/ol. 3 No. 7

Ex-Heavyweight Boxer Attacks Gays At Hilton Dinner

Police Ignore Melee City Officials To Testify

BY VICKI RICHMAN

New York, N.Y., April 15 Saturday night at the New York Hilton. A night for the beautiful people, a night to swing. John V. Lindsay was on the guest list. So were most of his admistration. The publisher of The New York Times was there. Also the City Council, including Michael De-Marco, the energetic opponent of gay legislation, and Carter Burden, a supporter of gay rights, with all his Kennedy-style glamor.

Twenty-five members of the Gay Activists Alliance made the scene, too.

But at least eight gays were forced to bow out a bit earlier than they may have liked. An unexpected appointment with the doctor was made-for them, and two are now threatened with partial loss of evesight.

April 15 at 53rd Street and Sixth Avenue, surrounded by New York's Finest. "Saturday, bloody Saturday," as one activist put it.

"God, how I hate those bastards!"

Michael Maye, president of the labor union representing New York's uniformed firemen, and a City-salaried mem-



Michael Maye



Jim Owles

Morty Manford

ber of the Fire Department himself, was reported to have made that comment about homosexuals before he allegedly pushed a policemen out of the way in order to knock Morty Manford, a gay leader at Columbia University, to the ground and kick him repeatedly in the

"No kick exactly, but stomp five or six times with his heel," a high city official there corrected for Judith Michaelson, a reporter with the New York Post. Mr. Maye was another of the beautiful people who managed to make it to the annual dinner of the Inner Circle, the exclusive club representing New York's most presitigious political journalists.

In addition to Mr. Maye, numerous tuxedo-clad, shouting assailants were seen, all of whom appeared to be invited guests. The witnesses, who include both activists and city officials, also accused members of the Hilton staff.

The most seriously injured were Jim Owles, former president of GAA, Rich Wandel, the current GAA president and GAY's one-time news editor, and a young homosexual who has concealed his real name to protect his policeman-brother. Each was kicked or punched in an eye, and the state of their vision remained in doubt at press time. Rich Wandel has a possible skull fracture. John Vouriotis, Allen Ross, and Rockefeller University Professor Bruce Voeller, chairperson of the State and Federal Committee, suffered minor injuries.

"Someone behind me said, 'You're not demanding anything,' and threw me down the escalator." Morty Manford was explaining to Ms. Michaelson why he was unable to effect Maye's arrest at the time of the alleged assault. The Post reporter, who gave New Yorkers the only complete and unbiased account in the media of the bloodbath that splashed over the tinsel of the city's most glittering political and social luminaries, quoted a city official who observed Mr. Manford on the ground at 54th Street with eyes glazed, an "enormous lump on his head," unable to focus, moaning and trembling, before he was taken to St. Luke's Hospital.

When another gay called for the attacker's arrest, a police sergeant was reported as saying, "I'm not arresting Michael Maye on the say-so of you creeps."

Two days later Mr. Manford was able

Two days later Mr. Manford was able to swear out a complaint against Mr. Maye at the West 54th Street Station. Leonard Cohen, Deputy Borough President of Manhattan, and two of his colleagues will identify Mr. Maye in court, as GAA presses both civil and criminal actions against New York's top firefighter.

tions against New York's top firefighter.

Mr. Maye was reported out of town immediately after the beatings and unavailable for comment.

"It's so symbolic," Dr. George Wein-

"It's so symbolic," Dr. George Weinberg said when he heard about the injuries to Mr. Manford's genitals. "That's their solution—kick them in the groin, wipe them all out!"

Leading the courtroom battle is Ronald Thomas, the chairperson of the Legal Action Committee of GAA, who avers

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Albany March Starts With Times Square Kiss-Off

Cold Winds Whip 1,000 Protesters

BY JOHN P. LeROY

Albany, New York. A second Albany march in hopes of demonstrating support for pro-gay legislation pending before the New York State Legislature was held on April 14, culminating on the steps of the State Capitol building. Last year, when a similar march was held, over three thousand gays from all over New York State

turned out in mid-March, when snow was still on the ground. This time, between eight hundred and a thousand were assembled for a show of support, and of these, over two-thirds were from the New York City area.

Six buses left Union Square in New York City on a raw, bleak, overcast Saturday morning, around 9 a.m. Heartened by warm and sunny weather the day before, most of the New York City gays dressed for spring, sporting bright body shirts,

continued on page 19



iss-Off in Times Square for those who walked to Albany



The Albany marchers braved cold winds

Photos by Eric Stephen Jacobs

N.Y. Democratic Delegates Organize



Steve Ostrow

BY JOHN P. LeROY

New York, N.Y. A newly-formed organization, Gay Independent Voters for Equality (GIVE), held a special meeting and cocktail party at Danny's bar in the Village on April 18 in order to get enough petitions signed and enough money raised to enable a full slate of gay delegates to be entered on the ballot of the June Democratic primary. Dan Tuite, the principal organizer, invited over a hundred and fifty bar owners, boutique entrepreneurs, and other managers of pro-gay businesses in hope of enlisting their cooperation in putting up posters in their places of business, placing contribution cannisters, and circulating petitions for signatures.

About fifty people showed up, fifteen of whom were bar owners. Five hundred dollars was collected, and those bar owners who agreed to participate became, in effect, ward bosses. Instead of the usual doorbell ringing, patrons would be asked to sign petitions and make contributions.



Michael Giammetta

The slate of gay candidates includes Michael Giametta, publisher of Michael's Thing, a weekly entertainment guide for gays; Enid Gerling, a female lawyer with a famous reputation for getting gays caught with their pants down in parks and tearooms acquitted; Jim Owles, former GAA President; Steve Ostrow, owner of the Continental Baths; Daniel Tuite, writer of several gay erotic books for Olympia and organizer of the campaign; Joseph J. Kennedy, a GAA member chosen mainly for having the namesake of the Kennedy family; and James "Pat" McGarry, a famous drag queen well beloved by the local Alcoholics Anonymous.

Tuite, a prime mover behind the drive for a strong contingent of gay convention delegates, first became active when he received a letter from Common Cause, a national "straight" organization devoted to the encouragement of greater political participation among the general populace. Tuite is a member. The letter gave in-

continued on page 19

WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT?

GM-Genital Males GF-Genital Females

DIT-Integrated, gay & straight

BY JERRY FITZPATRICK

WEST VILLAGE

Ben Seir, 40 W. 8th St. (473-9859). Cha-cha ing the day, GM & TV Bonnie & Clyde's, 82 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-9304).

Carr's, 204 W. 10th St. (255-9742), Friendly,

neighborhood bar with cricity types on both sides of the bar, Bobby, Alfile and sexy Larry will fill your plastes with gusto. GM Casa Laredo, 551 Hudson St. (989-8520), Tex-

Cave, Bank St. and Washington, New, sawdust on the floor, Jeff and Randy at the bar and Kevin to make sure that you have a good time.

for this one. It's small but they get some groovy leather types, CM.
Coven, S31 Hudson St. (235-9741). A displex. Too floor's intimate and cotry, downstains has been cost table. Crusiy on both floors. Say helio to Marty, Roger, Cheuck and yours truly, GM.
Damy's, 23 Christopher St. (925-921). Kind of dated but picked up some of the Stud's crowd. Young heads and dancing. Friendly dwring the day, Joey, Marvin, Jack and Jody will see that you enjoy, Mostly GM. but some of them are hard to tell.
Detaney's, 72 Grove St. (AL. 5-7905), is wooling.

spite some groovy help they are still losing business. Say helio to Jaimie and Philip, GM/Int.
Pive Oaks, 49 Grove St. (675-9669). Village

Fevorite off Sheridan Square, Inf.
Four Eleven, 411 Bloecker St. (CH 2-2117). An old-time favorite. Int.
Glary Hole, 183 W. 19th St. Blobby Conroy and Bill are on the bar, Dottie is on the floor. The

manager, Steve, doesn't seem to like his job.
The food is good, GM
Gold Buy, 83 W. 3rd St. (677-9874). Another
charchs palace for a young crowd. They boast
"Bess" behind the bar. He'll keep you laughing.

count on making out. They still stare off GM Kellers, 284 West 5s., near Christopher. The grand-daddy of leather bars, recently celebrated its 13th anny. GM

Kookis's, 149 W. 14th St. (242-9226). The bar

Koekies, 149 W. 14In St. (242-9229). The oxidan but they don't encourage GMs. Kookie tooks like a poor man't ZsaZas. GF Magnotis T., 105 W. 13Ih St. As song as Sam Palmer is here you know that you'll have a good time. The "tacky" barrender from uptown is doing wonders in the kitchen. Bill and Lou are on the bar. GM Maren's Crisis, 59 Grow St. (243-9323). Nice

eter Rabbit, 305 W. 10th St. (929-9279). Wild

Peter Rasbit, 305 W. Join St. (vzr-8279), wind mixture of Tolkis, cruity, Sexy Jimmy and George to tend your needs. Readehoues, 570 Husboon St. (CH 3-4214). One of the crusisest. Packed every night. Tom and Sy run a tipst ships with aid from Res., Ron. Tom and of course Stells by startight. GM 76x, 21 Greenwich Are. (255-1337). Sneck shop, crusky attensional find out what is hap-pening all over the Village, GM/Int.

EAST VILLAGE, WASHINGTON AND UNION SQUARES

Marie's Crisis, 59 Grove St. (243-9323), Nice room and it's catching on. Take a look at Glino and say hello to Litera, GM & GF Mona's Reyst Reost, 28 Cornelis St. (CH 29557), Warm room with the inlimitable Jan to make you feel at if you were there before. A great lady, Mostly GM Nieth Clock, 139 W. 10th St. Hamburgher, A Garden dishing, Nittle dancing, Billi and Ed on the Stick. Young heeds. 64(6), 54(6), 14(6).

Stick, Young heads, GM One Potate, 518 Hudson St. (691-6260). Lunch scene is mobbed. Frame, or Elizabeth the Last, holds court and you're sure of a few guest stars. Olinner is resonable and good. See Billy for some of the best drinks you've imbibed. GM,

Libs, 305 E. 45th 5s. (LE 2-0290). Took women out of the closets and into the bars. At long last a place of which they can be proud. Excellent dinners: by Ernete; drinks by Jimmy, Ellie, Lois and Jerry. GF, some GM Mayfair, 964 1st Ave. (EL 5-9259). Kind of closety but fun. Good food at a good price. Int. Roundtable, 151 E. 50th 5t, One of the biogest discos in form. I still object to no call liquor. At \$1.50 a throw, yet. Mario, Jony and Bobby will keep you entertained.
Sauna Baths, 300 W. 58th 5s. (PL 5-6860). A small place that closes at midnight, Busy during the late afternoons, tho. GM
Sebastian's, 1066 1st Ave. (855-8052). Zany and wide Sebastian's book and has Joey Pussy with him behind the bar and Bill in the kitches.

Troubador, 1076 1st Ave. (755-1955). Friendly atmosphere with friendly people. My favorite Joey is inn-keeper along with Dennis and Tommy, GM

boys. Yukon, 140 E, 53rd St. (421-8122). Roy has started a new policy. No ties and jackets and, would you believe, dancing. A lot of fun people still hang in hore. GM

hours. Dynamite facilities and humpy studs all over the place, Confidential V.D. tests every

over the place. Confidential V.D. tests every Thursday 5-9pm. GM Eighty-Two Club, 82 E. 4th St. (GR 7-1046). Home of the female impersonators. Tourists. McSorely's Ale House, 15 E. 7th St. though Women's Lib got there too. Int. Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. So.

baby, the prices are STIFF, Int. St. Mark's Baths, 6 St. Marks Place (473-7929). Low prices because they wouldn't dare charge any higher, Run down, GM

Squire's Nook, 18 E. 13th St. Restaurant. Int.

GRAMMERCY & MURRAY HILL

neau Geste, 239 3rd Ave. (475-9724). You'll find yourself looking for G

GRAMMERCY & MURRAY HILL

Eagle's Nest, 11th Ave. & 21st St. If you're not into leather (black) and/or western, don't bother, You won't get in and why hassle the management or yourself. This is for leather sec-

Gay Activists Alliance Firehouse, Saturday night dance at 59 Wooster St. Get there early and have a ball and a half. Take the 7th HT socal to Houston, ish nave, IND (AA/E) to Spring; 6th Ave. IND (D?P18) to Broadway). Lasyvette BMT (RR) to Prince; Lex. Ave. IRT to Spring. Cabaret every other Friday with barries of beer, soda and live entertainment. Movies on Sunday evenings. GM, GF

Some incredible humpers. Great for a matines with all those married execs trying to find happiness before going home to the I'll woman. Free V.D. test Wednesdays from 4pm to 8pm.

GM. Beaded Bag, 951 1st Ave. (486-9832). Cathy's smile is worth the brig. I hear that the manage-ment is setting with it. GM. Candy Stare, 44 W. 56th St. (581-4664). Wax-muse unagent gone. New disco dancing. New image for a heretofore tired place. Ricky Ydein keeps

things jumping. GM
Continental Saona, 111 W. 56th St. Not as grand nor as expensive as the "Mother Church" on W. 74th St. Good for a businessman's

Lib. 305 E. 45th St. (LE 2-0290). Took women

DANCE BELT & HELL'S KITCHEN

are on the bar. Big Spender, 315 W. 48th St. (586-9882), Lots

Big Spender, 315 W, 481h St. (1950-9832). Lost of gypties from the nearby shows. Some Deablies, Glood time. Eric tends to the libetions. Brothers, 6 Sisters, 355 W, 461h St. (247-8840). One of the batter bars in N.Y. with goys and gais putting it all together. GF, GM Dirty Edna's Scoreboard, 264 W, 46th St. (263-9077). Advertised as "The home of the Michight Cowboys." Some of them took as if they missed the last roundup, GM Haymarket Puls, 772 & 25 h Ave. (566-9360). They asked J.F.H. not to list them in "The Gay Insider U.S.A." But they are. Int.

Insider U.S.A." But they are. Int. Jimmy Ray's, 729 8th Ave. (582-9507). The

what you're looking for here, Int. Joe Allen, 326 W. 46th St. (581-6464). Gyp the bar while the tables will be mixed. Int. Loading Zone, 586 9th Ave. (563-8212). Som

Tiluana Cat, 350 W. 46th St. Just opened. A the plano bar is Edward Morris, formerly of Provincetown and, locally, Goldfarb's, He's currently represented with hilarious material on the new Lity Tomlin album, "And That's The Truth."

UPPER EAST SIDE

Alibi, 1546 2nd Ave. (249-7026). Gwen has hurned Monday nights into nostalgis night. It's also Show Night with herself playing Nelson Eddy to Gene King's Jeanette MacDonald. Quite a treat. GF, GM. Cewntry Cousin, 1313 3rd Ave. (879-6614). Dine in a rustic atmosphere. Bar-0-Que in their open hearth Mon. & Wed. Groovy beople. Mother Rice reigning during the day while Raiph and Lou take over at night. Billy, Harry and Eddy on the bar.

of the best hosts in town, Jos and Tom, Food prepared by Carlotta, served by the best weiters in town; drinks by Kelly and Ed; topped by the sessational entertainment of Johnny Sarey, Judy Sexton and George Sardi.

Painted Pony, 1485 3rd Ave. (744-9580). Plane bar under the direction of the incredible "Gypsy," Good drinks disdensed by Ralph. Cruisy and nice. GM

Cruity and nice. GM Piper's Lowings, 1201 Lexington Ave. (734-9305). Tony Black's back's back—this time with Maurice. Dancing, cruisy. GM Three, 314 E. 72nd 95t. (734-9303). Good food,

excellent drinks with boys and girls mixing to-gether. Ask for Patti, GF, GM Uncle Charlie's North, 1049 Lexington Ave. Crowded with humpy and friendly males. Top-less bartenders, Wally and Gene, are enough to-fill anyone's orbs with lust. GM

UPPER WEST SIDE

Candlelight Leunge, 309 Amsterdam Ave. bet., 74th & 75th Sts. (874-9607), Neighborhood

74th & 75th Sts. (874-9607), Neighborhood crowd, GM.
Chilga's, Columbus Ave, bet. 66th & 67th Sts. Popular with Lincoln Center audiences, Int. Ceetinental Baths, 230 W. 74th St., west of B'way, (799-2688). More than a bath-house, it's a totality gay environment even down to a week-end caberet. Expensive, bull worth It. Students N-porice with I,O. cards. GM.
Pleadility Pab. 324 Amsterdam Ave. bet. 75th & 76th Sts. (874-8632). Ealily the most popular bar in this section of town. Good crusing and friendly people. GM.
Westider, 2160 Broadway at 76th St. (874-8013). Another popular bar with dining room and bar at street level and pool tables at the beer bar downstairs. GM.

Beautiful, the age is young, the food and music are soul and the dancing terrific. GmM Bold Rail, 2850 Broadway (MO 24704), Res-lainant and bar popular with uptown gays and

(\$34-9004). This has a black majority, GM Pauline's Interlude, 2267 7th Ave. at 135th St. A Harlem landmark since before most of us

Danny's in Brooklyn Heights, 108 Montague St. (620-8844), Social center of the Heights, GM Man's Country, 53 Plerreport St., Brooklyn Heights, Brand new and picking up rapidly.

Adirondack (Betsy Ross Room), 73-13 37th Road, Jackson Heights (429-8605). A top cabin

atmosphere right on "Vaseline Alley." Has two rooms and humpy Sal on the bar, Some strange vibes, however, GF, GM.
Trysting Place, 120-31 Sand Ave., Kew Gardens (846-8922). Cruisty dancebar with a balcomy from which to play Romes of you're so inclined. Say helio to Pran and Danny, GF, GM what A Dump, 76-07 Roosevelt Ave., Cruisty people in a cruisty setting. Gay owned which is a big plus. Say helio to Don, Vinnie, Chet and Tedgy, GM.

GAY CINEMA

GAY CINEMA

David, 236 W. 55th St.
55th St. Playhouse, 55th St. between 6th & 7th



Hello, fiello, from DIZZY WOOD. For my first reaction to the second of the exclusive ... Sam Palmer is going to show us his show bit talent today at the awards at Mag-

he and brother, Chuck, to be hosted by Ned, but we all knew that . Joe and Marvin in a big huddle at the COVEN . . Jeff, from the CAVE, acting like a kid again after the circus . . I hope that the guys at the SPIKE don't cut... I hope that the guys at the SPIKE don't think that I'm always is that condition... Mel from BETTER DAYS seen all around town... Ditto Tonys Black and Maurice of the FIFERS LOUNGE... Tony tells me that somebody thew a brick through Raiph's window... My der, a person isn't even safe in his own bedroom... Lindsay is trying to get back in grace with the say community... don't tell me that we don't have political power... It's about time that we bar popole knew it. I's about time that we bar popole knew it... Happy, happy that fabulous Gypty setting better... We missed you, love... Take care and THINK GAY VOTING POWER!!!

PERSONALITY PROFILE: Jimmy Grey, bartender at the LiB, fantastic friend. Have you ever had the good fortune of knowing some-body who you never had to tell that you were down? Jimmy knows without a word pating between you. . CALM ... NONEST. .. WARM ... He has his head so together it's almost frightening ... if you are in the enlightenhood, stop in and say hello ... You won't be sorry ... BAR PROFILE: THE SPIKE, 120 11th Ave. it's out of the way, but worth. Lou and a hose named Doric are there to make sure that you don't feel like an outsider ... Richard and Warren take care of your needs with a little help on weekends from Soc ... The customers are into leather and other things ... By and by, a cruisy lot and a bot of fun

The Editors Speak:

facial bones are said to be fractured. Morty Manford sustained internal injuries. Dr. Bruce Voeller, Bobby Rome, John Vouriotis and Allen Ross were badly beaten.

Michael Maye, a former Golden Gloves heavyweight champ and president of the labor union representing New York's uniformed firemen, is now on public record as a twerp whose threatened masculinity makes him uptight. He attacked the youngsters, according to witnesses.

Perhaps he's been around too many firemen on those long late nights when there's nothing to do.

Perhaps he's been in too many clinches with other heavyweights, and has been afraid to carry them through to their

Perhaps his accumulated guilt for harboring such desires has been too much for him to bear-and so-he struck out at living symbols of his latent lusts.

GAY congratulates the New York Post for its thorough and fair coverage of the savage beating meted out by Maye to young activists. Our congratulations also go to those city officials who will testify that the beatings took place, while police stood by and did nothing. The Post's coverage turned Maye's behavior into a major scandal, and alerted the citizenry of New York to Maye's tawdry behavior.

Money is needed to pay legal expenses for Maye's conviction. Send checks to: GAA Legal Defense and Bail Fund, P.O. Box 2. Village Station, New York, N.Y. 10014.

McGOVERN FOR THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION

Senator George McGovern is GAY's choice in the current primary contests for the Democratic Presidential nomination. His stand on gay rights, according to his own press releases, has been the most straightforward of all the candidates. His approach on matters of universal concern, such as the war, the economy, dissent, and the environment, is the sanest, in our opinion. All politicians are goony birds, but McGovern is the nicest peeper. If we're going to vote, McGovern's the man. Tell as many of your friends as you can. Help him win in the

······ *We are not the newest . . .

*We are not the largest . . .

*We are not the most expensive . . .

BUT BABY, WE REALLY ARE THE BEST!

YES, THE NICEST AND MOST SUCCESSFUL PEOPLE IN TOWN DO GO TO THE



24 HOURS A DAY OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK,

'72 SPREE **Awards In** Los Angeles



Los Angeles, Calif. Two "name" actors from the Hollywood ranks appeared at a "gay Academy Awards" gathering here April 11 to accept trophies for their performances in 1971 films in which homosexuality was the dominant theme.

The half-serious, half-camp presentation ceremony-best picture, best director, best cinematographer and best film composer were also chosen-followed by 24 hours the hallowed awards show of the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences a few miles away.

The gay show was full of elaborate skits and all-boy dance numbers. It was the big annual blast of the Society of Pat Rocco Enlightened Enthusiasts (SPREE) and it drew a capacity crowd of 500 to a

Michael Greer, who played a queen named Queenle in Fortune and Men's Eyes, and who is on the way to becoming a folk hero among West Coast gays, accepted the "best actor" award.

Matt Bennett, nominated for his performance in Dinah East, took his trophy as "best supporting actor" after he had verbally slapped Ben Johnson, the Motion Picture Academy's winning candidate in that category for his part in The Last Picture Show. Johnson had been widely quoted earlier in straight papers as having been unhappy with the gay atmosphere which surrounded him on the Texas location of The Last Picture Show.

"You don't know if these creeps are going to walk in or fly in." Johnson was quoted as saying. "I think they should be

Bennett, accepting his award, said, "I think the world is big enough for all of us." He bowed out to the evening's one

spontaneous ovation.

Named in SPREE voting as best picture and best director was Sunday Bloody Sunday and John Schlesinger. SPREE's cinematography award went to Pasquale de Santis (Death in Venice) and someone named Gene Hash was honored for music he contributed to Dinah East. In each case, a legitimate representative of the honoree appeared to accept the award with appropriate thanks.

Master of ceremonies for the SPREE Awards was Tommy Kirk, a onetime Mouseketeer who became a teenaged star in the Walt Disney stable (The Absent Minded Professor, Son of Flubber). Now, in his middle 20s, Kirk is with Greeramong the first few screen performers publicly to assert his gayness. Of a fellow MC conspiculously absent from this year's Academy Awards show, Kirk com-

"Bob Hope and I have one thing in common: a deep and abiding concern for servicemen."

Veteran activist leader Morris Kight accepted SPREE's humanitarian award for outstanding services to the gay community and other liberation causes. His speech

GENY

Executive Editors

Art Directors Howard Karsh

Copy Editors/Production Peter Ogren West Coast Representative

Midwest Correspondent

Washington Correspondent

Al Goldstein

Photos Richard C. Wandel Columnists

Lige and Jack John P. LeRoy Gregory Battcock Sorel David Thane Hampten John Francis Hunter Vicki Richman tan and Daniel

Staff Photographer

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Clay's Clearing House

SAM UPSWING

ccording to certain reliable sources, including film director and active sadist, Fred Halsted (see Thane Hampten's review of L.A. Plays Itself elsewhere in this issue) the not-so-gentle art of Sadomasochism is enjoying a whomping big renaissance these days. No, that isn't quite the word, "Renaissance" denotes rebirth or revival. According to leather advocates, S&M ain't never had it so good. And you see it every place these days, don't you? Even at GAA Firehouse, Mv. mv ...

And at 245 Columbus Avenue (between 71st & 72nd Streets), mini-leather general sexshop, TINDER-BOX has recently opened. Despite the great concentration of gays in this area (approximately 31/2 per family unit), this is an unlikely spot for S&M emporiums to pop up. John Francis, the Hunter, has already reported on this place. I'm adding my two-cents me.) According to the Chicago Tribune (in an article much longer and more obsective than anything dear of New York Times has ever printed for us), "Toad" Davis' bar, the Blue Tempo, has slowly but irrevocably turned 100% gay. Davis, straight papa of five, isn't terribly happy about it, but comments, "I can't just throw a guy out because he's gay. He would sue me. You know, it's all legal now." Woopee.

He also admits it is profitable. No kiddin', Toadie! But says he has definite plans for returning the place to "normalcy." (Quotes are mine. Mine!) Hopes to get live bands and some girls in here summer. I'm tired of looking at boys only," (So don't look, honey,) The main complaint, from inevitable provincial prudes, comes from the owner of Call Me shmeel, a bookstore directly above the bar. (In my opinion, anybody who gives his bookstore a cutesie-poo title like that has to be a fizzling closet case who gets his kicks from wearing Tampons to church.) Anyway, gays of Saugatuck, we wish you all the best in keeping your wa-

of Kameny, Wimberly, Martin and Kuntzler is boundless. The Gay Caucus of D.C. Reform Democrats still needs funds for their campaign to succeed. If you share any of my enthusiasm, maybe you'd be willing to part with a bit of your bar money? Contact: P.O. Box 1259, Washington, D.C. 20013

Of same stripe and also commendable-New York City Gay Political Caucus which was formed this February for the purpose of placing activist gay women and men on the delegate slates of the contending candidates of the New York Democratic Primary on June 20th. They are non-partisan. Repeat: non-partisan There are a possible (probable!) one million homosexual voters in this city who are eternally being SKREWED by local politicos. G.P.C. is looking for a few of you to lend support. If you care (foolish thought . . .) just pick up the phone and dial Gay Switchboard: 924-4036. Please?

O RARE BEN JOHNSON

I shouldn't waste valuable time and space

ing role in The Last Picture Show. Not only do I not think Johnson deserved the award (the only decent acting he ever did was in his first film, John Ford's Three Godfathers in 1948) but this tin imitation of John Wayne (who is also an imitation of John Wayne who died of dysentery many years ago near the Isthmus of Tehuantepec) has recently been had mouthing gays. Same old crap. Get rid of the fags and everything returns to good old American values. Puke. Puke. Back to the Ozarks. Beniv. Kill some pervert possum for Mama to simmer with the greens

BE FRUITFUL AND MULTIPLY. AND REPLENISH THE EARTH

I am constantly amazed by the quantity (although I shouldn't be) and quality (although I should be) of gay organizations and publications throughout this country. I'll go into specific recommendations an criticisms in the near future. For now, I'll just say that there are some fantastic things going on.

Example of organizations: very inclusive GAAC NEWS, published monthly by



At the Tinder Box, 245 Colur

becuase it's a great little place to visit, and because as John says you can feast your eyes on Mr. LeRoy Polk. (No. I'm not just parroting J.F.H. We discovered TINDER-BOX assets independently. So

Besides the increasingly liberal atmosphere, anyone care to venture a guess as to why this particular sport is enjoying a ball-twisting boom? I've got my own

HELLO ... DOLLY?

Naturally it had to happen sooner or later. S.I.R. of San Francisco will be sponsoring five performances of the hallowed American institution, Hello, Dolly!, with an all-male cast and starring comedienne," Michelle. (Shucks. And I've always wanted to see Carlton Carpenter or Johnny Mathis as Dolly. Or maybe Kirk Douglas?) I have no idea of the quality of this revival, but it could prove interesting at least. If you have a ven for this sort of kitschy-kamp and are going to be in S.F. in the next few days, contact S.I.R. at 83 6th St. And do it "Refore the Parade Passes By . .

SAUGATUCK SAMBA

I'm not being patronizing, but would you believe a guy bur in a town of exactly 1,022 people? (There's more congestion

tering hole. If you need protection, feel free to call on us anytime. Moby Dick' sucks!

EXPOSITION EXPOSED

Rutgers University Student Homophile League is planning a Gay Cultural Exposition for this weekend of May 5, 6, and 7. I have no idea if things like this really work or not, but it's always a lovely, warm idea and I like the lift of their advance publicity. "Not only will the Exposition be about Gay Culture-it is hoped that it will BE Gay Culture-a living example as well as a good time for all involved." Who could ask for anything more? If you're New Brunswick, N.J. bound, and want to partake, call (201) 247-1766 for the particular particulars.

POLITICS AND POKER

Election year again. O tempora o mores! For my money-and this is an unbiased opinion-only the gays in politics can be counted on to remain trustworthy. The reason is simple. They have too much to lose to risk corruption. This may seem a statement of the obvious, but I think it is an observation that cannot be stressed

This column will report on the smokefilled-back-room scene from time to time. At this point, let's just say that my admion shit like this. But I must mention that I was pissed when watching actor Ben lohnson, a Hollywood loser of long standing, reap the Oscar for his support



Ben Johnson: Poer Man's John Wayne

If you have something you think is

(P.O. Box 522, Summit, N.J. 07901), lists no less than fifteen active gay groups for the New Jersey area alone, not to mention the many others in the process of

Examples of publications: Well . . . I can't keep up with them any more. But it's great to put them all on the living room floor and run barefoot through them. Glory! Among the better, there's always S.F.'s Gay Sunshine, and Detroit's Gay Liberator, both having much more style than one would expect, plus credible poetry (remember poetry?), reviews

And the emphasis on humor is blessed (Most of the really good cartoons I've seen in recent months have come from these papers either as originals or re-

Why shouldn't every city-town-village in the nation have a gay journal? I hope so. There's room for all of us. Eventually we'll be able to consolidate and siphon off half of Time-Life's readers. Solidarity

worth general attention, direct the info to me, c/o this column. Most of my plugs See you in two weeks. And don't forget -the family that gays together, stays to

The Fag Hag's Tenth Anniversary Prom

ucas was not a reputable queen. Not of the fastidious variety, almost frightening up close, almost convincing of something at a distance, but oh my god the grease paint had run so grotesquely. Not that Lucas actually wore grease paint. He only infrequently toyed with little pots of "Glimmer Glisser Kissers" he lifted from drugstores on First Avenue.

His lifestyle was kept firmly but marginally away from that of your typical New York derelict by a regular stipend from his stolid churchgoing Mama in Mississippi which paid the rent in a completely renovated as opposed to the standard tenement buildings more indige nous to Fourth Street and First. Mother's allowance also covered the acting lessons at the Neighborhood Playpen, and would have been enough for groceries and laundry, but that wasn't Lucas's style.

Lucas had flunked out of Ole Miss in about the second semester (for public sodomy on a golf course but mostly for not studying at all) and although he had picked up enough on the alternate culture to sometimes fancy himself a social rebel he was a lot closer to being plain Oldtime Seedy. His rather new and boxily architectured apartment had the most suffocating stench, principally from dog shit with overtones of pot, garbage, and incense, almost a distillation or condensa tion of East Village essence. Lucas's little Yorkshire terrier never went out, except remembered he and the dog might make quite an effect on Greenwich Avenue both dressed as Apaches. Lucas would spend several hours tying bits of beading (his friend JoJo had stolen them for him from Bloomingdale's) on himself and the dog and then they would both go out as Apaches. It was a costumy era.

How Lucas met Karen Ann was like this. Lucas had come screaming through the lobby of their apartment building as was his custom upon arriving from Fire Island where he had spent most of the week on an initial investment of thirtyfive cents, flapping about the sand in a polyethylene Indian blanket and a bikini bottom from a girl's Courreges swimsuit, carrying on with everyone like a redhaired bat. (I believe he used Clairol's Forever Amber.) While this particular commotion was entering her fover. Karen Ann was back from her dutiful little job at the bank wearing her dutiful little panty hose and her dutiful little mini skirt, opening her mailbox at an appropriate and routine hour. Lucas's mailbox had been by contrast broken into and of its hinges (he was always losing his key) for six weeks. All the same Lucas received letters from all over the world from "persons in all walks of life," Karen Ann fairly exactly resembled millions of the city's office-clericals that one sees on the subways except for one outstanding thing-her hair. It was long and parted in the middle or on the side just like all the other girls like her, but it was just so much more fantastic than the others' hair. Just so thick, just so blonde and gleaming. Just so luxuriant. It was the world's prize head of hair, a fragile ephemeral treasure, sungold in the East salin you, wheah did you get that hair, Lucas said to her in redneck "Wah

you've got to come to mah party I'm a'havin' to-nayht and you must braang me a gorgeous present or I will hate you forever and ever. It's mah birthday!" be continued in both redneck and New York piss-elegant.

Karen Ann said she would like very much to to go Lucas's party, thank you. In her more conventional way Karen Ann was just as gone to pot somehow as Lucas. I think only in New York does one find people who have worked out for selves such curious existences. One thinks with people like Lucas and Karen Ann, realizing the safety that spawned them, that if they had only by some small accident stayed near home, near some or dering restraint-but in the vacuum of New York they survive so oddly. The strange thing about Karen Ann was that she had after all turned out in so many ways so conventional. Why back in college she had been among the first of the hippies. Everyone assumed she would dance, shoot speed, live with a man. But she did none of those things. No one in the building knew why, but there she was fourth floor with a tiny new blue-fixtured bath. Just sitting there in her room. She was pretty enough in the face, had the Typical Chick Image like all similar ofclericals. And with the added attraction of that hair, she was at times-gorgeous. Nonetheless all anyone ever saw her do was leave the building promptly mornings for work, where she was employed at a job that requires no fraternization except "It's time for my

Then Karen Ann would come back to her room and the neighbors said she had the television on a lot but that was all. The super Stanley, a stepinfetchit Negro who would delight any bigot and set the Black lated to curious tenants that the girl with the long blonde hair was never seen leaving the building or receiving visitors in the five years she had lived there. Always paid her rent on time, "Yassum." Karen Ann went two blocks to the A&P on First Avenue and Sixth and two blocks in the other direction to the drugstore and cleaners and then that fabulous hair and all the people in the building and down the block couldn't figure it out be cause it didn't fit. Then all of a sudden that disgusting Queen in the garden apartment on the second floor was screaming at the top of his lungs across the grimy courtyard to Karen Ann on the Fourth Floor, "Whaat are you a'goin' to braang me for mah birthday." Then Saturday night Karen Ann got all dressed up in her dutiful little silver minidress that was five years old and never worn once and walked across the courtyard, to that noisy faggot's party.

lunch hour" or "Good night." A vast

bank, trim, air-conditioned and quiet.

JoJo had really outdone himself on the decorations. He had opened the windows, sprayed three cans of Lysol Room Deodorant, and then started creating a fairyland of stolen Bloomingdale's Hallmark party decorations. Some of the decorations were actually for Halloween and others for Christmas and Easter, but JoJo

made it all come together just right. Because JoJo was a window dresser at Bloomy's and that's also how come he was able to shoplift three whole wardrobes for each of his three teenage sisters every season. JoJo was rushing about the living room scolding Lucas for his really transcendental sloth and straightening the Monroe Lucas kept hanging side by side over the sofa "What would Father Flans. gan say," JoJo inquired, "if he saw me in this lowlife apartment with these lowlife peope? If Father Flanagan only knew the denths to which I have sunk " I sees took offense. JoJo was young and chubby and there were still traces of the choir boy about him although JoJo was eclectically stuffed into brand-new (Bloomingdale's) versions of East Village tie-dye, 17th Century Militia Coat (with epaulets) and several wampum belts. Even Karen Ann-

Karen Ann sat down very quietly and prettily until about one hundred of Lucas's vast and motiev array of male homosexual or just plain Male Outrageous acquaintances had arrived. Every once in while someone would ask if she were a real sirl or if she had real hair but mostly all the leather boys and all the window dressers and all the flower children types were too busy admiring each others' arm loads of barbaric jewelry and no one paid very much notice to her.

JoJo brought out a great birthday cake at midnight and everyone said happy birthday to Lucas, in the candlelight of his cake, a gangly, dangly, lumpy, bumpy twenty-seven. Lucas still looked adoles cent-awkward and ingenuously Western like a male Judy Canova.

By three o'clock everyone was dancing to Lucas's recherche collection of 45's "It's only puppy love," a slow record came on. Lucas suddenly remembered he had invited Karen Ann and went over to ask her to dance. He made the most sweeping courtly bow to the daintily seated blonde girl, addressing Karen Ann in his most elegant MGM English. Karen Ann curtsied.

They did a two-step their mother had once taught them as mothers often do child's first boy-girl party. Lucas and Karen Ann did the step together very carefully, remembering it.

Lucas smiled his illusion-handsome smile, looking at Karen Ann as "swains" were supposed to do in either Victorian or Elizabethan novels, whichever. Karen Ann smiled back as prettily, looking to be a Guinevere equal to his Lancelot, centu-

Very seriously the outrageous queen said to Karen Ann. "You are from a small town, aren't you?

"Did a boy ever ask you to your

"No," she said. Then she thought, and asked in turn, "Were you able to get a girl to accept your invitation to yours?

"No," he said, in turn.

"Then let's pretend," he said, "that I am the most handsomest boy and you are the most beautifulest girl and we are at the prom together.'

"Let's pretend," she said.

And they pretended.

And sometimes he remembered her and sometimes he dressed her like a countess or an Apache and sometimes he took Karen Ann out for a walk.

An Interview With Jackie Curtis Part II "I Started As A Baby!"











BY VICKI RICHMAN

ot because he's so gorgeous," Jackie Curtis de nies about what I immediately take to be the most important part of her pri-

Barbra is belting out a number on the turntable behind us, ruining half the conversation for my tape; later I shall have to fight myself to remember I am more interested in our words than in the songs. Every so often Jackie disappears into a pile of rags and papers, returning in an instant with some scrapbook or torn photo, which can at one moment draw some at the next be buried again under another uncatalogued collection of relics. No matter where you choose to sit in her apartment, you've got to move something first. Her dedication to bygone days is seen not in her disregard for the dignity of her mementos, but in the unerring accuracy with which she produces just the right one for her mood. She litters her living quarters with the randomness of her past. and puts the world in order for her fu-

And her secret future of the moment is a starring role with Ryan O'Neal, who's got something else, she assures me, be-sides beauty. "That's why I'm struggling to make a name for myself," she sighs, saying what no American girl from the wheat of North Dakota to the oil of Texas need bother to explain; we know

Her dreams are indeed hackneyed Americana; none includes Warhol. A concert with Streisand, working with Carol Burnett ("a personal friend of mine"), playing Cleopatra, doing a "remake" of I Love Lucy, dressing like Garbo, that most American of actresses, who, like Mrs. Onassis, could simultaneously be a star and be contemptuous of it. But poor "When I was in the second grade, I fell in

used to look at me when he was holding the flag. I dressed only for him, bright colors and everything." She's grown now, and aiming for Ryan O'Neal.

She starts a duet with Barbra, adding her own vibrato, but avoiding a falsetto. "That's the title of this interview," she breaks in without warning: " 'I Was Born From Love.' Subtitle it, "Take the Roads I've Walked Along.' " And she gets a little misty as she goes on with her song, snapping out of it finally with a softshoe.

She's forgotten, I guess, that she said her mother didn't have an orgasm when she was conceived. ("Is that an immaculate conception?" she asked, frightening the psychologist in me with this hint of a messianic complex.) She's the American Dream reborn, a dream that forgets Vietnam and Black Panthers and oppr of women, a dream that doesn't like to think of a mother's orgasm.

We're both a little high by now, and she's dropping name after name like Artchie Stripps, with whom she's made a movie, or Ritta Redd, with whom she's ber now, names that her passion for Streisand at her mellowest and loudest has bliterated from my tape.

There was this article in the London Film Quarterly: 'I particularly like Jackie Curtis, who expressed the loss of identity in America.' In other countries they think we've lost our identity!" She clucks at the crying shame of it. "And I feel just as American as the chair I'm standing up against. I mean, I may be a little on the wrong side of the tracks, but a lot of people are from the wrong side of the tracks." She pauses to consider, as if with scholarly rigor, how to avoid an inaccuracy. "A lot of people are from the right side of the tracks. There is no side of the

again-establishment chauvinism masquerading as rebellion, "I used to wear a rhinestoned Nixon pin." That's enough involvement in politics to run for President on. "But that would have to be explained at feature length." Why not? Other women have tried. But-the word 'but" becomes unavoidable .



She's F.D.R. and the New Deal born

"I'll tell you: the words are fabulous. You know, like drag strip and drag races. Like SUNda-a-ay," and her voice breaks from its Streisand warble to a gasoline engine roar. "And the word 'queen' is a high word . .

nitions will keep her all-American. She's perfect, and yet her comedy-and her tragedy-is that her perfection mocks

every middle American she outdoes. 'Ask how I relate to the world, instead," she rebukes me when at last this inability to define fails her. The loudspeakers blare away now unheard. She's seated properly now, spacing her vowels rationally, as she stares blankly away from me. I longed for the change, but i gives me a shudder as I watch it. The song and dance, with which she packaged a series of publicity releases she hoped to dominate our talk with, is behind her, I suppose I should be pleased that I'm a good reporter, but I find myself wishing for her singing and spieling again. Are there no ethics to limit what one does in the name of journalism?

"They drove me to it," she concedes at last, after my silence refused to let her play with my question. "I ended up this way because of my parents." It's crueler to ask too little, I can see, than too much: I only wanted to know how she relates to them now, "I mean, I do say God made me this way, but they had a hand in it too." Her grandmother had her "in gowns at age four," but it's only her parents she's talking about. "This is my effron-tery to them." She holds my gaze now, to display herself wantonly.

We are both silent. "At least theysociety-think it's my effrontery," it finally occurs to her to say. She is tentatively reaching again for that professionalism which will ever guard her from the question. There is cruelty in this world to be protected against, she must now think.

"I started as a baby." She has found her rhythm again, and at least I am entertained. "I came out of the womb doing a bump and grind. When I got out of the hospital I was run over by a car, and they said, 'Well, he'll never be the same,' " She has her makeup out now, preparing for the evening. "And they were right," she laughs, attending to the mirror, instead of

A Film By Fred Halsted L.A. Plays Itself



BY THANE HAMPTEN

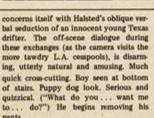
In 1967 I had been arrested in Echo Park, It had nothing to do with mini-hoodlumry and everything to do with gay liberation. Quite sim-ply I was entrapped by two Vice Squad detectives and charged with "lewd vagrancy," Again I pleaded guilty and got off with a small fine. I was, at the time, the biggest closes queen you can be. Even when I started the film I didn't tell people what it was about. I'd just call it "the film." Making the film was my liberation, my coming out of the closet.

grant this to be a very subjective statement-a malignant tumor on America's symbol of the benighted, blighted ugliness of urban America, it is L.A. God only knows poor sick New York has multi-woes and I have grave doubts about its survival. But I find L.A. to be anathema. I am repelled by it-particularly by the glare, the automobiles (mankind's saddest mistake), the relentless vulgarity. And I weep with the realization and absolute conviction that America will someday be nothing but one great, hideous Los Angeles. O. Armageddon, may the end be swift and merciful!

Utilizing this crushingly oppressive mise-en-scene for his "natural" background, auteur-performer Fred Halsted has cleverly and realistically fashioned his film, L.A. Plays Itself-an uncommonly interesting and professional first work in the medium. Los Angeles, with its pulverizing rawness and impersonality, surely provides the ultimate ambience for the sadomasochistic inflorescence with which the first half of the film is concerned.

As one who has a peripheral but intense (and extremely specific) interest in S&M. I was not even sure that I should be the one to review this picture. My emotional involvement precludes most semblance of objectivity. But is a critic who is Anti more qualified? Hardly, and none of us is neutral. One can only qualify the basis of enthusiasm or disgust for the reader. Those of you who are turned off by the sight of an eager tongue rasping hungrily at the toe of a worn boot should stay away. But for those who are aroused by fist-fucking, this film contains the most astonishingly graphic example of this esoteric form of sexual penetration I have yet seen. Halsted himself performs the ritual and the camera cuts away seconds before the elbow's entry into the boy's ever-expanding anus. (I might add that none of the erotic pas de deux in this film are faked in any way.)

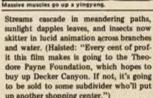
The picture is in two contrasting sections. The first, and more interesting,



Slow pan shots of Halsted's curious pied-a-terre, with decaying newspapers and discarded junk. Revealing and absorbing. Electronic music assaults the ears and further dehumanizes. Camera moves to the wall. Rows of mounted insects warn, ominously. Dry, brown, menacing even in death. Insects, impaled, and waiting. Previous victims of casually microcosmic sac-

The boy laboriously climbs the stairs, wearing his wounds as proud emblems vearning for more. His antagonist waits at the top, tense with superiority, caressing a belt with anticipation. Obeisance is paid in positions of carefully structured groveling. At last, bound to the posts of the bed, the boy waits, savoring his vulnerability. Halsted, as diety, moves away for very private meditation which culminates in an orgasm. The generous display of semen is spread lovingly on his arm; anointment for the concluding ritual act. mounts the boy. Fingers knead the inflamed buttocks, explore the crevice, then enter slowly and relentlessly . . .

Straight out to Decker Canyon. The oppressiveness is gone. Tranquility and a se of primordial innocence prevail.



A hiker wanders through the woods absorbing nature. He watches large fish suspended in clear ponds. Follows the streams, smiling. Presently be spies the boy, splashing nude in the water. Boy is honey-gold and immediately desirable Hiker undresses and they come together. Their rituals are all-encompassing, spon taneous and completely mutual. Each part of the bodies is explored for maximum satisfaction. Adam and Adam in contemporary (and temporary) Eden. Gratification and farewell.

The screening I attended was primarily for movement people. Halsted came for-ward to defend and discuss his work. He stood there-casual, very cool, controlled, disciplined. Ordinary clothing revealed just enough of an extraordinary body to tantalize. No hyper-hoked advertisement of a leather fixation here. Unnecessary One immediately senses Halsted's intentions and motivations from his penetrating eyes, his stance and authoritative

The main question obviously is concerned with whether this film has anything at all to do with liberation. (I turn to myself and ask: "Why does it have

to?") The reluctantly accepted conclusion is that yes anything is an act of liberation if the subject is totally freed of a life-style that is false and alien to his nature; if he is freed to explore the avenues of gratification that most satisfy him, and to speak of these avenues with

honesty, candor and pride.

I nod and agree. Sadomasochism and drag may be products of a repressive and compartmentalized society that is obsessed with role-playing and gender as fetish. But when the adherents mass openly, speak openly, and function freely at optimum levels, you have personal liberation. (In this particular case, the masochist poses an intriguing paradox: coming to terms, of his own will, with the realization of his desire for bondage and ly frees him.)

Movement women at the screening were somewhat hostile to the film. I can't say I blame them. There is very little way they can relate to it and I imagine they are always rather distressed by enactments of servitude, whether it be voluntary or otherwise. Nevertheless, they stuck it out and made many of the more intelligent observations (which doesn't surprise me).

I liked the film. I might have liked it more if the publicity campaign had not been quite so intent on begging us to like it for Artsy content that it doesn't (intend to) possess, and for sociopolitical reasons that are invariably awkward superimpositions on personal statements such as these. I compliment the film by saying that there is little reason why it cannot stand on its own.

Final notes: (1) There is a very good additional reason for seeing L.A. Plays Itself, His name is Rick Coates. He is a beautiful guy. I want him. Go and discover this peach for yourselves. (2) My heartiest congratulations to Eight of Clubs Productions for having enough confidence and guts to charge a standard \$3 instead of \$5 admission. Now that, my friends, is-without semantic or philosophical quibbling-a definite act of liberation! I hope our gratitude as well as our lust gives the film a healthy run.

Wish I could say the same for you Praunheim's film, It Is Not The Homosexual Who Is Perverse But The Situation In Which He Lives. (The title alone should have warned me to run screaming into the night.) I caught a showing at the GAA Firehouse on April 7th. Was banned by German television (for which it was originally commissioned), finally shown in



The Very Hairy Gay Insider

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

[This week's report from the peripatetic LFH, was to have included his impressions of the world premiere of a new German film on homosexuality held at the GAA Firehouse. GAA's first observe the Gay Community Council's first forum on bisexuality, moderated by the author, the second annual march on Albany with interviews of a Norwegian and a German activist who came along; and Frankie Quinn's annual drug ball, Paris in Spring, BUT... a reaction to bicillin, given in treatment of cyphilir to have a made it difficult for The Gay Inside at the typewriter. Consequently, he has delivered a piece which was cut, over his hysterical protests, from his forthcoming book. The Gay lauder U.S.A.

When the production chief realized we had hit upwards of 570 pages, he ordered us to cut back to a manageable 546 so that they could bond it and get the cover to stay on," John explains. "So something had to go, namely the happened to fall in certain over-long sections. or which seemed of peripheral interest to read ers throughout the country at large. First to go Become a Male Model, then this piece on tack ling the problem of baldness. I had a choice between the latter and a personal account of homosexual experiences in the Air Force, written by a gay flyboy now stationed in Ohio. His cence appears in the New Jersey Overview of the book-and I just couldn't let it go," Consequently, GAY is presenting the Heir Again story that will be lost to U.S.A. readers.)

If you asked me where to go in New York to work on your body, that is where to work out, I could suggest the West Side Y, the Hudson Health Club, or any one of several gymnasia. Al Roon's even. Remember those ads in the local buses showing all the corpulent people marching in through oi' Al's front doorway and out again, trim as pipe stems? It's easy to find a place to shape up, if you want to go to the trouble.

You can readily find a dentist, too, and, by questioning, discover where you can have permanent work done; I mean the teeth screwed into the bone, not just capping. It's grueling and costly, yet it's a noncess that's available.

WHERE TO TURN FOR TOPPING?

But what do you do about hair loss, that bogey of any male with an ounce of vanity in him? Send off for a mail-order toupee, if you don't live in a metropolitan center, whistle in the dark, drop several hundred dollars and never be satisfied? It takes a certain knack to maintain and style a hairpiece for yourself. Few have that knack. Hardly anyone looks the same after an overnight trip upstate or for the weekend to The Hamptons as he did when he marched out of Janine's booth at Alfieri's or Monsieur Jacques' or Harry's of Vienna on Friday.

Harry's of Vienna on Friday.

Of course, the popularity of wigs during the past few years took away a great deal of the onus attached to wearing false hair, especially when it became "in" with the Youth Culture to switch colors, to-mask long locks at the office, or to sprout them at the Swingles bars on weekends. Plastic Hippies made the wig acceptable for older males who earlier on wouldn't whisper toupee in the privacy of their own rooms-just weep as they watched their hairlines creep back and wonder what they were going to do to arrest it.

FORGET NÉW COCKS, LOCKS There are two quests you might as well

not set out on: to enlarge your cock or restore your hair. All those ads for increasing the size of your phallus are poppycock, which sounds like a bad pun, but it's true. Cock rings can keep you up and at it a little bit longer, prolonging your erection and staying climax, but they can be harmful, Jack. As for silicone, forget it. There is a rumor that they are now perfecting cock transplants in Israel, but chances are they'll not advertise the first operation as widely as they did the first heart transplant, such being the quality of our international prudery. However, males will flock to the Holy Land when the story breaks that they've completed a successful operation-and will take what they can get, foreskin or no foreskin.

As for hair? Many of you have already submitted to steroid injections, ultra-violetrays, massage and chemical applications, but if you've come across a straightforward dermatologist, surely you've gotten the word: male-pattern baldness, resulting in most cases from a genetic predisposition, cannot be reversed, Cannot. So save your bread and

your anticipation for something more realistic.

TRANSPLANTS COSTLY, TROUBLESOME

Like the process developed by a dynamic young N.Y.er named Maurice Mann, who decided nothing proposed heretofore had been satisfactory, including the transplant system developed by Dr. Norman Ohrenteich at N.Y.U. and now being performed by numerous physicians. This, in case you haven't heard, is the process by which hairs are dug out by the root from the back of your head and implanted in the front-or wherever there is thinness or baldness. They do grow and hang on, providing they take hold, but they are not new hairs, you know, only transfers. And you can imagine how long it takes to remove and replace clumps of hair in sufficient quantity so that it's worth the time -and money?

So Mann got to work with some reputable physicians and a year ago they began to provide full, thick heads of hair literally in a few hours. The process is called suture implantation and the company Hair Again Ltd. When it's the company there's that Limited on the end of it, but when it comes to the hair they provide, it's unlimited. Honest, I've seen the results.

DOCTORS IMPLANT SUTURES

A couple of dermatologists with impeccable credentials take the pate in hand to complete a simple 20-minute to half-hour surgical procedure which makes it possible for synthetic or human hair to be attached, by professional technicians in from one to three hours, to permanently implanted sutures. Tiny little loops of fine, soft fiber, imbedded painlessly in your scalp—and also easily removable if you, for some odd reason, aren't happy with a full head of hair again.

A special blend of synthetic hair is attached to these sutures. Human hair is porous, absorbs water and tends to mat and tangle and oxidize so that it changes color in six to 18 months. Synthetic hair has the body baked in, dries speedily, and doesn't change color. And it remains glossy, when properly matched is undistinguishable from your own, or what's left of it.

NO PROCESS IS CHEAP

Sound too good to be true? Well, it costs upwards of \$1000, his true. But transplants come to a great deal more and never provide more than sparse addition, also are very time-consuming. Hair-weaving, which I haven't mentioned before, is not satisfactory. Friends who've under gone it report they've had to go back regularly for tightening, have experienced additional hair loss, and looked in most cases as if they were wearing fright wigs. Hairpieces are expensive and have to be replaced frequently. Once you've submitted to the suture transplant process you're in shape for some time, perhaps being obliged to go back eventually to have hair added, but not having to go through the basic "operation" again,

With this head of his you can swim, shampoo, stand unflinchingly in the wind and rain—and make love with complete shandon. It won't come off. The hair.

Only those of you who have experienced despair over hair loss will understand what a breakthrough this is. Alas, there's only one center where you can be treated, that is treat yourself, to new hair this particular way, and that's in N.Y. A similar process is available in Los Angeles—whereby a hairpiece is sewn onto the head—but another friend who sports this permanent hairpiece attached by metal threads says it's uncomfortable. And, take it from me, it doesn't look as splendid as the one "grown" of tufts (called wefts).

If you're interested in further information, write The Gay Insider, Box 439, Ansonia Station, NYC 10023. I'll provide the name and address if you'll supply a self-addressed stamped envelope.

To other visitors to Manhattan who want to know specifics about hairstylists, etc., let me refer you to the New York listing in my book—and also remind you that the Hair Again people have a staff of superb stylists, too. They'd have to be good if they are engaged to chop away at hairs which are not going to replace themselves! Ask for Michael. He's great!



Step One: Before, Step two: Insert Sutures, Step Three: Strip hair into sutures. Step Four: Completion.

Fatuous First Lines

BY DICK LEITSCH

s there a gay person anywhere who is not expert at
playing Movie Stars? It
seems that wherever I've
been, from New York to
California, from Maine to Miami, someone has always been saying something
like "P.K., American male comedian,
popular in the Fifties."

Be the time and place a cocktail party in Manhattan, an afternoon tea in London, or the early evening in a gay bar in Frankfurt or a Turkish bath in San Francisco, the clues continue, "famous with his co-star, a heavy-set woman with a countrified accent; known for a series of films about hillbillies..."

There are more esoteric versions of the game. One involves memorable lines from plays and films, and one is expected to know that "Mama, Mama, I'm going to be the Queen of France!" was said by Norma Shearer in Morie Antoinette, or that "As Queen Victoria said to Lord Beaconsfield, "Everything must be done kosher" is from Sleuth.

The most exotic variation in this

McLuhanish post-literate world, is First Lines. Good writers like to begin their books with attention-getting lines which will intrigue the potential reader enough to catch his interest and make him want to read the book. Usually that opener sets the mood and style of the book, and generally is memorable. No one who ever read A Tale of Taxo Cities in high-school

English class will ever forget "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times..." Other famous openers include: "Despite all you may have heard to

the contrary, I have never had a ride in a patrol wagon."
"Happy families are all alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way."

Then there's the most famous opening in literary history: "Chapter 1. I Am Born. Whether I shall turn out to be the hero of my own life, or whether that station will be held by anybody else, these pages must show..."

Those beginnings, of course, belong to Miss Bankhead's autobiography, Tallukh, Tolstoy's Anna Karenina, and Dickens' David Copperfield.

I never really had the head for all that

marvelous trivia most of my gay friends carry about with them. One day, after not knowing "It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of a wife." was the first line of Pride and Prejudice, I plotted a revenge. I made, and memorized, a long list of opening lines from gay classics and tossed them out at parties. I didn't get my revenge, though. Those ob-so-clever people like Bob Amsel, my best friend Edie, and others, know all or most of the answers.

But here's part of the quiz, and you might enjoy trying your hand at it—and you can always try it on your friends. Just match the books in Column A with the first lines in Column B—and good luck!

COLUMN A

- 1. G. Merrick, The Lord Won't Mind
- 2. G. Vidal, Myra Breckinridge
- 3. L. Skir, Boychick
- 4. O. Wilde, The Picture of Dorian Gray
- 5. T. Williams, One Arm and Other Stories
- 6. M. Crowley, The Boys in the Band
- 7. J.F. Hunter, The Gay Insider
- 8. E.M. Forster, Maurice
- 9. M. Renault, The Last of the Wine
- 10. C. Isherwood, Down There on a Visit
 11. J.L. Herlihy, Midnight Cowboy
- 12. J. Watson, The Sexual Adventures of Sherlock Holmes
- 13. A. Drury, Advise and Consent
- 14. T. Capote, Other Voices, Other Rooms 15. J. Rechy, Numbers
- 16. J. Cocteau, The White Pape
- 17. G. Vidal, Two Sisters
- 18. R. Maugham, The Wrong People

COLUMN B

- A. "In his new boots, Joe Buck was six-foot-one and life was different."
 B. "In New Orleans in the winter of '39 there were three male hustlers usually to be found hanging out on a certain corner of Canal Street and one of those little streets that dive narrowly into the ancient part of the city."
- C. "'He's coming in a week," C.B. said, laying the letter down beside her breakfast coffee."
- D. "He left Phoenix in the morning, in the early dawning moments when the world is purple; and he saw, on the highway, bands of spectral birds clustered on the pavement searching for God knows what—certainly not food, not on the bare highway and so near the sleeping city."
- E. "New York is waiting for you, waiting to seduce or be seduced, or just to provide
- _____ F. "NOW. Despite my protests, Marietta revealed her large breasts."
 - __ G. "Wille ge beoh beswungen on leonunge?"
- H. "Now, at last, I'm ready to write about Mr. Lancaster."
- I. "When I was a young boy, if I was sick or in trouble, or had been beaten at school, I used to remember that on the day I was born my father had wanted to kill me."
- J. "The studio was filled with the rich odour of roses, and when the light summer wind stirred amidst the trees of the garden there came through the open door the heavy seent of the lilac, or the more delicate perfume of the pink-flowered there."
- K. "In the year 1878 I took my degree of Doctor of Medicine from the University of London, and subsequently the course for army surgeons at Netley."
- L. "When Bob Munson awoke in his apartment at the Sheraton-Park Hotel at seven thirty-one in the morning he had the feeling it would be a bad day."
- _ M. "Donald! You're about a day and a half early!"
- N. "Now a traveler must make his way to Noon City by the best means he can, for there are no buses or trains heading in that direction, though six days a week a truck from the Chuberry Turpentine Company collects mail and supplies in the next-door town of Paradise Chapel: occasionally a person bound for Noon City can catch a ride with the driver of the truck, Sam Radclif."
 - O. "Armold was alarmed when he saw the tall barman sidling toward him, for he knew that the squat man in the corner had been talking about him, and he now regretted his abrupt decision to enter Wayne's notorious bar."
 - P. "As long ago as I can remember, and even looking all the way back to that age when the senses have still to come under the influence of the mind, I find traces of the love I have always had for boys."
 - Q. "Once a term the whole school took a walk—that is to say the three masters took part as well as all the boys."



- VARMERS: T-C' 5-H' 3-C' 4-J' 2-B' 9-W' 4-B' 8-G' 3-F' 10-H' 11-V' 15-K' 13-F' 14-N'



Tally Brown, underground superstar of stage and screen, gave a phenomenal performance when she opened recently at the Continental Baths. Her broad repertoire (no pun intended) included some very heavy blues to high spirited camp. Every number, each a performance in itself, drew thunderous cheers and standing ovations in the overly crowded club. Joining her on stage was Holly Woodlawn—the two co-starred in the film Scarecrow in a Garden of Cucumbers. Also spotted in the star-studded audience were actress Lee Grant, superstar-Jackie Curtis and photographer Berry Berenson. But all eyes and ears were on you, Tally Brown—bravo, the evening was all yours!

TP-D: 16-P: 17-F; 18-O.

The Last Estate

obody reads your columns on the art world. Anyway, why do you do it?" they ask. Well, I did get a letter from somebody in Kansas; and an art student from Brazil came over once. "I think you and Dick Leitsch are the two people I want most to meet in America," he said, "Dick Leitsch? "Why do you want to meet him?" I asked.

We all imagine we operate under extreme pressures to conform. However, the pressures are, alas, imaginary. It's much easier to conform, and more profitable. Also, we prefer it. In the art world, conformity rages. Even when there isn't any

The reader of artistic inclination is, no doubt, aware that I "guest edited" two recent issues of the English art monthly Art and Artists (Feb. & March). I got precious little out of it-other than a couple of free trips to England-and had to put up with a lot of abuse, to boot. Aggressive artists who had successfully wormed their ways into the special issues started phoning the day after publication demanding their "checks." One of the first on the 'phone was sculptor Majorie-Strider. "Where is my check? The article is out but I haven't been paid yet," she complained. Of course I couldn't tell her that I practically had to bribe them in England to print her personal philosophizing and

Another artist, even more obscure than Strider, persuaded me to include an article on his surrealist canvases. "I'm disappointed. They didn't put me on the cover," he said, by way of gratitude. I was too polite to remind him that he was lucky to get in at all. When I first proposed printing an article on his paintings, to be written by his friend and colleague Karl Lunde, London wrote back: "If Dr. Karl Lunde can actually think AND write, then I will consider a piece on John



Guggenheim fellow Michael Benedikt insisted I print his musings on the Yoko Ono exhibition at the Syracuse Museum. You can print these pictures with it. I took them myself. Be sure you credit me properly. See. My wife is in this one." he said, and I dutifully printed his articles after publication he came over. "You

know, I haven't been paid," he said.

I got no flack from Lucy Lippard who contributed something on two women artists-Adrian Piper and Eleanor Antin. I didn't get around to reading the article, but it certainly looked nice in print. Gerrit Henry wanted to do something on Rauschenberg's new art works. Of all the ontributors, he alone seemed pleased when I told him his article had been accepted for publication.

It was a pleasure dealing with such distinguished critics as Dore Ashton, who did a nice piece on meat/blood/destruction artist Tosun Bayrak, and charming Patricia Sloan who wrote about Nam June Paik and Charlotte Moorman.

One trying episode had to do with Jill Johnston, who announced when it was all

over that she "hates men." As if we didn't know.

In the beginning Jill agreed (and accepted pre-payment) to do a piece on sculptor Linda Benglis. (Today most women critics/writers will only write about women artists.) Jill never got around to writing the article, but word got around that she MAY write the arti-

don got a telegram:

"CANCEL JOHNSTON ARTICLE ON BENGLIS AS UNDERSTOOD SLAN-DEROUS STOP JILL JOHNSTON AL-TOGETHER UNFAMILIAR WITH WORK STOP EXCELLENT MANU-SCRIPT EXISTS 3500 WORDS STOP"

Of course the telegram was from Linda Benglis, terrified by the thought that Jill Johnston might write about her art (and

The telegram was not necessary. Jill never did the article. However, upon the afternoon of my departure for England, Jill did indeed arrive. "Make some coffee please. I'm writing your article now, Where can I sit?" She followed me out to the taxi, and handed me a bunch of 3x5 index cards covered with green magicmarker scrawls. "I think card seven is missing. I dropped it in the elevator, Somebody will have to retype all this. Maybe you can do it on the plane," she

I retyped it on the plane. The article

"Male gallery dealers suck cock Female gallery dealers suck cock Museum people all suck cock Collectors suck cock Art appreciators suck cock Art historians suck cock Art critics suck cock The Art world sucks cock.

Following that appear 27 "observations' about 27 women artists, ending with: "27. I like the way Judy Chicago is

rampaging around making herself obnoxious for the cause of women."

The reader must not judge the article on the basis of the excerpts above. Instead, one could write letters to the editors of GAY urging they print the thing its entirety. London wrote: haven't published Jill's piece, partly because it was so stupid and the possibili ty of libel suits so great . . . " And finally: "Will return Jill Johnston ramblings to you. Hope you can con someone into publishing them all."

Another squabble concerned Brooklyn woman critic Cindy Nemser. She submit ted an article on women and Women's Lib that was rejected by the London editor because "Cindy Nemser's piece is irrelevant and juvenile. It may be very in but has only to do with Women's Lib and nothing to do with art." Well, upon receiving her rejection notice, Cindy put Jean Toche and Jon Hendricks, of th 'nerrilla Art Action Group, upon our tails and the next thing we knew they had sent telegrams of protest to the British embassy, the I.R.A., the U.N. and the London Arts Council-all about how this was yet another example of male chauvinism in the art world. They concluded that, in rejecting the article, the editors had "no balls at all," which didn't set too well with the women's groups it was intended

Toche and Hendricks also demanded the withdrawal of another article they had contributed to the same issue. Lon don replied:

"... it is too late to withdraw the feature-they don't really want it withdrawn-they just like the idea of sending out manifestos . .

Unfortunately, the London people discovered that Nemser's article had been previously rejected by several American art magazines, including ARTS. So, I got the following message:

goods then I shall be glad to print it, but please don't send me rejects from Arts Magazine,"

And, if that wasn't enough, the next let ter from London informed:

"... the Cindy Nemser piece was terrible and juvenile. If she actually writes continued on page 18

P.S. Vicki Richman is the best thing to happen to the gay scene since the Stone-

Dear GAY:

I have subscribed to GAY, received two issues and think it's great, so I'm writing to you to help me out.

Do you know of any newspapers comparable to GAY, but which lean toward girls instead of guys? I'm just getting my feet wet in our "beautiful gay world" so I don't know the happening yet, but I want to find out. I think there are many girls in the same position I'm in and don't know how to get answers on obtaining books. flicks, newspapers, etc. So, being the big beautiful gay wonder of the world, please help us!!!

If you could just throw in one line in GAY on a "chick" newspaper we would appreciate it. Always Gay.

S. Gerbank

Norristown, Pa.

(ED NOTE: Wish we could give you several lines on good women's publications, hopefully one will come to the fore soon, as it's long overdue. To date. The Ladder is still the leading women's publication, a bi-monthly, \$7.50/year, Box 5025, Washington Station, Reno, Nevada 89503.1

Of The Sidewalk

A Small Piece

BY SOREL DAVID

aster Sunday-old men line the streets, empty grey corridors around the broken last waiting room of It's Easter Sunday and everything's closed, the old bums have nowhere else to go. Torn linings of old coats, they line up along the sidewalks. Easter: time of re birth when the spring phoenix soars with resurrected hope. I feel like there's a ton of bricks sitting on my wings. This is about despair. It suits me now to walk along the Bowery. Usually when I go out, when I hit the streets to check out the frustration levels in Our Town, usually when I go out to check on the mood of the city, gauging the distance between now and Armageddon, I go west. Everything's prettier on the affluent side of town, but I have no use for pretty now. Today, Easter Sunday, today I head east, instinctively seeking to surround myself need the sharp spectacle of human suffering to pierce my gloom, like some kind of an existential popper, I would inhale pain, the pain of others, drawing it up into my head, my sinus cavities, that it might lift this ugly cloud, this pall which has settled over my brain.

One glimpse, one tiny glimmer of the nitless, unnameable void, one glimpse of heaven and all else becomes despair. Over the crumbling wastes, broken bottles and human refuse of the Bowery, any bird can fly. Mallory Millett said her big sister's movie that coming down from her Bowery loft and seeing a disgusting old burn passed out in his own piss and vomit was the only thing that kept her going sometimes and I instantly hated the bitch. A thick skin of middle class comfort and morality separating her from him underscores this smug superiori ty. To think that she, or even I, might end up that way, to think that he represents any kind of danger for her, the road not taken, so to speak, strikes, to my ears, a shriekingly false note. The only thing that keeps her going sometimes-who is this self-centered, self-pitying bitch who so easily passes judgment on all

I've come to love the old bums, in an odd sort of way, to have a kind of grudging respect for them. There's just some

more than any self-styled yogi or storefront swami milking the Lower East Side, I tried another way out. I tried to effect the old bums have certainly managed to an escape into the world of Lawrence free themselves of ties to the material Durrell. Durrell is about the only heteroworld. The trip is one of resignation and sexual-type author I know who doesn't acceptance. If you can accept the old get excessively hung-up and weird when it burns, if you can accept their visage of comes to homosexuals. That's because suffering, battered limbs, piss, vomit and Durrell is so generally hung-up and weird all, unequivocally, as an integral part of about everything a very modern writer, your horizon, you are probably further that is to say. No, seriously, his homosex along the road to peace than those who ual characters, and homosexual is what they are more than any other word. I Be that as it may, still, one can't go think (I mean you would never call the

tramping through the Bowery forever. I mean marching around in garbage and beer bottles for too long and you can't help spouting off quasi-religious and/or

yond their homosexuality. I began leafing through, re-reading his novel Tunc. The great thing about Durrell, the reason you can read his stuff again and again, aside from the sheer beauty of the prose, is that he is always reaching for something. There is always some answer, some great conclusion lurking beyond the next phrase, some great neaning to it all waiting to be delivered out of the next pregnant metaphor. But the man wisely never commits himself. The great meaning never quite material izes, the beauty of the thing is that you remain there, deliciously suspended in the state of arriving at an answer, like coming eternally, without end, almost. As the magic of Durrell's world began to take me away, I closed my eyes, leaned back in my seat and tried to put it all together. In the long rumbling stretch between Roosevelt Ave.-Jackson Heights and Forest Hills I came up with this: Energy is the potential to actualize occurences in time.

some dimension, some real existence be-

Energy is the potential to actualize occurences in time-Oh God! I thought, oh God, eyes averted with tragi-comic, mock

me from my own self-important pompos ties. Oh well, you can't win them all, I suppose. But all of a sudden, as I was sitting there feeling like an asshole, I realized that this is exactly where Durrell is at. After piling on mountains of sumptuously beautiful fleshy prose, it's all "Oh to him. There is his voice, the mood and tone of his work, as if the words proceed from the strangled, selfabortive intake of breath accompanying that self-mocking "Oh God." It's all after Fall, Durrell writes from a point just beyond despair. Nothing matters, nothing is important because there is no salvation. You might as well go on and blow your mind with this endless dizzying succession of sensual delights and earthly satisfactions for all the good it will do you, you poor human slob, is where it's at

very modern writing, indeed. Warhol takes one step further. Since nothing matters, since nothing is important, all things being equal, anything can matter, anything and everything is important. In this, we have an understanding, in part, anyway, of the Andy Warhol transvestite mentality-taking everything as it comes without discrimination, valuing no one thing any more or less than anything else. