

GAY 50¢

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Listening To Allen Ginsberg Poems At N.Y.U.

BY LEO SKIR

3 PM and October 31st, Eisner and Lubin Auditorium at New York University and the auditorium not yet full.

Allen Ginsberg and Peter Orlovsky are on the stage, sitting on cushions and moving little Indian music things around. Allen has one that makes an accordionlike hummm. There's lots of other kids on the stage. One guy, dark, looking very Indian (Indian-Indian, not American-Indian).

I'm getting one hummed word and not sure I'm getting it correctly. It sounds to me like Schmaaaaaa the Hebrew word for "listen."

Allen has cut his beard very short, it unites with a low-profile mustache. His hair is pretty short too. Peter Orlovsky has his long hair in a braid, or braids. I can't make out which since I'm sitting on the floor on the other side of the stage.

"There's more room on the stage," Allen instructs. "In case people want to come up."

His voice is deep, pleasant.

The auditorium is filling up. There are people in the aisles. I note a statue, small (Kali?), at stage-front and much incense is burning.



Allen Ginsberg

Now Allen speaks: "I'll read for a while and Peter will read and we'll sing songs."

His first poem is an elegy for Neal Cassady. It's good, and mild and pleasant, a simple speaking voice, good-humored, asking the little blithe spirit of Neal "Sir-Spirit" where it's gone, begging apologies for many slight sins, thanking the spirit for being in a beautiful body inviting love before, when in flesh.

The next poem is located in Washington, D.C. Increasingly, Allen's poems have been located—a time and a place and from that time/place surveying the Universe.

Now he takes a mantra used for Indian dope sounding something like WHO BOMB? and he quickly declines it into WE BOMB THEM. YOU BOMB YOU, reducing the nation-giants into children beside themselves with rage. An easy thing to do.

Pete comes on next. Most surprising. His voice has changed. It is very hoarse. Sounds like James Cagney. And his poetry is quick-direct absolutely disarming. A poem to A.J. Muste—and as with Allen's things—a date: May 15, 1965, when Pete misbehaved during a demo and got into

(continued on page 4)

Reuben Book Dropped In Holland

BY KO STERKEN
C.O.C. General Secretary

Amsterdam, Netherlands—The Central Committee of the Dutch Society of Homosexuals (COC) lodged a complaint with the Public Prosecutor at Utrecht last January against the book *Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Sex But Were Afraid To Ask*. The COC thought that this book, by the American author Dr. David Reuben, contained insulting and degrading passages about homosexuality.

The Committee was particularly concerned about the fact that homosexuals were, according to Reuben, not capable of a lover relationship and furthermore that they were interested in sex exclusively. The book has been translated into several languages and is a bestseller in almost every country. The Prosecutor, Mr. Justice W.H. Overbeek, decided on the 26th of July 1971 to dismiss the complaint. In the Prosecutor's opinion, the book in question was very shallow, insignificant and bigoted and he regretted that such writings appeared on the market. Especially that which had been said about homosexuality could, so it seemed to him, not stand the test of criticism. According to the Prosecutor these remarks were based on American assertions but he fully understood that the Dutch homosexuals were grievously affected by them.

However, the Prosecutor would judge it scarcely fortunate if Holland, with its



Dr. David Reuben

traditional conceptions about freedom of press, were to become the only country where an action was brought against the book.

In the meantime the Central Committee of the COC and the management of the publishing company had been in touch with one another in preparation of a discussion which took place on the 12th of August 1971. During this discussion the management of the publishing company gave it as their view that they, regardless of any possible decision of the court, had realized that they had previously decided too hastily and therefore too carelessly upon the translation of the American "sexseller."

In regard to the objectionable chapters, no difference of opinion existed between the COC and Bruna. The publishing company therefore refrains from further distribution of the book.

In Holland, where the integration of the homosexuals is gradually proceeding, this offensive book will not be on sale in the mother tongue any longer.

Conrad Balfour Banned By Prison Warden

BY ERIK LARSSON

Minneapolis, Minn.—Conrad Balfour, the black leader who has gone to bat for gay rights many times, has done so again—and gotten himself banned as a visitor to a federal prison in Minnesota as a result.

Warden Loren Daggett said Balfour's public remarks about his sex life were the reason for the ban, since a warden has to shield his inmates from people who "would not be a good influence."

Balfour, a black who was Minnesota commissioner of human rights and is now executive director of the Minneapolis Urban Coalition, made the controversial remarks at a gay-rights rally at the University of Minnesota October 26. He said:

"Last night I had a beautiful experience. I had an 'unnatural' sex act. And it was with a white woman, which made it all the more unnatural."

Balfour, whose wife is white, then told the crowd of 500 to 1,000 students:

"I've committed a felony. I'm breaking the law. I don't think anyone should control what I do within the confines of my own bedroom."

Balfour's remarks were quoted in the *Minnesota Daily*, the student newspaper, along with comments from other speakers—straight and gay—who were joining the protest of the university Board of Regents' decision not to hire gay activist J. Michael McConnell. The students elected McConnell's lover, Jack Baker, student body president, but that wasn't enough

for the 8th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals in St. Louis, which ruled October 18 that since McConnell took "an activist role in implementing his unconventional ideas concerning the societal status to be accorded homosexuals and thereby to foist tacit approval of this socially repugnant concept upon his employer."

Straight activists have been more prominent in protesting that decision than anyone else, and the Minnesota Civil Liberties Union has petitioned the court for a rehearing, the first step to an appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court.

But somebody sent a copy of the campus newspaper article to Warden Daggett at the prison in Sandstone, Minn., 90 miles from Minneapolis, and Balfour found himself banned as a result.

"We don't open the prison up to every freak in the country," said the warden in his Arkansas twang. "As warden I am allowed to ban anyone who is a nuisance in the community or would not be a good influence on the prisoners."

Balfour has been visiting the prison once or twice a month for nearly two

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WHERE WILL YOU GO TO NIGHT?

A DIRECTORY FOR DISCRIMINATING DISPOSITIONS

MANHATTAN

MIDTOWN

The Beaman Baths, 227 E. 45 St. bet. 2nd & 3rd Aves. (687-0322). Take the elevator to the 11th floor and enjoy the many clean, modern facilities. Reasonable rates, popular, open 24 hours. Free, confidential V.D. tests every Wednesday from 3pm to 8pm, G.M. only.

The Beaded Bag, 951 First Ave. bet. 52nd & 53rd Sts. (486-9333). Super drinks and excellent prix fixe Italian dinners. Your hosts: Sonny & GM.

The Big Spender, 315 W. 48th St., west of 8th Ave. (586-9880). Popular place for before and after theatre drinking, also the watering spot for the gay theatrical crowd. Here's where you'll find that glorious funk who's third from left in the chorus line, GM.

Brothers & Sisters, 355 W. 48th St., bet. 8th & 9th Aves. (247-8840). A two-story bawdy perfect for after-theatre fun, hamburgers and light snacks, turntable and record jock instead of juke box, boys and girls together, Fun.

The Candy Store, 44 W. 56th St. bet. 5th & 6th Aves. (581-4664). Piano bar, very popular with out-of-towners; hence a good source for new faces. Jackets required, GM.

The Continental Sauna Club, 111 W. 54th St. Operated by the Continental Baths management. Elegant, but less grand (and less expensive) than the "mother church" on 74th St. GM only.

Dirty Edna's (Soreboard), 264 W. 46th St., east of 8th Ave. (266-9077). An unpretentious gay "saloon" where it's easy to score. Some "business boys" hang out here, GM.

The Four Seasons, 99 E. 52nd St. The very elegant ones cruise here—cautiously, as it's integrated, GM.

Gawaldine's, 36 W. 48th St. bet. 5th & 6th Aves. (265-2291). Inexpensive dining in luxurious surroundings—perfect for before or after the theatre. There's also an intimate bar and dancing on weekends. Fred's your host. GM & GF.

The Lila, 305 E. 45th St., bet. 1st & 2nd Aves. (L.E. 2-9290). A whole new scene for gay men and women, cocktails, dinner and dancing with hosts Leo, Katie and Jerry, GM & GM.

The Leading Zone, 568 9th Ave. at 41st St. (563-8212). The front is a gay saloon, full of those campy, raucous divas of 42nd St. to back, a cabaret with delightful live shows. Mostly GM, some GF.

Manhattan Bar, Hotel Marlton, 132 E. 57th St., at Lex. The place the over-30 crowd retreats to when the Youth Culture gets too cloying, GM.

The Roundtable, 151 E. 50th St. (758-0310). Dancing and live entertainment. Some say it's like dining and going to heaven, GM.

The Sanctuary, 407 W. 43rd St. bet. 9th & 10th Aves. (247-4210). A church converted into a mad discotheque. Dancing, juke bar (no liquor), Int.

Saena Baths, 300 W. 58th St. at Columbus Circle (above Child's) (P.O. 6-8880). A small place which closes at midnight, the Sauna is busiest between 4:30 and 11 pm and on Sunday afternoons. Few facilities, GM only.

Tambourine, 148 E. 48th St., near Lex. (PL. 3-6030). The current "hot" spot. Groovy guys and gorgeous girls, all so fabulously dressed. Dancing, GM & GF.

The Troubadour, 1078 1st Ave., near Lex. (755-1955). Sebastian hosts this beautiful (but expensive) restaurant. Busy bar, groovy people, GM.

Yahoon, 140 E. 53rd St. bet. Lex. & 3rd Ave. (421-8122). Where the older set gathers and the Midnight Cowboy scores, GM.

NOTE: If you work in midtown, both the Troubadour and Gawaldine's serve excellent, inexpensive lunches.

UPPER EAST SIDE

Britt Top East, 1716 2nd Ave. at 89th St.

The Country, 1313 3rd Ave. bet. 75th & 76th Sts. (879-6614). The "in" eatery of the gay jet set. Excellent food and all the beautiful people you could want to see, GM, some GF.

Harry's Back East, 1422 3rd Ave. bet. 80th & 81st Sts. After all these years it's still the busiest bar in New York any night. Don't miss it, GM.

The Jungle, 303 E. 60th St. bet. 1st & 2nd Aves. An out-right juice bar with dancing. One of the few after-hours places left, GM, some GF.

Piper's Lounge, 1201 Lexington Ave. bet. 81st & 82nd Sts. (734-3095). Five island's own George Sardi presides over this "two music happening" bar. You'll love it, Mostly GM.

The Painted Pony, 1485 3rd Ave. at 84th St. (744-9580). Piano bar patronized by very friendly people, GM.

New Jimmy's, 1676 3rd Ave. bet. 88th & 89th Sts. (860-4509). Excellent gay restaurant/bar with pleasant atmosphere, great food and charming clientele. Recommended: Sunday brunch (1-5 p.m.) \$2.50, including drink. Mostly GM.

UPPER WEST SIDE

THE COCKETTES & SYLVESTER

Everybody was at the Cockettes' opening at the Anderson Theatre November 7—sit packed into the lobby waiting while frantic rehearsals went on inside. Then the doors were opened and there was more everybody inside. Angela Lansbury was there with her right Taylor head was entertaining crowd. Through V.J. serious freaks and/or TV's and/or superstars were holding court in the aisles and/or lobby and/or other people's seats; and the media were recording it all. Near did all this stop when the show began.

However, Sylvester and his Hot Band refused to be ignored. Who could ignore fat, muscular Sylvester with his see-through sequined top and crock-length denims and a vocal style like Aretha? But this was no imitation Aretha; this was Sylvester and his Hot Band. In a clear, warm, balladish voice that raged in the ears of the theater, he sang "I'm a Man" in a way that was both sweet and spicy in the same way. Besides a few great spots in the show, the set was smooth and exciting from the boogie opening "I Don't Know What You Came For," through the solo super-bowie of Billie Holiday's "God Bless the Child," through the rockout funk, "You're All I Need," to the serious, "Midnight Rambler." There was dancing in the aisles and rocking in the seats. The really knows how to put on a show.

The Cockettes didn't fare so well. They got done in by the same New York they tried to outlive in their play, "Tinsel Tarts in a Hot Coma." It's about this Hollywood star who comes to New York who two New York who who goes to Hollywood while in the summer of Mars stops by on her way to Brazil while the stars (or is he the chorus girl?) director goes up and down on various seas while... The whole thing gets lost somewhere over Kansas, because the sound system wouldn't work, some changes listed however, adds missed cues, forgot lines—it was a rocky roller coaster in which she gets her big break and hooks up totally.

Which is a shame, because there's some knockout talent in the Cockettes that was completely lost. We had to admire their good humor in the face of disaster—and a hostile audience (the Jackie Curtis contingent was out in force, displaying its professional jealousy), if the show had been tighter, it could have been one non-stop belly-laugh. Overpriced as it was, there were some hilarious sequences; and the finale, a big, foamy production of "Lullabye on Broadway," was tight, well-timed, had some really good dancing, and almost saved the evening. Unfortunately, by that time half the audience had left and the rest of us were fighting tears.

Sorry, Cockettes! Ya got talent, kids, ya got talent, but directions ya ain't got. (Word to you you again when you're got the talent out.)

FOR ALL YOU DANCE FRIENDS/PEAKS

While Denver was taking in the Joffrey Ballet at City Center (just across town), I was down in "Friendly Town," Philadelphia, at the newly reopened Walnut Theatre watching the New Line Dance Company. I had first seen them at the dance festival in Central Park in September. For all you dance head/freaks out there, if a word, they were stunning, brilliant dancers (a brilliant choreography, of the pieces I saw, they really stood out—most called "Impassioned" centering on all those forgotten American Indian tribes of our once wild west. There was some truly marvelous soulful dancing by the one, coupled with some devastating solo work by Daniel Lewis, Piva Jordan and Edward Dobson. The other piece I admit I was not ready for, it was called "The Moor's Pavane." Based on the book, "Othello." Well, it left an absolutely blinding set of my head. I've seen some really fantastic pieces in my ten years at a dance break, like the Joffrey Ballet (Axtaris, Green Tapes, The Citizens); the New York City Ballet (Agnon, Goldberg Variations); Paul Taylor (almost everything); but never a piece so intensely dramatic-dancing at its very best. The music for an incredible performance go to Carlo Masucci, Jennifer Scanlon, Edward Dobson (who danced the role of Othello, and who I think was making his debut with the company), and Daniel Lewis.

was so stunned by what I had just seen, it was a particular delight for me as I had met and talked with some of the dancers when I saw them initially at the Central Park dance festival. I also spoke with Jose Limon, who is MICHIGAN by birth. I was struck by the man's openness and genuine friendliness. He seemed absolutely delighted by my enthusiasm. The company is back in "Fur City," but have no immediate plans for performing. Be that as it may, when they do, run, don't walk, to the nearest good tickets are available, and please yourself (I) for some dynamic dancing.

UPPER WEST SIDE

The Candlelight Lounge, 309 Amsterdam Ave. bet. 74th & 75th Sts. (874-9077). A landmark bar that's been around forever. Now getting a face-lift. Neighborhood crowd, much socializing, lots of cruising, GM.

The Chipp's, Columbus Ave. bet. 66th & 67th Sts. A pleasant bar/restaurant popular with Lincoln Center audiences. Mixed.

The Continental Baths, 230 W. 74th St., west of W'way (799-2688). Much more than a bath-

house, "Connie" is a total gay environment, complete with weekend cabaret. Expensive, but worth it. Open 24 hours. Students half-price with student I.D. card, GM only.

Pleasant Pub, 324 Amsterdam Ave. bet. 75th & 76th Sts. (874-8632). Jimmy Sheppard, one of the most fabulous bartenders in town, presides over this, one of the most attractive bars on the West Side. All the sociability doesn't ruin the cruising, GM.

The Westside, 2160 Broadway at 76th St. (874-8013). One of the newest and most exciting bars in the city. Dining room and bar on street level; pool tables, etc., in back bar downstairs. Tommy, Frank, Brian, Johnny and Billy work hard to insure everyone has a good time, GM.

Willie's West Side, 224 W. 82nd St., east of W'way (874-9333). A crowded, very friendly dance bar where Blacks, Latins and Whites mingle under the approving gaze of West Side liberals, GM.

UPTOWN

The Charade, 1800 2nd Ave. at 93rd St. Where Black is beautiful, the age is young, the food and music are soul and the dancing out-right! GM, mostly.

The Gold Rail, 2850 Broadway (MO 2-4704). Restaurant and bar popular with the uptown gays and Columbia students. Mixed straight & gay.

Pavilion's Interlude, 2267 7th Ave. at 135th St. A Harlem landmark since before most of us were born. Mixed, but widely known as a gay watering spot.

CHELSEA

The Cell Club, West Street and 11th Ave. We haven't seen this one yet, but with that name and in that location, we'll bet it's a new leather lounge.

The Eagle's Nest, 11th Ave. & 21st St. You won't be allowed in without leather or wicker gear. If you do slip in, they won't serve you, GM only.

Everard Baths, 28 W. 28th bet. W'way & 6th Ave. (684-8935). Old, raucous and with an air of marvelous decadence, this place goes on and on with its band of devoted patrons. Open 24 hours, GM only.

Glenn's, 53 W. 19th St. (675-9809). A dancing bar for women only.

GRAMMERCY PARK

Beau Geste, 239 Third Ave., at 20th St. (475-9724). A split-level bar and restaurant featuring good continental food reasonably priced (\$2.95 to \$5.95), GM, mostly.

Law's Lion, 57 Lexington Ave. at 25th St. (686-9608). Paul hosts at this friendly, reasonably priced neighborhood pub. Nice people, GM only.

LOWER EAST SIDE

The Branding Iron, 165 Avenue "A," bet. 10th & 11th Sts. (228-9984). A new leather/western bar, the first to venture out of the "leather ghetto" of the extreme West Village and Chelsea, GM.

The Club Baths, 24 First Ave. bet. 1st & 2nd Sts. (673-2283). A lavish bath with luxurious, thoroughly modern facilities. Open 24 hours. Students half-price with student card. A best bet, GM only. Free, confidential V.D. tests every Thursday from 5 to 9pm.

The Shaft, 181 2nd Ave. bet. 11th & 12th Sts. The old Planetarium, redone and seeking a new usage and new clientele. Mostly GM.

Hip-O-Drome, 165 Avenue "A" bet. 10th & 11th Sts. (228-9984). The gay center of the Lower East Side and haven for the young radical chic set. Free movies Thursdays, GM only.

3rd Mark's Baths, 6 St. Mark's Pl. bet. 2nd & 3rd Aves. (473-7929). Rather rundown and a bit seedy, but the prices are low and the place is active. Open 24 hours, GM only.

VILLAGE

Boon Seir, 40 W. 8th St. bet. 6th Ave. & Mc Dougall (473-9859). Headquarters for dancing young Latins. Almost as much fun as a trip to San Juan—and a lot cheaper! GM.

Bonnie & Clyde's, 82 W. 3rd St. bet. Sullivan & Thompson Sts. (GR 3-9341). Newly renovated and now managed by Elaine, this place has everything: a big dance floor, free movies, Sunday brunches, the works. Mostly GM.

Can's, 104 W. 10th St. (255-9742). This place is to Villagers what the corner pub is to Londoners. Don't miss it, GM.

Dancey's, 139 Christopher St. (929-9321). A Village landmark with one of the busiest pool tables in town. Very cruising, GM.

Fedora's, 239 W. 4th St. (CH 2-9691). A very friendly restaurant with excellent food at reasonable prices. Fedora has a large, devoted following so make reservations. Mostly GM.

Finch's, 48 Barrow St. (CH 3-7538). The other famous Village safety. Ray, his lovely wife, and his humpy waiters treat customers like visiting royalty. Mixed, mostly GM.

Gay Dogs, 180 Christopher St. A 24-hour gay hot dog stand and snackery.

The Goldbus, 83 W. 3rd St. (677-9874). A dancing bar for the young set. Features include buffets and live stage shows, GM.

Keller's, 384 West St. near Christopher (CH 3-1907). The mother and father of New York's leather bars. The Landmarks Commission ought to put a plaque on the front of it. Still popular, GM.

Kookie's, 149 W. 14th St. (242-9226). Still the most popular of the girls' bars, Kookie's packs them in every night.

Julius, 159 W. 10th St. at Waverly Place (929-9672). Internationally famous as NYU's local gay bar and for hamburgers. It's popular, and was popular even before the owners fought one of the landmark cases which helped "legalize" gay bars, GM.

Louji, 104 W. 13th St. (929-9568). An intimate restaurant with a pleasant piano bar, GM.

New Dancey's, 140 7th Ave. South bet. Charles & W. 10th Sts. (691-8373). Dining, dancing and drinking in attractive surroundings. Opens at noon for day drinkers, GM.

One Petals, 518 Hudson St. at W. 10th St. (691-6260). Reasonably priced restaurant/bar with very good food. Int.

Paula's, 64 Greenwich Ave. (691-3360). A mixed bar with something different: Mexican food, a welcome change from all that Italian cuisine, Sunday brunch, too. Int.

Peter Rabbit's, 305 W. 10th St. at West. A new addition to the Village scene which we haven't checked out yet.

Royal Roost, 28 Cornelia St. (CH 2-9557). Small, intimate restaurant with a tiny bar. The

perfect place to go with someone you love. Int. Square's Hook, 18 E. 13th St. east of 5th Ave. (255-4746). A luxurious, but moderately priced, bar/restaurant with, as Lige & Jack put it, "an atmosphere for quiet romance." Lunch: 11:30-3; dinner 5-10 (midnight on Saturday). Mostly GM.

The Den, 835 Washington at Little W. 12th St. (989-9999). A very cruising leather lounge. The manager declares this is not a gay bar, so if you see someone you like but don't dig the S&M scene, suggest alternatives, GM.

The Roadhouse, 570 Hudson St. at W. 11th (CH 3-4214). Give this new friendly Village bar a try. You'll like their wonderful ambience and the great food they serve Monday through Friday from 6 to 10pm, GM.

The (Inter)sexual Stud, Greenwich & Perry Sts. The best make out bar in the Village, GM.

The Triangle, 43 Ninth Ave. This very popular bar of the sort where one is expected to be, or pretend to be, very bitch (or cruising) is undergoing remodeling. Cruising goes on during renovations, GM.

The Wise Cellar, 531 Hudson (242-6769). An inexpensive, and very popular, dining place with excellent food. Int.

12th Night, 281 W. 12th St., corner of W. 4th St. (989-9303). Intimate, very friendly bar presided over by Dee. Known for their good food and famous for their fantastic noon to 4pm Sunday champagne brunches, Int.

Village West, 40 Bedford St., corner of 7th Ave. The manager declares this is not a gay bar, so you can assume all those gay people inside are really straight, GM.

QUEENS

Beachhaven, Seaside Ave., Midland Beach (351-9625).

Buddy-Buddy Club, 1400 Clow Rd. (442-0033).

Carmin's, 86 Mills Ave. (442-9146).

The Mayfair, 3 Hyatt St., St. George (442-9771).

STATEN ISLAND

Beachhaven, Seaside Ave., Midland Beach (351-9625).

BROOKLYN

The Circus Lounge, 1369 Flatbush Ave. at Beverly Rd. (BU 4-9022). Live shows Fridays and Saturdays, free buffets every night.

Dancey's in Brooklyn, 108 Montague St., Brooklyn Heights. A piano bar, one of the focal points of this very gay neighborhood.

STATEN ISLAND

Beachhaven, Seaside Ave., Midland Beach (351-9625).

The Editors Speak



Jack and Lige

Happy Birthday to GAY! Yes, we've become something of an institution, it would seem. We're now into our third year of publishing. The first issue of GAY hit the newsstands on November 15, 1969, and although the paper's size hasn't changed much since then (we've added four pages recently, thanks to a boom in West Coast advertising), we're still the same happy-go-lucky, reflective, not-very-oppressed bunch. We hope, more than anything, that GAY's readers have been affected by the same spirit.

Letters from many parts of the country arrive in our offices daily, asking for help in a myriad of ways: *Where can I meet people in my area? How do I get rid of V.D.? I'm 22 and looking for a lover—where can I find him? I'm just coming out of my closet, have you any advice?*

We take time to answer these letters, and on occasion we feel we've been able to assist folks who need to know they're not alone; that there is a community of people—and not a

Los Angeles Couples Challenge Sex Laws

Los Angeles, Calif.—In a case filed October 29, 1971, in the Superior Court of Robert W. Wenke, five Los Angeles city residents seek an injunction preventing the Los Angeles Police and Sheriff's Departments from enforcing the California felony laws against oral and anal copulation.

The plaintiffs in the suit are a married heterosexual man, a single heterosexual woman, a bi-sexual man and bi-sexual woman, and a homosexual man.

"These ridiculous sex statutes are nearly 100 years old, and they are unconstitutional," says Barry Bernstein, whose Beverly Hills law firm is acting as attorneys for the plaintiffs. "If we succeed in our suit we will cause the law of California to conform to logic and common sense. If consenting adults of either sex, married or unmarried, wish to participate in so-called sexual 'perversions,' it should be the business of the consenting adults, not the government of the State of Cali-

fornia." Specifically challenged are California Penal Code sections 286 and 287 on sodomy, section 288a on oral perversions and section 290 on the registration of convicted sex offenders. The matter has been set for oral argument in the preliminary injunction on November 15, 1971, 9:30 a.m., in Department 65 of the Los Angeles Superior Court. Service was effected on LAPD and the sheriff on October 29, 1971.

Conrad Balfour Banned

years, bringing jazz combos and other entertainment, businessmen and other speakers, and helping line up jobs, counseling and lawyers for the inmates.

Because of what the warden ordered, Balfour won't be able to do that any more.

That is Balfour's only regret about the incident, although he told Twin Cities newspaper reporters that what he said "was just a spoof, a parody of puritanical sex laws. It never happened the night before, and I certainly am not going to discuss my sex life in front of 500 people."

He said it to show the "ridiculousness" of sodomy laws and other statutes, he added.

"I asked how many of those at the rally had committed 'unnatural' sex acts in the preceding 10 days, and about 300 hands went up. We got the audience in a friendly, relaxed mood, and even talked about having sex with a giraffe, an albino giraffe—and how that's nobody's business but the giraffe's," Balfour said.

To the government, it does make a difference, Balfour said later in the speech, accusing the federal government of being "the biggest security risk in the country"—not gays, or the people under federal surveillance.

And, Balfour added, Warden Daggett told him in announcing the prison ban, that he was ordering it because "his bosses in the Justice Department called him and told him to."



Conrad Balfour and his family

The warden said only the published sex remarks influenced his decision, although he admitted having received a phone call from the Justice Department the day he made it.

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Listening To Allen Ginsberg

(continued from page 1)

court and was advised to plead guilty and money was produced to pay the fine and he had looked and A.J. Muste was there and he was sorry to have caused the great-busy man the extra work. Now in the poem he goes to the grave of the dead man, who tells him: "Quit messing with my toes." Peter promises to behave in the future, to look after himself, especially his muscles.

Another Peter-memory poem of one now-dead: Paul Blackburn. Written October 13, 1971. Paul with cancer, Allen telling Pete to visit him and Pete hearing from Paul that he has "no energy" while getting up (Paul did) thinking Pete asked for a cigarette.

Some time during the poem Pete goes into a tirade vs. cigarette smoking, urging the audience not to laugh. It's most serious.

Now Allen returns to sing some William Blake poems. I find it now one of Allen's failures—but, looking in the audience I behold near me one of the world's most young-handsome men/boys taken from himself with quick-quiet love for it. It is Blake's "Lamb," which I still prefer to stand alone.

He then sings a mantra which I think was 2 Blake lines or one repeated many times. "And all the hills sang together." And here he gets the audience and the people behind him on stage to join in. Other instruments added to his burning one. One girl had two little cymbals and here I was carried away but—where?

Into an old Mae West movie, one of her last, *Going to Town*, I think, the streets of old New York, the Brooklyn Bridge, the big store windows in winter night with snow around. No hills around. But the black night, the white snow, the crystallinity of the store windows were angelic to me.

End.
Then Allen mimes taking a puff of pot and holding his breath to begin a who-am-I poem. It turns me off, as so much turn-on propaganda does, sounds like future commercials I'll have to see after day of Legalization comes.

Now another poem: flying-over-Denver.

Then: At-the-Trolli. Poem about being in Gay bar, seeing the youth, young, fair, blond.

Next: OM song, trying to bring the OM home and as always, these invitations to transport always leave me behind, I sitting cross-legged on the stage suddenly notice white spot, some city-dirt on my pant-leg and from this feel the wool fabric impregnated with city/wet/dirt and that it's all lost, I'll never be clean/saved.

And then I look in front and there's the beautiful/handsome young lad and he's completely rapt and he's saved even if I'm not. He doesn't feel, as I did at his age (20 or under), that his crotch is dirty and that his feet smell and that he can't get his shit together. He is together and swiftly mounting regions. Zeus has his Ganymede. Agh!

(Note: Not all were so captured by Allen. During the intermission many people left and there are empty places in the auditorium.)

Peter speaks a poem, a poem explaining why it's not written, that writing would be using paper and the paper is a tree and no poem is as good as trees and trees are so strong and do so much.

He speaks with sincerity and it's there, his love and hatred and rivalry with Allen and all out/open and Allen smiles to see the demons dancing and being part of creation. Somehow/way these 2 birds still fly together as Allen shows in next poem which dovetails with Pete's. It also a



His lips almost reaching forward in a kiss like those of Queen Ty (Metropolitan Museum, Egyptian collection)

spoken-poem and song-half with that humming machine. Allen speaks in rhyme (rime?) and it's like the ancient bardic practice of composing something just for the occasion.

"I come back to New York—" says/sings Allen (his eyes warm around the place, almost seeking to convert them into followers of a chasid), "In an airplane/ Burning gas-o-line." He returns to his New York apartment, covered with dirt from the air. How to work? Can he work? He must arrange papers—and then—somehow he mentions his being Wednesday at the United Nations Plaza to demonstrate for Bengal Desh.

Note: I'd forgotten something that I think is important. Peter's first reading, which affected me deeply. He'd done an almost-prose piece. About a beggar woman, a leper, he'd seen in India. Her toes were worn away to the bone. One, two separate days he'd discovered maggot colonies on her, one day on one side, one day on the other. He hadn't been able to get a doctor to treat her so he treated her himself, washing the maggots out, applying ointment. A week later he'd returned to find her dying and now was unsure if his treatment hadn't somehow injured her. He spoke of her eyes, the look she gave him to tell him it was all right.

"It's all so saaaaand," he says. Some members of the audience laugh. He tells them not to laugh.

So now, Allen, telling the people in the audience to come fight for Bengal Desh, noting they're "eating meat and shooting spears" in New York while their brothers/sisters in India have bloated bellies.

Now, now his last-song, a Blake-song and somehow I can't make out the words, and when he comes to the chorus I hear "Merrily merrily we come Hitler here." Since he had once long-ago said Madame Nu didn't get enough love, maybe in updating Blake he was including Hitler, allowing him a place in the great dance of life.

Anyway, the audience was joining in. Was I getting sour? Was my ear off? I couldn't follow the melodic line.

Earlier, when intermission had begun, I'd spoken briefly to the beautiful boy. I'd been looking down on him from the stage. His hair was brown with red tints showing under the light. His eyes large, bright, clear. His chin, full, childish-smooth. His lips, most moving, eloquent, full and perfectly formed, almost reaching forward in a kiss like those of Queen Ty (the fragment at the Metropolitan in the Egyptian Collection, a thing in jasper, having only her chin and full lips). I'd told him his absorption had been for me most interesting and was sorry I'd stared and he to me, "I didn't notice," and I to him said, "But did you find the Blake songs that moving," and he to me said then "I don't feel like talking about it." So I'd moved away.

Now I look at the boy with Queen Ty's lips and the lips are moving in the song.
And only then, making notes, do I find the line is: "Merrily, merrily we welcome in the year."
Some have risen from their seats and are dancing in the aisles and in the back of the auditorium.

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Ten minutes to six. Allen ends. Starts to pack away Indian-Indian things.

A man comes up with copy of Allen's *Reality Sandwiches*, asks for autograph.

"When I finish packing my things," says Allen. "I have to be out of here in ten minutes."

The man asks again.
"When I finish packing my things," says Allen.

I come back on the stage and start to fold the scarf-like cloths lying on the stage. They have Sanskrit writing on them.

Now the beautiful boy has worked his way to the front of the crowd near Allen. He must have asked a question about the scroll-scarfs because Allen picks up one of those I folded and is about to unfold it (a few seconds before he had no time to sign an autograph!) when he sees one still not-yet-folded and holds it up. He is explaining it.

But my jealousy now is rampant, a veritable live dragon and I have to conquer it by going, simply not waiting to see how long the beautiful boy lingers on, perhaps going out with Allen.

Peter, before, speaking to me (I'd known Peter and Allen from long-ago), asked me if I was a vegetarian. I am on/off. I said I was.

Now I ate mousaka at a Greek restaurant on 4th Street, the Idra. It wasn't very good and I was, as always, unsure about eating meat.

Half-baked. Was it Saint Paul (quoting one of the prophets?) who said we half-baked ones were the worst, burnt outside, raw inside. I was half a vegetarian, half a pacifist.

I was unsure about eating meat, unhappy about eating it, not sure I'd get enough nutrients without it. And I am like this about so much.

And was Allen sure? And if sure, was he right? Was there an angel kingdom? He'd been reciting his poems for 15 years now. The audience remained the same in one sense, the young.

His message, still the time. Not to accept the old, trusted, true, comforts. To take counsel with nature in simplicity, blue sky, red autumn leaves. To raise the voice, to call forth the soul.

Nothing to argue with there. And the audience this day, seen, were quite convinced.

As those outside were equally convinced the contrary way. I meet them at the Y where I live. They like Nixon. They go to military colleges. They are preparing to meet the Enemy. Our "exile" is their "home."

Where will he lead us now? In 1955 he read *Howl* at a San Francisco coffee shop, started the Beat which did not last a generation. Then in 1967 the *human Be-In* in the Panhandle of San Francisco Park started the Summer of Love in Haight-Ashbury.

In London he laid his Blakian hand open (June 11, 1965—Albert Hall—6,000 listening):

England! awake! awake! awake!
Jerusalem thy sister calls!

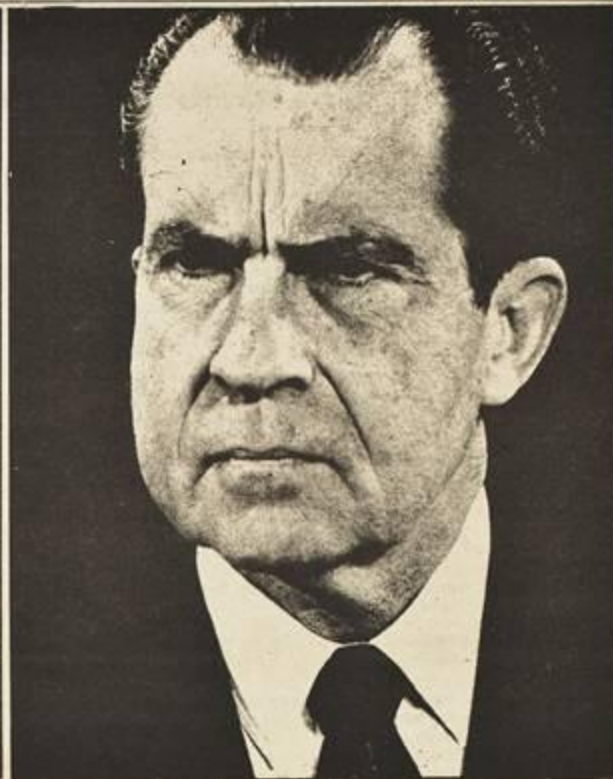
Jerusalem is always calling. The Heavenly City is never arrived at.

Blake welcomes in the year in spring, the old-English year. Allen now sang it welcome at Halloween (the traditional fairies' New Year).

It's always a New Year sometime, somehow. And if you are going on a journey the best time to start is now.

Jerusalem, the Eternal, the Heavenly-City, lies far off. The sunlight is golden, the leaves are red, the sky is blue.

Allen is calling, still.



Is Mao A Sucker For Tricky Dick?

BY SOREL DAVID

I was listening to the news the other day, all about Nixon and the great China trip, and I got to thinking about it and the scene that will transpire. I can't help wondering what goes on, what a meeting between two important heads of state is really like. Do they size each other up, do they assess one another like ordinary human beings, taking, say, an instantaneous liking to one another? Does the fate of the world depend on whether Mao thinks Dicky has a warm handshake or not, or don't they ever allow their individual personalities to emerge from behind their official poses. I mean just what the hell goes on up there in government anyway? It all seems so mysterious and unfathomable on any kind of a human, person to person level.

But the question that really intrigues me is what Mao and the boys will think of Nixon. Will they realize he's an idiot—sometimes, in those rare moments when I think of myself as an American, it becomes, in some vague way, important to me that the Chinese think Nixon an idiot. I don't want them to think that this inept fool, this soggy old cardboard grey shadow of a human being, a man without a hint of style, class or taste, our leader, is representative of all Americans, or more important, much more important, in any way at all like myself. Unfortunately, the truth of the matter is that President Nixon is probably much closer to being an accurate representation of life in these United States than decent people would like to think, and certainly closer than I could ever hope to come, anyway. How strange it is to live constantly in an environment where you are never average, never the usual, regular or normal in any

way. And now we must pause for a moment in order to achieve a state of some greater humility and in this moment remember to thank the good lord, or whatever are the powers that be, that we live in this fine and grand free nation where we may all say whatever we wish about our president, our fearless leader. Thank you Nixon for making the world safe for democracy.

Probably the Chinese will not regard Mr. Nixon very highly, but I suspect that this is only because, from what I gather, they consider all Caucasians and western civilization in general to be still a bit on the barbaric side. Anyway, from my vantage point, the image of Milhous struggling with the imperial majesty of the latest Chinese dynasty gives rise to some entertaining thoughts. How will it be, what will it be like, say, at an official dinner over there, if they have one? Think about the first time you tried to eat Chinese food without the aid of western utensils—can you see Nixon laming out because he doesn't know how to use chop sticks—or maybe they'll have to have an "official fork" flown in specially from somewhere. Or maybe the imperial chef will serve an official American dinner in his honor. Can you see the poor man traveling halfway around the world for this terribly significant meeting, steeped, smothered in formality and high level red carpet nonsense, only to sit down to an exquisitely prepared meal of hamburgers and french fries—maybe it'll even be cheeseburgers wrapped in bacon strips, if he's lucky.

I know it's just some kind of stubborn romanticism and an insane love of Chinese food that makes me think the Chinese are into something, that the government has some cools, at least. Probably I'm wrong—the official side of all countries is probably hopelessly lame—it's in the nature of the mechanics of govern-

ment, the governing process as we know it, that this be so. Think of Nixon and Tito, seen recently in news clips on TV, solemnly shaking hands in front of an airplane, then standing there like two dummies, smiling idiotically while the band—a group of nuts in bizarre outfits with brass instruments—played on. And rolling out a red carpet on the White House lawn is like a parody of a bad parody already. It's like what my good friend Kathy Braun said about the whole business of visas and passports one time, "Who are these people who give me a piece of paper and tell me where I may and may not go on this planet!"

Meanwhile, after pursuing this line of thought to exhaustion, I then decided to take a peek at one of my alternatives—the much touted alternate culture, and so flipped my radio dial over to station WBAL. I tuned it in just in time to hear the sultry tones of their sexy mid-morning announcer woman announce, "WBAL will now present Consciousness Raising." Consciousness raising, oh no, it's everywhere, it's everywhere, I thought, I'll never escape it. But I listened anyway—a group of youngish divorcees with young kids talked about experiences surrounding birth, care and raising of their children. What interested me about the discussion was not so much the startling revelations of sexism, but their descriptions of how their perceptions, their understanding of these events had changed over the past few years. I listen to these things mostly for entertainment, and taking note of the things they said and the way they said them, the vocabulary, voice timbre, I became mentally preoccupied with placing these women in the social stratum, in the socio-economic scale. They were pretty much all in the same place, upper middle class, well educated, urban types, professionals, teachers, free lance designers and like that. It amazed me how

much even these women had accepted the great American dream role for women, fulfillment only through the marriage and the family bit. Most remembered the childbirth experience in a very positive way. "It was everything my mother promised me," one woman said, "I had completed my destiny as a woman, I was somebody now, I was a mother."

