

GAY 50¢

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The men in the cast of *Island*, a play produced and directed by Anthony J. Ingrassia (black suit) of Theatre of the Ridiculous fame. *Island* opened recently at the New York Theatre Ensemble, 2 East 2nd Street. "In the jaded glitter of today's theatrical world, very little will make an audience stand up and take notice," say enthusiasts of Ingrassia's work, "but Ingrassia is a master of this gambit."

New Brooklyn Group Draws Large Crowds

BY JOHN P. LeROY

Brooklyn, N.Y.—The Gay Alliance of Brooklyn (G.A.B.), formed less than six months ago, has elected officers and is holding regular meetings each Tuesday night at the Spencer Memorial Church at 99 Clinton Street in Brooklyn. The newly elected officers are Jerry Hoppe, President, Shelley Goldstein, Vice President, Paul Stack, Secretary and Arnie Mandlebaum, Treasurer.

Last October Kevin Gillespie, Nath Rockhill and Jim Jarman, then members of the G.A.A. Community Relations Committee, noticing the overflow crowds at the Firehouse, decided to organize gay activist groups at other points in New York City, partly to relieve the load of G.A.A., and partly to involve a larger portion of New York's estimated gay population of 800,000 in gay rights. Brooklyn Heights was a favored territory. Groups got together, leafleted the subway stations, the streets and the gay bars in the area. Ads were placed in the local papers, announcing a meeting, and a word-of-mouth campaign was initiated.

The response was overwhelming. Over 200 people showed up for the orientation meeting that took place on October 11 at the Spencer Memorial Church; about a third of the audience was female. A loosely defined structure was agreed upon providing for a governing board, delegates at large and standing committees. The organization became an independent autonomous group, not just another chapter of G.A.A. Nevertheless, a liaison was maintained with the Manhattan activists.

At each of the Tuesday night meetings that followed, a different person acted as chairman and, by a general consensus, committees were formed. To date, political, community relations, legal, social, dance, newsletter, structure and arts and crafts committees have been functioning. An active voting membership of 125 has been enrolled, and every two weeks discotheque dances with up to 500 attending have been held at the Church.

Politically, G.A.B. worked with G.A.A. in zapping Lindsay and Alcoa in (continued on page 2)

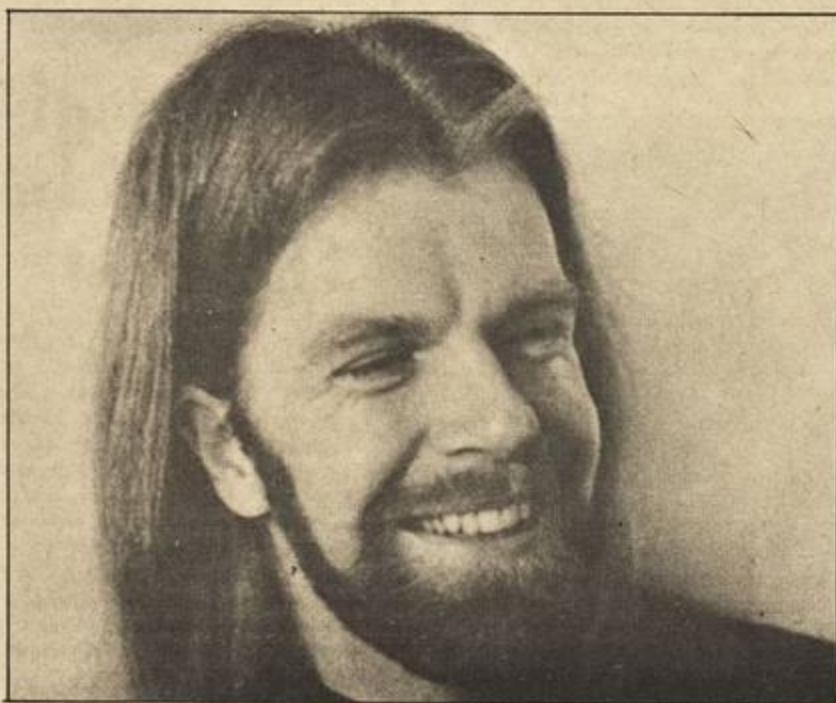
Psychologists Applaud Gay Therapist's Speech

(What follows is a transcript of an extemporaneous comment by a gay therapist, Rod Parke, to the plenary session of the 24th Annual Conference of the New York Society of Clinical Psychologists, February 27, 1972, at the Biltmore Hotel. The statement received as warm a response as anything presented that afternoon.)

Consciousness-raising groups have been important in the Women's Liberation Movement and, to a lesser extent, in the Gay Liberation Movement. I'm a gay psychotherapist employing, among other techniques, gay male encounter groups in which consciousness-raising plays a significant part.

Within both these movements, CR has been used primarily as a means of raising the level of awareness of women and gay people to the existence and degree of outside oppression, from men and "straight" society respectively. Most of you, as psychotherapists, understand that this is a vital task. But an even more significant work needs to be done to raise the awareness within these minorities of internal oppression—how women, for instance, internalize the male chauvinist values of this society, accept their inferior worth, and how this internalized inferiority affects their relationships with other women.

Even more so, there is a crying need for an appropriate use of CR in the Gay



Rod Parke, a gay therapist, addressed the convention.

Liberation Movement to raise the awareness of how gay people oppress each other and themselves. The level of oppression of one gay person by other gay people far exceeds what he or she may experience as oppression by "straight" society, especially in a cosmopolitan setting like this. But most gay people don't even recognize this oppression.

As a gay male, one of my most difficult struggles has been coming to regard gay people as worth my time, and coming to regard myself as worth my time. This is a battle I have not yet completely won. Your work with gay clients will enable you to project how I do far more damage to myself because of the internalized social taboo, guilt, and shame within me

than any "straight" person has ever dreamed of doing to me. And even the thought of a gang of "straight" toughs beating me up on the street is less terrifying to me than the special kind of rejection I sometimes experience from my gay brothers. This rejection is less painful when it is real than when it is a cover-up for my gay friend's own rejection of his feelings towards another man. I get excluded because of his guilt! This shame allows many gay people to meet only in an atmosphere which matches externally the oppression they exercise within themselves.

Battling the monster-oppression in the institutions and attitudes of "straight" (continued on page 2)

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AN END TO NEW YORK'S SODOMY LAW?

If you would like to join with hundreds of gay women and men who'll be marching on Albany on Saturday, April 15th, protesting the absurdity of New York's sodomy laws, take note:

Buses will leave on Saturday morning (April 15) at 8:30 A.M. sharp, from Union Square North (17th Street & Broadway) in Manhattan.

Buses will bring you back from Albany the same day. Thousands took part last year. It is important that a large turnout—at least as large as last year's—take place in Albany this year. Tickets are available through the GAA Firehouse at 99 Wooster Street. Telephone 226-8572.

Many of New York's gay liberation organizations will be taking part in the protest, including upstate groups and those from university campuses.



Last year's march on Albany. The streets echoed with the roar of the marchers. Will you join this year? (Photo by Richard Warden)

New Brooklyn Group Draws Large Crowds

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support of Intro 475 and fair housing, respectively. On their own, they have lobbied with every Brooklyn City Councilman in support of the gay rights bill. Councilmen Silverman and Thompson have both agreed, at G.A.B.'s behest, to vote Intro 475 out of the General Welfare Committee the next time it comes up. Both men opposed it.

A delegation of twenty G.A.B. members visited the home of Councilman Leon Katz in Flatbush after having leafleted his neighborhood. Not finding him at home, they spoke with his neighbors, and managed to arouse sympathy for the bill. Katz still believes that supporting Intro 475 would lose him votes, but opposition has no doubt been made more difficult. Many G.A.B. members agree with G.A.A. in that Lindsay should have done more in support of Intro 475, and more can be gotten to exert more political pressure next time.

Not only is G.A.B. active politically. Projects have been initiated to help gay

drug addicts get the same treatment and rehabilitation straight ones enjoy. G.A.B. members have visited Rikers Island prison in hopes of boosting the morale of homosexual inmates. Socially, there have been amateur nights, a spaghetti party and an ice skating session.

Not content with only one organization in Brooklyn Heights, G.A.B. members in liaison with G.A.A. have started activist groups in Flatbush and Canarsie, both of which meet regularly and have over forty members. The Flatbush group, called Communitas, meets every Monday at 8 p.m. at 1950 Bedford Avenue. No details were available on the Canarsie group. On the campus of Brooklyn Community College in downtown Brooklyn, a group of students have gotten together, forming yet another gay students' organization.

Outside of Brooklyn, plans are being made to form organizations in Forest Hills, Queens and on Staten Island. All these organizations are likely to be autonomous, yet maintain communications

with the other gay groups in support of issues which are the concern of all. A concerted effort is now in full swing to obtain written support for Intro 475 from as many city councilmen as possible from all five boroughs. The project will not be solely G.A.A.'s, but will be the result of a coalition of all the gay groups. Each is to work on the nearest public official, thereby proving that grass roots support for pro-gay legislation does indeed exist.

It seems likely that the decentralization of the gay movement from the Firehouse to all parts of New York City will make it a lot more difficult for legislators to flatly oppose or be neutral on gay rights. Policemen, landlords and employers may find themselves openly challenged where they once could arrest, evict or fire gays with impunity. Gays themselves will not have to travel so far to get involved in the movement, and their work will have greater impact in their own community. Thus, the closet door is beginning to open up all over.

Psychologists Applaud Gay Therapist

(continued from page 1)

process will be a difficult and lengthy process. But the oppression within ourselves—the oppression within myself—is a much more urgent target, something which we gay people together can work on with immediate, if gradual, results. And CR, unlike political action, requires no collusion with either the values or institutions of "straight" society.

I know that the present gay activist groups tend to shy away from CR because of the often improper use of CR groups in earlier organizations, such as the Gay Liberation Front here in New York a few years ago. Those groups were often manipulative and dogmatic. But I hope to see the re-introduction of CR into the gay movement—this time less aimed at the external target in "straight" society and more directed to the aim of re-educating gay people about themselves. You can see that marching up Sixth Avenue shouting "GAY IS PROUD" is indeed marvelous therapy, but it isn't available or appealing to everyone, nor does it contain much food for the intellect. CR is a potent form of therapy, whether by itself or as a complement to the "street therapy" of gay activism. Gay people are not innately sick; the need for therapy comes from the sociological ills of the society in which we must struggle to live as self-respecting, loving human beings.

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The Gay Insider

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

SICK HOMO LOOKING FOR CURE? Splendid news for you!

When casting about for celebrity judges for their costume ball with a Stage and Screen theme to be held at the Diplomat May 13, the committee from the Church of the Beloved Disciple excitedly agreed upon a star of both media—Gloria Swanson, that ageless inspiration to millions. But Miss Swanson declined as follows:

"Please excuse this delay in replying to your letter... A church for homosexuals strikes us as irrelevant as a church for diabetics or arthritics. We have seen what is called homosexuality changed through a change in the basic body chemistry achieved through proper nutrition. This probably sounds more far-out to some people, perhaps even to you, than the drag ball for the benefit of the... church for homosexuals might. Anyway it is this path in which Miss Swanson directs all her interests these days and this allows her no time for other causes which might seem to her symptomatic or sentimental. It starts with whole grain communion and if their Reverences are interested we will be glad to give them a steer in our direction. Cordially, M. Blodgett, Secretary."

Replied a committee person: "Dear Miss Swanson, I am enclosing a copy of the postcard your secretary sent me as I find it hard to believe that you would ever have allowed it to be written. A mere 'no thank you' would have been quite sufficient."

"I am appalled that you (probably your secretary) could equate diabetes and arthritis with homosexuality. Karmic problems of this nature sometimes exist among gay people, too. Nor is the church benefit 'symptomatic or sentimental.'"

"That gay people are now sick of being 'put down' shouldn't surprise anyone. They do have a life style and should have an equal right with equal respect in society. The fact that they now have a church where they can worship God and be themselves in their full dignity shouldn't be surprising either."

"If, as your secretary infers, homosexuality can be cured (if it is a disease, which no one can or ever has proven since time began) by organic foods, then I find it extremely intriguing that there are so many gay people who are food faddists and eat only organic foods."

Et cetera... Meanwhile, its stellar detractors notwithstanding, the Church of the Beloved Disciple continues to thrive, with or without whole grain communion:

It conducts a homosexual counseling service on a regular basis during the week days and on two evenings. Fr. Stephen Marion is at the church during the day; Fr. Joseph McCormack has counselling hours on Mondays and Fridays from 6-9 p.m., as well as on Saturdays during the late afternoon. Appointments can be made by calling the church office at 929-4445 or 242-6616... A new parish of this American Orthodox faith held its first service Sunday, March 12, bringing the number of parishes of the gay sect to three, the other being in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. Philadelphians may contact Carl Gregorius, 1419 Grange St., apt B3, Philly, or phone him at CA 4-7986... Back in Gotham, the mother church has acquired a building on West 11th St. for use as a church headquarters and community center. As they are financially able they will move up floor by floor, occupying all the available space.



Gloria Swanson: What is the secret diet? Fewer fruits and more protein?

PREFER A FUNDAMENTALIST FLOCK? Paradoxical though it may be to speak of any gay church as fundamentalist, in these times where anything marvelous can happen, we do have one, you know, and its fledgling representative here is the Metropolitan Community Church/New York, now entering its fourth month under the guidance of Rev. Howard Wells. Its first really newsworthy coup was pulled yesterday, Easter Sunday, when it held Easter Sunrise Services in Central Park at the Belvedere Tower Weather Station near the famous gay promenade, the Rambles. As one member put it, "It was as close as we could get."

Your Insider had intended to be on hand with copies of his first book to pass around so that all could read "Up and Down in Central Park" and realize that temporal joys were so close at hand, but the hour was too early. A few brothers announced they would schedule themselves through the paths and delis of this world-famous cruising area en route to worship... Rev. Howard was invited to share the resurrection celebration pulpit with the vicar of St. Clement's, and thus MCC joined in its first ecumenical worship service here. Exclaimed one actor, "Having an acknowledged gay congregation participate at St. Clement's, which has served so many gay actors during its existence, is the kind of development that makes these the greatest times to live in. Vicar Monnick (of St. Clement's) is right on!"... Rev. Troy Perry of the mother church in L.A. will be present for Chartering Sunday ceremonies on April 23... Two new MCCs have joined the ever-expanding Universal Fellowship (bringing the number of full-fledged parishes and missions to twenty-one): Atlanta's, which holds services at the Unitarian-Universalist Church, 1911 Cliff Valley Way, N.E.; and Oklahoma City's, permanent address not available as of this writing. Pastor of the Georgia congregation is Rev. John Gill who can be reached via P.O. Box 54763, Atlanta 30308, or by phone at (404) 638-5101.

