downtown, in a complex of bars owned by the syndicate for many years, are *The Other Side* and *Jacques* at 87 Broadway. *The Other Side* is the local mecca for those under twenty-one. Anyone may enter without identification. However, no drinks are sold to those underage. The crowd is large and cross-sectional with all social classes and age groups represented. Dancing is lively and the atmosphere relaxed with beers costing 50 cents and mixed drinks 90 cents.

To reach the main dancing area which encompasses several thousand square feet, you walk through a sparsely populated outer lounge and enter through a rear door marked "exit." Several hundred people gather early on Wednesdays when a one-dollar cover is charged but drinks and beer go for 25 cents from nine till midnight. In the best underworld tradition, Wednesday night drinks are watered and many patrons stick with beer.

Across the street, *Jacques* caters to a lower-class, drag-queen, bar lesbian clientele. Occasional fights are not uncommon in either place and more proper Bostonians look down their noses on both.

There's a local DOB for women only, by the way, but this writer was unable to find out much about it. However, "Les-

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Park Street is adjacent to the Boston Common, a lovely square in the center of the city.

BY JOHN P. Le ROY

I almost never buy records solely for the jacket illustrations, but having noticed an album entitled *Slick Fingers* by the Rolling Stones with a huge bulging Levi crotch and a real zipper, I broke down, bought the record, rushed home, ripped off the cellophane, and unzipped the zipper. Blank cardboard. I'm informed that the record is high up on the best-seller charts, and if I could, I would force the record company to supply each buyer with a full-size photo of what was really under the zipper or refund the full purchase price.

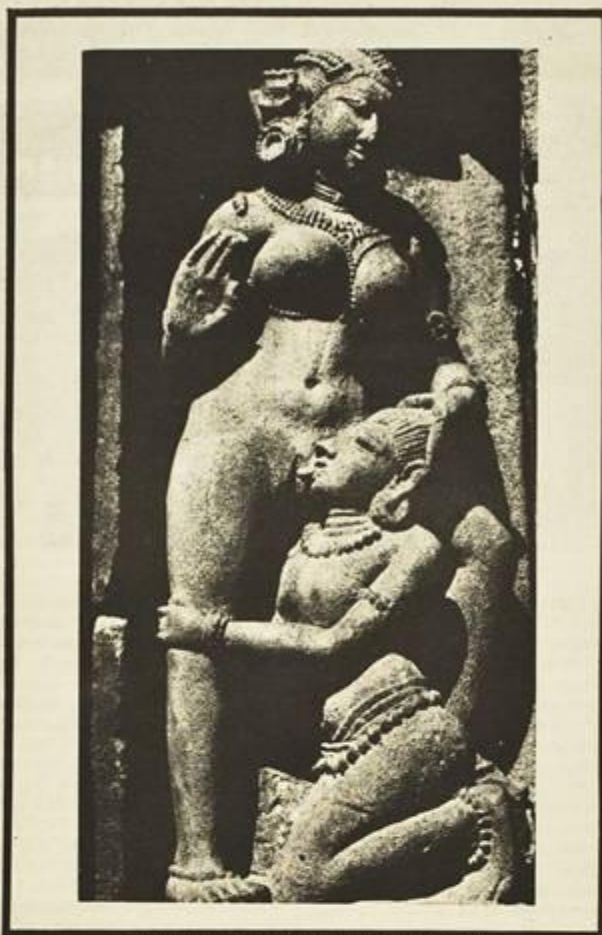
A bulging crotch is all right to sell records with, but that's all. Open up Uncle Sam's zipper, and we would find nothing but blank white cardboard. We will never really be free unless we make Uncle Sam grow a penis and use it as a life-giving force for revitalizing this whole sick nation. One of the reasons why we are in Vietnam, why we must have more H-bombs than anyone else and why all of our internal problems are woefully neglected (racism, poverty, pollution, inflation, etc.) is that we must be prepared to shoot dead anyone who dares hint that America is technologically the most powerful nation on earth, and erotically one of the most impotent. The blank white cardboard is everywhere.

It is in our schools, our factories, our offices, our homes, our military, on stage, screen, radio, TV and records. Flat-footed police officers are empowered to drag off into court and charge young lovers with corrupting each other's morals, disturbing the peace, illegally protesting an illegal war, wearing long hair, growing beards, taking drugs, or showing "disrespect for properly constituted authority." From the waist up, Uncle Sam is as powerful and healthy as a modern democratic industrial nation can be. From the waist down, blank cardboard. If it is only in the backs of cars, dark alleyways, or decrepit motels that the fly can be unipped and the cock can fly its furtive moment of glory, it is because Uncle Sam has seen to it that there shall be nowhere else.

This is a Christian country, our president keeps telling us, and the Baptists, Lutherans, Episcopalians, Catholics, Methodists, Presbyterians and Fundamentalists all seem to have one thing in common. In each of their churches, temples and cathedrals, a rendering of a sorrowful man bloodily nailed to a cross occupies a prominent spot so that the mutilation of the human body becomes indelibly imprinted into the psyche of every churchgoer. With imagery such as this, it is not too difficult to create the belief that our bodies are profane; that we should not seek joy in them; that except for reproduction, they have a low value.

To be taught to hate our bodies is to be taught to hate ourselves, and to hate ourselves is to hate life. So the blank cardboard gets put under the zipper and America's paraplegic existence continues.

So long as the crucifix remains on our altars of worship, America will essentially remain anti-sexual. Believing Christians could easily put more emphasis on the resurrection and less on the crucifixion, and not violate the essential belief in the divinity of the human spirit. But if we are to really make Uncle Sam grow a penis and use it well, then young men must be taught to love what lies between their legs and to make it holy.



Stone figures from the Rajarani Temple, India, 12th Century.

# THE PHALLUSY OF THE CROSS

In Heiropolis in ancient Syria at the gate of the temple of Priapic Diana stood a phallus so enormous that a priest could ascend to the top of the huge organ and remain perched there for days on end enjoying intimate communication with the diety. The phallus was nothing less than the creative power that impregnates the heavens, the waters and the earth, and moves the universe. Only small and polluted minds would ever entertain the thought that there was anything remotely indecent about such a representation.

The phallus was thought to be the instrument through which life was created and through which the forces of darkness, decay and death were dispelled.

The early Romans so regarded it, but as the empire declined and the forces of Christianity took hold, the phallus lost its cosmic significance. It first took on the character of a scarecrow with which to frighten thieves and children. By the time of Augustine, it became a disgraceful effigy, and has been covered up ever since, even though some Christian sects sporadically managed to preserve the

phallic rites under disguise, persecution, or both.

Pussy worship never received the popularity that cock-worship did probably because a good deal of the female genitalia is so tucked away within the body, the ancients never had a very clear idea of its true shape. But the worship of woman herself as a whole person is prevalent throughout antiquity. High in the mountains of eastern Crete, in the cave of Psycho, an ivory snake goddess embellished in gold probably represented the great Earth Mother. But most popular of all was the worship of Aphrodite, who symbolized love and beauty. She was the goddess of spring, the bringer of flowers, walking entwined in roses and myrtles among the woods perfumed with the scent of fresh blossom and vibrant with song. Girls would bathe themselves in the sea in preparation for the coming orgies of love. Of them, Aristophanes wrote:

"All the women who desired to take part in the festival were obliged to abstain from sexual intercourse for nine days (so that they) might be able to take part in

the erotic orgies with less restraint."

As celebrated in Thessaly, the males were excluded entirely and clitoral stimulation was the order of the day. Above all, a sense of awe and reverence for the great fertility goddess was held paramount.

In this so-called liberated age, the judges of our criminal courts still get freaked out at the sight of a penis in varying degrees of tumescence, as witnessed at the recent trials of Al Goldstein and Jim Buckley. Hard-ons in public are obscene, and lust is lust, and that is that.

It should be a high national priority to reverse this state of affairs. If we make the phallus holy, we may fall into the trap of putting too much emphasis on it and not enough on the rest of us. But we can make our bodies holy by first making them beautiful and healthy so that the perfection and joy of the body is at one with the perfection and joy of the spirit. Instead of having gay churches that merely sing old Protestant hymns or repeat some of the most repressive liturgy man has ever devised, let us take the crucifix from the altar and put an ideal unadorned sensual and joyous body in its place. Let us invent rites and rituals relevant to our own time where we will be taught to care for our bodies, to love life, and to love one another. Let us become adept in the religious art of bringing joy to ourselves and to others.

In this context, the attainment of pleasure is a holy act. The U.S. Constitution is supposed to protect the establishment of religion and its free exercise thereof. If the Bill of Rights is to be something more than a dead letter to which everyone gives lip service, then prosensual temples should be established and their right to exist should be fought through the courts and legislatures by the ablest legal minds available.

According to a report by Randolf Wicker (see GAY December 7, 1970, page 4), a step has been taken in this general direction. A church dedicated to the "religious pursuit of bodily pleasure" has been formed in Berkeley, California. Called the Psychedelic Venus Church, it claims a membership of five hundred and hopes to outnumber the Catholic Church by the turn of the next century. Among its ceremonies is a Genital Sacrifice in which volunteer males coat their penises with honey. Members of the congregation come up to the altar, lick the honey, and are symbolically made to feel communion with the flesh of God.



Chinese Art: A picture is worth a thousand words.

Nothing will more thoroughly arouse the Establishment than such institutions, and nothing has a greater potential for making this country erotically whole and erotically free. If we don't support them, life will still have the quality of white cardboard beneath a bulging crotch—lots to look at, but nothing there once the zipper comes down.

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The following article is a true story. It is a description of a hip gathering which took place in the woods on the West Coast where youthful homosexuals and heterosexuals camped together in a spiritual paradise, Sky River, and shared an experience which, we believe, is a portent of things to come. Although the Sky River encampment took place last summer, GAY is pleased to tell about it now in the hope that such experiences will be re-enacted many times this summer in other parts of the nation... and the world!

BY RALPH S. SCHAEFFER

Johnny, Carol and I stood at the top of the hill, burdenously carrying our camping equipment, and looked over the Sky River grounds. There before us was a gigantic yellow-arched field with more people than we could believe—beautiful people. At one end of the field was a big stage bedangled with all sorts of electrical paraphernalia. A rock band was playing as though to save its soul.



We were swimming, lolling and splashing in the shallow, rapid, rocky Washougal River. All were nude. Local residents, poorly concealed in the trees, peered at us from across the river. For the first time in my life I really appreciated the beauty of the female form—even the not-so-well-stacked ones. The men were handsome beyond description. I toured around the narrow shore of the river, after bathing and washing my hair, and came upon several couples balling quite openly here and there. As a consequence, I found myself chomping through the woods, bare-assed naked with an almost continual raging hardon. I felt so free at Sky River that I was not the least bit self-conscious about having an erection. The people I met smiled graciously and said hello with complete nonchalance as though plowing through thorny vines with a hardon was an every day occurrence. I passed a beautiful young fellow with bright blond hair, clear blue eyes and a beard of a slightly different color. He gave me a Leo smile which rivaled the hot sun. He stopped and said, "You have a beautiful cock."

"Thank you."  
"May I suck it?"  
"Please do."  
He knelt down right there and blew me. People passed to and fro smiling and waving. A few said, "Right on."  
After I came I was so weak from the intense orgasm that I had to wait a few minutes before I could return his favor.

## PARADISE NOW!



Through thorny bramble patches to a lover's rendezvous.

I returned to the river and bathed again with tears in my eyes. Tears to celebrate the joy of freedom. Never had I felt so much a part of nature.

I made several trips to the river during my stay at Sky River. One was at night. Making one's way up and down the cliff at night was an unbelievable chore. I was very high on marijuana. At one place I stopped to rest and allowed myself to hallucinate. A small shrub transformed itself into the god of the trees. I said, "God of the trees, what can you tell me?"

"The trees," he said, "remember everything that ever happened. All trees are one. They are rooted in the earth. The experience of the earth is the experience of the trees."  
My hallucination faded and I continued on my way. I met a black man sitting at the edge of the river. He said he was waiting for the sunrise.

One day Johnny, Carol and I went in to Portland to join the People's Army Jamboree. I joined the Gay Liberation group. We shouted our slogans. "Ho ho homosexual," and "Suck cock and beat the draft." It was exciting. The Legionnaires who observed our demonstration appeared to be frightened by us.

Carol left us at that point to return to her home town in Indiana. Shortly afterwards we met a friend from Berkeley who owns a camper. He invited us to join him to return to Sky River. We happily

did so and remained there another week. By this time the Portland Gay Liberation had a tent way up on top of the hill with a gigantic banner hanging in the trees with the magic letters G L F, Bob, our host, decided to arrange an orgy to be held in one of the tents of the GLF encampment. He posted signs at various strategic locations in the Sky River community announcing its time and place.

The orgy turned out to be a failure. The Portland and Seattle Gaylib people didn't appear to be very liberated. It ended up with myself and some stranger, who just popped in, balling by ourselves.

One evening, Johnny, myself and a girl he had found, were returning to our encampment. I felt a little out of things with Johnny having a girl and myself having no one. As we climbed the hill I saw a beautiful young man stumbling along, apparently very high on something. Without hesitating I went up to him and put my arm around his waist. (I am usually a timid cruiser.)

"Can I help you?" I said.  
"I'm looking for a sister."  
"I'm a sister."  
"I'm trying to find my camp. I'm lost."  
"Why don't you crash in my camp until morning?"  
"Yeah? Okay!"

We stumbled along to my place under the big shrub. The fire was just dying out. Johnny and his girl were already balling. My friend and I sat next to them and I kissed him—a long, ardent kiss. He was digging it a lot. Then he put his hand up to my face. He started and drew back.  
"You're a guy!" he said with astonishment.

"Sure I'm a guy."  
"But I'm heterosexual."  
"So am I," I said drily.  
Then I kissed him again and opened his fly. He was hard. I slipped off my pants which were getting too cramped for my erection. He laid back and I started to make love to him. Suddenly he sat up and said, "Cheez, my head is in a thorny bush."

"Let's get into my sleeping bag."  
He got up, pants half mast, and started to climb over Johnny and his girl. I got up, naked from the waist down and tried to help him. We fell right into a thorny bramble patch. We both laughed with utter delight. We kissed, in spite of the thorns. Finally we made our way to my sleeping bag and snuggled in. We rubbed and bumped and writhed with joy and pleasure. Suddenly he sat up and looked at me with a strange expression on his face. He looked very serious. Then he went down on me.

After resting in the after-glow, he got up, put on his clothes and said, "Thanks for turning me on to something new." Then careened off unsteadily through the bramble patch.

About five minutes later he came stumbling by with a girl, her arm around his waist. "I'm trying to find my camp," he said. "I'm lost." The girl said, "Why don't you crash in my camp until morning?"

I laughed myself to sleep. Johnny and his girl laughed a little too and snuggled down to sleep.

At Sky River I learned how terribly oppressed we really are in our society. Freedom is beautiful beyond the power of words to describe.

\*\*\*\*\*

### Pen Points



Letters to the Editors:

#### FROM THE GAY INSIDER

Dear Lige and Jack,

What with you extolling the virtues of THE GAY INSIDER editorially and me dedicating the book to you in the first place, people will say we're in love! Well, the cat is out. I don't care if you don't.

About the only negative comment I've heard as a result of the big spread and Peter Ogren's supercalifragilisticexpialidocious revue of my guide in Number 51 is this of a new friend, cavilling over my not having submitted a photograph to go with the article:

"What's the matter—are you some closet gay who wants to be read and heard but not seen?"

I chortled and dragged forth my coming out nudes from GAY Number 51 and crowed, "See? Absolutely shameless. What's more, I was scheduled to be a cover boy when GAY changed format. So there."

He wasn't very impressed. He pointed out I look different now, with a mustache, sort of Che Hunter, you know. He would regard the use of an old pic as a disguise. So, thus goaded, I am sending along this recent faithful shot taken at



"Che" Hunter, *The Gay Insider*

the Gay Unveiling in Albany to mollify any other readers like him who think I'm chicken.

Ay, there's the rub! It's rather because I'm not that I haven't pushed photos in promotion. It's a gross commercial cop-out, frankly. I figured that chicken hawks would be discouraged by a

"Mature" face on the jacket or in an ad, blond lovers would be alienated by a brunette, and chubby-chasers disenchanted by hollows. I recall that when I read *City of Night* I was constantly disoriented by the photo of John Rechy that greeted me every time I picked up the book. I wanted to fantasize my own hero. The same with Johnny Rio in *Numbers*, only more so, as I really didn't dig the likeness. So, if you shove unadulterated me at some strange horny reader, how far can he identify unless I happen to be his bag? Better he should conjure up his very own.

Besides, your selection of a panoramic view of the Manhattan skyline was an excellent one: New York is the principal "character" in THE GAY INSIDER. It was you who suggested last summer that I obviously do and having explored it, probed it, groped it as I obviously have, gayly, and you caught the spirit. The cover of the book itself pictures one of those towering buildings, by the way—phallically rendered—, which is as it should be, too.

All in all, I am happy as a cherry-stone clam with your coverage of the birth of THE GAY INSIDER and hope we'll be working—and loving—together for a long time to come. You can throw bouquets at me any time you want.

Gratefully,

John Francis Hunter

ED NOTE: By now everybody should know that THE GAY INSIDER is the best and most thorough guide to NYC, available from Olympia Press, 220 Park Ave. South, NYC 10003. \$2.95. Or at your local paperback bookstore. How's

that for a bouquet, John? Or would you prefer pansies?

#### SADISTIC TRANSVESTITE

Dear Gay:

I seem to recall reading gay movie reviews in your publication at one time. It would be helpful if you reviewed regularly these flesh-flicks, I think, because of an experience I had recently at the Park-Miller. The title, *Brushed Angel*, should have raised my suspicions. The "Angel," a white guy with an Afro style hair-do which completely turned me off, was subjected to such "EROTIC"!!!! TORTURES as having the head of his penis burnt with a lit cigarette by a supposedly transvestite (who turned me further off), and apparently painful, sharply twisted skin sensations, as clothes pins were ripped off his legs, chest and nipples. Besides, the transvestite's large uncircumcised pointed red-headed cock was most unappetizing. I watched for a half-hour, then left in disgust. Reviews, giving such details as I have herein, would preclude customers' throwing their money away.

Sincerely,

D.

N.Y.C.

ED NOTE: Quite right unless you happen to be a sadistic transvestite with a large uncircumcised pointed red-headed cock.

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

#### BY THE STAFF OF GAY

If you have a question about PERSONAL matters, write to the staff of GAY, c/o GAY, P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Station, New York, New York 10011. Only letters of the widest possible interest can be published. All letters will be answered if accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope.

Q. Is there any way to increase the size of the penis? I know the answer is invariably no, yet I am asking you once again. My penis measures a bare six inches in fullest erection. Soft, it is about three and a half inches and is especially embarrassing when I wear tight pants. I am 46 and this matter of organ size continues to torment me as it did at 20. All my experience has confirmed my belief that everyone (heterosexual as well as homosexual) considers organ size before any other attribute in a prospective sex partner. This "dirty old man" is still hoping there may be some way to do something about his limitation or learn to live more comfortably with it.  
W.W., NYC

A. There is no known method of increasing the size of the penis, so you must forget this fantasy once and for all. The average penis is from 5 to 7 inches, and you are safely within that normal size. You can wear tight jeans if you like, but there is no valid need to display your genitals. That tactic is for hustlers not for self-respecting men. It's also a gambit for those who believe they have NOTHING ELSE to offer anyone. Is this what you think about yourself? 46 is far from old. You have a great deal more to offer than the penis. If that is

all your sex partners want, they don't want you; they only want an appliance, not a person. We are not human dildoes; we are people. Your belief that everyone considers organ size first is totally erroneous. Only those sad people known as

look for a great deal more than size, such as PERSONALITY, INTERESTING APPEARANCE, MUTUAL INTERESTS, and all things that make up a real live human being. Even if they only wish to spend one night with you, they are at-

## Joie de Vivre



(photo by Pat Rocco)

"size queens" do that. They look for appliances rather than people, because they are frightened of becoming involved with a person. Appliances are not human and cannot hurt them. Most other people (regardless of your belief)

tracted by these things or they wouldn't have gone with you in the first place.  
Q. I met this fellow when he was 14. We had a lot of fun together. The only thing he ever did with me was kiss. I was always the one who did the other

things. This kid came into my life and ever since I met him, I did all in my power to give him a good time, such as letting him drive my car, trips to NY and amusement park. I would do anything for this kid, even if the sex wasn't involved. I had never done anything gay until I met this kid. He is now 15, and I am 28. All of a sudden he started getting mad at me and told me that gay people made him sick. We did not do anything for a long time. I always had on my mind his tool and his body. I am in love with his body. I want to know what I can do to win this 15-year-old over to the gay side. I need this kid. I do not mean for sex every time I see him. What I want is for him to accept me as I am. I do not want other guys. I want this boy.  
W.L.K., Conn.

A. You cannot WIN anybody to the gay side. That is a heterosexual piece of poison, and if you continue to believe it, you are doomed to constant disappointment. Leave this kid alone and look for someone old enough to know what he wants. That means an adult, naturally, or someone at least over 18. There is no justification for your tampering with the mind and future of a 15-year-old boy. Nor are there any rewards for you in this. Only jail and defeat.

Q. I only like blondes and can't even stand being in the same room with Latins. My roommate (a blonde) only likes Puerto Ricans and hates blondes. Neither of us can bring a trick home now without arguments. What the hell can I do?  
F.P., Phila.

A. Move, of course.

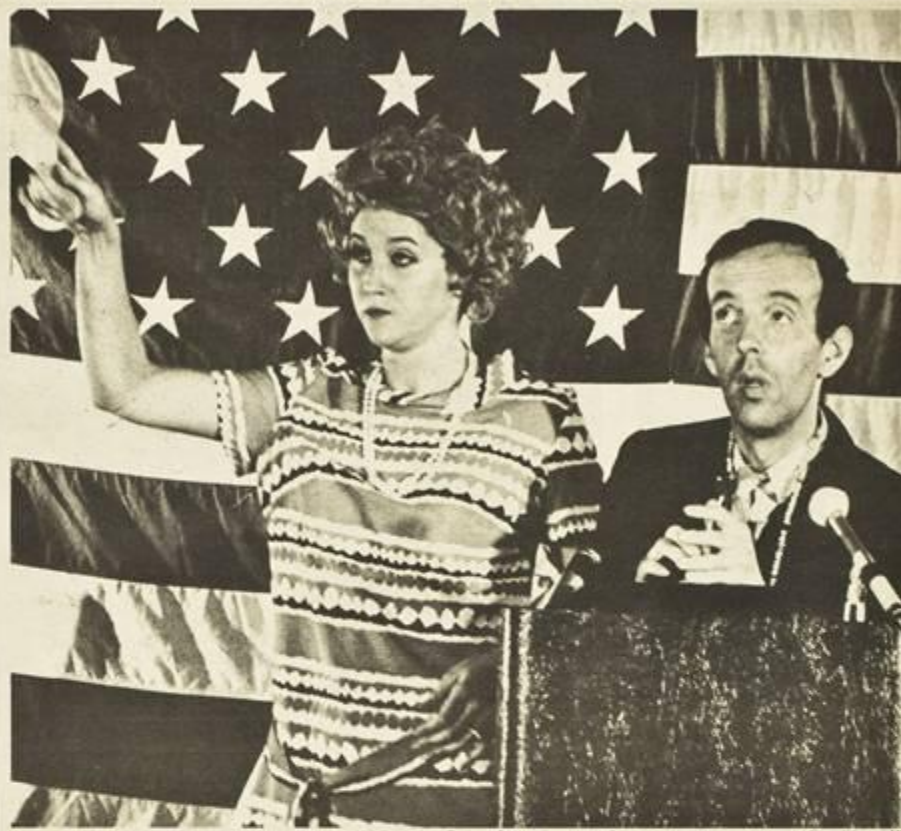
## Loosely About Women

BY SOREL DAVID

**Y**ou know what I'm tired of? I'm tired of all these people taking all these sides, I'm tired of all these sides all the time. This group is into this particular thing and against that. Meanwhile, that group's against this but they seem not to have even heard of that which is rather strange when you consider that this group hates that precisely because they're into it, or that, that is. Filling in some of the specifics and particulars we find sexism. Sexism seems to be the major concern of the day. Now I suppose there was a time when the word sexism meant something—I even thought I knew what it was once—I was against it, of course I was—I mean I'm no creep. I know what's happening, I know where it's at. But now sexism has replaced fascism and even overtaken racism as the general perjorative for all those who wish to situate themselves on the left. Sexism has come to mean anything these radical types don't like.

Well, certain radical types, I should say. There are those, as I said, who haven't heard of it yet. The Socialist Worker's Party is one such group, though this is hardly surprising. The good old SWP, affectionately known to many as the lousy Trots (Trots for Trotskyites), hasn't exactly been famous for being terribly "hip" or "with it" these last say twenty or thirty years or so. Oh well, but they try, they struggle and they try. In their latest attempt at shall we say, relevance, they have even gone so far as to come out for gay liberation. Now this is a big step for them, mind you, a complete reversal of their earlier policy of regarding homosexuals as one more decadent branch on the sick capitalist tree, or something like that. I'm not quite certain that I've captured their insigery perfectly, but it is, anyway, easy to see why they haven't discovered sexism yet.

Maybe next year—one step at a time. This year they've decided that gay liberation is here to stay and they might as well try to get a piece of the action and so they devoted a full afternoon's workshop to the subject at their recent series of conferences at NYU. If you ask me, the whole business smacks just a tiny bit of opportunism, but then opportunism is far from an unknown quantity with the SWP. In a typical Socialist Worker's Party move, they tried to present the issue as if they invented it. Their closing statement was an open invitation to all homosexuals around the world to join them on June 28th for Christopher Street Liberation Day festivities. Right On to Christopher Street they said. But don't worry, they didn't get away with it. Fortunately for our team, some of those militant lesbians we've all heard so much about were on



The Socialist's Workers Party welcomes homosexuals.

From the film, "Brand X"

## How Many Socialists Can Sit On The Head Of A Dildo?

hand to interrupt with cries of sexism at key moments and generally put things right.

Let me try to set the scene for you—a sparsely populated auditorium in NYU's Loeb Student Center, the SWPer (what would movements do without initials, I wonder) were scattered evenly around the room, while in the front two or three rows, an unmistakable and solid block of the Autonomous Gay Liberation Women (AGLWers?), which is what they're calling themselves these days, or that day, anyway. On stage, the illustrious panel, three men and a woman, eminently qualified, I'm sure, to make the now obligatory and properly passionate public coming out declarations. Judging from the musty dusty old fuddy dummies rushing out of it these days, the closet may very well be on its way to becoming the nicest place in town. Oh yes, and then there was me, I was there as a self-interested party.

Self-interested, well, but not for long—it's these sides, these damn sides all the time. The damnable thing of it is that it's impossible to remain neutral, I resent the fact that I feel compelled, something compels me always to favor one side over the other. I must say, though, that this time the choice was quite easy. It was a case of no contest, really, considering your average SWPer. They all have that look about them, like some kind of tired

hand-outs from the fifties with greasy long hair and glasses, pegged pants which almost invariably end just above the ankles, skinny types mostly with newly grown sideburns who look as if they survive on the words of Karl Marx alone—eat the paper, I mean. What can you say about people who wear trousers with cuffs, anyway.

The militant lesbians, at least, seem to know which side their bell bottoms are buttoned on. Still, it was an uncomfortable alliance, me and the sexist smashers against the SWP. I wasn't even sure they would accept me into the ranks. After all, I haven't exactly been a good friend of theirs. Of course, I don't think I've been their enemy either but I wasn't sure how they were going to see things. But I needn't have worried, after a few remarks and questions about the famous sexist picture printed with my column, they seemed happy enough to have me along.

Whatever else you might say about them, they are a pretty open and innocent bunch. So there I was for this and against that, I found myself growing more excited and adamant with each cry of sexist and male dominated from our part of the floor. By the time the end of the meeting rolled around, I was as convinced as any long time disciple. It's embarrassing, really, to think about it, I was sure I had all

the answers, knew who the good guys were, they were my friends the militant lesbians, of course, and we alone knew the true path to righteousness and virtue. I even laughed at jokes I didn't understand.

Well, it was nice while it lasted, but it didn't last long. Someone I knew, someone who knew me and had spoken to me on more sensible times came along to shatter it all. She was incensed and so was I; naturally I assumed we were on the same side. God Damn radicals she said, they're destroying the movement. Right On! says I. They're tearing it apart, just like they did to the women's movement. Right On!

Look what they did to the Rutgers Conference! The Rutgers Conference? Suddenly I realized just whose side she was on and it wasn't mine. But how could that be—and she seemed just as convinced that her side and good guys would also be mine. It was an unnerving moment, my loyalties were thrown into a state of confusion. It's always a question of loyalties with me, personal loyalties, the issues always seem to follow after the fact. I mean I thought a lot of her, respected her opinion and all, she did say she loved my column, so she couldn't have been all wrong.

And so I'm tired, I'm just tired of all these sides, all the time.

## The Cruising Photographer

### QUESTION:

What do you think of multiple sex, three or more people enjoying each other together?

Joe Murray, NYC  
"It depends. Several people enjoying each other as people and recognizing each other personally relating to each—Right On! A herd fucking, sucking, etc."



Richard Solewin, NYC  
"I feel that everyone should do their own thing. As for me, I prefer a personal relationship with a person. People miss an important ingredient in multiple sex, love."



Tom Nawallah, NYC  
"Occasionally multiples can be really great. Unfortunately, too many people have too many hang-ups about sex and find it almost impossible to relate to more than one other person."

Indiscriminately, a group filled with individuals ego tripping and trying to prove their own worth by making and/or being made by as many other undefined egos—I'd rather masturbate. A healthy tribal message, respecting oneself and the other very human gays is both sexually and psychically satisfying and liberating."

## JILL JOHNSTON



All Johnston fans will want to have this long-awaited collection of her writings from *The Village Voice* spanning the period 1960-1970, and which represents two distinct styles of life and writing: from her early enthusiastic criticism of the arts to her later mind-expanding reflections and intimate confessions. *Marmalade Me* is many things all at once: poetry, prophecy, criticism, history, and self-revelation.

"It is quite possible that Jill Johnston is one of the most important, radical, and influential writers of her time."

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the federal government," the 29-year-old law student said.

The convention didn't, however. Their agenda, brightened this year with the gay point of view, was still replete with papers from shrinks who seem to hate the gay patients they claim to "cure."

Dr. Irving Bieber of New York City described his "insights" and "successes" with electro-shock aversion therapy—but was peppered with unfriendly questions from gay observers in the audience.

A manufacturer who had his electro-shock machine on display in the exhibition hall, proudly labeled as just the thing for treating obesity, alcoholism, homosexuality and lesbianism, was also visited by the gay cadre. Take that machine out or we'll do it for you, they told him.

The exhibitor complained to police and convention leaders and eventually a compromise was reached: he agreed to tape over every reference to gay men or women on his artistically-designed booth.

"And Kameny talked with the guy, in a very sane, rational manner, for two hours or more," Baker reported after the convention "And Kameny seemed to get him to agree that maybe the gay point of view about aversion therapy and shock treatments had something to it."

## Psychiatrists Zapped Again

BY ERIK LARSSON  
Midwest Correspondent

Washington, D.C.—The people who really need psychotherapy are not gay people but those who discriminate against them.

This is what the American Psychiatric Association was told at its annual convention here May 6 by Dr. Franklin Kameny, nationally known gay activist and former candidate for Congress.

The 3,000 psychiatrists, who were zapped by the Gay Liberation Front at their San Francisco, California convention last year, were zapped again this year by Kameny, Barbara Gittings and perhaps 20 other gay people who marched into a hall where an anti-gay psychiatrist was describing his "conversion" techniques, seized the microphone and read their own defense of the gay psyche and its right to be left alone.

That was on May 3, the convention's opening day. At every workshop or

discussion where the gay scene was to be discussed after that, the moderator carefully announced in advance that homosexuals in the audience would be invited to refute the shrink's views, if they wished, after the formal presentation.

And on May 6, Kameny was one of five persons introduced as "important, nationally known homosexuals" who addressed a convention workshop of 150.

Kameny, credited with originating the slogan, "gay is good," accused psychiatrists and lawyers of waging "a very low-key battle over who should claim us."

"We reject both of you as our owners," the astronomer said. "We possess ourselves. We speak for ourselves and we'll take care of our own destinies, thank you."

How do people turn gay?

"Really, I couldn't care less," Kameny retorted to a questioner. "No one on this

panel has the slightest notion about what causes homosexuality, just as we haven't the slightest notion of what causes heterosexuality."

Others on the panel were Mrs. Del Martin, San Francisco, long a leader in the Daughters of Bilitis; Lilli Vincenz of Washington, and Jack Baker, new student body president at the University of Minnesota.

"All I know is that I'm happy and satisfied and if any of you could bring me a pill that would zap me overnight into becoming straight, I wouldn't take the pill," said Baker, who has had a lover for over four years.

Baker issued this challenge to the convention:

"If you are really interested in undoing the damage you have done and in helping gay people in this society, it's up to you to take the initiative and pass a resolution condemning discrimination against gay people by employers and by

## Mart Crowley: Harriet Beecher Stowe In Drag

BY DICK LEITSCHE

If there was a party, parade or other celebration, I missed it. Did anyone celebrate April 14? Even the gay press seems to have overlooked the anniversary, and *Esquire* Magazine, which once eulogized him, completely ignored the New Homosexual's third birthday.

When Abraham Lincoln met Harriet Beecher Stowe, he said, "So you're the little lady who caused the big war." The literary achievement that revolutionized the gay world was not a serialized novel like *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, but a play. I doubt whether President Nixon congratulated the author on his revolution, but Nixon is no Lincoln, as we all know.

April 14, 1968 was the date of the opening of *Boys In The Band* at New York's Theatre Four. The drama, and later the paperback edition of the play script, and finally, the film version, threw the gay world in America into traumatic shock. Never before had homosexuals seen anything resembling themselves on stage or screen. We had always been portrayed as pathetic characters out of a soap-opera, Noel Coward-like Englishmen, giddy queens, or—rarely—villains.

No one had ever before taken the trouble to present homosexuals in any form that resembles the way we live or to create characters we could identify with people we know—even if we couldn't face the traces of ourselves that we saw.

I admit to almost going into shock when I first saw the play. I was particularly taken with Emory, probably because he most resembled the usual stage fag: he was fun, campy, kind-hearted and sharp-tongued. But this one was different, he was a well-rounded character with a believable existence. I saw my friend E—

Hank, with his three-piece suit and ten-pound shoes, his butch pose and terrible inaccuracies, was R—, with whom I used to work. C— isn't Jewish, but, other than that, he's Harold, then and now. Who doesn't know dozens of Larrys, Donalds, Michaels and Cowboys? Everybody I knew was on that stage but me—until I thought about it.

A few weeks later, E— was in town. He called to say he had an extra ticket to *Boys In The Band* and would I go to the theatre with him. I tried to talk him out of going because I didn't want him to see Emory. (I was the oldest child in my family and had to beat up the kids who picked on my brother and sister, hold their hands when they started to school, etc. Oldest children develop the habit of protecting others.)

E— insisted he wanted to see the play, so I agreed to meet him in front of the theatre. I expected the worst and got it. There he was in his usual summer outfit: madras-plaid bermudas and tenny pumps.

I didn't enjoy the first act of the play very much. I cringed when Emory entered in his bermudas and tenny pumps. I looked away when he did the Madison (less well than E— does it) and when he said "Maria Montez was a good woman"



Mart Crowley and a friend at the premiere of "The Boys in the Band." Mr. Crowley is on the left (wearing glasses).

(I didn't know Mart Crowley and I had mutual friends!). Intermission finally came and we went out for a smoke.

"What do you think?" I asked tentatively.

"God, it's heaven!" my friend replied. "They're all so real, and don't you just know every one of them? Except Emory. He's just a stereotype and he's totally unbelievable."

I saw the play eight times, with eight different people. I've talked about it a great deal with gay friends. Invariably, people admit the validity of all of the characters other than the one they most resemble. It's usually the best-adjusted, happiest homosexuals who seem to admit the validity of the playwright's points, and the ones who seem most insecure, most apologetic about homosexuality, who damn the whole show as a heterosexual put-down of gays, a display of the author's self-hate, or an attempt by the playwright to get rich by catering to anti-homosexual prejudices.

I remember when *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf* opened. Three camps formed. First, those who saw the play as

a far-out farce of the Black Humor genre. Secondly, those who decided that Albee had exaggerated reality to make a point about what people in relationships—specifically straight relationships, but, in final analysis, all relationships—do to one another. (Remember, the whole anti-marriage, pro-free-love kick really got started about the time of this play's opening!)

The third camp evidently held what we might call the Erich Segal view of heterosexual marriage. Such relationships, this camp argued, border on the divine, and never have conflict or problems. Therefore, Albee had played a Proustian trick and was commenting on the gay world through fake-heterosexual characters. Nobody wants to see a fag play, so Albee changed his characters' names from George and Marvin to George and Martha. The dialogue, according to this legend, was not written by Albee, but taped on the beach at Cherry Grove!

A character in Iris Murdoch's *The Time of Angels* says, "suppose the truth about human life were just something terrible, something appalling which one would be destroyed by contemplating?" A truth like that exists in all of Albee's plays,

which is why audiences, in self-defense, miss his point and critics damn him.

They want, as the simple-minded John Simon proved recently, plays in which there's a nice, tidy villain everyone can hate. Vietnam is a safe choice, as are Nixon, scruffy kids, unresponsive older people, etc.

The truth that is so terrible is that human nature, which we all share, and not some outside boogey-man, is the villain in the world. Can you see the difference between the violence of the Mayday Tribe in Washington and that of the Pentagon in Vietnam? Both have a cause they are going to win no matter what lengths they have to go to. Can anyone deny that Nixon is more representative of the dark side of each of us than we'd care to admit? Are not scruffy kids and unresponsive old men two sides of the same coin?

And Crowley's truth, is it not the same? Don't all gay people (gay and straight, for that matter) fall into roles which are ridiculous, ugly and self-defeating? We may all claim that the roles are imposed on us, but we actually have the choice of playing them or not. And don't we all play hurtful games of which the Truth Game is only a symbol? In real life nobody in his right mind would let Michael bully him into that evil game, any more than Childé would eat Sister George's cigar butt. But we all play versions of the Truth Game and make others eat a version of cigar butts.

Many of us hated Mart Crowley for showing us ourselves so clearly, but we evidently found his vision of the gay world relevant and took his message to heart, because the summer of 1968 was the real beginning of the real revolution inside the gay world. I suspect the thrift shops were inundated that summer with three-piece suits and ten-pound shoes and bundles of bermuda shorts and tenny pumps.

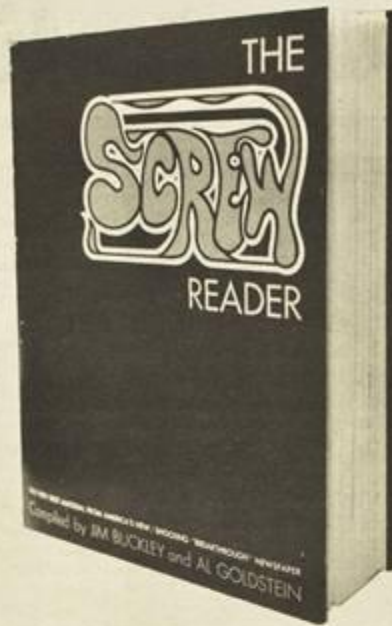
*The Boys In The Band* came out in paperback early in 1969. The revolution spread across the land. The Stonewall affair came in mid-1969. Could that have happened, would that have happened, had there been no *Boys In The Band*? Would there have been a Fort Sumter without an *Uncle Tom's Cabin*?

Mart Crowley is not enshrined with the homosexual movement's heroes (by the way, has the movement any heroes?). He told us the truth, and people who do that, as Menken said, "are hated for telling it while they live, and when they die they are swiftly forgotten."

Besides, we're all "liberated" now, and Crowley's play is old-fashioned. Or is it? Someone just read me an article from the *Village Voice*. The author, a youngish (late 20's) homosexual militant adopts a much too stridently hyper-aggressive macho tone and even felt the need to "casually" mention that he used to ball (what a pretentiously butch word!) girls. He sounded rather like a 1971 version of Hank.

Perhaps we need a new version of *Boys In The Band* to make us face the fact that we're slipping into new versions of the same old roles and game-playing.

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(continued from page 1)
certificate of occupancy, and offered further assistance should it be necessary. The next two dances went without incident except for one patrol car which responded when an artist living directly across the street complained about the blaring music after midnight and the milling crowd which had gathered and was lined up under his window. After asking that the music be lowered, the officers left.

GAA FIREHOUSE
99 WOOSTER ST.
Map showing location of GAA Firehouse at the intersection of Wooster, Spring, and Prince streets.

The neighborhood Soho association, which has parties and festivities as loud or louder than those held by GAA, has welcomed the group to the neighborhood and lists GAA's Friday night movie offerings in their newsletter. The Soho Association further stated that it "would not frown on male or female couples dancing together" at dances their group held.

The area is a largely deserted industrial section of the city whose main residents are artists living in lofts. Parking is plentiful adjacent to the firehouse.

GAA which holds its weekly meetings at 8 pm, Thursday evenings, invites one and all to attend. It is using its newly acquired space to start developing an alternate life style much talked about by all gay activists.

Activities take place every evening at the firehouse. From one to six committees are constantly in session. These include groups working on political

actions, social affairs and theatrical presentations. There's a video workshop, a film program, talk groups, and a publications committee. A library is being established. GAA also lends or rents space to other gay groups wanting to hold dances or activities on the premises.

The GAA firehouse will be the scene of countless activities every day during Gay Pride week in late June. The building will be open to the thousands out of towners participating in the big march on Christopher Street Liberation day. Covered dish suppers are also planned.

Gay Activists Alliance's membership has reached 250 members and is growing rapidly. As its activities increase and diversify, this country will see a people grow, bloom and flower.

Graffiti on one john wall reads: "An empty car caps to the dance tonight and the Mafia got out. Kill the bars!" It was a sign of the times.

Charges Dropped Against Board Of Ed. Sit-Ins

New York, N.Y.—May 18. All charges against the Unser Five have been dismissed for lack of evidence. The five Gay Activists Alliance members were arrested in April for a sit-in at the Board of Examiners in Brooklyn. (GAY No. 51)

Rokowitz had received summonses to appear in court; they did not, however, come. A telephone call to the City Corporation Counsel's office brought apologies for their failure to appear. Jim Owles, President of Gay Activists Alliance



(l. to r.) John Francis Hunter, Jim Owles, Gertrude Unser, Cora Perrotta, and Murty Manford.

When the complainant for the Board of Education was questioned by the District Attorney, he appeared unsure of the facts in the case and whether or not the five were arrested while still legally in the building. At this point Judge Weisburger granted the defense motion for dismissal. Both Gertrude Unser, Chairman of the Board of Examiners, and Board Member

and one of the defendants, said he was "astounded by the city officials' lack of respect for the law in ignoring the summonses." When asked if he felt the arrests were worth the effort, Jim Owles stated "The arrest was well worth the effort since it helped to dramatize the need for the fair employment bills now pending in the City Council and in the State Legislature."

N.Y. Human Rights Commissioner

(continued from page 1)
consensual sodomy. The Legislature should give high priority to passage of this bill early in next year's session. The current sodomy law represents a harsh, repressive and anachronistic interference by government in the private lives of individuals.

"New York State and New York City, which pride themselves for their cosmopolitanism, diversity, sophistication, and regard for individual rights should lead the way to barring discrimination against people for private consensual behavior.

"Together, these two steps would signal a good beginning in a long overdue effort to tear aside once and for all the indefensible mesh of victimization and oppression that society has woven around a minority guilty of nothing except being different."

Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton also added his voice to those supporting legislation designed to protect the rights of homosexuals. He recently endorsed the Passanante Fair Employment bill in the State Assembly, which is being brought to a vote at press time.

The City Council Fair Employment bill was originally introduced by Councilmen Clingan and Burden, who worked closely with the Gay Activists Alliance in drawing up the bill, gathering evidence of employment discrimination against gays, and working out a strategy to assure its passage. Joined by members of DOB and GLF, GAA held a series of militant zaps of various businesses and public institutions known for their anti-gay policies.

GAA sought Mayor Lindsay's support in hopes that this would be sufficient to move Cuite, but the organization feels that the ultimate fate of the bill will depend upon public support in the form of letters to Cuite at the City Council, City Hall, especially from residents in his district in Brooklyn.

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# MASTURBATE NOW!

BY AARON BATES

Folks, let's hear it for masturbation! After all, we have all found pleasure in self-gratification at one time or another. However, I'm constantly bugged by those people who make a career of putting masturbation down, especially since they probably indulge more than most of us. I have no intention of saying that masturbation is the ultimate answer, but it needn't be looked upon as just a substitute for the real thing.

Under certain circumstances, masturbation can even be more fun. When sex with another person is good, it may be difficult to top with a solo performance. However, masturbation is consistently above average; while sex with a partner is not always so. There have been a number of times when I've found myself in bed with some incompatible number and wished I had stayed home and jerked off.

Besides, if one is good at fantasizing, one can mentally create an ideal sexual situation that would be virtually impossible to surpass in real life. Unfortunately, too many of us rely on pornographic pictures for our masturbatory stimuli. Although good for a quickie, continued use of pornography tends to take the zing out of masturbation. And how many porno models really come up to our standards? Let's be honest, folks.

Masturbation is also an easy way of having numbers one can't have but would

like to have, one can't have yet but will have, and one can't have now but has had. However, I personally feel that masturbation based on anticipation is slightly more arousing than masturbation based on recall of past experiences. But to each his own.

I heard recently of one young (and I must admit, sexually unappealing) lady throwing a fit about the use of dildos because they were unnatural objects as well as sexist-oriented (whatever the hell that means). Well, I suppose that the clothes on her back and the cars that she hitch-hikes in are unnatural too, but I'll let that pass. I've always found the real thing better than the imitation, but sometimes it takes a lot of energy to go out and get the real thing.

I'm not crazy about dildos, but they serve a purpose. Remember that line in *Boys In The Band*: "Well, one thing you can say about masturbation... you certainly don't have to look your best." Ain't it the truth? There are times when I come home from work that I want to collapse. The idea of showering and shaving and douching or whatever else I'm supposed to do just couldn't interest me. These are the times that I call forth my trusty hand and get rid of all that excess tension. God knows—it works better than Geritol!

Of course, some of the radical children I've met have never heard of personal hygiene of any sort, so they don't have to feel uptight about it. Of course, if their

partners have sensitive noses, they're the ones to do the suffering. But then I suppose, there are a lot of people who adore body odors to the umph degree. I am not one of them.

But getting back to the original topic, Dr. Lawrence Hatterer has been known to remark that we are living in a masturbatory society and that this is a bad thing. I believe that he is referring to masturbation in a figurative sense. In other words—we often use our partners as sex objects instead of actually loving them. I guess the orgy and sex-bar scenes point to the truth of Larry's statement. But I'm not sure that I'd be willing to generalize for all people, whether gay or straight. However, I don't think it is wrong to use people as sex objects, especially if they are using you as a sex object at the same time. It may not be love, but at least it's reciprocal. If one is more romantically inclined and finds himself in the hands of one not so inclined, he needn't complain. He can simply get up and leave.

I know that I have been used as a sex object, but so what? I'd be unhappy if it had never happened. It's flattering to one's ego. The people who scream about this type of sexism the most are usually people who have never been in demand themselves. Beautiful men and beautiful women usually manage to get what they want when it comes to sexual fulfillment.

Although there may be a vocal minority to the contrary, it's no crime to be desirable.

How often have you heard the line (or said the line), "Why doesn't he/she love me for myself?" I've always believed that my body is a part of myself. I also have a mind and a particular personality. Thus, I have been loved either sectionally or all together. If one person loves my mind and another my ass, I'm perfectly happy. After all, one can't have everything all the time.

At this point, I'm expecting letters from some radical women and Rod McKuen devotees (or a combination thereof). Who cares? I love reading about other people's hangups anyway. As a child, I loved reading Dear Abbey. (Don't snicker if you were also guilty, I'm just honest about it.)

Of course, a total type of love may ultimately be more meaningful in the course of one's own life, but other kinds of love—masturbatory or not, with another person or not—are still a helluva lot of fun.

Besides, if we were all proper Victorians (and most Victorians could hardly have qualified as "proper"), it would be so terribly dull to abstain until Mr. Right came along.

When I was quite young, I read *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* and the only thing I remember about it is a simple, loving aunt whose philosophy was, "If it feels good, do it. It's right. If it doesn't feel good, don't do it. It's wrong. It's a sin." The word "sin" does not exist in my vocabulary except when it is used in that naive, yet wise, context.

## BYLINE: BOSTON

(continued from page 5)

bians Unite" slogans and double female symbol emblems embellished virtually every overpass, underpass and flower pot in the city, along with a multiplicity of other feminist slogans as well.

The *Napoleon Club* at 52 Piedmont Street is more elegant in decor and attracts a somewhat older, more moneyed crowd. However, in keeping with the time, the Napoleon no longer requires coat and tie.

Boston's one turkish bath was closed this past year after a straight public official checked in during the day to savor the vapors, had his wallet lifted and raised a big fuss.

During hearings on law reforms concerning the sodomy and fornication statutes, and a blasphemy law passed in 1645 which makes it against the law to voice doubts that "Jesus Christ is the son of God," representatives of several gay groups appeared and stated their case.

According to Stan Tillotson, a gay militant who attended the hearings, the legislators hardly paid attention to anyone testifying and simply walked about the room sometimes ducking behind a partition to confer with one another even while testimony was being given.

The Roman Catholic Church, the "invisible government" of Massachusetts, spoke against reforming any of the three measures calling homosexuals moral degenerates and willful sinners. In conclusion, the committee recommended all three laws to be left unchanged.

Boston gays, compared to their New York cousins, are still very closely, very Middle America. Many live in socially restrictive milieus similar to those found in small towns across the country, and talk about "not being able to find anyone here that I would dare take home with me."

Opinions expressed by some fifty-five young gays attending the Student Homophile League's Friday evening symposium and social May 14th at St. John's Church underscored the cultural gap between Boston and New York.

One boy volunteered that he had trouble relating to the "new gay consciousness" because "I haven't figured out in my own head yet whether or not homosexuality is natural or unnatural."

When a GLFer on the panel suggested that one should *not* be apologetic about his homosexuality while relating to straights, someone else disagreed by arguing "but in being apologetic, you are only showing respect for the opinions of the person you're talking to."

Still another student said that he didn't like the idea of anyone knowing "because it is such fun to be furtive, to go home and have this big secret that no one else is in on, to be part of this secret world."

When someone suggested that gay people should take pride in the fact that "such a small group of people as ourselves have made a disproportionate contribution to world culture and literature," several students jumped on him charging that he was "preaching elitism." One student said, "It doesn't matter what those

people did, how does that affect our being gay?"

Gay-ins and Christopher Street Liberation Day parades draw few people in Boston since Boston gays are afraid to come out into the open. Last year's gay-in drew only a couple of hundred people. This year the organizers are planning a Saturday celebration in Boston, so they can then come in chartered buses to NYC for the Sunday festivities.

But Bostonians are changing with the times. I attended the GLF meeting wearing coat and tie. The twenty-five GLFers wore dirty denims, long hair, headbands, and shared a gallon jug of cheap wine as

they rapped together.

Shortly after the meeting commenced, a middle-aged gentleman also wearing suit and tie entered and spotting me as the only other bourgeois present, seated himself next to me and started asking me questions about the group. Obviously, he wanted to join the gay movement; and just as obviously he was far too establishment to fit in with the caucus of radicals gathered before him. He even complained about everyone "looking like they needed a bath."

I suggested he contact HUB and gave him their address. He stayed a few minutes, shifting nervously, making muffled

comments to me about "not liking this crowd" and was about to leave when a young man on the far side of the room spoke up and addressed him directly.

"Are you John Doe?" he asked. (I've conveniently forgotten the name.)

"Yes, I am." The man replied looking a bit startled.

"Did you use to teach at XYZ high school?" the boy continued.

"Why, yes I did," the gentleman responded even more baffled.

"I thought so," the boy replied wryly.

"You used to be my math teacher."

That just wouldn't have happened five or ten years ago.

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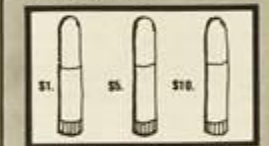
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**ROUGH RAPE**  
 IN COLOR  
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**ARCHER WINSTEN, NY POST**

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**BRIAN PAUL**

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**BRUCE KING, GAY SCENE**

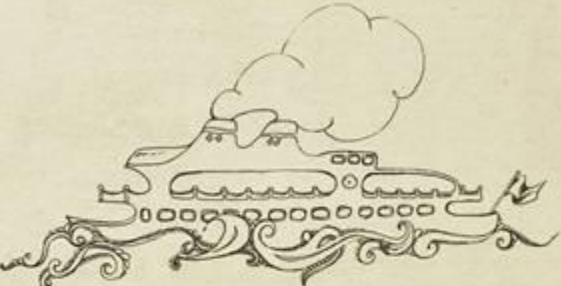
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