But the newly developing consciousness of the women's movement was causing them to view these experiences in a new light. They were slowly becoming aware of things like how much their husbands alienated themselves from the process and the whole business of caring for the kids, of how the doctors acted as if they owned their bodies. As they became more and more conscious of getting the shit end of the stick they seemed to become fascinated with the dichotomy between the two characterizations of these events. And it is indeed fascinating, this is the first time in history, really, that this sort of consciousness, a dissatisfaction with the woman's role, or an understanding, even, of just what the woman's role is, in society, has developed. How this process, this consciousness raising, happens is the key to it all. As of yet, this way of thinking has penetrated only the upper echelons, the affluent and intellectual elite, while the vast ordinary masses of women still think pink and blue baby blankets are where it's at. Will it ever reach them and if so, how? Will it become so watered down and nowhere, like everything else geared for a mass audience in this country, so as to be totally obnoxious? Tune in next decade and find out.

One other thing I'd like you to know before I stop here. The program director of WBAL is an heir to the Bergdorf Goodman fortune. This I know to be true, I read it in the *New York Times*. Think of that the next time they ask for some of your hard earned money.

Eastiders Meet in Assemblyman's Headquarters

New York, N.Y.—"I'm accustomed to going to the Village to be myself, but walking in this door tonight in my own neighborhood was a traumatizing experience." So spoke a man at the first meeting of a new East Side gay group a month ago in the storefront office of Assemblyman Antonio Olivieri. He was sitting among some thirty neighbors he had never met before—all of them gay, some of them familiar in the Gay Liberation movement, others just as new to the idea of being "out" as the speaker.

The new group, now meeting Wednesday nights at Councilman Carter Burden's office at 303 East 79th Street, has yet to pick a name. Its stated purpose is, initially at least, to bring East Side gay people together for the pleasure of each other's company and to discuss what kind of permanent group would be most appropriate to the East Side. Alternatives so far under discussion range from a purely social club to an activist group, perhaps aligned with

other politically active organizations.

The group was called together by the Community Relations Committee of the Gay Activists Alliance, which recognized that its own organization and/or location did not attract many gay women or men from the East Side. (Although it includes some GAA members, the new group is not officially tied to GAA in any way.) Members of the committee distributed 3,000 leaflets to East Siders, calling them to a "Town Meeting of East Side Gay Women and Men" on September 21st. From that initial gathering, the new group has become known only by word of mouth.

A spokesman from the group described the gatherings in this manner. The meetings are called to order a little after 8 PM by a moderator chosen from the previous meeting. After announcements and reports, a "brainstorming" period follows, during which anyone throws out any ideas he or she may have about why

the group exists and what it may accomplish in what manner. This is a free-form type discussion with little attempt to reach concrete conclusions. Following this there is a lengthy break for refreshments and a chance to get to know each other in a more social context. When the meeting reconvenes, the discussion moves in a more orderly manner, sometimes resorting to parliamentary procedure, toward concrete decisions. Ideas from the earlier "brainstorming" period often provide the raw material for the later decision-making session.

But all areas, including the meeting format, are open to experimentation and change, and some meetings may be taken up with movies or other special programs presently under consideration.

The direction taken so far, the spokesman said, is toward a loosely structured "umbrella" organization which could provide a place and an atmosphere in which many different kinds of activity could

organize themselves. Already a consciousness-raising group has formed out of East Side neighbors who attended the initial gatherings. Educational, cultural, political, social, even commercial activities are among the other possibilities.

Under consideration by the group is the establishment of a non-commercial gay community coffeehouse, with a community bulletin board and additional meeting rooms—a place where neighborhood gay women and men could walk in and have a quiet cup of coffee and meet other local gay people without the noisy and frequently tense atmosphere of gay bars. Such a coffeehouse could, the spokesman reported, provide the place and atmosphere for the kind of "umbrella" organization the group so far seems to want.

Such a place already exists, in part at least, each Wednesday night at Carter Burden's. Free coffee, pastries, friendly people, and of course a bulletin board.

Gay Counseling Opens Center

New York, N.Y.—A collective of gay women and men who are trained therapists and peer counselors has opened offices at Calvary Episcopal Church. The collective is called GAY COUNSELING, and says its purpose is to offer the gay community a counseling service that avoids an authoritarian stance and embraces the belief that Gay is Good.

Because most establishment psychotherapists call homosexuality an illness,

GC believes they are unable to help a gay client with problems either related or unrelated to being gay. The reason for this failure is two-fold: First, most therapists tend to zero in upon homosexuality as if it were the key to all other concerns that the client may have, thus ignoring those concerns. Second, the therapist inevitably communicates a prejudice against homosexuality or gay life-styles and in so doing subjects the client to a subtle but no less

poisonous a put-down. Both these effects of the sickness theory are counter-productive in the extreme, GC says, and can, in fact, produce great harm.

GAY COUNSELING offers to gay people both direct and referral services in individual counseling, group experiences (both "encounter" and discussion types), welfare and draft counseling, gay life counseling, and other problem areas. GC attempts "to be oppressive to no one,

whether client or counselor." Fees are determined primarily on what the client feels he or she should and can pay. There is no charge for initial interview.

The office and telephone of GAY COUNSELING are manned from 6-10 PM, Tuesday through Friday, at Calvary Episcopal Church, 61 Gramercy Park North, GR 5-1217, for initial inquiry and/or interview. The mailing address is GC, 149 East 60th St., No. 5f, NYC

Peace Rally Includes Gays

New York, N.Y.—The Gay Community had official representation in New York's last Peace Rally on Saturday, November 6th.

Although the Gay Activists Alliance of New York is pledged to act as a one-issue organization, Jim Owles and other members of the organization have been active in the anti-war Movement.

Addressing the crowd of 20,000, he asked them to look for and expect support for the anti-war movement in the Gay community. "We're there and we want to work," he said. "But you have to accept us as equals. We're not Auxiliaries to be used as names on a list or to make coffee and serve cakes."

He also told the left-contingent that was attempting to take over the stage and had been throwing bottles at some of the speakers that they were on a macho trip and were serving the ends of the CIA. He also noted that he did not believe in turning the other cheek and would throw bottles back. He suggested that if they were against the right, as they claimed to be, they might harass the right-wing rallies. He noted they never did and that they had attacked the left only.

Kate Millett, in her talk, speaking principally as a feminist, noted that the infection of violence had taken the peace movement. She noted that the movement was not only one to save Vietnam but "ourselves as well."

Both speakers received much applause.

Jim Owles' name, and the notation of the name of Gay Activists Alliance, was in all the newspaper advertisements listing the parade. In all parade-formation notices the places and times for a gay contingent were noted.



Gay Activists demonstrate against Bell Telephone, which refuses to hire known homosexuals. "Perhaps a few gay employees might be able to straighten out the terrible mess these morons have made of the telephone company," said one demonstrator. "No, nothing can save Ma Bell," said another. . . "Nothing."

Is There A Gay Bar in Slop Jar, West Virginia?

The International Guild Guide '72

BY DICK LEITSCH

Someone once reviewed the telephone directory, remarking that the cast was terrific though the plot left a great deal to be desired. Both the cast and the plot of the 1972 edition of the International Guild Guide miss the mark, but the book does have a fascination all its own—and a very pragmatic value besides.

For readers who have just emerged from the depths of a closet or returned from a long sojourn on a deserted island, the Guild Guide is a listing of gay bars, bath houses, hotels, restaurants, private clubs and cruising spots from Alabama to Wyoming, from Angola to Yugoslavia. For those who prefer the semi-closet status of "homophile," the new Guide also lists the gay social reform outfits, political organizations and loser's lounges that make up the "homophile movement."

This eighth edition of the Guild Guide is the largest (more than 200 pages) and most accurate guide of its kind in the world. Its twenty imitators are all cribbed from the Guild Guide, the daddy of them all. None of the others comes close to matching it in attractiveness of format or completeness and accuracy of the listings.

This year for the first time the publishers have abandoned the old stapled-down-the-middle magazine-like format. The 1972 edition is a nicely-bound paperback book with a few illustrations (including a beautiful full-color cover illustration) and 32 more pages of listings than last year's edition.

The faults of the book are those which afflict all of the gay guide books. Places are listed which no longer exist; partial and sometimes incorrect addresses creep in, and some places are listed as being gay spots even though the visitor finds them anything but.

The publisher is not always to blame for such errors. The gay world is flexible and places do open and close quickly. Nobody could possibly check out all of the thousands of places listed to verify their gayness or their addresses. The publisher relies on you and me to send in changes, additions, and corrections, and sometimes our information is bad.

Finding myself in Luxembourg City last spring, I followed the Guild Guide's advice and sought out the Cafe du Centre. Obviously someone had made off with the only available trick who ever walked into that place and raced home to send a postcard to Guild Press to list the place. I know dozens of people who went to the Cafe du Centre at the advice of the Guild Guide and none of them has ever found an available number.

The major problem the editors of the guide have to deal with is the rapidity with which gay places open and close and quick shifts of cruising grounds. Though off the press only slightly more than two

months, the book is quite out of date for New York City, where gay bars open and close as fast as the Dow-Jones averages go up and down. At least twelve of the bars listed (including the orgy bars) have gone since the book went to press—and more than twelve new ones have opened.

For all its faults, the Guild Guide is a bargain at the same old price of five dollars. It is also a necessary addition to your trick bag ("shoulder purse" if you are an elegant sissy), along with the tube of KY, the Handi-Wipes and the toothbrush. Nobody should be without a copy, and they make perfect Christmas and birthday gifts—and what could possibly be more appropriate as a bon voyage gift?

There was a time, before H. Lynn Womack invented gay guides nearly a decade ago, when a gay guy on his way to a strange town had to rely on his friends for lists of places to go (and with any luck at all, letters of introduction to local studs).

Those more attuned to the gay scene knew that there would always be gay men cruising any bus depot, train station or downtown park anywhere in the world. Many's the time I've found myself in a strange town alone and took a taxi to the local bus station. If there was nobody at-

tractive around, there was always at least a "sister" who would fill me in on the local scene and probably take me on the rounds of the local watering spots and cruising grounds.

Some people think it's tacky to cruise bus depots, or they have specific types of places to which they limit themselves: elegant cocktail lounges, head joints, dance bars, or whatever. The Guild Guide is perfect for them. They can sit in their hotel room, look over the local listings, call the ones that sound good to make sure they're still open, and grab a cab. There's no wasted time, no bother. As the man said, when there's a need to be filled, capitalism will find a way to fill the need.

Let me give an unsolicited testimonial for the Guild Guide as an aid in vacation-planning. Last spring my roommate and I went to Europe. We took a budget Loft-leider flight which landed us in Luxembourg City. We had traveler's checks, a large map of Europe, a copy of the Guild Guide, and no itinerary or reservations.

Luxembourg was a disaster, perhaps the only city in the world with no gay life. Besides, the men were ugly. We saw the sights (battlements, castles, museums). Back at the hotel we spread out the map of Europe and circled the nearby

cities. According to the Guild Guide, Wiesbaden, just over the border in Germany, had a gay hotel, a gay nudist park, outdoor cruising and eight gay bars. We bought tickets to Wiesbaden.

When we arrived at that train station we called the "gay" hotel, the Stadt-Mitte. They had no rooms. We told them they were recommended to us by the Guild Guide. Ah, so! They suddenly had a double room available. It was huge, beautiful, and very inexpensive. We went upstairs to unpack and shave. When we went back downstairs the manager and his lover had prepared a map of the city for us with all the gay places marked, along with easy routes between the bars and the hotel.

When it came time to move on we checked the Guild Guide again. Frankfurt was nearby and had 25 gay bars and three baths. Our kind of town. Again, mention of the Guild Guide opened door, as it did everywhere we went. The Guide found us a marvelous, campy, gay hotel in Amsterdam; it opened doors of private clubs in London, and it got us tricks everywhere. Carrying a copy of the Guild Guide openly on a street or train anywhere in Europe is an advertisement that "I am an available American tourist."

I travel a great deal for business and pleasure. Once, on a stop-over in Kenner, Louisiana, the Guide tipped me off to the cruising at Bayne's and the "broad-minded" (i.e., trade) airport night crews who hung around the Hilton Inn. That became a memorable evening. Stranded once in Rehoboth Beach, Delaware with relatives, I was ready to go out of my mind with boredom until the Guild Guide tipped me off to the cruising at the Henlopen Hotel.

If you travel for business or pleasure the Guild Guide is a necessity. Even if you aren't likely to find yourself in Luanda, Angola; DaNang, Vietnam; Varna, Bulgaria; or Papeete in Tahiti, you'll find the book helpful in planning vacations for yourself. And, of course, it comes in very handy when you're facing a visit to the old folks at home back in White River Junction, Vermont; Odessa, Texas; or Coos Bay, Oregon.

Even if you never travel, it's fun to imagine what those fresh-faced farm boys are doing tonight in the Balboa Club or Snappy's, out there in Coos Bay.

If your local gay book shop or "adult" book store doesn't have the brand-new 1972 edition of the International Guild Guide, you can buy it directly from the publisher. Send five dollars to International Guild Guide, Box 385, Ben Franklin Station, Washington, D.C. 20044.

And one more thing—if the listings for your area are not up to date, send corrections to the same address, care of Ronnie Anderson, Editor. I, and a lot of other gay people, count on this book to help us find you when we pass through your town.



The New Erotica:

All is Well!

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

ALL IS WELL, Dirk Vandenberg; *The Other Traveller*, Olympia Press; \$1.95, paperback.

A new new gay literature is emerging, and its virtuous learned their craft by writing one-hand paperbacks for such meatgrinder outfits as Greenleaf Classics on the West Coast. In being required to clock an erection, if not orgasm, every fourth page, they grew adept at integrating sex into what they wrote to satisfy the publisher and his concept of the gay market (thus the "fag-bots"), but ultimately in order to express themselves—for what they had to say was important enough to them to try to transcend the *de rigueur* erotica and say it.

Not that any of them was/is anti-erotica. In fact, several of them are masters of it. But theme and characterization and plot in their works have come to stand on their own merit. Out of their need to earn bread fast they, not unlike the Dickens and Twains of the Nineteenth Century, have kept their pots boiling and at the same time found their unique voices for a unique era. They began the old new gay literature, just as GAY and *The Advocate* established the old new gay journalism underground and have now ushered in another era of responsible reporting from out of it.

Among the creators of the old new gay lit and who formed the transition to the new was Richard Amory, whose Loon sagas, with their vivid and jubilant sex scenes that critic/author/guidebook editor (to Europe) Carl Driver has called "sacramental," became a seminal work of fiction of the late '60's. Lusty genital makes in a never-never land of the Far West roamed to love uninhibitedly in a homosexual civilization which seemed patently to be the only one, the "other" world and its oddball embraces quite inconsequential.

While he also proposed an alternate life-style and presupposed that gay is good, if not better, Angelo d'Arcangelo in his stunning *Sookry* (Olympia) presented the possibility that there is a mystical hereditarity among homosexuals, deriving from among great romantic figures of the past, and that great romantic attachments of today descend in essence from those that have already developed, thus predestined.

Because the Loon books and *Sookry* did not deal with a here-and-now societal struggle, however, they were therefore bridges from the old new to the new new, which has begun to come of age treating of the exigencies and potentials of being down-to-earth gay in today's hostile world while focusing on individual down-to-earth gay relationships. Whether it be the esoteric adventures of the S&M set and how the personality evolves into pleasure-pain separatism via leather love as in the works of Larry Townsend (his recently published *Run, Little Leather* is under the bright now aegis of Olympia's Other Traveller series, whose benign genie is a non-gay genital female, Frances Green), or finally eschews its excesses (as in Dirk Vandenberg's earlier *Leather*), or mystery-suspense (Douglas Dean's *This Flesh Could Melt*), or WASP respectability vs. integrity (*The Outward Side*, James Colton, Olympia), there is and has been a



The book's cover

strong message. The message in the new works eclipses the erotica with hardly a race. All these writers have a message for today to deliver which gays can oppose or digest as they are being entertained. A "moral," if you will...

In his *All Is Well*, San Francisco's sage yet incorrigibly idealistic Vandenberg has come up with the best work of fiction, to date, of the new new gay literature—if one accepts the definition of said body of literature as necessarily incorporating a headline-current message or strictly 1970's psychological perturbation and resolution. If one considers gay-is-good fiction to have been originated and already single-handedly definitively topped by E.M. Forster in his posthumously published *Maurice* (see Dick Leitsch's review in GAY No. 63), that the period and background are subordinate, after all, to the universal idea, the time of the writing immaterial, then of course Vandenberg would take a back seat. But I propose that the new new gay lit and its writers are not yet to be weighed against a posthumous classic and a titan who came out, late, of an establishment actually less restrictive than the porno paperback. Nor is their hetero degradation novel, if they have written it, too, to sustain themselves, to be considered. We're talking about what writers like Vandenberg are saying from the present peculiar gay viewpoint and how well they say it vis a vis each other. Thus, his is the best of the lot yet. Since he writes about the middle-class closet of today and one man's escape from it with the aid of the youth *Weltanschauung* and drugs as catalysts, it seems to me that *All Is Well* is presently the *Zeitgeist* novel of early '70's gaydom. Gaydom today is still peopled overwhelmingly by those who have an over-thirties mentality though they may be chronologically younger than twenty-five. The majority of gays in America are still trailing the green goo of being stepped on though not squashed by the accepted, tolerated bigotry of another era.

Vandenberg writes of a man being torn apart by his attempt to remain consistent with the values of a Philistine culture, in Salt Lake City. His exposure to outside opportunities for becoming a whole person occur in San Francisco—hardly a typical American city, it's true—but mostly right on solid fetid Mormon soil where there is no gay lib movement, no cosmopolitan bar scene, no charismatic gay per-

sonality to seek out for counsel. The Sturm und Drang of his double life, his excruciating celibacy, his violent and often insane fight to triumph over internal suicide and master his forces for beginning a new life are of a recognizable provincial world, where one is alienated smack in the middle of the madding American Gothic crowd, not lost in the variegation of Greenwich Village or the Vieques Carre or the Left Bank or the Via Veneto.

The theme of *All Is Well* is liberation, played with deceptive simplicity and not a trace of political bombast. Yet it is political, in that it is a paean to a way of life that is counter-culture all the way. Robert Thorne, who has been receiving illiterate anonymous letters threatening him with death and accusing him of making his son "queer," returns home from a business trip to San Francisco hoping to catch his son "in the act." On the plane he meets John Adams, who resembles Robert's brother Bill, though Robert is hardly aware at first of the resemblance or what it signifies. Adams makes an overture to Robert in the airport tearoom, which Robert violently rejects. At home, with his son absent, he blacks out, then finds himself clutching an envelope containing another nasty note and lurid photos of genital males having sex, and these revolt him. He flees to a steam bath—is driven to take refuge there, of course, as he is driven throughout the novel to make contact with other homosexuals and thus his central self—where he mouth-ropes (yep) another male. Symbolic dreams, more notes, and remembrances of times past when he forced his brother to go down on him, an accidental (and highly beneficial) mesaline trip, finally a moving encounter with his enlightened 15-year-old son, and then

one side of his split personality—Bobby—takes over until Robert finally gets himself together in San Francisco. His is a nightmarish closet, though his predicament is uncommonly dramatic and the solution is his "problem" super-erotic.

What's more, *All Is Well* is a novel of, for and about sex—voluntarily and legitimately so—with some astoundingly erotic scenes that are as profound a manifesto of the right to discover and be one's total self as any non-fiction rhetoric on the subject that I've heard or read. You really cannot remove the sex, but it is the man Vandenberg is writing about who is preoccupied with it, like a child in puberty who summons the poltergeist, not Vandenberg under publisher's pressure. To make that quite clear, in an author's note Vandenberg says:

"In all my previous books, sex has necessarily been the predominant theme, because whether or not their assumption was correct, my publishers insisted on 'hot sex' and lots of it, the kinkier the better... Olympia has allowed me far more freedom in writing All Is Well; the sex is still there (as it must be in gay novels as well as gay lives) but only as one of many aspects of the story... (There are thousands of books which supply masturbatory fantasies for those who want them; there are very few books which advance the idea that being gay isn't as wretched and sinful as we've all been taught to believe it is... There is a tremendously exciting reformation going on, all over the world, and I feel that gay people are going to... find themselves in the vanguard of that reformation... (We) must... understand ourselves—and that, more than anything else, is what All Is Well is all about."

The fault I bother mentioning in this little gem of a work is that in its rampaging celebration of malelessness it approaches male chauvinism, offering little counsel or

(continued on page 17)



Vandenberg's theme examines sexuality on solid fetid Mormon soil

The Old Erotica: A Peek at Shriveled Penes

BY GRANT DUAY

How To On Books

That's Erotica the end business—the living, the breathing. Novels, manuals, instruction books, magazines, b&w pics, flicks and 35mm color slides make up a thriving industry which grosses millions and nets them too! And the market, young liberated gay people, is male and over 40. How many free types have you seen on 42? In the bookstores? The materials of Erotica are utilized by the young as a means whereas the DOM's use them as an end thing. Anyway, the most important thing is to get it off. Isn't it?

The Dirt on Books

Once upon a time I wrote a gay novel. This is no fairy story, it's the end truth... three years ago in fact. At which time I tried to unload it. It was rejected by all the erotic book publishers in Gotham. The reason was the use of the word "poppers" and four letter words, but most objectionable were the very, the ultra end graphic descriptions of sex. And it's only three letters! One should recall that three years ago erotic books were flat. Descriptions were super-clinical; penis, no cock—anus, not asshole—penetration, never fuck. I'm sure that these trashy, weak stories were responsible for the sudden rise of asexuality. Ha! No. I didn't burn my dirty book. I even took it to the coast and tried to unload it there. Very unsuccessful.

I still can't get over the above publisher's reasons cited. Incentive? Who could ever sit down and write about Penis and Anus? Getting on...

I finally sold the thing last year to a friend of a friend who does books, mags and slides. A month later I asked him, Ron, if he'd buy another, that is, if I could get myself together enough to write another. Ron gave me the OK. However, he wanted it to be almost exclusively hetero. A little gay stuff would go a long way according to Ron. This would be easy. I'll just switchover, names and anatomical parts. Ron made things difficult by demanding that it be S&M—things I know very little about. I took the assignment.

Believe me, the hetero-S&M book was real work. I just couldn't get into it. Luckily, there's a thing called will power.

Ron hated my straight S&M with a dash of gay "cook" book. He told me this after he had paid me. Naturally I didn't feel too badly about it.

Inevitably when you tell someone that you've written one of those, they desperately want to know about how it was done. Everyone has a story in his head. And since we live in the Age of Crazy Technology with everybody in love with process, it's only fair that I tell you something.

Motivation. It's bread! Forget about your art, save it for later if it'll-come-in-handly jazz. Writers who sell erotic works OF MERIT to erotic merchants can get ripped off. A merchant pays you 3 or 4 hundred. You've sold your rights. He then resells your book to an uptown prestigious, and get this, reputable publisher who prints it and makes money. You get no royalties or credit. Your book could become a great movie! Now you're motivated. If a very brief story outline would help, get it down. First looking at the clock which should be a glance away and making note of the time, you then begin writing. Speed is the most important factor. You should spend no more than 15 minutes per page with no rewriting—a NO NO. You knock it off. Use lots of hot dialogue. All the things you like to hear while balling but never do. Typing should be double-spaced and you should be too because you'll swing into it and finish it sooner. Aid for writing include coffee and

classical radio, no rock please. There is one taboo. Balling! You get off by living while writing your erotic piece. Real flesh sex must be avoided. Nothing could break the spell quicker.

After spending a long weekend or a week writing and having completed your piece of eros, GET OUT. Screw your way uptown and back down again all the way to the Battery. Celebrate! Suck!

That reminds me of a publisher, Al, who had fabulous offices uptown, off the park, on the East Side. I went to see him with a very short piece which I wanted to unload in a hurry. Al told me how interested he was in such material and suggested that I leave it with him for a few days. I looked askance and said, "I can't do that." Al became angry, "What do you want me to do? Stop everything and read it now?" "Yes!" said I, "in this business it's COD!" I left his office calmly. The piece would never reach Al's xerox machine. He would not get the opportunity to rip me off. Al is now in jail. Serves her right!

Fabulous Flicks

Greg, who tells everyone he's Pierre the Rimmer, is into erotic flicks here in the city. Since we've been good friends for years, I've had the good fortune of watching him while he goes about making his movies which have the rep of being the end together. I usually sit inconspicuously in the corner of the studio while Greg fills his actors in on precisely what he expects of them. Sometimes this preliminary talk takes forever because Greg's actors aren't really. They're usually stupid.

Billy, a cute hustler who appears in many of Greg's pix, is retarded. I'm sure of it. He not only needs things explained to him three times, but has a serious problem. Softcock. In the beginning and throughout the shooting of Billy's flicks, Greg must stop filming and suck Billy's big cock. To get it up. Nevertheless, Greg enjoys his work. There's more. Billy, hung-up with hustler butch syndrome, doesn't follow Greg's direction when it comes time for action. He's like many performers in erotic movies who really never get into the sex part. I suppose the hot bright lights and the bread are enough for him, then. Billy is responsible for Greg's endless nights of editing and cutting. So why the fuck does Greg bother with Billy? Billy has the end asshole and remember, Greg is Pierre the Rimmer. There is always a reason.

The first time I sat in on a flick while it was being made, I roared when Greg said, "Billy! Stick that prick in his face like you love doing it!" Additional Greg lines while shooting:

"Stick your tongue up his ass Tom, I only have twenty feet left!" "Yank Steve's balls Jim and give us pain on your face Steve. You're not supposed to dig it!" "Skin it back Mike. Show Uncle Greg how clean your fuckin' meat is."

Billy's lines to Greg while shooting: "You know I hate to suck cock and that I only do it until it gets hard!" "No fairy is goin' to shoot a load up my ass Greg!" "His hair is cutting my prick! How the fuck can I suck him?" "Get your fingernail out of my fanny mother-fucker!"

Greg's other problems during the shooting of a movie are visual. Actors arrive on set with scars which must be covered up with makeup. Often they have dirty finger and toe nails. Once an actor stripped immediately preceding the shooting of a flick. Greg discovered that the poor lad had had only one ball so Pierre, full of inventiveness, created another out of papier mache and pasted it alongside the real one using Elmer's glue. Dingleberries. Crooked, right-angled meat. Cheesy cocks which drive everyone off the set. Problems! Greg confides that the business is not as glamorous as some may think. One disaster which Greg dreads even more than a power failure is a chocolate fuck. It takes forever to clean the mess and the actors will never continue to perform.

Erotica. Erotica! You're the end number. When will they make another erotic flick with Chuck Conners?



A Visit With An Elder Statesman W. Dorr Legg of One, Inc.

BY THANE HAMPTEN

A couple of weeks after GAY published my analysis-in-retrospect of ONE Magazine (issue no. 57) Jack Nichols called me to say that he had received a communication from W. Dorr Legg, member and officer of long standing of ONE INSTITUTE and frequent contributor to the magazine. Mr. Legg's letter appeared in GAY's issue no. 59, complimented my article and indirectly revealed that he had been the author (utilizing one of his several pseudonyms, Hollister Barnes) of the legendary 1958 testament, "I Am Glad I Am Homosexual."

As a postscript to his letter, Mr. Legg mentioned that he would be in New York (his home is in California) preparatory to a European tour, in early September. He would like to meet with us. Jack replied, asking if an interview would be possible. Fine.

And so it was that on September 2nd, I had a three-hour chat with a gentleman who can only be described as a living, breathing encyclopedia of American Gay History. We met in the lobby of the Taft Hotel and proceeded to his room where I began, logically enough, by asking Dorr what reaction was prompted by that famous article.

"Oh, my! You have no idea. Most of the reaction was very much against it. Many, many people cancelled their subscriptions. I was severely criticized. Believe it or not, it hasn't stopped yet." I interrupted to comment that such an article would hardly cause the lifting of an eyebrow today. Dorr agreed that the times are indeed changing. This led us nicely into the next question.

I wanted to know something about his background, and how he came to be closely identified with so many homosexual organizations throughout the long years. (No, he doesn't mind being called an "elder statesman," but it is an unfair and misleading title. Active people such as Dorr do not age.)

This is a man who can, on one hand, admit a fondness for pedantic scholarship, and on the other hand, speak with obvious relish of his continuing friendship with the original Miss Destiny (of The Fabulous Wedding in Rechy's City of Night). This is a man who frowns severely upon the more militant forms of gay activism ("Violence means winning the battle but losing the war.") and yet was deeply involved with black civil rights "before it became fashionable; back when Martin Luther King was a youngster."

As is the case with so many of us who grew up in a different time, and in cities less conducive to early and more flamboyant coming-out parties, Dorr had read everything of a clinical nature about the murky Twilight World that the Orlando, Florida public library had to offer. And by the time he was 19, he felt he had more than sufficient knowledge at his fingertips. His feelings were quite similar to my own.

I don't really identify with these strange beings. They can't whistle, and I can. Green is not my favorite color, and I don't care that much for Wagner or Interior Decorating. But I do love members of my own sex as they do. And if I'm to become a complete person, I've got to locate one of these nebulous creatures. In Paris, they haunt those baroque public piazzas; everything naughty happens on Capri, and in Germany everyone goes to magnificent drag balls and they call each other "varning." But what do I do (in Orlando, or Decatur, or



The Library at ONE, Inc.



ONE's lecture hall



ONE, Inc. occupies the 2nd floor



W. Dorr Legg



An art show in ONE's gallery

Anti Arbor?)

One evening, when the moon and Dorr were both ripe (ah, that musky, mesmeric adolescent ripeness! As Jules Fieffer so succinctly puts it: "When I was in high school I had a 24-hour-a-day hard-on.") he claims to have heard "strange music emanating from a small public park." I don't think Dorr is to be taken quite literally at this point. However, he entered and spotted a lone gentleman seated on a bench. He promptly sat next to the man and, after observing a moment of the necessary amenities, brightly and bluntly inquired if the man were a homosexual. After recovering his equilibrium, the man wanted to know why Dorr asked. The answer: "Because I am, and if I don't find another one, I'll never get any place." (After a bit of honorable but half-hearted prying on the part of the man, they got some place.)

From then on, many accessible keys opened many interesting doors. And he was fortunate enough during his college days to become a member of a warm little coterie of gentle gays (disinclined to professional neuroses), that gave him stability added to increased knowledge. When he left on a trip, the friends all appeared at the train station and kissed him good-bye. (This was the first of several times Dorr mentioned that Gay Lib did not quite begin the year before last...)

At this point, the tape ran out. We talked on. (Why the hell don't they put a little ding-dong bell on cassette recorders? I hate asking a subject to repeat a fifteen-minute anecdote, complete with the original inflection and chuckles.) By the time I got the second tape into the machine, Dorr was recounting some of the interesting, and oddly enough, ill-documented history of homophile movements in America.

For example, few people are aware that the first formal gay organization in this country was in Chicago, in 1925. Yes, 1925. And things were fine until the dirty coppers roared in and hustled all the screaming pansies off to jail. It appears speakies were allowed to pay off, but guys were not. As Dorr says, this was even before *The Well of Loneliness* and Mae West's notorious play, *Drag*. The place for guys was deep in the closet, in trunks along with decayed gowns and silverfish.

For all practical purposes, there was a long dormancy. During the Great Depression, people were more concerned with bread lines than with the playful superficialities of organized sex. Only the likes of Cary Grant and Irene Dunne were allowed titillation over their caviar. Then came the Second World War. And it was definitely not a patriotic act for young soldiers to try and kiss Guy Madison and Robert Walker.

But the War ended and people once again needed something less impersonal than National Unity. In 1945, a gay group with the peculiar name of The Veterans Benevolent Association emerged. Pardon any facetiousness if I say that such a name does not inspire great interest or excitement. The VBA was short-lived.

It was not until 1947-48, according to W. Dorr Legg, that homosexual organizations really began to come into their own. "Oddly enough," he mused, "the father of the modern homophile movement was a girl." (Take note, all you DOBs and Women's Libbers, take note!) She lived in California and her pen name was "Lise Ban." (If you get it, don't laugh. It's no worse than the anagrammatic Theda

Bara/Arab Death.) She put out the first regular gay publication and call-to-arms; a hand-wrought labor of love. And why? Because she felt the need to communicate on other than furtive, gossipy levels with fellow gays. (What an odd idea!...) She is still young and quite active although the publication and pen name gave way to other things.

In 1948, there appeared "The Knights of the Clock," which even had the audacity to be incorporated. To compound the sodacity, their founder was black and the purpose of the incorporation was to promote interracial gay marriages. (How's that for asking for trouble?) Dr. King was not the only black man to announce that he had a dream. The "Knights" founder envisioned a gay utopia with social services, job placement bureau, parental guidance counseling, and even dormitories for transient young gays(!). The founder insisted on total family involvement.

In 1949, when Dorr became president of this steadily growing project, he claims the "Knights" did have a dance in which over 200 people attended. Parents and grandparents and very small children looked on benignly as their gay offspring and siblings did the late '40's fox-trot. (At the risk of angering Dorr, I felt the necessity of asking him if verification of the "Knights'" astonishing social program were still obtainable. Yes.)

However, as is so often the case, the "Knights" was not only too far ahead of its time to be practical, but it grew too fast, became unwieldy, and floundered. (Dorr's cynicism regarding current gay organizations stems from the fact that he has seen so many grandiose schemes fail throughout the years.) And in 1951, he became aware of something else to claim his attention. He went to his first meeting of the original Mattachine Society, in Hollywood.

Note the emphasis on the word "original." This group had little connection with the present Mattachine except in name. Dorr saw immediately that it had a great deal to offer. It was well-planned. And before GAA, it was the largest such organization in America, claiming eighteen chapters in California alone, between the years 1951-53.

But it also died. According to our historian, its demise came from "too expansive growth, plus personality strains and structural faults." (Sounds familiar.) This, compounded by the fact that there were many famous people in the local chapters. (Dorr engaged in a bit of very interesting name-dropping at this point.) To protect their outside reputations when the authorities evinced curiosity about Mattachine, The Famous People ran for the hills.

Mattachine changed hands, totally, and Dorr became their first treasurer. ONE, Incorporated, was an accidental outgrowth of Mattachine, though it was not a case of splintering from a parent group. The idea was proposed by a "professional college student intellectual" simply to illustrate that such a thing could never work. This coming February, ONE celebrates its 20th anniversary.

It is Dorr's opinion that ONE has flourished when others have failed due to the fact that they do not proselytize, nor do they set limited and binding objectives. They are content to do quiet and very valuable research, often in connection with universities. Their only catastrophe, as such, occurred some years ago

(continued on page 17)

Some of My Best Friends Are

BY AARON BATES

Poor Barrett Hartman. His wife just caught a glimpse of that matchbook from the Blue Jay Bar and everyone knows what kind of place that is. Petrified with fright that she might discover the truth about him, Barrett manages to break a little wine glass in the palm of his hand. A split second later he has lost a quart of blood. Shocked though he may be, his doctors would probably be more shocked to learn that there is a major artery in the palm of his hand. But let's not quibble about details. After all, poor Barrett is suffering... from his hand wound and the double life he is leading.

Poor Michel Mireaux. He is Barrett Hartman's lover. He is also a Swiss student emigre and a fantastic skier. He's quite attractive, even though he wears too much blue eye shadow. But you know how those butch Swiss men are! Anyway, poor Michel wants poor Barrett to leave his wife and live with him instead. "I can't play games with you," Michel tearfully laments. "Do you think I came all the way to America to pretend?" Barrett must make a choice. Should he continue his safe, normal marriage or start afresh with Michel... poor, brave Michel. Yes, Michel is courageous. Every time he puts on those ski he faces death, but he tells Barrett, "Facing death doesn't take courage. Two men facing life together does."

Poor Howard Wilkins. He is a church organist (naturally), but the church organ is the only instrument Howard has ever played. Still, he has those funny attractions toward men. He has a brother in the clergy and decides to make a confession. Luckily, his brother has those funny attractions, too, so everything is all right. Poor Howard... he suffered a nervous breakdown in the past, but today he is perfectly healthy. Ah, if only he could find someone to love...

Poor Giggling Gerlie. He giggles quite a lot, perhaps even too much. Is he as

happy as he seems? Then why does he have to hire friends to keep him company? Giggling Gerlie is a very good-natured man. When a fag hag throws a Bloody Mary all over his nicely pressed, expensive suit, he doesn't get upset. As he looks down at the dripping tomato juice, he throws up his hands and cries, "Thank heavens! I'm not pregnant after all!"

Poor Leo. He's a handsome, virile Italian who likes girls, but he likes boys more. At present he is having an identity crisis. "It's bad enough being lonely," he moans, "but when you can't live with yourself, you're nowhere." What can poor Leo do? He just had an awful experience with a girl and realizes that it's getting more and more difficult to cut the mustard. If only Prince Charming would come into his life...

Poor Nebraska. He just arrived into town from guess where? He doesn't know a soul and this is his first Christmas away from home. So he goes to the Blue Jay Bar so he won't be all alone. He's very nervous about being in such a place, but he won't have any problems. After all, he's very good-looking and the patrons of the bar are not blind. But who is that nice, virile, bi-sexual Italian coming his way? Mmmmm. Christmas away from home might not be so bad after all.

Poor Lita Joyce. She's a sexy lady, but the years are creeping up on her and what does she have to show for it? An entourage of hired escorts? Poor Lita... it's difficult being a fag hag, especially when she's still in love with that gorgeous airline pilot. Golly, why did he have to run off with that fashion photographer? Maybe it was a bad move to introduce him to the gay bar scene in the first place. Oh, well, she'll get her revenge.

Poor Scott. Maybe he should have stuck to flying airplanes. But even if Lita hadn't come along, he would have realized the truth about himself anyway. What difference does it make now? He's in love and everything seems perfect. Still, it wasn't nice to jilt Lita Joyce. She has her ways of getting even.

Poor Terry Nabour. He's such a nice boy. He loves his momma. He loves his brothers and sisters. He loves his airline pilot, too. If he could only make his momma understand about his relationship with Scott. If only he could tell her the truth! But don't worry. Lita Joyce will do it for him.

Poor Marvin Hocker. He's short, fat, dumpy, and middle-aged. No one could possibly love him for himself so he must buy himself a hustler and pretend that the hustler cares about him. Mr. Hocker is a nice, generous man. Tomorrow he is going to take the hustler to Europe. It's going to be a wonderful vacation. But first, he should check his pockets to make sure he still has those airline tickets. Or does the hustler have them?

Poor Jim Faine. He's Mr. Hocker's husband-for-hire. But he's not a very nice hustler, especially when he drinks. And he's been drinking quite a lot tonight. He used to be able to pick up Johns on Third Avenue, but he was younger then. But what difference does it make? He only sleeps with men for a little spending money. But he really digs women. He'll tell you how much he digs women without even being asked. He'll tell you many times. He hates faggots, though. Faggots are sick, filthy, disgusting people. Maybe when he goes to Europe tomorrow without Mr. Hocker, things will be better. Right now, he wants to dance with a real woman, someone like Karen. The hell with all these faggots!

Poor Karen. She's not a real woman, but she likes to pretend she is. She wishes she were as glamorous as Lita Joyce, but she's not. If only men would flock around her the way they flock around Lita. If only people could see how pretty she really is! She has a boyfriend, a corrupt police detective. He's not very nice, but he takes care of her. At the moment, Jim Faine is asking her to dance. Maybe Jim Faine thinks she's beautiful. She decides to dance with him which is a big mistake. When Jim discovers that she is not a real woman, he is going to attack her. She won't be pretty after that. She'll look like a Hiroshima victim.

Poor Miss Untouchable. Limp-wristed, he rolls his eyes and swishes quite a lot. But no one will have anything to do with him. But even so, he'll be back to the Blue Jay Bar again and again. You can depend upon it.

Poor Sadie Holzer. She's a nice Jewish mother type who cooks and takes care of "her boys" in the bar. She never found the right man to marry her, but it doesn't make any difference now. The gay boys are the only family she has.

Poor Phil. He's a waiter at the Blue Jay Bar. Earlier this evening he made a date with a straight man on the telephone. The straight man thinks Phil is a woman. Boy, is the straight man in for a surprise!

Poor Kenny. He looks like he's having a good time, but why is he such a bitch? Maybe he thinks it's campy to be cutting. He just borrowed some money from the bar's Mafia owner. How is he ever going to pay it back?

Poor Louis Barone. Owning a gay bar is a terrible way to make a living. If only he didn't have to deal with those sick fruits night after night. All those horrible pansies! But at least the bar is profitable. After all, "where else does a faggot have to go?"

Poor Aaron Bates. He was assigned to review a movie called *Some of My Best Friends Are...* for GAY. He went to an invitational premiere arranged by the movie's producer. The movie's producer is not terribly bright. He overinvited and therefore too many people showed up. There was a near riot and the police had to be called in. Though slightly bruised and shaken up, Aaron managed to get into the theatre. But poor Aaron—things went from bad to worse when the movie started. He no longer felt that he was in a theatre. He imagined that he was in the middle of a nightmare. He was sitting at the Blue Jay Bar, facing his own life or death crisis. You see, he was stranded and without a drink. Could anything really be worse than that?



The Blue Jay bar is inhabited by a sad species of peacocks who are as difficult to find as the Dodo Bird



Some of My Best Friends Are Candy Darling & David Drew

Aaron Bates With 2 of the Cast at Sardi's

INTERVIEW BY AARON BATES

In *Some of My Best Friends Are...* David Drew plays the part of Howard, the lonely church organist. David metaphorically describes his character in the words of writer-director Merryn Nelson "as a progeny of an affair between Edward Everett Horton and Hume Cronyn." Offscreen, David is handsome, charming and articulate. Starting out as a successful commercial and interior designer, he gravitated toward the theatre and was seen most recently in the New York production of *You Know I Can't Hear You When The Water's Running*. His first movie was entitled *A Long Afternoon* and concerns a hectic day in a doctor's life, though not quite as hectic as his night in a gay bar in this, his second film.

Devotees of Andy Warhol movies are already acquainted with Candy Darling's talents. Now in her first major part in a non-underground film, she portrays Karen-Harry, the insecure transvestite who hopes that men will see her as the voluptuous beauty she imagines herself to be. Aside from appearances in films, Candy is well-known to off-off Broadway theatre-goers and is most fondly remembered for her role in *Vain Victory*. In her latest Warhol vehicle, *Sex*, she sacrifices her virtue in order to appear on the cover of *Photoplay*. Jackie Onassis, move over!

GAY: I should start off by telling you that I've already written a piece on the movie and that it wasn't too favorable. First of all, I couldn't believe how all of these people facing life and death crises could be gathered together under one roof.

DAVID: Dramatic license. It's perfectly legitimate in any form of creative art. Otherwise the film would only deal with one or two of the principal characters... which could be interesting. But remember, this movie was originally called *The Bar* and the bar was the star of it.

GAY: I know, but I wonder how heterosexual audiences would react to all this mayhem.

DAVID: I think positively. Besides, there are just as many heterosexual characters represented in the movie as homosexual ones. The (straight) audience can identify with many of them and see how valid their reactions are to the gay characters. After all, there are thousands of gay bars all over the world and millions of people know nothing about them or why they are in existence.

CANDY: I think that if this film makes any point at all, it makes the point that homosexuality is not a problem per se but that society creates problems for the homosexual.

GAY: Granted, but I think that homosexuals must be depicted as human beings first, that they could be valid as flesh-and-blood people even if you took their homosexual traits away.

DAVID: I don't think the film is just about homosexuality but about individual needs. Even the character I play is not a true homosexual. He's never had a (sexual) experience in his life because he can't find anyone to fulfill his needs. He's more interested in a personal involvement.

GAY: But do these other things come across? How can one take a character seriously when some of his lines are pure soap opera? For example: "Facing death doesn't take courage. Two men facing life together does." Do you think people actually talk this way?

CANDY: I have a lot of friends who talk that way. They really do, especially those with big feelings. I know some people have said that the characters are too melodramatic, but I live in a very small circle and most of the people I know are very emotional. I've been in situations such as the ones described in the movie.

DAVID: When the emotional element of life is a dominant factor, I think that people do talk this way. I believe that's why the Christmas setting is so valid... because it brings out an emotional level in people that wouldn't be revealed otherwise.

GAY: Candy, I've been wanting to ask you about something you did in the movie, something that helped make your character so strong. It was the way you constantly reapplied your lipstick. Was it your idea?

CANDY: Yes. I thought of it because Karen wants to make herself attractive to men.

DAVID: She was seeking approval through the use of beauty. It wasn't a sensual need. I think we all desire approval.

CANDY: Approval? My psychiatrist said that's why I want to be in the movies.

DAVID: When we go back to the whole healthiness of our lives, we go back to the word approval. We want approval in anything we do and therefore the only sick people around us are those who choose violent, or even overt, ways of expressing themselves so that they will not be approved of.

CANDY: I've been treated with incredible cruelty since the day I was born and I have always remained nice.

GAY: Are you waiting to explode?

DAVID: I don't think she is. It's her self-protection. You can't act like that to anybody just because they deal with you that way. That's the dumb way to do it.

GAY: But David, isn't it good to let go on occasion?

DAVID: Isn't that sometimes what people do with sex? To let go? A legitimate let-go for them? The motivation is not for the love involved, but the sex part... the release. I'd be a lot more acceptable as a raging tiger in a bedroom in bed than I would be as a raging tiger in this restaurant.

GAY: You've thoroughly convinced me. Before I get carried away, though, we should get back to the movie. Do you think the criticism is fair that *Some of My Best Friends Are...* has an old-fashioned outlook at gay life?

DAVID: As I understand it, gay bars in New York have only been allowed to exist officially for the last four or five

years.

GAY: Since 1965.

DAVID: It's still a pretty short time.

GAY: True.

DAVID: What about the rest of the country? No, I don't think this film is going to enlighten anyone who is gay. But I think it might influence for the better people who aren't.

CANDY: I agree. It's not a very liberated picture because it shows the problems and not just the good times. It takes a while for the general public to catch up to things. When I go out of town people think the way I dress or get made up is so odd because what is accepted in New York is not accepted outside the city. This whole subject of homosexuality hasn't even been accepted in movies yet. That's why it has to be presented this way first. Then it can relax a little bit. After all, this has never really been exposed enough...

DAVID: ...and explained enough.

GAY: You're both right in the sense that this is the first major motion picture that attempts to deal with the gay bar scene.

DAVID: And people are running to the theatres and packing them in. Why? Are they only curiosity lovers?

CANDY: Older women in particular seem to be fascinated by it. Older women have more sympathy than men. Women generally have more sympathy than men. And homosexual men have more sympathy than the average heterosexual male. However, I have no sympathy at all.

DAVID: (smiling) It's a symptom that comes with age.

GAY: Candy, I suppose the role of Karen is the high point in your career thus far. Did you start off with Warhol, or if not, where were you first discovered?

CANDY: South Africa.

GAY: It makes a good story.

CANDY: Would you settle for Coney Island?

GAY: Sure, from the ocean as Venus on the half shell.

CANDY: Well, actually I was discovered in Nathan's. I said to the man I want a cheeseburger deluxe and he said we don't have any. So I said, "What am I supposed to do?" He said, "You should go into movies," and that's what I've done.

GAY: Very good. What's the next step in your career?

CANDY: I want to do a play version of *The Goddess*. I also deserve to get that role in the musical version of *Some Like It Hot*. Marilyn wants me to get it. Did I ever tell you about my visitation from Jean Harlow? She came to me in spirit form. I could feel her presence. (suddenly alert) Look, there's David Merrick right now. I want that part. David. (Mr. Merrick is eating lunch with several friends at a nearby table) I need paper... a pen. (receiving them) What should I write to him?

DAVID: (joking) Fix it up, Candy. I want to be in it with you.

Candy Darling, David Drew and the cast of "Some of My Best Friends Are."



GAY: It's an original way if it works.

CANDY: It's the only way I have. (starts composing her letter)

GAY: (to David) So what are your future projects?

DAVID: After I leave Sardi's, I'm taping a voice-over for *The American Dream*. I'm also involved in a revival of *The Heiress*. (Candy finishes her letter)

CANDY: Walter?

WAITER: Yes, Miss.

CANDY: Could you deliver this to the man over there who's rubbing his hands together?

WAITER: A lot of men are rubbing their hands together, Miss.

GAY: Candy, he knows who Mr. Merrick is. (the waiter delivers the letter, David Merrick reads it and gives Candy a dirty look, she is crushed)

GAY: He'll eat his heart out when you're up for an Oscar.

CANDY: Yes, I'm going to win, too. I've already written my acceptance speech.

Do you want to hear it?

DAVID: That would spoil the surprise. Is it a long acceptance speech?

CANDY: No, it's very short, but I'm going to take a long time getting to the stage... a very long time.

GAY: And when you do, we'll both be applauding.

The Cruising Photographer



Arthur Warner, Princeton, N.J.: "Homosexuals should do more than 'lean' toward the Democrats. To the extent that liberal and advanced Democrats—as a by-product of their greater awareness of civil liberties and the oppression of minority groups in our society—are responsive to the need for liberation of gays from legal and societal oppression, gay life should go all out in support of those willing to aid them in their struggle. While Democrats have no monopoly of such persons, a greater number of them are to be found under their banner. Because the Democrats have a tradition of working for the emancipation of so-called 'lesser breeds beyond the law,' their party offers a better prospect—on the whole—for gay liberation."



Wayne Sunday, Manhattan: "It really makes very little difference whether a homosexual is a Democrat or a Republican, as of now at least. Neither political party has ever been willing to take a definite stand on the issues of gay liberation—civil liberties for homosexuals, repeal of oppressive sexual laws, etc. It will probably be quite some time before either party does take a stand on such issues, at least on the national level. I for one am a registered democrat, but certainly not because I am gay. There are many other political reasons why I think it is better to be a Democrat than a Republican, especially for one who lives in New York City, since it is quite obviously the majority party here. But as far as the gay issue alone is concerned, even the most liberal Democrats around can display the most sexist and bigoted attitudes. On the whole, however, I find more hope with the Democratic Party than I do with the Republicans."



Morty Manfred, Manhattan: "Traditionally, Democrats have espoused the causes of the masses, whereas Republicans have represented the interests of the power elite. However, one must be cautious of pseudo-liberals—when they are challenged with questions of gay liberation they often cop out. For this reason, gays should play one politician against the other. They should demand to know a politician's positions on civil rights issues affecting homosexuals. They should vote on the basis of issues and not party lines. We as gays, newly conscious of our plight as a people, have the potential to change society. We can start on this endeavor by demonstrating the power of the masses in the polling booths. We gays may expect greater responsiveness from Democrats, but should not blindly vote on party lines."

QUESTION:

Do you think that homosexuals as such should lean towards the Republican or the Democratic Party?

Pen Points

ENTRAPMENT REPORT

Dear GAY: I wish to thank you for the excellent article in no. 63 in reference to my prostitution arrest. On the 22nd of October, in Div. 59, Judge Kenyon, presiding, the charge was dismissed, for lack of criminal intent, or, in the words of the Asst. DA, "because, Your Honor, it is a farce!" I was not asked to stipulate probable cause, so I now have the option of suing the authorities, if I desire. It was my intention to be arrested in this matter, since I sent copies of my offer to the Governor, the Attorney General, the Chief of Police, the Sheriff, the City Attorney and the DA, among others. After I thought everyone had forgotten about it, there came the police call, and I knew we had hooked 'em! I was surprised that they came and arrested me without further preliminaries (contrary to your reportage, I was not about to go meet them at my post office box, if only because parking there is so impossible that I go only once a week!). When Whatever Power there is delivers me from the clutches of Caesar (the vice squad), I ought not to quibble, but I am most irritated that this dismissal occurred, since it nipped in the bud the most incredible circus trial the Gay Community has had placed before it in a long time. That my dismissal gives me the further option of continuing to distribute my Religious Freedoms VII (the offer to participate in temple prostitution) is of

some passing interest to me, since it is like a running sore in which I can rub the noses of the vice squad at my pleasure. Again, thank you for your reportage. Sincerely, Robert Humphries

BIG PROBLEMS

Dear GAY: Your reply to WW who was concerned over his small penis was fine, but in your reply, as well as in all comments on size I have read, there are some basic drawbacks to having an oversized penis that no one ever points out. I am 48 years old, bisexual, and have 9", so I feel I know what I am talking about. 1. A large cock is difficult to keep hard. This is true of me, and has been true of every really large one I have been in contact with. From my own experience, it is no accident that those well hung models in the magazines are rarely photographed with a real hardon. 2. Very few men, and almost no women, have mouths large enough to give a large cock a really good blowjob. The greatest sensation in the world is to be truly sucked, but for me it is an almost unknown experience. Usually my oral-genital contacts resolve in my being masturbated by my partner who covers me with his mouth when I begin to ejaculate. This is much less gratifying than an orgasm created by the suction and friction of the inside of another person's mouth.

3. Unless a large-cock owner is a sadist, his size contributes nothing to anal-sex but problems. If WW had a large cock, he would be welcomed by poor sick size queens you encounter in the baths. But he will also find they have been rehashing with everything from bananas to ball-bats, and they will actually sneer at his large cock anyway. In a meaningful relationship, a loving partner is willing to do anything that will please the other. Anal-sex is almost always possible under these circumstances, but the passive partner is usually extremely uncomfortable and relieved when his well-hung lover has finished. And the well-hung lover, if he has any regard for his partner, feels obligated to finish as soon as possible. So what's great about that? 4. Since I am bi, I will also comment on women. Excessive length contributes absolutely nothing, since women's vaginas are so unfeeling inside, a doctor can perform minor surgery on the vaginal walls without an anesthetic. The only thing length does, in some cases, is push against the end wall and cervix, and cause pain. So at the very moment a man wants to fuck with the fullest abandon, the over-endowed lover has to hold back and restrain himself. Excessive thickness, on the other hand, stretches the vaginal opening so tightly it frequently numbs it. My wife doesn't begin to enjoy my cock until after I have ejaculated and begun to de-tumescence. Then she begins to enjoy the

feeling of having me in her and I can bring her to orgasm with my semi-limp organ, but we would both find sex together much more satisfactory if there was a possibility of making it together. A large penis has a few unimportant advantages. It is definitely observed, and for some odd reason, envied, in the country club (straight) shower. And I have had very pleasant contacts with gays who, though not "size-queens," have been initially attracted by a large cock. But on the whole, it has definitely been no great gift. One final note for WW: since I am married, I guess I can't claim to have a lover. But my very dear friend for the last five years, the most charming, passionate, well built and intelligent 28-year-old I have ever met, measures a scant five inches. Why he puts up with me I'll never know! Well-hung in Florida and so what?

ED. NOTE: Thanks, "well-hung," for your account of your own experiences. There are many, however, who don't have the difficulties you speak of, whether passive or active, anal or oral. It really depends, we think, on HOW two partners relate to each other, whether they grasp and clutch, or whether they enjoy slowly, leisurely, exploratively. Size, whether large or small, should really count for little.

Screw Celebrates Third Birthday

BY MURRY FRYMER

SCREW magazine started out three years ago as a rather crude pornographic sheet that used dirty words, dirty pictures and not much else. Last Thursday, at a happy birthday celebration, 1,600 people showed up at Max's Kansas City to revel in the glow of its journalistic success. There were big-time writers and small-time transvestites, two nudes, a few morals-squad policemen, dirty words on the wall and free chicken if you could find it. It was the final swing in a week of publicity sex parties marking the magazine's third year of publication. Earlier in the week, a colorful crowd had attended a First Annual Erotic Film Festival party. On Wednesday, an afternoon cocktail party celebrated the coming of a new book, *The Group Sex Scene*. SCREW was not to be overshadowed. Al Goldstein, a dirty-young-man-made-good, invited people like Curtis Rex Reed, John Simon and Judith Crist; author Norman Mailer; producer David Merrick; writer Gore Vidal; the police morals squad, and Jeanine and Jon. The last two are masseurs by profession but free-lance as naked fundsters at good-time affairs. Jeanine, a blonde, wouldn't reveal her price for such parties, but said she likes her work. Jon, who was standing nearby

and naked, revealed everything but didn't talk much. Judith Crist, who reviews films for TV Guide and *New York Magazine*, sat at a corner table with a group of writers enjoying the scene. Why was she there? "Because I believe in the principles of SCREW," she said. "I want to support SCREW's existence." Miss Crist was later honored with an Award of the Phallus for "Good Taste and Sound Judgment." The award honored her "for refusing our free subscription renewal and sending us a check for another year of SCREW." Another of the celebrated writers was Ernest van den Haag, author of *The Jewish Mystique* and books and papers on pornography. Van den Haag had been one of the key prosecution witnesses two years ago after issue no. 15 was seized after it was on the stands. But the magazine returned with its next issue and Goldstein, forgiving and remembering, had invited the scholarly looking writer to the affair. And the scholarly looking writer attended "because I'm curious." Had he changed his mind about pornography now? No, he said, trying to elucidate amid the din and drama around him. "The impact is not very desirable," he began, and trailed off. Of course, executive editor Al Goldstein was there, resplendent in a bright red shirt with a crowd of well wishers around him. "We're seeking a new image," he said in response to what the whole thing was all about. "Two years ago we proved we're here to stay. Now we want to mature." Or as Goldstein's press release put it, "What began as a scrawny 12-page tabloid of dubious merit has now become a sleek 40-page tabloid of dubious merit." The "sex review" recently acquired a new look designed by Milton Glaser of *New York Magazine*. Goldstein was shouting that SCREW would soon compete with such magazines as *Playboy*. Also, there was Goldstein's former wife, Mary Phillips, who was working as a Pan Am stewardess when she wrote a piece for SCREW and was fired. Whereupon she started a women's lib weekly called *New Broadside*, which has since folded. By 11 PM, fire marshals had ordered the front doors to the party closed. Mailer never did show up but the acerbic *New York Magazine* critic, John Simon, arrived. Also sneaking in later were a group of 30 transvestite dancers, called The Cockettes, who spent the wee hours dancing with the guests. But one of the party's announced highlights never did come off. Goldstein had promised live sex exhibitions on stage. He said he thought better of it "because my father is here." Reprinted from *Newsday*

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New Erotica

(continued from page 8)

comfort to the effete, the androgynous or the poorly hung. So far, it seems to me, all the virtuosi I have mentioned in this piece are concerned with the mainstream gay male when it comes to appearance and superficial mannerisms—and I include the leathermen in that category. No doubt all shuddered at the casting of Giton in *Fellini's Satyricon* and the boy in *Death in Venice*. These writers, when they sing the body electric, seldom hum anything about the short-circuited sissy, which means that the new new gay literature has room for lots more diversity. Otherwise, the spirit of *All Is Well* is unassailable, and I recommend it wholeheartedly as a must to today's—or tomorrow's—American male homosexual. I agree with Michael Perkins, who said of Vanden in SCREW, that he is "a novelist who has decided to write about gay life realistically and even propagandistically,

the latter because the straight reader finds himself believing—as the author wishes him to do—that the gay world is somewhat tenderer and more feeling than the straight world. Not a bad accomplishment." That is essentially what the new new gay literature is all about. **Elder Statesman** (continued from page 10) when two separate groups vied for leadership. Very messy. It cost \$100,000 to settle and caused the death of the magazine. W. Dorr Legg has probably been the guiding light of ONE, although modesty would no doubt prevent him from agreeing. When asked why ONE, Incorporated and ONE Institute are not better known and more attractive, especially to the young, he shrugs. "They would find it too tiresome, too deep. The classes... lectures... statistics. It doesn't have the glamor they're looking for." I paused to put the third and final tape into the machine. Jack Nichols had now joined us and we asked Dorr where he thought gay life was leading. "It's hard to say. Once again, I feel that organizations like GAA are growing too fast and may bog down. There should be many small groups, each doing their own thing, casually, and just keeping in touch with each other from time to time." He also feels that gay parades and much of the aura of "Gay Power" is more than a little exhibitionistic. Two other points were stressed. One was that young gays must find a common meeting ground with the middle-aged and elderly. This particular generation gap is very much to the detriment of both. I ask with whom the fault lies. "It's mutual. Youngsters find the older ones dull. There's much to learn from older gays, but they refuse to listen. And older gays are to blame for giving up. It's a common fallacy that gays die at 30. I have a friend, 86 years old, who is as charming and active today as when he was 18." The other point was that gays of all ages, who live in urban centers, have little or no idea of what is going on around the country. "When you speak of gay liberation, some of the most stunning events, relatively speaking, are taking place where you'd least expect them." He cited activity in such diverse places as Jacksonville, Tulsa (home of pious Oral Roberts) and Houston (home of arch-conservative H.L. Hunt). "The things that are going on in these places can't be ignored any longer." And on that note the telephone rang, announcing Don's next guest. He had a full schedule, including a meeting that evening with the New York members of ONE. We shook hands and I wished him a happy tour. (I also wished I were visiting him in Venice's Cavalletto Hotel instead of the depressing Taft.) It had been a good afternoon and I felt I had learned a few valuable things I hadn't known before. I'm glad to pass them on. It's always valuable to know from whence you came, as well as where you're going. Gay Lib had a lot of Prelude, baby, and don't you forget it. **Liquid Theatre** (continued from page 15) Now we joined the other groups into one mass, holding each other's arms, one big circle over a central light which shone to the ceiling. It was photogenic but not really moving. Then the live band played rock. It was

had rock and too loud and we danced. Many of the people found the other-sex partner they had come with and danced with him/her. The couples had re-coupled. No revolution had occurred. I found myself dancing with a Nice Jewish Girl. Some of the guys who worked for the Liquid Theatre were dancing with each other. You could tell the Liquid Theatre people, especially the guys who were bare-chested. Handsome, well-built guys! Really beautifully built! And there I was with the Nice Jewish Girl who was NOT going to leave me. I told her I wrote for GAY. No effect. She just said she'd try to buy it. I hadn't been to such a heterosexual group in years. Very suffocating and non-enlightening. Getting kissed by their own sex once will not liberate these people. They were blowing air bubbles around and loosening balloons. One of the "with-it" hippie-bearded guys, dressing now, had placed one of the helium-filled balloons under his shirt to take home. Freedom. Take it home with you. "This was better than Woodstock," he said. I asked some of the kids who worked there what the set-up was. They were not the L.A. (the first) company. They were a special New York company assembled in 6-8 weeks. They all were very much into this and talked in talk-shows every day. I asked about the polymorphous perversity. Did it work? Had any guys had homosexual panic over being kissed by a guy? Only one. How many people peeked when in the maze? About half. Did anyone try to goose the girls, guys? Well, not aggressively. One of the critics had hurt a girl (getting her into a half-nelson) but there had been no other mishaps. Sometimes people in the maze indicated they didn't like being touched. They were led out. My verdict. Except for the over-loud and bad rock group it was all fairly interesting. But it was a lot of ideas, some valid, others not. The Maze could be used and really made into many versions. The drama of Adam/Eve was not good. The idea that you HAVE to reach out, involve the spectator and touch him to make him enter the drama is, quite simply, not correct. Man is a drama-watching creature. He can get red in the face reading of Kent and Cambodia and Attica. He can be transported by a song (a simple pop tune), by a radio program (God! When I remember how I reacted to "The Shadow" in my youth!), by a movie, a play, a book. He can do it for himself. It gave me no feeling of satisfaction (though the Nice Jewish Girl said it gave her one). She was thinking, though, of *Real Life*. It would be nice to meet someone like me, a Nice Jewish Boy (heterosexual of course), who would say the same thing to her she said to him: how enjoyable it was and how they could be free together as a couple. But I was outside the Guggenheim, walking the streets, alone, envying the kids who worked in the company, their good health, youth, good looks, their self-congratulation about being generous with their deodorized kisses. There was still the city, its people, tied in knots by a structure of ownership, by... so many things... so many knots... untouched by these eager handsome young kids. "Trust"... they said. They had held me, kissed me, after I had passed a guard at a door and given a guard a ticket. Jesus and Buddha preached in the open air. No admission charged. Like Janis Joplin said, "Nothing baby, nothing if it ain't free!"

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OPEN 24 HOURS

THE BEACH

FRIENDSHIP CAFE AND LIQUOR SALON, 112 West Channel Road, Santa Monica Canyon. Directly across the street from State Beach (roughly 75% gay), one must cross Pacific Coast Highway through a tunnel that spills out directly in front of this fun spot. After a long day in the sun, the bikini clad bronzed bodies pack the dance floor well into the morning hours. During the winter when the "tourists leave," the locals still make it one of the funnest places around. Famed clinical psychologist Peggy Sue Gomez reigns supreme during the colder months as "Empress of Crazy Canyon" as she sings, dances and wears pretty hats. GM, GF

HOLD, 147 West Channel Road. Friendly neighborhood bar serving drinks from 55 Friendship and Golden Bluffs. Follows the same trends from summer to winter as does Friendship. Features dancing. Very busy during summer on weekend afternoons. GM, GF

LA CARAVELLE, 94 Channel Road, Santa Monica Canyon. Pseudo-elegant cocktail lounge and restaurant. Prices are a little too high, but the food is excellent. The bar area is very gay and a party atmosphere prevails. Appeals to the older Malibu residents. Int.

MATCHBOX, 824 Ocean Front Walk, Venice. Popular late beer bar that packs the rather well-known Venice Beach (almost as gay as State). Any bar in Venice is heavily populated with the female of the species since the younger gay male element in the area is too busy sitting home putting on weed to get out to bars. Int.

PIER XII NORTH, 2722 Main St., Santa Monica. Large beer bar that packs the rather well-known Venice Beach (almost as gay as State). Any bar in Venice is heavily populated with the female of the species since the younger gay male element in the area is too busy sitting home putting on weed to get out to bars. Int.

JOANI PRESENTS, 6413 Lankershim Blvd., N.H. Comfortable dance bar that attracts both girls and boys. Features dancing and entertainment. Highlight of the evening is invariably when Joani herself lets loose on the drums. She's something not to be missed. GM, GF

KEITH'S, 11801 Ventura Blvd., S.F.V. Valley landmark for years. Owners of Four Star acquired some time ago and utilized campy Western decor to establish one of the most popular restaurant/cocktail lounges in the Valley. Serves champagne brunch every Sunday for \$1.35. GM, GF

QUEEN MARY, 12449 Ventura Blvd. Dates back to when full drag on stage was illegal in California. Ah, the good old days, with Salsbury sashaying down the runway with chiffon flying and wig collared to perfection. Underneath the gowns, the artists were required to wear slacks, shirt and tie. It got rather comical in the very dramatic numbers when they would wear those silly off-the-shoulder gowns only to expose a white shirt and black tie. Today, however, in more permissive times, Salsbury and crew are knocking both straights and gays cold with their elaborate shows. Undoubtedly the most professional in L.A. GM, GF

STUD, 3913 W. Olive, Burbank. Unique as a leather bar since, instead of featuring the regular fare of leather bars like bike christenings and open meetings, they get the crowd with tole and one-night appearances by hypnotists and such. GM

TONY'S, 10618 Burbank Blvd. S.F.V. Having dumped the show CHANGES that brought people from all over town to this spacious room, TONY'S is going through some changes! Fire dancer Fat Judywee is now pouring there to a hearty crowd and that's really the only attraction that a club needs. GM, GF

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