IF YOU'RE A BAR WORSHIPPER, things are picking up all over town: The Coven, 531 Hudson, initiated the first in a series of fashion shows last month, with dashing Jerry F., one of GAY's nightlife reporters, in charge. Among eye-catching models in the eye-catching fashions of Aries Aviary and Hermando's were Tom of the Roadhouse and handsome Eddy of the sassy eyes who worked at the bar at The Coven until recently... You can practically spend your life at The Spike, 20th St. and 11th Ave., as they have one-half price nights on Monday to midnight

Other night at the Club something beautiful happened. O.K., sure, I got laid, but it was before that. There was a camaraderie at the anniversary party in the main lounge, a relaxed, easy atmosphere that I have rarely experienced at an all-male public event. Certainly not in the old days of the college fraternity did I feel that much good will among that many young men. You know there is a time limit at the baths, yet here they were, probably a couple of hundred, taking an hour or so out for a swimsuit fashion show and junior high "dating game" take-off and just having a wonderful time. Of course, much of it had to do with emcee Norman Farber, associate editor of Michael's Thing, who has got to be one of the most endearing entertainers ever to draw a fast ad lib and shoot a heckler down before he's gotten his weapon out of his mouth. Not only that, he's mostly kind in his repartee and makes you happy—unless you're inclined to be effete, then he gets a little hard-boiled. Holding forth in the elegant, marble-columned main salon of the sparkling clean Club, Norman began by quipping, "I feel like Bette Midler... I am Bette Midler" and went on to caution that the whole proceedings were being filmed for showing at the 55th Street Playhouse. He never ran down, and neither did we. Afterward there was champagne, and I found myself in a long, enlightening rap (about the baths business) with owner Bill and his lover Bob—before sampling the less conversational joys of this great East Village draw. I'd always felt it was hard to get there, but the IND F train, Second Ave. stop, whisks you there pronto from Midtown or West Village, and no sweat. Don't worry about the sweat anyway, the famous carousel shower will take care of that... As long as we're coming clean about the baths, has anyone heard the particulars of the burning of the grandmother of all the tubs, Our Lady of the Vapes, Everard? They say it's going to be re-opened, after the redecorating which was interrupted by the fire is completed. Which reminds me: At this first bathhouse of my experience my best buddy and musical revue co-writer, co-producer and co-performer, who took me there, said, making big joke, "We could put a revue in the corner over there near the pool." Little did we dream that the trend would be toward cabaret/baths in the not-too-distant future. One should never discard what seems to be an outrageous idea. Who would like to co-produce the saga of Jack Baker and Mike McConnell as a TV soap with me, hmmm?

OFF THE BEATEN PATH on St. Pat's Day would probably have to be the East River, or at any rate the Casbah-nigh-Hudson. Not that we don't dig the Irish, we do (ex-lover of most recent vintage can even sing the Eire national anthem in Gaelic, yet!). But we wanted to get away from it all. So—there's always Keller's, 384 West St., which just celebrated its thirteenth anniversary, and which is still going strong. Not a shamrock in sight... Next Tier Rabbit, where there were only a few tinted carnations among the hearty group there. Neighborhood pub "feel" prevails, though not ethnic... Hank Testa was celebrating the opening of his new Cave, at Washington and Bank, formerly the West Bank. Organic look, a la San Francisco, with sawdust and shingles. This place should become a getaway favorite... The Cell Block, 372 W. 11th St., which is usually quiet and friendly in a superb way, was the scene of an atypical donnybrook when a female cus-

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THIS ADVERTISEMENT EXPLOITS MEN! West German legs are carefully laced in boots of varied hues. The above ad appeared in the magazine Stern and bears witness to the widening use of naked men in West Germany's advertising programs.



Gay Religion: Dispensing wafers

(continued from page 3)



The Club, 24 1st Avenue

tommer in her cups (nor was she Irish, by the way) was 86ed and later returned to lob a hunk of cement through one of the windows. Oh well, we were already unsettled by the presence of comely Jim, new bartender fresh in from San Francisco, who handled the crisis with a smile. Seems he could handle just about anything he wanted and should be awfully good for business... Carr's, one of the handsomest and most enduring of Village spots, matches C.B. Jim with their Larry, who on St. Pat's night was in kitties, raising the usual question about "What do they wear underneath?" Larry will be in Jerry's next fashion parade at The Coven, by the way, which reminds us of another crisis, which occurred at the latter the day of its first show: A model got his foreskin caught in his zipper, and Jerry, rushing out to find out how one painlessly extricates same from same, was advised by patron David N., "Tell him to grit his teeth!"... The Ninth Circle has already made a resounding success in its transition from straight to gay, but it's hardly where you go to make intimate conversation on St. Pat's night—or any night, it seems. Good cruising for chicken hawks, but to one who isn't it's wall-to-wall dizzy... Paula's, 64 Greenwich Ave., attracts a fine array of gay females; however, Paula was quick to advise when my companion apprised her of the sort of reportage I do, "We welcome a very mixed group here." Certainly no one batted an eye at the entrance of two gay males, which isn't the case at a couple of other well-known Lesbian bars in the general vicinity... Barflies picking this issue up today will be pleased to note that the third monthly bar awards ceremony will take place at the Candy Store, 44 W. 56th St., this afternoon from 4:00, and that since the C.S. is roomy, with show room, dance area and separate bar (as well as that fabled circular staircase), the public is invited along with all bar-bath-restau-



Manhattan: How many barflies can dance in the head?

rant personnel. Today representatives of the Christopher Street Liberation Day Committee will address the group, inviting all gay establishments to enter floats in the June 25 parade. This is quite a departure from the two previous years, when floats were ruled out. Also this year the CSLD planners are making an effort to enlist participation from all segments of the community, not just Gay Lib-inclined organizations. Anyone interested in getting in on the preparations can phone (212) 242-5273 and ask for John or Steve.

ALTERNATE ALTERNATE LIFESTYLES anyone? With the "orthodox" gay way becoming, to some, practically mainstream, "alternate lifestyle" means transvestitism, S&M or bisexuality. At least GAA bills its continuing symposia on same as such; they are held every few weeks on Fridays at the Firehouse; and they are proving to be quite popular. The first featured panelists were Bebe Scarpi of Queens Gay Community, Sylvia Rivera of STAR and Lee Brewster of Queens Liberation Front (where, we wonder, was TV pioneer Pudgy Roberts?). Last Friday was the Sadiam-Masochism and leather discussion; a week from Friday (April 14) the topic will be bisexuality... Living as a Closet Captive could also be considered an alternate lifestyle, we suppose, no matter how hetero-imitative. The big difference between straight and Closet Captive is that the straight is free. In a recent edition of *The Post* Ann Landers shared a letter from a "happy homosexual" who expressed impatience with having to date "lovely girls" whom his parents consistently line up for him. He lamented that his lover gets upset at his squiring genital females, and he asked Ms. Landers for advice. Replied she: "In light of your apparent adjustment why not put an end to the masquerade? People are becoming more understanding and I say it's about time society stopped viewing all homosexuals as loathsome freaks. Another reason I suggest you put an end to the duplicity is because it's unfair to use girls as a cover. You'd be surprised if you knew how many naive women fall in love with homosexuals and are heart-broken when they learn the truth."... Another thing I wish we could put an end to is the confusion of which pronoun to use when we are referring to our half-sisters/half-brothers, the TV's. "He" is an arrogant insistence on gender classification; "she" is sometimes hesitantly applied because of the chauvinist confusion we all find ourselves in, wishing to avoid the Old Or-

der pejorative use of "she." So, I suggest something like "sh/he," pronounced "sha-he," sort of like in "shazam." Well, we're going to have to evolve some new designations sooner or later... Taking a cue from Vicki Richman (in Issue No. 72), who is fast becoming one of my favorite writers and a valuable new addition to the gay press, I strolled over to the Middle East Side to see *Women In Revolt*, and found it to be genuinely entertaining, certainly the exquisite comic creations of Candy Darling and Jackie Curtis. Darling is simply infallible, and Curtis' performance serves to remind one that sh/he is one of the geniuses of the new theatre. I agreed with some of Vicki's criticisms, particularly of Holly Woodlawn's being thrown into deep water without life-saving direction. I hear she is much more her stunning self in *Scarecrow in a Garden of Cucumbers*, having enjoyed more careful direction and disciplining. Then there's Michael Sklar! For my money he is the vibrant male sex symbol of the underground who makes the Joe D'Allessandro look like dull rough trade. The rape scene (of Candy) is just perfect, close enough to the casting couch routine I myself have experienced not to be entirely satire. With all his slimy cunning, Sklar still remains enormously appealing—and so attractive you have to be reminded he played the fuddy-duddy shoe fetishist social worker in *Trash*... One of the most electrifying moments in the incomparable milestone movie musical *Cabaret* is the long examination of the face of Michael York succumbing to the potent sex appeal of the wastrel baron, at the country festival. Such illuminating lust, and total acquiescence expressed as the young writer responds to the (bisexual) predator has never been better chronicled by any star on the screen, whoever the object of his attention. The treatment of bisexuality in *Cabaret* is in many ways more dynamic than that in *Sunday, Bloody Sunday*. Rather than running from both, therefore falling, as the youth in the latter does (and he's also so bloody dull), the hero in *Cabaret*, as Evan Stephens wrote in *GAY* No. 72, "... is a well-integrated homo (bi)sexual," and, "As the story progresses it is Brian alone who exits complete with promise of any kind for his future."

POTFOURRI: Socialist Workers Party Presidential Candidate Linda Jenness, who on March 13 issued one of the most unequivocal statements on behalf of gay rights of any campaigner, says she will personally attend CSLD, if possible, and invited all her Democratic and Republican opponents to do the same... If you are not immediately in the market for leather and western clothing, erotic art, toys and/or a waterbed, drop by the new Tin'der-box, 245 Columbus Ave., some afternoon anyway, just to feast your eyes on LeRoy... A new radio program of interest to gays is "Steve Ostrow from the Continental," on station WHBI, 105.9 on your FM dial. First guests were Dr. George Weinberg, whose *Society and the Healthy Homosexual* is deservedly becoming a best-seller, Fr. Robert Clement of the aforementioned Beloved Disciple and GAY's own Sorel David and her lover, Billie Billings... Beginning April 1 Pan Publications of Heidelberg, the first German firm made up of homosexuals to put out a non-profit paper of interest to gays, began issuing a biweekly newsbulletin to be circulated in Austria and Switzerland as well as the Federal Republic. Pictures and items from the U.S. are solicited, to be sent to Johannes Werres,

6242 Schonberg, uber Kronberg/Tausnus, Mainblück 15, Deutschland... GAA/DC held its first dance in mid-March at the capital city Gay Lib organization's new home, located between M and N Streets, on 13th, N.W.... Midwest gays are invited to join GAA/Columbus, student organization at Ohio State University, in celebrating Gay Pride Week at O.S.U. beginning Monday, May 15. Information can be obtained by writing to Rm. 311, Ohio Union, 1739 N. High St., no. 3, Columbus 43210, or by phoning (614) 422-9212... The Campaign for Homosexual Equality, Britain's largest homosexual organization, has expressed in a recent pamphlet circulated internationally that "Basic to our aims is the firm belief that the homosexual and the heterosexual must be encouraged to integrate." Americans interested in the British program should write CHE, 28 Kennedy St., Manchester M2 4BG, United Kingdom... You can subscribe to the lively new *GAA/NJ Newsletter* by writing to 32 Bridge St., Hackensack, NJ 07601...



Michael York in "Cabaret"

Another regional publication reflecting the change in climate for gays beyond the Hudson is *The Oklahoma Gaily*, Gay Community Alliance Newsletter, published at 2519 Boulevard St., Norman, Okla. 73069... One of the richest of the many rich paragraphs in the Weinberg book is this delight: "Being gay means having freed oneself of misgivings over being homosexual. At its best it means not limiting oneself to a stereotype—a model of some previous homosexual—for one's personality, at work, at parties, with a lover. It means remaining free to invent, to imbue life with fantasy. It means being able to investigate one's preferences and desires in sexual roles where one chooses, without having to construct a personality elsewhere consistent with this, to justify it, to account for it. In essence, it means being convinced that any erotic orientation and preference may be housed in any human being."

The Story Of Frank O'Hara Of Manhattan, The Son

BY STUART BYRON

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF FRANK O'HARA, edited by Donald Allen, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., \$17.50.

In Central Park West two years ago, I actually managed to entice to my hearth and home a beautiful young grad student in English by proving my familiarity with a little-known cultural event: the publication in the May 1970 issue of the venerable and staid *Poetry* magazine of some posthumous poems by Frank O'Hara, one of which was boldly entitled "Homosexuality." Said my new friend, "Funny how some minds work alike..." and we went on to discuss our mutual hope that the publication of the collected work of this poet would reveal many more poems on The Subject which O'Hara had not pub-

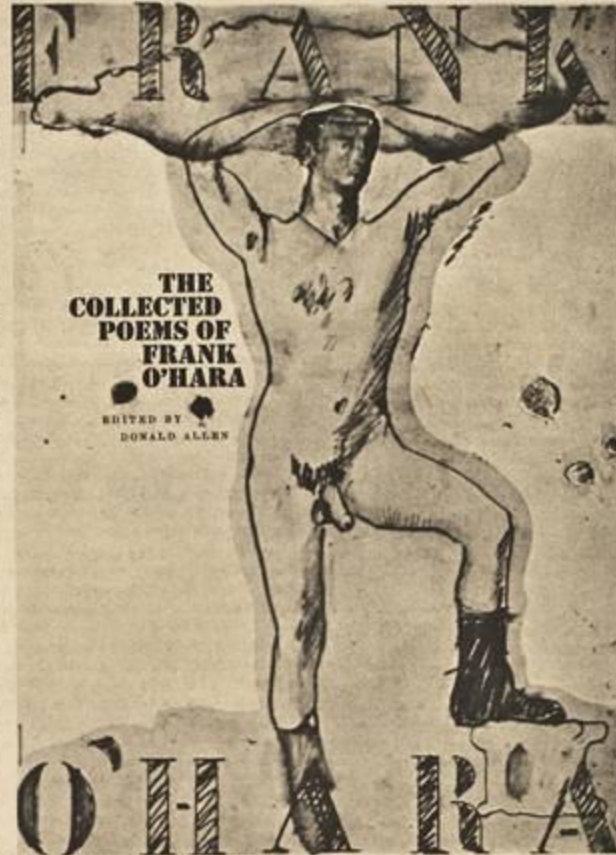


Frank O'Hara

lished in his lifetime. Poetry-followers are as rare nowadays among gays as they are among straights, but to those very few of us who exist, the most eagerly-awaited event of the 1971-72 publishing season was not Forster's *Maurice*, but this huge three-pound volume called *The Collected Poems of Frank O'Hara*.

It's been a long wait. The poet, a curator at the Museum of Modern Art, died in 1966 at the age of 40 as the result of a freak auto accident on Fire Island. Although he'd published three or four small collections during his lifetime, it was well-known that he'd left scores of poems unpublished, and since O'Hara had a cavalier attitude towards his own very influential work, some of these poems were hard to find. The only copies of some of them were on postcards, on the backs of menus, on lined paper in the drawers of friends. It's little wonder that it took the tireless Donald Allen almost five years to gather as much of O'Hara as he could put his hands on. But it was well worth the wait. In this era of the Nixon recession, \$17.50 may seem a steep price to pay for a single book. But skip the baths a couple of weeks and buy *The Collected Poems of Frank O'Hara*, because, even if you're not into poetry at all, you'll find yourself reading and re-reading many of the poems in this book in a way that, I venture, will make you understand and even accept with joy elements of the homosexual lifestyle which probably (if you're like most of us) fill you with lingering doubt, like... going to the baths, for instance.

A lot of the poems that O'Hara published when he was alive have gay references, and yet it's indubitably true that the most direct of his poems on homosex-



The original cover of O'Hara's poetry book.

uality never got past the manuscript stage—for reasons that are, of course, obvious. I recently looked through the most authoritative anthology of postwar American poetry, a volume that includes some 50 poets, give or take a few. Well, 10 of them I knew from the grapevine to be gay, but only three have come out in print—Paul Goodman, Allen Ginsberg and... O'Hara, albeit speaking from the grave.

And it might have been a close shave even there. I talked about O'Hara with his close friend John Button, the artist who was one of the executors of the agitprop mural at the GAA Firehouse. Says Button: "A day or two after Frank died, two friends broke into his apartment and stole away his manuscripts for safekeeping. Frank had an uptight brother who might have been anxious to protect the family's staid midwestern name. There was a great fear that someone might want to blot out all references of homosexuality from the record, the way Hart Crane's mother did after Crane's death. Fortunately, through lawyers, Frank's sister, Maureen Granville-Smith, whom he had financed through college and who respected her brother's life-style, was named administratrix of Frank's estate—and she gave Don Allen a free hand."

That hand has turned up a good score of poems that will give any gay brother shocks of recognition. O'Hara lived the New York gay life to the fullest, and there are poems about bars, tearooms and sacking cock in Grand Central Station. Most straight reviewers have missed that publication of the collected O'Hara is an important event in gay liberation as well as a major event in poetry—the *Times*

critic, for example, making passing reference to "homosexual encounters" and letting it go at that. But the book fills an important gap. If Ginsberg's verse represents the spirit of what John Francis Hunter calls the "New Frees" among gays, then O'Hara emerges as the spokesman of Hunter's "Old Order." And of course we need them both. "What would Frank have thought of gay liberation?" I asked John Button. "Oh, he would have thought it was silly," came the reply, "but he would have loved the dances!"

There's an early poem of Ginsberg's in which he recounts a dream: he was at a party, overheard four homosexuals talking "queertalk," tried to join in the conversation but heard himself speaking "hiptalk." In other words, Ginsberg is alienated both from mainstream straight and gay life.

O'Hara wasn't; he spoke and wrote "queertalk." His way of describing a beautiful spring evening is to say, "It's the night like I love it all cruisy and nelly." Fancying himself a god, he knows just what he wants a god to look like: "I was made in the image of a sissy truck-driver." He accepted with humor certain commonplaces of gay life: "If you're going to buy a pair of pants you want them to be tight enough so everyone will want to go to bed with you." And years before women's lib and gay lib brought certain issues to our attention, O'Hara was dealing with them: "As Marilyn Monroe says, it's a responsibility being a sexual symbol, and as everyone says, it's the property of a symbol to be sexual./Who's confused? Dead citizen or survivor, it's only your cock or your ass./They do what they can in gardens and parks, in

subway stations and latrines, as boyscouts rub sticks together who've read the manual, know what's expected of death."

If that last word gives you a jolt, it's supposed to. Like most gays, O'Hara never felt the societal constraints of heterosexual monogamy—marriage, children, etc.—but nonetheless saw that promiscuity alone represented both life and "death." In the largest sense, his poems detail the conflict between promiscuity and monogamy—wanting to be loved by the whole world vs. wanting a deep relationship with one person. In the post-pill paradise, straights are beginning to deal with this problem. For us gays, or for many of us, it has long been the central problem of our life-style, and O'Hara was no exception. His most famous poem, "To the Harbormaster"—I think it one of the two or three greatest American love poems of this century—is an extended metaphor: the poet is a ship, striving to reach port (the "harbormaster," that is, lover), but always getting diverted—"caught/in some moorings." At the end he can only ask the lover to accept him, warts and all: "To/you I offer my hull and the tattered cordage/of my will."

O'Hara rejected totally the communal life espoused by Ginsberg and practiced by certain movement elements today. In his life as well as his art, he could only operate in the city he called, lovingly, "Sodom-on-Hudson." He wrote: "I am the least difficult of men. All I want is boundless love. Even trees understand me! Good heavens, I lie under them, too, don't I? I'm just like a pile of leaves. However, I have never clogged myself with the praises of pastoral life, nor with nostalgia for an innocent past of perverted acts in pastures. No. One need never leave the confines of New York to get all the greenery one wishes—I can't even enjoy a blade of grass unless I know there's a subway handy, or a record store or some other sign that people do not totally regret life."

And to him, even the tearooms provided those signs, as in the aforementioned *Homosexuality*, in which he "tall(ies) up the merits of each/of the latrines. 14th Street is drunken and/credulous,/53rd tries to tremble but is too at rest," ending with an ironic breakdown of the cruising world: "The good/love a park and the inept a railway station..." In "Easter" he makes explicit one of his wishes for the holiday: "Giving and getting the public foliage of precarious hazard/sailors..." That "hazard," placed as it is at the end of a line, is a testament to the brilliance of O'Hara's technique. It has a double meaning, hazard deriving from French *hasard*, or accidental, but also of course primarily signifying danger. This ambiguity informs much of his work, and comes eventually to stand for the many-sidedness of gay life itself. Here is O'Hara on the confusions we all feel when breaking up with a lover—regretting the end of commitment but glad to free to sample life's pleasures again: "Come back! I cried 'for a minute! You left your new shoes. And the/coffee pot's yours! There were no/footsteps. Wow! What a relief!"

If that sounds familiar, so will much else. There's the wonderful poem, "At the Old Place" (which will be remembered by veterans as a gay watering spot of circa-1955 Greenwich Village) about the discovery that someone thought straight is really gay. There's a hilarious poem, "In the Movies," about trying to watch the film at a 42nd Street theatre at the

(continued on page 16)

Cruising Off Broadway...

BY IAN AND DANIEL

PAPERWEIGHT

I got a call from Paul Plamadore the other day about an improvisational piece called *Paperweight*. Paul Plamadore, along with Nora Guthrie and Ted Rotante, are three of the six-member NYU Dance Ensemble which I reviewed in this column a few weeks ago. This particular work is not part of their repertoire—it's more an outside freelance project conceived and directed by Mr. Plamadore. I trucked on over to the Cubiculo on West 51st (414) between 9th and 10th to check it out.

I'm still not sure in my mind what to call it—it wasn't dance in the strictest sense; nor pure drama as a theatre piece; nor a happening—but depending on one's particular bend of mind, you could successfully call it a bit of all three, using your own criteria for determining how much of each is for you.

In trying to describe it graphically, hmm... a space 12x35 ft. with 35 sheets of paper approximately 8 ft. high by 12 ft. wide suspended from flexible guy wires. The audience was allowed to move around just outside of the space and make whatever observations it could. The first thing I noticed were the three dancers lying between the sheets of paper at irregular intervals.

Most of the audience moved around observing the still dancers, who slowly began to move in what seemed to be almost agonized slow motion. The movements of the dancers seemed quite unstructured as they moved within the boundaries of the "paperweight." At one point two of the dancers seemed to be moving towards each other, unaware of their impending confrontation which was a humorous and happy one. Their newly acquired abandon was channeled into the destruction of the paper sculpture, all of which was heightened and accelerated when the third dancer was discovered.

Watching it all being torn to bits made me think of what ordinary folk would do if put in a room with a similar sculpture—they would probably end up destroying it. So I wasn't too surprised when the piece ended and the audience wiped out what was left.

There was a second part, more structured. Two of the three dancers began cleaning up the paper carriage by stuffing the torn pieces into large plastic trash bags and then tying them to those guy wires which had suspended the paper sheets. There seemed to be a sense of quiet exasperation with annoyance and one another, as if to say "Look at this fucking mess you've made"—"Whaddya mean me, sweetheart?"

At any rate, it was a good piece, albeit a one-shot-a-night deal, what with destroying the set and all. I talked with Paul Plamadore afterwards and there was talk of doing it again as soon as they can get the money to buy the 4000 ft. of paper they need to perform the piece a few times.

THE JIFFY JOFFREY—II

As promised, more on the Joffrey. I headed uptown Friday night to catch one of the four new ballets the Joffrey has added to their repertoire this season. It was *Charbriquet*, after Emmanuel Chabrier who composed the music. I could find nothing on Mr. Chabrier, but it seems he might have been a contemporary of Johann Strauss, Sr., and Wagner. The ballet itself was divided into three

waltzes and five quadrilles with a coda attached to the end. It was well danced as usual, but I found it flat. It was a typical classical piece with some lovely leaps, jumps and yumps—very serviceable—but it came across as pure saccharine (yecchh!) complete with shit-eating grins.

Sunday evening found me back at City Center to catch the second of the four new ballets, called *Double Exposure*, inspired by Oscar Wilde's *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. I never cease to wonder at how incredibly good the Joffrey Ballet is. They do everything so well—from a straight classical piece to the multi-media piece *Astarte* and all in between.

Their treatment of the Dorian Gray saga was realistic. The homosexuality was defined well enough (and not merely implied as in the book), though I'm wondering how the chartered bus set in from the boonies knew what was going on. There was some incredible dancing by Dermont Burke, who played Dorian, and Henry Berg, who danced the photographer. The set was dominated by a huge photograph of Dorian (Burke) which kept changing, getting older and older. As the ballet came to an end, as Dorian is dying, the picture becomes younger and younger as the groupies and others who had formed relationships with him and been the cause of his death stand around and watch him die. They turn towards the picture of Dorian as he was in the beginning and lightly applaud—double dynamite. The Joffrey has done it again. Do make an effort to see it. The only problem is that the photo of Dorian cannot be fully seen from the second balcony, so you may have to spend a dollar or two more—or just move from your second balcony seat when the lights go down, like I do. More on the Jiffy Joffrey next issue.

THE TROJAN WOMEN

The play by Euripides, directed and designed by Donald L. Brooks. With Harvey Tugel, Arjedaux, Keone Canku, Norman Glick, John Heward, Jon Jon, Alan Kleinman, Leo Rice, Christain Soldier, Ondine, Craig Johnson, Bill Maloney, Don Wycy-off, Mario Montez, Jackie Curtis, Ralph Manis, Brew Koskoff, Harvey Fierstein and Chris Manis. Thurs., Fri. and Sun. at 8 p.m.; Sat. at 9 p.m. At the Theatre of the Lost Continent, 40 West St. Reservations: 989-9105.

Twice now I've walked out of the Theatre of the Lost Continent in a reverent mood, thinking "So that's what the



Donald L. Brooks' "The Trojan Women"

atre's all about!" The first time was after *Boy on the Straight-Back Chair*; the second was after *The Trojan Women*.

This is surprising, both because I'm not given to reverent moods, especially about the theatre (alas), and because Donald Brooks' production of Euripides' play is uneven and self-consciously irreverent. I'll make the negative comments first.

Number one: nobody seemed to really know how to handle the classic style, so that the lines were either declaimed to within an inch of their lives or tossed off in an attempt at naturalism. Second: some of the company couldn't act at all. Third: the chorus seemed to think it was doing another Theatre of the Ridiculous high camp and giggled its way through the fall of Troy. Fourth: Brooks insisted on negating the heavy passages by ending scenes with cutesy bits, such as Athena's tossing Poseidon the peace sign. Comic relief I can see, but not this.

With all that against it, the production still moved me more than just about anything I've seen recently. Euripides himself has to get credit for much of this. His play survives 2300 years and a plodding translation with enough force left over to come out and get you more than once. But as much credit must go to Bill Maloney and Harvey Fierstein for their beautiful, if rough, performances.

Maloney's Hecuba appears out of a strobe-lit chaos, the ruined queen of ruined Troy. (Brooks knows how to stage an entrance.) He doesn't attempt to impersonate the woman Hecuba; rather, he represents her anguish. This takes the audience beyond pitying the character ("Poor old lady, lost all her kinfolk") into a region where we meet Pity and Terror head-on.

This was the revelation of the evening.

Euripides' actors were all men and I always thought of him as being handicapped by that state of things. Seeing the current production, I now know how wrong I was. When men portray women and make no attempt to be anything but men portraying women, they go beyond mere personality into pure, strong emotions and ideas. Sure, that's what the textbooks say should happen in Greek tragedy; but to see, to experience it actually happening... well, do—that's all I can say.

Fierstein's Andromache is more angry than anguish and he plays it for all he's worth. In his powerful characterization, Andromache is resigned to her fate but determined that Fate has not heard the last of it. The scene of parting with her young son, whom the conquering Greeks have condemned to die, is truly heart-breaking.

Both Maloney and Fierstein need variety in their delivery, and Fierstein could tone down his volume; but with a bit more experience, either could be a first-rate classic actor.

Jackie Curtis lends his superstar status effectively to the silent role of the goddess Hera. Ondine is good as Poseidon, weak as Menelaus. Mario Montez is disappointingly campy as Cassandra.

Brooks has added some startling touches throughout and someday I hope he gets to work with a completely competent cast. And I hope he does more Euripides.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

"No room! No room!" said the Mad Hatter. "No room for a full review of Andre Gregory's completely insane version of *Alice in Wonderland* at the Performing Garage at 33 Wooster Street just down from the Firehouse, Wednesday through Sunday at 8pm. Call 925-8712 for reservations, even though this is the second time the reviewer has seen it and would love to rave on and on about the great ensemble work of the company and the individual performances, especially Larry Pine as a stoned caterpillar and a teeny-weeny dormouse and an obscene duck, or Saskia Noordhoek Hegt as the completely flipped-out White Queen or half-a-dozen other wondrous and well-nigh impossible occurrences that will continue on through April 23, only there's no room!"

AND FURTHERMORE

The Dance season is in full swing now. The Pennsylvania Ballet will be at the City Center from April 5-16—and following them, the incomparable Alvin Ailey Dance Theatre from April 18-30 for two weeks only. You'd better think about getting tickets now—they've been sold out every time they've been in New York.

The King Who Was A Queen

BY DICK LEITSCH

Requit Elizabeth; nunc est regina Jacobus"—"Elizabeth was king, now James is queen," punned a courtier upon hearing of the death of Good Queen Bess. Good jokes spread quickly. Soon even the Cockneys were chanting "The king is dead; long live the queen," and "queen" became a synonym for "homosexual."

James I's mother is enjoying a vogue this year. Beverly Sills sings her in the New York City Opera's *Maria Stuarda*, Vivian Pickles impersonated her in PBS' *Elizabeth R.*, and the fabulous Miss Redgrave brings audiences to tears in the film version of *Mary, Queen of Scots*. Even the corner drugstore is riding the wave with its racks of Lady Antonia Frazier's masterful biography of the queen.

Broadway's contribution is *Vivat, Vivat Regina* in which Eileen Atkins (who was once Sister George's lover) hears of Mary's pregnancy. "Good," she says, "maybe she will have a daughter. Three queens in the running would be the ruin of any country."

Old Betty didn't count on Mary producing a male queen who would eventually triumph so easily over both of the old ladies. When James was one year old his mother was driven off the Scottish throne and he inherited it. The Virgin Queen, unable to achieve an immaculate conception (or, as Dorothy Parker called that miracle, a "spontaneous combustion"), left no heirs. James, the closest relative, got her throne, too.

Those silly shrinks who like to speculate why people grow up gay have an easy job with James. Growing up with the intrigue of Mary and Elizabeth would make anyone a woman hater. Uncle Henry (VIII), cousin Elizabeth, and Mama herself (who did or did not kill her husband, and did or did not have James by her secretary, David Rizzio), did all they could to make heterosexuality repugnant.

The young king was raised by Lord Buchanan in an atmosphere of tragedy, murderous intrigues, and sheer brutality. Lady Mar once protested the viciousness with which Lord Buchanan flogged the king's "annointed behind." The old brute told her, "Madam, I have whipped his arse. Now you can kiss it if you like!"

The Catholics and Calvinists were continually engaging in those ridiculous wars of religion which seem so anachronistic until we think of Ireland or Israel in our own time. When only sixteen, James was kidnapped and imprisoned by one of the factions. His "favorite" of two years, James Stewart, the Earl of Arran, rescued him. Stewart had also been locked up, but managed to escape, raise an army, and save his royal lover.

James' gratitude went to Stewart's head, and soon the Earl became just too much with his insolence and intrigues. Besides, he had started to lose his looks. James, with the example of his mother and cousin before him, never saw constancy as a virtue. Cousin Elizabeth complained that Stewart was involved in the murder of an English nobleman. James, tired of Stewart and always ready to score points with cousin Elizabeth, cast his minion into prison. (Later, he looked the other way when Elizabeth did or did not have his mother executed. Heartless? The sixteenth century was no time for bleeding hearts.)

At twenty James was at last free of both Uncle Murray and the pushy James Stewart. For the first time he was his own man. Using the wealth he seized from the



King James I "authorized" the Bible

churches, the king pacified Scotland, suppressed the feudal barons, controlled the uppity churches, and established law and order in the name of the King. He also fulfilled his royal obligation by marrying Anne of Denmark (known as "Fat Anna") and providing her with three children.

When he was thirty-seven years old, Betty finally died and James became King of England. He was not, as Willy Loman might say, "well-liked." He was ruthless in establishing the royal prerogatives, spoiled and self-indulgent, and, like his wife, slovenly. Worst of all (in the eyes of the English court) he spoke with a thick Scots brogue.

James walked right into trouble. One of his first acts was presiding over the Hampton Court Conference, a meeting intended to integrate the Puritans into the Church of England. The King's (healthy, I believe) anti-Puritan bias was so obvious that the Puritans walked out. James didn't waste the conference; he passed stricter ordinances against both the Puritans and Catholics.

For art's sake he also authorized the King James Bible (Hell, if you have to have religious books they might as well be literate!), and gave greater support to the artists, including Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, than even Elizabeth had. He himself wrote poems and scholarly books.

The King's unpopularity reached its peak when he had Sir Walter Raleigh, the great Elizabethan hero, executed for treason. Worse yet, he tried to make peace between England and Spain, a move akin to Nixon's attempts to build bridges between the U.S. and mainland China. James' efforts were about as popular in England as Nixon's are with the Buckley boys.

may have poisoned him. He also took up with a girl, the daughter-in-law of Elizabeth's ill-fated Essex, used James to get the girl's marriage annulled, and married the girl himself.

James was furious, writing Robin letters complaining about "your long creeping back and withdrawing yourself from lying in my chamber, notwithstanding my many hundred times earnestly soliciting you to the contrary." Stupidly, Robin ignored the king and soon found himself on trial for the murder of Overbury. He was convicted, lost everything, and remained under a death sentence until James, just before his own death, issued a pardon.

Sir Francis Bacon was another prominent gay member of the court. Under both Elizabeth and James, Bacon proved his incompetence as a politician ending his career pleading guilty to a bribery charge—and narrowly escaping a sodomy rap. He is remembered today mainly for his writings and his role as "the high priest of modern science."

Though a bad politician, Bacon was a perceptive courtier. He saw Robin Carr losing favor and brought in his own man, the 22-year-old, strikingly handsome, intelligent and well-educated George Villiers. Carr's enemies promoted the King's interest in Villiers.

Carr, stupid in politics and administration, but no fool in the art of love, saw what was happening. Villiers offered him friendship. Robin spurned him, saying, "I will have none of your service and you shall have none of my favor. I will, if I can, break your neck, and of that be confident."

Robin went to the Tower and Villiers took his place and titles, later adding many more, including Lord High Admiral and Duke of Buckingham. Before long he was the second richest nobleman in the land.

The king called the former poor boy "Baby Steenie"—a reference to Buckingham's resemblance to a famous painting of St. Stephen. Villiers called the 52-year-old monarch "dear lad." Of him James said, "You may be sure I love my Earl more than anybody else. Christ had his John and I have my George."

James allowed his beloved Earl to become the real ruler of England, and the Duke of Buckingham eventually became a national hero. His influence outlived his patron due to Buckingham's close friendship (the Puritan poet and bitchy old queen John Milton said it was more than friendship) with James' son and heir, Charles I.

James' reign was one of internal strife and international peace. He unified Scotland and England, resisted all the efforts to get the nations involved in wars, and ruled his own kingdom, strife-ridden as it was with wars of religion, with a firm hand. Indeed, some observers claim the firmness of his hand on the royal sceptre set the stage for the revolution and regicide to follow.

A man of peace, a scholar with the bad luck to inherit two thrones, James is remembered both as a bad king and a man who gave the English-speaking world the King James Bible, one of its greatest prose masterpieces.

"Dear lad" died on March 27, 1625 of many complaints; among them were catarrh, gout, diarrhea and hemorrhoids. Moralists will claim these diseases are the wages of the sins of gluttony, drunkenness and sodomy. Ironically enough, the critics of the royal behavior will cite the King James Bible, thus honoring the king who was a queen in their very censure of him.

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- *We are not the largest . . .
- *We are not the most expensive . . .

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Uncle Thane's Diary

BY THANE HAMPTEN

JILL & JILL WENT UP THE HILL

After much lengthy soul-searching (approx. 5 min.), I feel it incumbent upon me to christen Jill Johnston as Sore Asshole of the Year. This designation is precipitated by her perverse, picayune, polarizing, plectognathic ramblings in the February 20th *New York Times Book Review*. Most of her arguments are embarrassingly farfetched. It is nothing less than preposterous carping to take Dr. George Weinberg to task for using the word "Man" as designation for all mankind. And womankind. I find "Ms." to be valuable and servicable. But I'll be damned if I will self-consciously struggle to remember to use "peoplekind" or even "humankind" as a substitute for the other.

English, as any language, suffers great inadequacies. But it is a living, vibrant language, always susceptible and eager for change and modification. However, these changes are never wrought by premeditation and force. Words are simply symbols for facile communication. Generally, we use them innocently and automatically. They do not connote any dark, malevolent recesses of our minds. Johnston reminds me of the stridently antagonistic woman who yelled out on a television program that the very word "history" has as its chauvinistic origin the two words "his story." Okay, we change it to "her story" for a couple of millennia and all womankind's problems will be solved.

And the good of *Times*. Even when they do reluctantly agree to a review from an alleged homosexual, it is a miserably botched and determinedly wrong-headed job. An anti-eye view of gay progress. A dreary subterranean comment. I trust the editors are sniggeringly pleased. Damn it, Johnston, at this particular moment, gays need exposure by you as much as Jews need the bomb-happy extremists. When one's forte is Dance (however limiting to one's emotional growth), perhaps one is best advised to stick to it? Incidentally, your labored e.e. cummings exercises are dreadful bores . . .

TIPTOP BRICKTOP

It has been brought to my attention by a very astute East Side gentleman that in my article on Bobby Short (issue no. 70), I forgot to include the great and legendary Bricktop among those sophisticated stylists of song. An unintentional but unpardonable omission. I can't imagine how it happened. Once, when abroad, I even spent several hours trying to locate her (or her immortal remains, if necessary). No luck. Found something else quite interesting though. But that's another story. Thank you, Mr. W., for prodding my always faulty memory. And for Short devotees, remember that he is now back at the Carlyle—and also giving concerts around town like mad.

DOING THE SOCIETY RAG

As to my attack on social climbers, etc. (issue no. 69-B), I certainly agree with a Mr. Chavez, who wrote (in our *Pen Points* column) that "those to whom the article referred will undoubtedly neither read it nor realize how 'out-of-touch' they may be." Alas, that's the way it always is, isn't it? Ignorance is bliss, and ignorance does breed ignorance. Or something like that. As to my references about Cubans, two people have claimed that my remarks were unfair. One is Cuban and apparently does not know his own people very well. (I also wonder, by the way, if Mr. Chavez is Cuban, or . . . ?) The other is our own inimitable Leo Skir. Leo is



Saint John in the Desert (without a figleaf), by Veneziano (Italian)

cross with me because a previous (Cuban) lover was not at all as I described them. Perhaps not. But Leo did admit that the lover kept him rather apart from other Cubans. (Ah, there is method in this madness!) I might add that before turning my article in, I let several close Cuban friends check it. Delighted laughter, agreement, and their most profound blessings. *Saludos, amigos!*

I might also add that, sadly, my words do not carry much weight. (Either that, or Mr. Chavez is dead right.) Unfortunately, I am meeting more and more pathological liars each day. If this be epidemic, stop the world—I want to get off.

AND THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT

Letter to Jeanne Barney in latest *Advocate*. Can't get it off my morbid mind. It's from a real, certified sickie. At first, I thought it was just bad parody of tragic mental disorder, and then realized there would be no point to such a dumb gag. Here, and I quote directly from "Steve's" letter seeking aid, are the classic symptoms of the most acute forms of paranoia, guilt and repression.

"Someone watches me all the time. I can't find any devices in my home, but I hear them talking. People can be with me in the same room, but they can't hear them. It sounds like sissies talking and they can be sure if I ever find them I'll kill them with my bare hands." Ad infinitum, ad nauseam.

Just a wee bit frightening, no? He is positive that these disembodied voices actually exist, and yet he asks Miss Barney to recommend a psychiatrist. How did he know of *The Advocate* and why did he turn to the "enemy" for help? She tells him to run, not walk, to the Gay Community Services Center where a Dr. Martin Field can help him either get rid of the "sissies" or learn how to live with them.

I hope, for the protection of us all, that Dr. Field can help this poor, tormented character to not only live with, but join and enjoy the strange inner menagerie of fantoccini that he unconsciously manipulates. But I sincerely doubt it. How many "Steves" are there around? No one knows, but there are more than we wish to imagine. They stir my compassion—and scare the piss out of me. For those of you who felt Gerald Walker's *Cruising* to be overdrawn, this should be some rebuttal. We always feel, "it could never happen to me." Just the same, stay out of dark and lonely places. The homosexual's greatest danger has always come in the murky form of irrational minds.

A PLUNGE IN THE POOLE

And now, back to the sunlight. After a lengthy hiatus, and spurred on by seeing *Boys in the Sand*, I've been hitting the beaver trail lately. Out of curiosity. (More about that, in detail, in a later article.) And I feel even more compelled to make a simple statement of viewpoint that was

not stressed in my interview with director Wakefield Poole in the last issue of *GAY*. *Boys* is by all accounts a vastly superior product; miles above and beyond the other crudely amateurish shit. No, I'm not giving Poolemar Productions a free plug. I just want the record set straight and the truth known—as this cat sees it.

THE SEMI-DEMI-BOLD ONES

The *New York Times* recently carried an article by David W. Rintels, a television writer and chairman of the Committee on Censorship of the Writers Guild of America. Mr. Rintels testified a few weeks ago before the Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights, regarding freedom of the press. It is the majority opinion of the Guild that the television industry enforces strict and severe censorship, and that the American people have the right "to be exposed to something more than an endless cycle of programs that mislead and distort the realities of what is happening in America today."

Primarily out of fear of offending sponsors or some segment of the generally cretinous public (try avoiding that!), the industry's list of official taboos remains a protracted and shameful one. Mr. Rintels' indictment is strong and absorbing. I suggest to attend it. As far as gays are concerned, here is only partial testimony of writer Robert Collins who was hired to create an episode of the (comparatively) intelligent *The Senator* series.

The show I proposed concerned itself with the question of whether a homosexual in government was, by the fact of his homosexuality, a possible security risk. The producer was willing



Honor Triumphs over Falsehood, by Vincenzo

in this case—but because the treatment of the homosexual in my story was sympathetic and he was portrayed as neither naive nor psychopath, and I refused to treat him as such, the network refused the story.

Not very surprising, is it? (And the more militant in the gay community can never protest these prejudicial practices as we have absolutely no way of knowing of them.) I was at least intrigued though, in a recent episode of *The Bold Ones* (NBC) that concerned the tribulations of a lady pediatrician (God, how the networks dig!), that homosexuality, in any form, would raise its ugly head. Fourteen-year-old Cory Merlino develops a bleeding ulcer. And why? Because he had repressed the knowledge of discovering that his father, to whom he is often compared (ay, there's the rub!) is a homo. Mom and Dad are divorced, naturally, and Grandfather Merlino has self-righteously exiled his errant son. It is up to perky Dr. Amanda Fallon (or is that Falloplan?) to unearth this vile family skeleton, track down deviate Daddy, and make him 'less up.

A neighbor sniggeringly tips her off to check a local bar. We see Amanda entering this push establishment that looks like Delmonico's around the turn of the century. Something fishy here. The customers are all men and they are leering at our favorite lady pediatrician. Even though it is barely mid-afternoon, the men are in fustily elaborate formal dress. They are drinking the usual typically fag-got cocktails—like absinthe and Koolaid over dry ice. (For television audiences, at prime time, the men are also spread about 20 miles apart from each other.)

Well. Our Amanda is no dummy, let me tell you. She wastes little time leaving Den of Iniquity (I'm sure that's the bar's name.) She flushes Daddy out of a rough tennis match (at least he is portrayed as reasonably masculine . . .) and he reluctantly tells her how Cory appeared at one of his Sunday Socials and was instantly traumatized by the sight of males, in flagrant delicto.

Amanda rolls up her sleeves and rushes right back to her stuffed-pink-bunnyrabbit-clinic to cure Cory. He is a bit young to bed and ball with tea and sympathy, so she just talks. Dissolve: we see Cory walking along the peaceful beach at eventide; Amanda's soothing voice-over explaining that homosexuality is acquired, and is not hereditary—and there is no reason for Cory to feel that he will be cursed with Daddy's problem. Cory will grow up to be a fine, whole man! Then we hear Granddaddy's voice announce compassionately that he intends to seek out his son and forgive his perversity. Fade out. All's Well that Ends Well? Dearest Amanda, please stick to chickenpox.

And dearest harmfully harmful little boob tube, stick to Captain Kangaroo until you grow up to be fine and whole. I can just see the producers of *The Bold Ones* smugly patting each other on the wings. Such a *tasteful* and sympathetic program! And so liberal! ("Why, we even came right out and used that word three times!") No one was offended, except maybe a few crackpot queers, and what do they have to gripe about? They're not entitled to feelings. Yet. And speaking once more of censorship . . .

THERE ARE FIG LEAVES AT THE GARDEN OF MY BOTTOM

A couple of years ago in Rome. I was rummaging and rattling around in the Vatican. I had just come (fled) from the appalling bedlam of the Sistine and was

(continued on page 16)

The Last Estate



Gregory greets the Sonnabends at their N.Y. gallery.

BY GREGORY BATTCKOCK

"AN ART CRITIC'S WORK IS NEVER DONE"

Especially when it comes to slaving in the kitchen. Last night we threw a little dinner party in honor of visiting museum director Angel Kalenberg from Montevideo. The guests included Suzanne Torres and her charming Cuban boyfriend; Simone Swan, noted art publicist and *Art News* editor Elizabeth Baker who didn't show up. No matter. Simone contributed her famous "turnip puree." It was dutifully served at table. After one nibble, Simone herself complained, "Oh, it's so fibrous." Well, nobody explained that Si-

mone had contributed the puree and they all thought she was being critical; there wasn't a peep out of anybody.

Other than that, everything went fairly well considering. Jose, who served, was anxious to leave early so he yanked away plates that were still untouched, which was just as well because we managed to get rid of everybody by 12:15.

I bumped into Kalenberg, the guest of honor, the day before at a party at the Museum of Modern Art, in honor of directors of South American art museums. Everybody was there. Bryan Robertson, distinguished former director of the Tate or something, and presently curator of the yet unbuilt art museum at the State University of New York College at Purchase told us about life in the Suburbs. "It was awful. I didn't know what to do with myself. One stagmates, you know," he said.

Leo Castelli was there too. He seemed to be more in demand than the visiting museum director. Miguel Arroyo, who runs the museum in Caracas, was charming but kept getting people mixed up, though he seemed to know everybody. Denise Rene, the Paris/New York art dealer, wasn't quite as familiar with things.

"Gregory what? No, I don't know you," she said.

"Of course you know me. We've met in Paris a dozen times," I said.

"Oh. What do you do?" she queried.

"I sell subscriptions to *Art in America*," I lied.

Other guests included the Museum's own Jennifer Licht, Kynaston McShine, Waldo Rasmussen and the temporary director of the museum, Mr. Oldenberg, brother of the popular sculptor. Simone Swan went around inviting everybody to her place for dinner. "There's nothing in the house to eat," she kept telling them. "But do come. You must. You can get a

ride with somebody." She ended up inviting a wide range of personalities—from Rolando Pena to Alex Katz, from Wiloughby Sharp to Clement Meadmore, from Jennifer Licht to Max Hutchinson.

"Jesus Christ, Simone. What if they all show up?" I asked.

"They won't," she said.

Well, most of them did. Fortunately, they brought their own food. Upon leaving Simone's impromptu gathering, I made the mistake of dropping into the Guggenheim Museum for what turned out to be the opening celebration of a Rodin exhibition. Since I didn't have a ticket, I had to go to the information desk and plead for admittance.

"You're with the press?" she asked.

"Yeah," I said.

"Well, we don't have your name here. We'll have to check," she said.

"Well, I couldn't care less," I said.

They finally let me in and now I know why. It was a disaster—perhaps the drippiest art opening of the season. Nobody was there. "Jesus. What if somebody sees me," I thought. Actually, I didn't have to worry. The only person I saw was Shelly Lustig (*N.Y. Herald*). "Christ. What are YOU doing here? I'd think even you would have enough sense not to come to this," I said.

"I'm here because I thought I could pick up a man. I'm not covering it for the *Herald* because it went out of business," she said, and added, "Do we have similar taste? I suppose we do."

Strangely enough, neither David Bourdon (*Saturday Review*) nor Gregoire Muller (*Arts Magazine*) appeared at any of the celebrations. They did, however, show up for lunch. I arrived at Bienvenue, on East 36th Street, five minutes late. They were sitting there, at a table for two.

"Where am I supposed to sit?" I asked.

"Oh. We didn't think you were coming. Didn't you get my message?" said Bourdon.

"What message?"

"I just called your answering service and told them to tell you not to come, that the lunch was cancelled," he said.

Well, I squeezed onto the narrow banquette, partially on the lap of a screaming secretary and partly on David's knee.

"Why don't you have some wine?" offered David, pointing to a miniature carafe of an appalling though inexpensive domestic rose.

"I'll start with the smoked trout. And a glass of water."

I tried three more times to get water.

No luck. David, our host, refused to order potable wine. The service was terrible and the place was hot and very noisy.

"Is that MY butter?" asked David.

"Are you eating MY butter?" he insisted. And he went on. "This place is too expensive. There's a Chinese restaurant near 23rd Street. We should have gone there. I'm not ordering any dessert. Let's just have coffee. Leo Castelli takes people to Schrafft's," he said.

"Oh really? He took me to La Grenouille," I said.

"I don't believe it. He didn't!" said David.

Gregoire, unperturbed, ordered the most expensive things on the menu.

"When are YOU taking me out to lunch? You always take me someplace decent," he said.

David paid no heed. "*Saturday Review* is moving to San Francisco. I can't decide whether or not to go with them," mused our muse.

And that, dear reader, is a glamorous, if not vacant, day in the life of a New York art critic.

Cheers, Gregory

Pen Points

CONSERVATIVE HOMOSEXUALS

Dear GAY:

I think GAY is a great magazine and I have enjoyed reading it for over a year. But, I must agree with the letter that was published in your last issue criticizing your constant "nasty cracks and slurs against our President and the Republican Party."

You may not be aware of the fact that there are a large number of gays who are conservative Republicans! As a conservative, I believe in "gay rights" and civil liberties just as strongly as you. But, on such political issues as national defense, reduction in federal spending, and opposition to higher taxes, I believe that the conservative position is reasonable and sound.

The gay radicals on the left represent the real danger to the "gay movement." They could easily destroy all the gains that we have made in the last few years in their revolutionary quest for power.

Please don't discriminate against those of us who chose to be conservative Republicans. Responsible conservatives and liberals of both political parties must join and work together if we are to achieve the rights to which we are entitled.

Sincerely,
W.B.

Lexington, Ky.

[ED. NOTE: We've heard that folks like you existed, but never expected to get a letter from one.]

SEX SCREENER'S DELIGHT

Dear GAY:

I am delighted with Thane Hampten's enthusiastic review of my book, *Screening the Sexes: Homosexuality in the Movies*, in GAY No. 72. However, an unfortunate error has somehow occurred in transcribing the first long quotation from my text. In GAY, it read as follows:

(p. 10, second column, line 8)
Psychologically, ideologically, ethically, it is plausible to maintain that if the sexual organs in their reproductive capacity should be supreme icons, IF, AND ONLY IF, the exclusive heterosexual heterosexuality is socially established as a "supreme" will only through a statistical majority of opinion and not through any "natural law" residing in the male and female organ.

Some of your readers might well have been stumped by this one long sentence, especially since Thane Hampten terms the whole quotation "succinct." So I would much appreciate it if you printed this correction. In my book the above passage is two sentences and reads as follows (not that the first "if" above is not present):

Psychologically, ideologically, ethically, it is plausible to maintain that the sexual organs in their reproductive capacity should be supreme icons, IF, AND ONLY IF, the exclusive heterosexual will of nature is to be granted in advance. Yet we know very well that heterosexuality is socially established as a "supreme" will only through a statistical majority of opinion and not through any "natural law" residing in the male and female organs.

Thank you.

Yours, etc.
Parker Tyler

NATALIE CLIFFORD BARNEY

Dear GAY:

I enjoyed Dick Leitch's article about Natalie Clifford Barney immensely. The drawing you printed of her was made in 1920. Thought you might like to see a photograph of her, which I came across, that was made in 1969.

J.R.N.
New York City

Natalie Clifford Barney, 1969.



Bar Chatter

NEW JIMMY'S, Carlotta, birthdaying... Mel and Jerry, formerly of WILLIE'S WEST SIDE, now at BETTER DAYS... One of our favorite places is BROTHERS AND SISTERS. The help is great and so is the mgr... ONE POTATO had a smashing 1st anniversary party... Hope that all the bars cooperate with Christopher St. Liberation Committee and start to work on their floats for the parade... What former mgr. of a geometric design is going around the Village threatening bodily harm to former bartenders, actually had one beat up??? John, I thought with all those muscles you could handle it yourself... Roy, over at the YUKON really jazzing the place up... Go over and have a good time... Frankie Brill, where are you??? Went to the first EGO (Eastside Gay Organization) dance... It was fun but they are going to have to get a d.j. who knows music... They're just starting out and I wish them luck... Jan Wallman will see that you have a good time at MONA'S ROYAL ROOST... For a first-rate meal try NEW JIMMY'S... Mr. Bull, of THE LIB, seen over at Con Edison... What's up, hon?? THE COVEN is having its second fashion show, Sunday, April 9th... What well-known personality has been offered a job in Cannes??? It's justly deserved but we hope that it won't be a permanent thing... We'd miss her too much... Joey Jenks back downtown at JACK DELANEY'S... THE ROADHOUSE... What to do at the forked tongue brigade, Ron, is going to do a show on May 9th... I'm sure that it will be a must see... June, over at BONNIE AND GLYDE'S is a beauty... Our favorite beauty (female type) is still THE LIB'S Elise Metcalf... THE PAINTER, FONY'S one man/woman dynamo, Gypsy, to do another one woman/man show... Our own Joey Miccilli doing his thing at THE TROUBADOR... Beautiful Greg, formerly of THE ALLEY, is filling in a couple of nights a week at TRYSTING... Tammy Long is still the funniest man in New York... Billy Herra, where do I get one of those blue beach towels??? PERSONALITY PROFILE: Eddie (mother) Rice... Because she taught a lot of us all that we know... Was the first person we met when we came out... The motto "give them what they say for and keep the spirits clean"... He's a living legend, and justly so... We love him... BAR PROFILE What a dumb 76-07 Roosevelt Ave., Jackson Heights... Because it is gay owned... By two delightful lovers, Don and Vinnie... The collage on the walls is a mind-blower... The drinks are good... The crowd beautiful... Chet London is managing the place... A winner.

Loosely About Transvestites

BY SOREL DAVID

Went to GAA's transvestite forum last night—it was a real drag—as they say, as Billie said, actually, I was really quite annoyed, after rushing out of the house without dinner in order to get there on time, to find the discussion so pathetically lacking in interest. So far as I can see, transvestites, at least the ones who turn out for these movement forums and things, haven't got a damn thing to say for themselves beyond their interminable whine about being so much more oppressed than the rest of us. Moderator Arthur Bell's condescending manner and seeming need to dominate the whole affair didn't much

help matters either. Bell seemed to think it was up to him to decide just who was to speak and for how long, practically ripping the microphone from a panel member's hand, at one point, when he thought she'd said enough. He further irritated me by blatantly ignoring raised hands in the audience, much of the time, in favor of his own pointedly dull questions. Well, but after all, Mr. Bell is a man with a message. He had to make sure, personally, that all us "straight" homosexuals confronted our fear of and aversion to transvestites, thereby managing to pick up a few points for himself in the more radical than thou department.

Now that I've said all that, let me just

add, in the interests of fairness, that this is hardly to be considered an unbiased view. Anyone who has read my column in the past knows I have a thing about Arthur Bell—mainly I can't stand him. I don't know why exactly—but for some reason it just tickles me to take a swipe at him in print whenever I can. Maybe someday GAA can have a forum on the subject so that I and others like me can confront our fear of and aversion to Arthur Bell.

I went to the transvestite thing because I thought it might shed some light on something I've been thinking about lately—namely the question of self-image and style. Lately I've been thinking a lot about how we see ourselves, about the

sort of things that influence or determine what we judge to be attractive, what we judge to be masculine or feminine and how we decide what we want to look like. It seems to me that the issue of transvestites, men who want to think of themselves as women, or feminine, anyway, persons who rely heavily on style—clothes and ma'e-up—to express and define their existence, recreating themselves stylistically in their own image, is what it amounts to, really, neatly crosses all parts of this style-image question. I naively supposed that those participating in the forum would talk about some of these things. Maybe say something about what they think a woman is supposed to be or



Who says gay libbers are squares? Dig these West Coast leaders: Jim Kepner, President of One, Inc., the Reverend Troy Perry, Los Angeles' Morris Knight, and Gerald Strickland and Dick Winters of Pat Rocco's fan club, SPREE. (Photo by Pat Rocco)

look like. But instead we got the same tired old harangue about who is the most oppressed of all.

And then, as if this contest between "straight" homos and cross-dressers wasn't enough, some idiot in the back had to bring the subject of street people into the fray. Did street transvestites have a harder time than other transvestites, he asked Lee Brewster, the most affluent-looking and, I might add, the only half-way intelligent sounding member of the panel. Naturally everyone's for the underdog these days, so with the moderator and most of the audience empathizing like mad with the unfortunate downtrodden street folk, poor Lee was forced to explain the obvious, that yes, street trans-

vestites do have it tougher because, after all, people do respect and fear money in this culture. Hearing this word respect, Arthur Bell's probing and incisive *Village Voice* investigating ears perked up. Anxious to show himself totally radical and pro-street people and managing to miss the point of Lee's remark completely, Bell grabbed the mike from panel member Sylvia Rivera, who was by this time starting a long, positively fourth street rap about the streets and making it on her own, to launch into Lee with, "Why do you want respect? Why is respect so important to you, Lee?"

So much for the forum. It was a waste of time and an insult to the intelligence of all those attending. But meanwhile,

where does that leave me—still wandering around wondering about style and self-image? A friend of mine remarked recently that while gay men generally dress better than straight men, she thought gay women, as a rule, didn't dress as well as straight women. Well, gay men have always been more aware of their bodies than straights. That much seems fairly clear and straightforward. The question of gay women seems more problematical, possibly because I am, understandably, more involved with it. First of all, I'm not sure I want to admit to the truth of the statement. There is my gay pride, after all. But assuming that there's something to it, the thing that lies behind the phenomenon is our old friend sexism. Woun-

den have always been defined by their ability to attract men. A good-looking woman, therefore, is one who appeals to straight males. Lesbians, having no interest in men, are, understandably, not comfortable in this role and therefore reject the straight ideal of feminine or womanly style and beauty. Our problem is, then, who or what do we, as gay women, want to look like? What models do we want to pattern ourselves after?

The question is very complex and to me an extremely interesting one. But for the present, I have neither the time, space nor energy to go into it properly. I'll continue the discussion in my next column. Tune in then to find out what Sorel thinks she looks like.

Making Good In The Big City

BY VICKI RICHMAN

New York's unique winter contribution to the ecology of the world—a peculiar grey mud that falls from the sky, collects knee-deep at curbs you wish to cross, and eats its icy way through the strongest materials known to science—was reminding me that I should never have left my home that morning. I mechanically held my breath until a cloud of poison gas from a passing bus wafted itself away. I've probably developed an immunity by now, but you can never be too sure.

I was fifteen minutes late already (my subway had decided to give its patrons a twenty-minute spectacular view of the tunnel), but I couldn't rush. My toes, protected by boots of the most marvelous water-absorbent suede, were frozen numb, and I fear that a two-hour chat with filmmaker Dustin Pitman was not the most pleasurable prospect I could have imagined. A visit to the nearest hospital, its mental ward perhaps, would have been more to the point.

"It's an asset to live in New York," Dustin purred in his woodsy, brick-walled railroad flat in the East Village, which I managed to reach by walking on my heels to prevent my toes from snapping off. There! So the morning wouldn't be that bummed after all! My story would probably win the Pulitzer Prize: "Escaped Lunatic Poses as East Village Filmmaker." I eyed the room for the nearest exit as I dauntlessly led him on.

"The awareness is higher in New York than in rural areas," he continued to rave. Awareness of pain and suffering? "We're in the media center of the world." A young woman named Margo seemed on intimate terms with him. I probably could rely on her for help if necessary, so I decided to keep at it.

Dustin came to New York three years ago from the upstate village of Frankfort. Looking back at that time, he practically pictures himself with arms extending a foot from his sleeves, a straw hat balanced precariously on his head, and one Dream of Making Good in the Big City. "When I arrived here, I didn't know much about art. All I wanted was to go to a film school. I had a lot of catching up to do on life. All there was in Frankfort were the bars on Friday night."

If Dustin ever got around to doing a film of his own life, it would be rejected at once as a hopeless cliché. It might be called *My Brother Dustin*, be narrated by his own brother, a poet, and end with a line of Argentinian women's liberationists doing the conga through his living room. In a time when young people of every class can find no higher goal than escape from the sidewalks and smog, Dustin Pitman recalls a generation I thought long extinct, whose kids came starry-eyed and penniless to the big city, forgot to pay the rent, hung out at Walgreen's in Times Square, and never slept, for fear of missing their chance at making it.

This old-fashioned bohemianism, with its good-natured passivity and eternal optimism, made me think twice about the ugliness of New York. So they're still finding their way here! They haven't all given up to the restless movement and impassioned discontent of the beatniks and hippies. "My parents love my movies. They're really nice people," he says, put-



Dustin Pitman sars bread as a model to pay for the movies he's making (Photo by Kenn Duncan)

ting his own gap in the generation gap. Dustin is more a twenty-year-old Maurice Chevalier than an Allen Ginsberg; he'd be better cast in *La Bohème* than in *Hair*.

Professionally, he's more interested in re-interpreting the golden age of Hollywood than in revolutionizing the cinema. "My films have no messages. I just interpret from visuals and sound. It's easy to make a Hollywood film, but not enough people are being creative about it."

Not surprisingly, the actress he prefers to work with is Candy Darling, whose every word and gesture seem calculated to revive the frustrated sensuality of the forties. "I consider Candy Darling"—he never uses her first name alone, and he pronounces both with strength on the *Can*, diminishing the surname, as if the two were one word—"the new sex goddess. She'd be great in the Kim Stanley role in *The Goddess*. People will see her on the screen and they won't have any hangups about whether she's a man or a woman."

He's already made one 16mm short with Candy, and he's planning another. He says that her living parodies of bygone poses are not all artificial; she's like that off-screen too. "She reaches her full potential in *Women in Revolt*," where she changes from one sex symbol to another without even pausing to loosen her girdle.

But Holly Woodlawn and Jackie Curtis, he feels, were poorly cast. "After Holly became a star in *Trash*, Jackie felt she ought to be just as big. They were battling to come out ahead in *Women*, and they just don't come off well together."

Dustin's other favorite star is Taylor Mead, the slight, tortured-faced cast-off of the Warhol Factory, noted for his Chaplinesque appeals for pathos. He and Taylor together scripted *Hampton Court*, or *I Was Once a Queen*, Dustin's latest 16mm effort, and Taylor's the star. They plan to open a studio together.

Talking about Taylor Mead brings bitter words about Andy Warhol from Dus-

tin. "Warhol exploits his stars as objects, not as actors. He's expert at finding great talent, but he pays them maybe twenty dollars and never allows them to reach their potential. Taylor was one of the stars who helped Warhol get where he is today, but when he got sick he was cut off from the Factory without a penny. And then Warhol has never utilized transvestites properly; he just uses them for laughs."

Dustin believes his own work will take up where Warhol left off. "I try to get into the personalities of the stars, not just make a joke out of them. I'd like to show what makes a transvestite tick—I'd like to develop their whole lifestyle. Film critics have said they're not real actors, they can work only for Warhol. I'm trying to prove they can be great in any film."

Warhol's great talent, Dustin believes, is his ability to recognize the talents of others. "He doesn't talk much, but he asks a lot of questions. He tunes into every conversation at a dinner table—he's very receptive. But the brains behind him are Paul Morrissey and other assistants. Warhol's basically just a producer, the guy with the money. He comes up with an idea, and everyone takes it from there. Most of the time he's not even on the set. But no matter how commercial he's become, the country still needs this style of cinema."

Dustin turned down an offer of a role in a Warhol film. "I'm a filmmaker," he explains without fear of boasting, "not an actor. Everything I do is to help me make films." He's working now as a model and photographer only to support his film ventures. Even when he joined peace demonstrations, he was only looking for film ideas. His reading tends to be mainly film criticism. "I tried to follow my brother's example and write poetry," he sums up his attitude toward every other discipline, "but I found it impossible to express myself completely except in the cinema."

He's completing his studies at the School of Visual Arts now, where he's just directed *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* With four male actors. "I'm convinced it's about gay men," he explains. Albee himself denied this. "I don't agree," he says flatly, exercising his director's prerogative. "I didn't change a word in the script. I just had four guys in men's clothes and left it up to the audience. It does work with four guys."

As I tried to move my toes in my water-logged boots to see if they were still there, I wondered if Dustin had plans of returning to Frankfort. (And if he didn't, would they take me?)

"If I had a fully-equipped studio, I'd love to go back there to live." Well, he seemed to have a little sense. "I could open a moviehouse in Frankfort and show old movies and art films. People would go; they're not so dumb in small towns. I'd love to teach them about cinema."

I leaned back to groove on the film studio fronting a tree-lined street, set against the mountains, apple orchards, and breathable air of sparsely populated upstate New York. He did seem to know what life was all about.

"But of course I'd have to commute back here at least once a week. I'd have to keep in touch."

To some people New York is still the Big City.



Dustin, naked, looks better in front of a movie camera than behind it. (Photo by Kenn Duncan)

Is There Life In New Jersey?

BY BARRY LESTER

Up to now, any gay New Yorker would be right in characterizing New Jersey as a vast neanderthal wasteland of conformity—a state to be driven through as quickly as possible on the way to Philadelphia, Washington, or points south or west. Nothing more than primitive tribes who cling with quiet desperation to their box-like houses, two-car garages, road-side gas stations, cancerous shopping centers, long-term marriages, bored kids, guilt-ridden divorcees, night after night of television commercials, alcohol, tranquilizers, furtive groping, and lonely masturbation make up the Garden State, right? Wrong!

Gay lib has crossed the Hudson River, taken root in New Jersey soil, and is blossoming all over Bergen, Essex, Hudson, Passaic and Morris counties. New Yorkers can no longer look condescendingly at the Jerseyites, for if the Gay Activists Alliance of New Jersey is any indication, it may soon become necessary to cross the George Washington Bridge, the Lincoln Tunnel, or the Holland Tunnel to find homosexual acts legalized, and progay legislation written into law.

Six months ago G.A.A.N.J. (pronounced gange) was nonexistent. Now, it has over 300 members, permanent headquarters at 32 Bridge Street, Hackensack, N.J. 07602, and maintains four "hot lines" for answering gays and mothers in distress, as well as maintaining all forms of essential communication. Its president, Joe Scutiero, affectionately known as the "benevolent dictator," has been one of the continual driving forces. Under his guidance, the group has sent speakers to such bastions of morality and respectability as the Jewish War Veterans of Englewood and Hackensack, an Episcopal Archdiocese, various high schools and college campuses, and the Elk's Lodge. So impressed was the latter they let the group use their facilities in Hackensack for regular Saturday night dances, with the local police lending their protection and looking on in astonishment.

Even the arch-conservative *Bergen Evening Record* gave them full coverage, publicizing their hot line service for troubled gays and distraught parents to phone in and get a good liberated rap. Each Friday evening, G.A.A.N.J. meets at the Central Unitarian Church, a plush modern structure just off Route 4 in Paramus, sporting contemporary stained glass windows bedecked with fieldstone. Inside, a thoroughly up-to-date auditorium-dance hall complete with stage facilities is used, with a huge assortment of pastries and soft drinks being served continuously, courtesy of the local merchants.

Like the New York GAA, a whole host of committees operates within the framework of the organization as a whole. Unlike the New York group, parliamentary procedure is rarely, if ever, invoked, for the New Jerseyites have become so accustomed to being especially polite that Robert's Rules are regarded as more of an encumbrance than an aid. A strong sense of group trust has developed thereby. Much of the work is strictly informal. Yet, it has gotten results, for the local populace has, probably as a result of seeing all those gay jokes on *Laugh-In* and *The Carol Burnett Show*, shown an extraordinary interest in what real homosexuals are supposed to be like, and are rather confused over whether or not gay is good.

When it became apparent that gays and straights are not much different, age-



John Gish, GAANJ's Vice President of Liaison, and Gail Wood, Chairman of the Women's Liaison Committee.



Scutiero, Vice President Kay Hughes, Advisor Harry Kimball and Delegate-at-Large Annette Pielze



Frank Barton, Research; Eric Pryne, Delegate-at-Large; Gerry Purpura, Food Committee and Joe Scutiero

old barriers were demolished. Church groups of several denominations have shown a positive interest and asked for G.A.A.N.J.'s help in counseling young people. Four of the few democrats in the New Jersey legislature attended their meetings and walked away impressed. And even a local belt-maker, strictly of the hard-hat variety, agreed to take orders for belts with lambda buckles.

When it came time to send delegates to the big convention for all gay organizations recently held in Chicago, G.A.A.N.J. appointed three representatives, dubbed them "the Chicago 3," gave them a big send-off and return reception at Newark Airport, taking no notice of what other travelers might think. The 3 came back with a glowing report.

One of the members of the speaker's bureau committee is also active in the Student Homophile League at Fairleigh Dickinson University. As a result of his and his associates' efforts, a big St. Patrick's Day Dance is planned on the campus, the first gay dance in the university's history.

Of course, G.A.A.N.J. does have problems. Last New Year's Eve, a party was given in the Ridgewood Masonic Lodge at which a drag show was held. G.A.A.N.J. women members found it offensive. They also objected to being called girls. They formed a separate caucus and presented a list of demands. Now ways are being sought for settling the differences between the sexes amicably.

Together, in the best sense of the term, is practiced at all the general meetings. It is standard procedure for everyone to join hands and sing "We Shall Overcome." Corny as it might seem, it no doubt does a lot to make the shyer ones feel more welcome and more willing to participate. A special liberation song with a rock beat is part of the repertoire. Song sheets are passed out, and everyone joins in.

In addition, fashion shows, talent nights and a choral group round out the entertainment and social activities. This doesn't mean that the more important political and militant work is neglected. Most of the membership is young, inquisi-

tive, well-educated and intelligent. They are asking penetrating questions as to why Intro 475 failed, and are studying the New York experience closely in hope of avoiding their mistakes. Strategy sessions are being planned in several corners of the state, and a well thought-out action program seems likely to develop. Meanwhile, they get more requests for speakers than they can handle, but wherever they've gone the response has been favorable or, at least, respectful.

Gay lib has reached such diverse institutions as Ramapo State College, The Ridgewood School of the Arts, Paterson College, Seton Hall University, Rutgers University and Montclair State College. At the latter school, a seminar on homosexuality is being planned in conjunction with the Council on National and International Affairs, which is affiliated with the United Nations. And Mike Valenti, the chairman of the divinity department at Seton Hall, told a G.A.A.N.J. audience, "In God's eyes, Gay is good or He wouldn't have made it."

What is most impressive about the New Jersey people is their level-headedness, their courtesy, their methodical approach, and their simple enthusiasm. They believe everybody should do their own thing, will listen responsively to many points of view, but will rarely do anything too far out—to the point where

commonly accepted standards of decorum or horse sense are over-ruled. Except for two gay bars, and one gay bath, there aren't many places to go in northern New Jersey to cruise. The big exception is certain trucking stopover points along the main highways, where signalling by headlight can lead to a roadside tryst.

The highway police have become wise to it, interrogating anyone parked by the highway after 2 a.m. which, as every good burgher knows, is way past bedtime. The loneliness and isolation have meant impersonal sex for a long time to many Jersey suburbanites. Coming out of the closet is, for them, more than they're ready for, but progress is being made. The gay dances have appreciably cut into the business of the two local gay bars. One bar owner refused to help distribute circulars.

Yet, the situation is ripe for the opening of more progay bars, baths, boutiques and services in Northern New Jersey, for the suburbanites would rather not cope with New York traffic and irregular bus schedules in getting to and from Gotham. And so, things are moving fast in Jersey. Internal dissent, personal bickering, character assassinations and political intrigues seem unknown among the members of G.A.A.N.J. That, coupled with their exuberance, their naivete and their simple devotion, makes them among the most likely to succeed.



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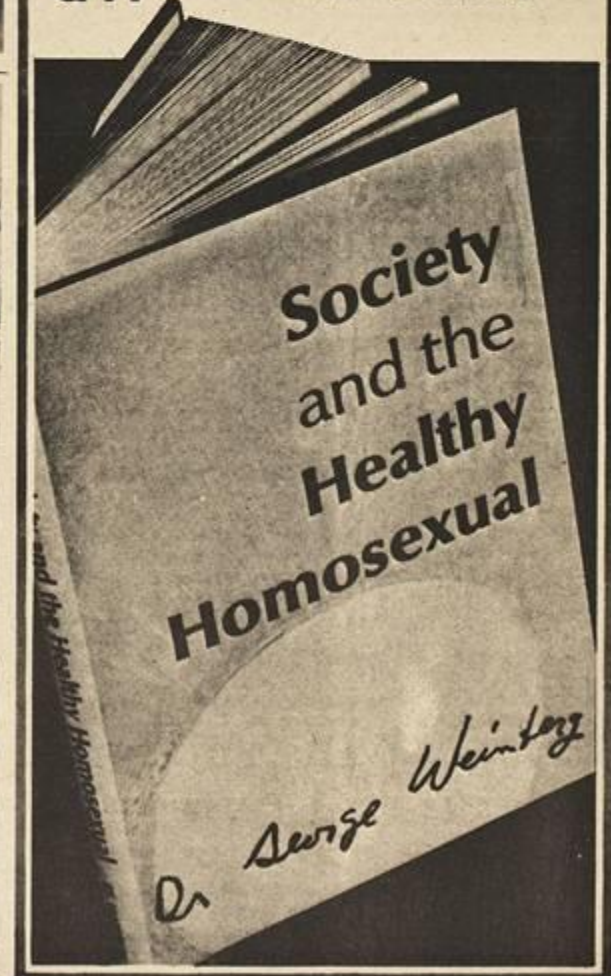
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Good Vibrations

BY BRIAN HILL

DON FENDLEY

I was talking with Don Fendley the other day and I thought you might be interested in who he is and what he is doing. He's been playing the fantastic rock and soul music at the Continental Baths that has contributed so much to making the Continental one of the great all-around Sodom and Gomorrah entertainment centers in New York. He worked at the Sandpiper at Fire Island Pines during the summer and it became the center of the Fire Island social scene. After he worked at the short-lived mammoth dance palace, Superstar, before it burned down, he moved on to the Baths. Everywhere he's been, he has had the best sound system installed and has brought real dancing frenzy to the place. Many people decide where to go dancing only after finding out where he's playing. There are lots of reasons why Don is so clearly the best discotheque organizer in New York. He works tirelessly to keep up on the very latest records and searches the stores himself so that he doesn't rely on second-hand opinions and he often has dance songs that you have never heard anywhere else, as well as the best of the older stuff. Also, he has a very clear idea of what he wants to play and how to present it. He builds the music up and up and then weaves and levels off and down and up again. You never get stranded in the middle of the dance floor after loving one song and then not being able to relate to the next one. Sometimes the intensity is so great as each song builds that I find it literally impossible to stop dancing. He explained to me: "I think my music is very physical. Rock music often jars the listener rather than creating a sensual experience. A lot of the music I pick has a message to it. Music is the best way to reach young people today, so it is important that the music has something to say."

Don also programs music for stores. He started at Bendel's with tapes for one floor and now covers all four floors, and he has moved on to Halstons, Yves St. Laurent's and Valentino as well as tapes for fashion shows. He is now thinking of opening a bar in the Hamptons, but I hope we can keep him here in Manhattan because wherever he plays, he creates the best dancing spots in town.

I also asked Don to give me a few recommendations of his favorite recent records so that I could pass them along. He suggested Al Green's new single, "Look What You've Done to Me" (Hi Records) and his album, *Let's Stay Together* (Hi). Thelma Houston's "I Wanna Go Back There" (Mowest), the Chi-Lites' "Oh Girl" (Brunswick), the Stylistics' album, *The Stylistics* (AVC) and the Staple Singers' album, *Respect Yourself* (Stax).

Anyone who wants to get in touch with Don to find out more about his music can write to him at Box 232, Calverton, Long Island, N.Y.



Paul Simon: "Mother and Child Reunion"

DELANEY AND BONNIE
Delaney and Bonnie's concert, which I was looking forward to, turned out to be very boring. The bill included Billy Preston who had

played with Ray Charles and with the Beatles (in the movie *Let It Be* and their last albums), and Kenny Loggins and Jim Messina. Everyone played good-time, toe-tapping music but I found them all disappointing. Kenny Loggins had the kind of juvenile excitement of a 6-year-old egotist who's finally made it into the spotlight. Jim Messina, who had been a standout with the Buffalo Springfield and Poco, played strong lead guitar, but only on a couple of songs did the country rock really catch fire. And the lyrics were, as they were to be all evening, very simple-minded and often silly. Billy Preston came out in a multi-colored fringe outfit and proceeded to outdance the Ikettes and his music was uniformly good, bouncy and exciting. But when he tried to sing "serious" songs, my response was only to feel sorry for him. (He did an amazing solo version of "Summertime" on the organ, full of swoops, electronic surges and gentle melancholy.) But he also started the strong religious orientation that by the time Delaney and Bonnie were finished threatened to turn the evening into a Billy Graham revival meeting. They sang more songs "For the Lord," "to the Lord" and "thanking the Lord" than I've heard since Sunday school. Aside from one's religious convictions, it got very monotonous. And with Delaney and Bonnie in particular, all the screaming and shouting just didn't come across. Either the sound system was miserable or their sound was jangling and irritating, or both. Delaney could seldom be heard and when he could be heard, I only wished that he would go back to being unheard. A few of their old songs, like "Soul Shake," managed to come through, but not much else. It's too bad. The evening was filled with sincerity and energy, but the product was forced and uninteresting.

NEW ALBUMS

Some of the best new albums of the last few weeks: Sonny and Cher are back. Those of you who remember the delightful things they were

doing before they started work on their solo careers will be happy to hear that they have produced an album, *All I Ever Need Is You* (Kapp KS 3660) with all the great arrangements and spunk they ever had. They seem to have found a new source of energy. Stevie Wonder's latest, *Music of My Mind* (Tamla T314L) shows that he has found himself a groove. His last albums have involved major changes, but on this one he has written all the songs and there is a strong melodic and lyric unity. Some may find it a trifling unchallenging, but for those who like his voice and the special mood he creates, I think they will enjoy it. Peter Yarrow has finally produced his first record on his own. He has an amazingly clear voice with great strength and gentleness. The album, *Peter* (Warner Brothers RS 2599), features a number of moving songs, like "Don't Ever Take Away My Freedom" and "River of Jordan" that keep alive the strong social consciousness of Peter, Paul and Mary. Jesse Davis has his second album out. He has played a lot with Leon Russell and shows the influence. *ULULU* (Atco SD 33-382) features a lot of first rate musicians, including Russell, Dr. John and Donald "Duck" Dunn. The sound is excellent country rock, with Davis' gravelly vocals upfront.

Among the concerts coming up, I want to mention that the revitalized Allman Brothers are still a very strong band despite the death of their leader, Duane Allman, and can be seen at the Academy of Music on April 14th and 15th. The Latin group Malo, featuring Jorge Santana (brother of Santana's lead guitarist), will be at Carnegie Hall April 12th. Mary Travers, also on her own after the disintegration of Peter, Paul and Mary, will be there three days later. And Poco, who are renowned as great crowd pleasers, will be at the Capitol Theatre in Passaic, N.J. on April 21st. And for those of you who want a show both on stage and off, Poco will be at Princeton University's Theatre on May 5th.

Uncle Thane

(continued from page 9)

enjoying total quiet in the Gallery of Statues. So many beautiful bodies. Impossible to believe they were of marble and not flesh. Frustrating. But something was wrong, disturbing, out of place. I couldn't put my finger (or eye) on it right away, but knew I was surrounded by this unsettling... something. Surrounded. That was the clue.

And then I realized that every mother-lovin' male nude sported a quaint little fig leaf. Gloriously gay to the core, I delight in checking boxes and it reveals absolutely no vulgarity or lack of respect toward art and antiquity to say that I thoroughly relish detailed examination of those pale and slippery little serpents borne with pride by all Greco-Roman statuary.

The manner of portraying those frozen, yet potent, organs reveals as much of the artist's technique (and of the model) as does the curve of an arm, the stance, the tumescence of a flooded vein in the neck. And how individual the caress of expression given the short-and-curly by each sculptor? Cheated! How dare the Vatican? By what right? Foolish questions.

So pitifully sad. To equate sinful of-fensiveness with so... heavenly an appendage. Little toes are offensive, and should be obscene (but not heard). Cocks, never! And I was particularly peeved that the prissy papal authorities had not even bothered to match the color and texture of the impersonally mass-produced leaves to that of the original stone. They might as well have been poisonous green plastic petals from Woolworth's.

I began to sniff around the pedestals like a pig in search of truffles. By accident I found, across from *Eros of Centocelle* and slightly behind the *Apollo Saurontonos*, a dirty cardboard carton full to

the brim with terra-cotta fig leaves of every possible size. St. Ignatius! I could perhaps cut off the dread supply at its source! Into the Tiber with them! I was contemplating this crafty theft when I felt someone watching me. I turned slowly and casually.

He was young and quite beautiful. Shirt teasingly open to reveal a flawless amber chest. A face above competition with his aristocratic ancestors and deities who stood about him in disdainful immobility. (How very little Romanesque features have altered over the centuries.) We exchanged those knowing smiles and he moved to examine the Bowdlerizing Box. He looked at the leaves, then at the statues. And winked at me.

In good, yet heavily accented English, he whispered huskily into my ear. "Let's rip them all off the statues and throw them out the window!" I nodded and grinned. At that moment, a guard entered the room, pasta-portly and disgruntled. He was followed by the Des Moines Wednesday Evening Art & Literature Society. My exquisite friend and I were separated. I left the ladies to thrill at the aesthetic beauty of clay fig leaves, and ran frantically after him.

He had vanished. The room he entered had absolutely no other exits. Yes, I know. There is a logical explanation for the disappearing act, and "Gino" most likely spent a lucrative afternoon hustling the *Piazza di Spagna*. But we live by tender and precious memories. I prefer to think that he was one of the eternally imprisoned of that sterile gallery, and momentarily blushed with life in recognition of my sympathetic heart. Arrivederci, my sweet Bacchus. I shall spill a cup of wine in your honor tonight. *In vino veritas.*

Frank O'Hara

(continued from page 5)

same time as one is getting blown. And there is his definitive one-line poem, "Lawrence of Arabia," on those who try to hide from their own homosexuality: "Cognac is not KY." And there is the erotic "Poem," the best love poem ever written about one man's love for another: "When I am feeling depressed and anxious sullen/all you have to do is take your clothes off/and all is wiped away revealing life's tenderness.../the faint line of hair dividing your torso/gives my mind rest and emotions their release..."

O'Hara was not only a great poet, he was also, from all evidence, a great man. He was the spirit which held together a whole group of artists and poets—gay and straight—in New York in the Fifties and early Sixties. "After Frank died, the group split up," says John Button sadly. O'Hara has been eulogized in a wonderful article written by his longtime roommate Joseph LeSeuer in a literary magazine called *The World*:

"Then there was the inordinate amount of time he devoted to helping friends who came to him with their troubles. It was while we (lived) on University Place that he really came into his own as a sort of confidant-confessor—except Frank, unlike an analyst or priest, did most of the talking. He was a born talker to begin with, and he especially liked giving advice, which often came down to nothing more than encouragement: you can do it, all you have to do is make up your mind; you've got lots of talent, so what's stopping you?, etc., etc. But it wasn't what he said that counted, it was his authority and passion, along with his marvelous understanding of a friend's needs, that made the difference. And there were times when I thought he was in love with at least half of his friends, for

it was possible for him to get so emotionally involved with them that it wasn't unusual for him to end up in bed with one of them and then, with no apparent difficulty, to go right back to being friends again afterwards. That was always his way in the years I lived with him. He didn't make distinctions, he mixed everything up: life and art, friends and lovers—what was the difference between them?"

My incident with the grad student ended up a one-night stand, despite our mutual interest in Frank O'Hara! I think we both knew that O'Hara would understand, even applaud. On his tombstone is engraved O'Hara's most famous line, which sums up his philosophy of art and of life: "Grace to be born and live as variously as possible."

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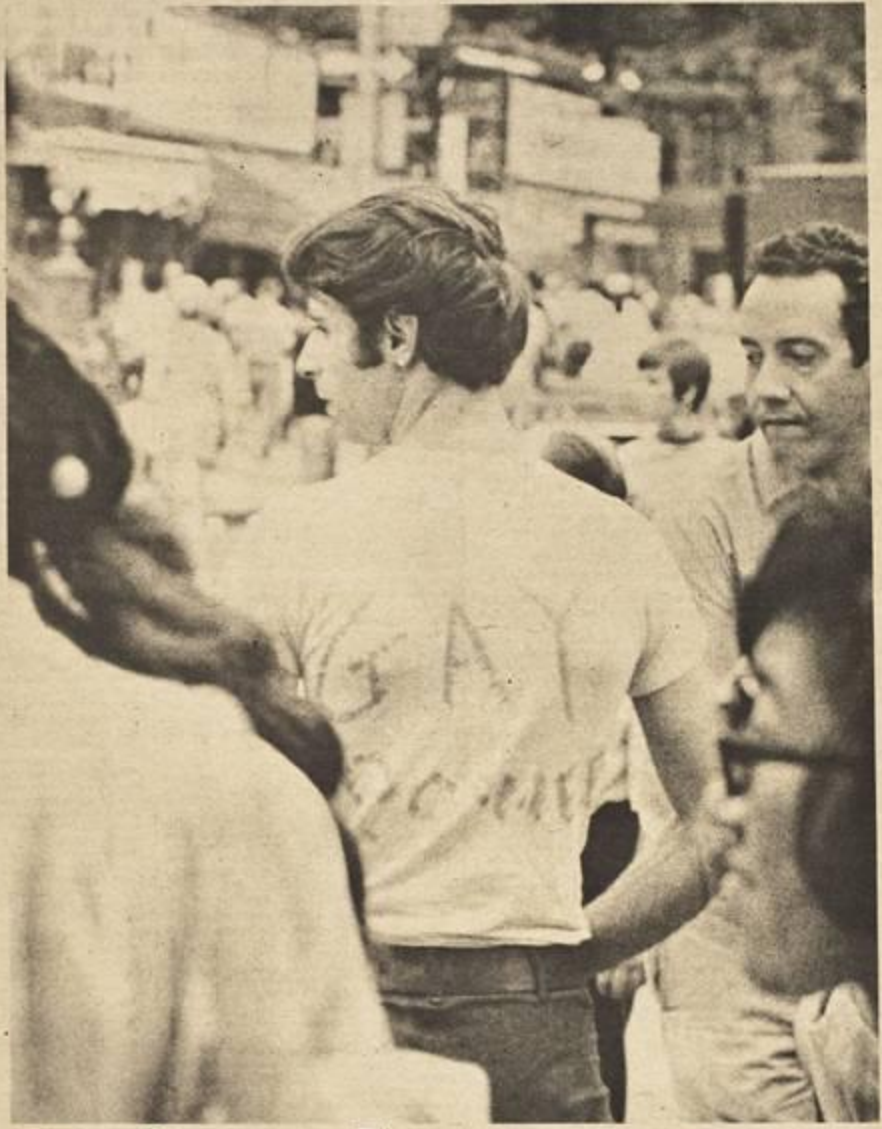
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WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT?

A DIRECTORY FOR DISCRIMINATING DISPOSITIONS

BY JERRY AND STEVE

WEST VILLAGE

Ben Soler, 40 W. 8th St. (473-9859). One of the few groovy dance palaces left. Mostly Latin. Great Bunny working days, GMs and TVs. **Bonnie & Clyde's**, 82 W. 3rd St. (DR 3-9304). A right-on bar. Mostly GPs. GMs very well accepted. Dancing, free buffet on Sunday. Your hosts Elaine, June, Millie. **Carr's**, 204 W. 10th St. (255-9742). Still there and probably always will be. Stop in to see Bob, Larry & Albie. Damned good drinks. **Casa Laredo Restaurant**, 551 Hudson St. (989-8520). Lunch, noon-3pm, brunch, Sat. & Sun., noon-4pm, dinner 5pm-1am, closed Monday. A mixed clientele, gay & straight, all ages. Typical intimate Village surroundings. **Denny's at Sheridan Square**, 140 7th Ave. So. Dancing, clientele not unlike that of old Stonewall. Opens at noon! Festive held, including Joe, Marvin, Kevin, Pete, Judy, et al. **Fedora Restaurant**, 239 W. 4th St. (CH 2-9691). As usual, always good food and service, congenial waiters, Fedora herself keeping everyone happy. A little pix, mostly GM. **Finale Restaurant**, 48 Barrow St. (CH 3-7358). It looks as if this once noted restaurant is having problems & business is slacking off. Int., but much GM.

Five Oaks Restaurant, 49 Grove St. (675-9669). A Village favorite just off Sheridan Square. Int. **Four Eleven Restaurant**, 411 Bleecker St. (CH 2-2171). Another well-liked oldtimer. Int. **Gold Bug**, 83 W. 3rd St. (677-9874). Flashy decor. Fun bartenders. Dancing, more or less young set. **GM** **Horn of Plenty Restaurant**, 353 Bleecker St. (242-0636). Lunch, Wed.-Sun., noon-3 pm; dinner, daily 5:30-11 pm, till midnight Sat. \$2 dinner minimum, \$1 luncheon. Bring your own wine till they get liquor license. Int., much GM. **Jalisco**, 159 W. 10th St. (929-9672). Hamburgers & sandwiches still can't be beat. Needless to say it's still very popular, especially Sunday afternoons. Pretty people. **GM** **Kookier's**, 149 W. 14th St. (242-9228). Clean bar & Kookie, known as Zia Zia. GP, males not encouraged. **Men's Royal Root Bar & Restaurant**, 28 Cornelia St. (CH 2-9557). Warm welcoming atmosphere, food 5pm-4am. Piano bar on weekends. Int., mostly GM. **Tor**, 211 Greenwich Ave. (255-1337). Popular snack shop, information exchange center. Some mix, mostly GM.

CASBAH

Cell Block, 372 W. 11th St. You wonder what all those hasty daytime customers think of the exotic collection of posters & toys, etc., covering the walls & suspended from the ceiling? At night it's leathery. GM.

Coven, 531 Hudson St. (242-6769). Nee Cellar. Something happening every night. Duplex with cruising on both floors. Pooltable on the bottom level. Workouts abound. Something for everybody. Say hello to Marty, Roger, Chuck & Jerry. **Denny's**, 139 Christopher St. (929-9321). Picking up a lot of the Stud crowd. Pool table. Jeff & Randy taking care of the customers.

Inca Restaurant, 399 W. 12th St. (242-9722). Serving great food 6pm-1am. Alluring mixture of people, much GM. **Keller's**, 384 West St. nr. Christopher (CH 3-1907). The first & always will be one of the best leather bars in N.Y. Together crowd. Always something going on. GM.

Marie's Crisis, 59 Grove St. (242-9323). New. Favorites Paul & John Michel holding forth.

Ninth Circle, 139 W. 10th St. Former straight bar, just came into the fold with a big opening. Will check it out & report. GM.

One Potato, 518 Hudson St. (691-6260). Step into your choice: Fire Island or Provincetown. Lunch specialties are excellent, dinners always good. Friendly help, reasonable prices. The bar is a fun place to meet the crowd. Say hi to Frank on day shift, Bill & Pete at night. (Site of the March bar awards, see "The Gay Insider" coverage issue no. 71.) GM, non-gay couples welcome.

Paula's Greenwich Ave. & 7th Ave. So. Been here a long time. Paula's almost an institution. Mostly GP.

Peter Rabbit, 305 W. 10th St. (929-9279). Well laid-out bar, rather cruisy. George & Jim doing their thing behind the bar. GM.

Roadhouse, 570 Hudson St. (sign says Restaurant Francois) (CH 3-4214). Samba'd off the floor, good table, plus the greatest dinner. Lots of French cooking by Pierre. Cruisy. Meet Sy, Ronnie, Tom, Steve &, during the day, Rex. GM. **Silver Dollar Cafe**, 163 Christopher St. Straight

by day, everything by night. **Stud**, 733 Greenwich St., corner of Perry. Juice bar. Don't let that stoop you—plenty of action in the back. **West Bank**, Bank St. & Washington. New. Friendly people with friendly ways. Say hello to Hank & Leo.

EAST VILLAGE, WASHINGTON & UNION SQUARES

Branding Iron, 165 Avenue A (228-9984). Yet to be looked into. **Club Baths**, 24 1st Ave. (673-3283). Lavish, with up-to-the-minute facilities, including that famous carousel shower. Open 24 hrs. Students half-price with IDs. Free, confidential VD tests every Thursday, 5-9 pm. And where do you think the bartenders & waiters go when they get off duty? Come see. GM. **Eighty-Two Club**, 82 E. 4th St. (GR 7-1046). Home of female impersonator reviews in N.Y. Tourists. **Hip-dreams**, 165 Ave. A (bet. 10th & 11th Sts.) (228-9984). Gay center of the East Village & haven for the young radical chic set. Free movie Thursday. GM. **McSorley's Old Ale House**, 15 E. 7th St. (477-9363). They don't admit they're integrated, but don't let the pose fool you. Males will be males—even now that females are allowed in. **Max's**, Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. So. (777-7870). Wild mixture of people & very stiff prices. **Phoebe's Restaurant**, 361 Bowery or 48 E. 4th St. (473-9008). Sardi's of the East Village & a real theatrical hot int. **St. Mark's Baths**, 6 St. Mark's Place (473-7929). Low prices, active, though run-down, premises. Home of the long hairs. GM. **Shaft**, 181 2nd Ave. Also to be looked into. **Spoofies**, 232 Park Ave. So. (475-9759). New, big, saucy atmosphere. All the draft beer you can drink in the afternoon for \$2. GM. **Squire's Neak Restaurant**, 18 E. 13th nr. 5th Ave. (255-4746). Noon-midnight service, solid meals, describes itself as having "a liberated atmosphere for persons with money." Int.

GRAMMERCY & MURRAY HILL

Beau Geste Restaurant, 239 3rd Ave. (475-9724). Shades of the Foreign Legion! Delicious continental food whipped up by Ireland's Jerry Fitzpatrick, served by pretty waiters. Locations served by Thom & Jack. GM. **Leo's Lion**, 57 Lexington Ave. (686-9608). Neighborhood bar with friendly customers. Paul entertains behind the bar. Open 11am-last call. GM. **Uncle Charlie's South**, 581 3rd Ave. N.Y.'s newest. Just opened with a smashing first-night party. Boasts three separate rooms. Frank & Ronnie on the bar. Hosts Bob & Jerry. GM.

CHELSEA

Eagle's Nest, 11th Ave. & 21st St. Super-popular leather bar hard by The Trucks. Dress code enforced when they wish to keep someone out, and certainly GPs aren't welcome any more. This is a gathering place for a subculture within a subculture, so if your thing is not machismo, don't go. Needless to say, GM.

FireSide Inn, 411 W. 24th St. To be visited. **Nine Plus Social Club**, 149 W. 21st St. Very exclusive afterhours club, accessible only to leather loving members. If you don't belong, you will simply have to be sponsored. Remember the fraternity era and blackballing. We don't know who you have to bail to get into this one. GM.

Salika, 120 11th Ave. Same numbers as at the Eagle. Except here they can laugh and smile. More relaxed atmosphere. Keith, Lou & Larry behind the main bar, Bob's on the beer bar.

SOHO

Gay Activists Alliance Firehouse Saturday Night Dance, 99 Wooster St. Get here early or you'll not be able to wedge your way in. Four floors of fun. Excellent discotheque on one, rathskeller, lounge for rapping, three, videotapes of militant actions on four. You find here what J.F.H. calls a rock-throwing, tree-climbing, snail-flying good time. Take the 7th Ave. IRT local to Houston; 8th Ave. IND (AAE) to Spring; 6th Ave. IND (DJF/B) to Broadway/Lafayette; BMT (RR) to Prince/Lex. Ave. IRT to Spring. These are all local stops. GP, GM.

MIDTOWN & MIDDLE EAST SIDE

Beacon Baths, 227 E. 43th St. (687-9322). Take the elevator to the 11th floor & enjoy the many clean facilities & all the varied opportunities for a good time in what is known variously as the Hot to the U.N. & the Brooks Brothers of the Baths. Free, confidential VD tests every Wednesday from 4-6pm. The people here are more than willing to rap with you about the city if you're new to town and non-gay benefactor of gays Walter Kent is an institution in himself. GM.

Beaded Bag, 951 1st Ave. (486-9832). New Management obviously new to the gay scene. But the help is top notch. Bob, Mike are behind the bar. **Candy Store**, 44 W. 56th St. (581-4664). Stalwart Frankie still tending bar at this out-of-townner's have. It often looks like a wax museum, but they have started having live entertainment. A jacket-&-tie place, but not obligatory. GM. **Continental Sauna**, 111 W. 56th St. Not as grand (and also not as expensive) as the Mother Church on W. 74th St. Neat for a businessman's facilities. GM. **Lib**, 305 E. 45th St. (LE 2-0290). This bar did for the girls' bars what the Continental did for the baths scene. Great dinners by Ernesto, drinks concocted by Jimmie & Ellie. On the floor, Ken & Gretchen. Hosts, Lou & Miss Bull. (Make that Ms.) GP.

Mayfield, 964 1st Ave. (EL 9-9259). Rather closest-y in the bygone East Side way, but splendid food & fun atmosphere. Int.

Roundtable, 151 E. 50th St. (758-0310). Still drawing crowds. No-call liquor at \$1.50 a throw makes it, well, you-name-it. The sound system is one of the best, however, as is the dance floor. Joey & Marco at the bar. GP, GM. **Seena Baths**, 300 W. 58th St. (PL 5-6880). A small place which closes at midnight, it's busiest between 4:30-11pm & on Sunday afternoons. GM. **Victor's Quarter**, 984 2nd Ave. (355-9453). Pleasant neighborhood bar, with some Midnight Cowboy. Steve is on the bar. GM.

Yekes, 140 E. 53rd St. (421-8122). Almost scary night back to the 50's, but flash! — no ties and jacket. Good place if you want to feel like an ingenue. Some of the best drinks in town. A camp, rather hard. Dancing. Ask for Roy.

DANCE BELT & HELL'S KITCHEN

[The Dance Belt is roughly the area of the West Forties & early Fifties, encompassing the theatre district & environs; Hell's Kitchen starts where Chelsea leaves off & includes the Times Square section. Theatre gypsies in the former, Midnight Cowboy in the latter.]

Big Spender, 315 W. 48th St. (586-9882). Lots of performers from nearby shows, some of them beauties. Fun place, Eric is busy behind the bar. GM.

Brothers & Sisters, 355 W. 46th St. (247-8840). A mixed bag with everyone happily doing his own thing, including lots of rapping. Boys & girls together & enjoying it. But why not, it's one of the most attractive & inviting bars in all of Gotham! Two floors. (See "The Gay Insider," issue 71.)

Dirty Edna's Scoreboard, 264 W. 46th St. (265-9077). As they say here, "This is the home of the Midnight Cowboy," and you'd better believe it. GM.

Haymarket Pub, 772 8th Ave. (586-9360). They asked not to be listed in "The Gay Insider, U.S.A."—so we'll mention them here. They may not like it, but their clientele is mostly gay & theatre, which is redundant. Int. (7) **Jimmy Ray's**, 729 8th Ave. (582-9507). They don't admit it either, so you dare not hold hands. We're not free & equal yet. Int. **Joe Allen**, 326 W. 46th St. (581-4464). The bar is as gay as any in town, but there's that mix at the tables which puts it into the category of int.

Loading Zone, 366 9th Ave. (563-8212). If you can't find "em at Dirty Edna's, you'll find 'em here. Fun, George at the bar. GM. **Sanctuary**, 407 W. 43rd St. (247-4210). It's still here, and if you haven't seen it, you must. Fruit juice discotheque, young crowd. Not the super-popular dance palace that ushered in the 70s, but a trip. Int., but mostly GM.

UPPER EAST SIDE

Alibi, 1346 2nd Ave. (249-7026). Gwen's new discotheque. Formerly Hot Line. Fine sound system & dance floor. Big notable night on Mondays complete with Congo line. GP, GM. **Country Cousins Restaurant**, 1313 3rd Ave. (879-6614). Dining in a rustic atmosphere, 4pm-midnight, bar open till last call, of course. Sunday brunch at 1pm. Good food & drink. Rap's your host & Mother Rice reigns during the day (see "The Gay Insider"). On the bar Johnny, Billy & Eddie. GM. **Four Seasons**, 99 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-4300). Ordered J.F.H. to remove them from his mailing list. OK, but that cocktail hour scene is gay whether they'd own up to it or not. Int. **Harry's Back East**, 1422 3rd Ave. (249-6991). One of the cruisiest bars in the city. Everyone makes it here. Lovely Lee is the day barmaid (see "The Gay Insider"), with Judy, Jerry & George taking over at night. GM. **Mildred Pierce's Restaurant**, 1229 1st Ave. We'll get there anon, watch for our review.

New Jimmy's, 1576 3rd Ave. (860-4509). Hosted by Tony and Jack. Owners immediately prepared by Carlotta, served by some of the best waiters in the city. Drinks that can't be beat tended by Kelly and Ed. And, now, the excitement of the dynamic duo, Johnny Savoy and Judy Sexton to entertain you. GP, GM.

Denit, GM.

Oak Room Bar, Plaza Hotel, 5th Ave. & Central Park South. World-famous, though not the diner's backup place it used to be. It's getting on toward that time when you'll want to dress & have Sunday brunch at the Plaza, with Bloody Marys, etc. Why not? Int., mostly straight.

Painted Pony, 1485 3rd Ave. (744-9580). Piano bar is so popular it's always jammed. Gypsy (see "The Gay Insider") holds court on the floor, with Ralph & Mike dispensing the spirits. GM.

Poutassa, 1234 2nd Ave. (734-9368). New discotheque, successor to the ill-fated Tambourine. Int., but much GM.

Three Restaurant, 314 E. 72nd St. (734-9303). Good food at a fixed price. Excellent drinks. Boys & girls mixing happily by firstlight. On the floor, Michael & Patti. GP, GM.

Troubadour Restaurant, 1078 1st Ave. (755-1955). Going through some changes at press time. Friendly atmosphere with Joey Dennis and Tommy doing their thing behind the bar.

UPPER WEST SIDE

[Bars in this neighborhood not yet revisited. Listings held over, will be altered next issue.] **The Candlelight Lounge**, 309 Amsterdam Ave. bet. 74th & 75th Sts. (874-9607). A landmark bar that's been around forever. Now getting a face-lift. Neighborhood crowd; much socializing, lots of cruising. GM. **Chippa'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 B'way (799-2688). Much more than a bathhouse. "Coveaux" is a total gay environment, complete with weekend cabaret. Expensive, but worth it. Open 24 hours. Students half-price with student ID card. GM only.

Pleasantly 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 bar bar downstairs. Tommy, Frank, Brian, Johnny and Billy work hard to insure everyone has a good time. 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 outta-sight! GM, mostly.

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

Mr. Morris Baths, 1944 Madison Ave. (534-9044). This is the only bath house in town with a black majority. GM. **Pauline'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.

BROOKLYN

Denny's in Brooklyn Heights, 108 Montague St. (625-8844). A social center in this vaddy social and sociable gay ghetto. Piano bar. GM. **Man's Country Baths**, 53 Pierrepont St. This brand new, handsomely decorated bath house located in the Hotel Pierrepont is easily accessible to Manhattan just across the East River. Quite a significant bit of progress to have tubs in another borough, especially this one. GM.

GAY CINEMA

David, 236 W. 55th St. 35th St. Playhouse, 55th St. between 6th & 7th Aves. **Jenni Theatre**, 12th St. & 3rd Ave. **Park-Miller**, 43rd St. betw. 6th Ave. & B'way (BR 9-3970) **Tomcat Theatre**, 424 W. 42nd St.

GAA MOVIES
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April 16 — The Prince and the Showgirl
April 23 — The Unsinkable Molly Brown
April 30 — My Little Chickadee

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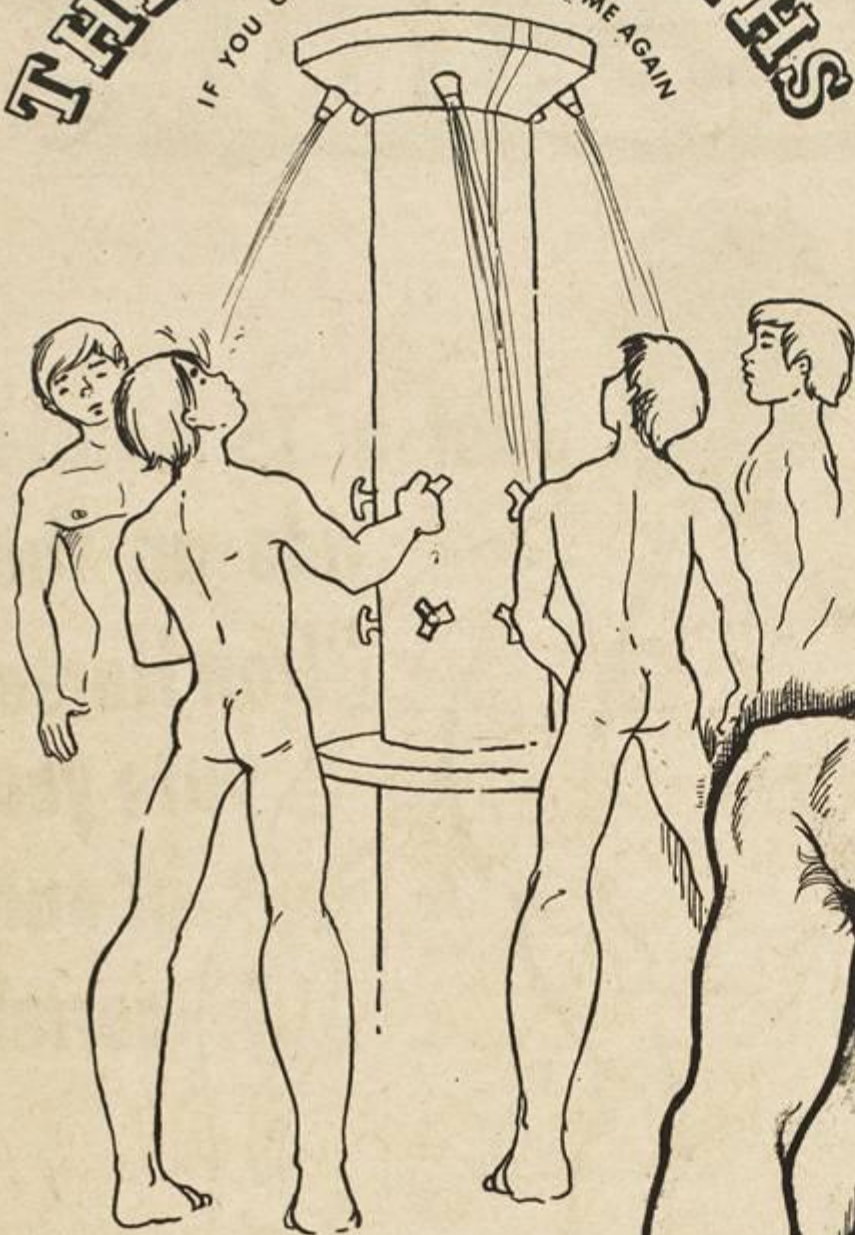
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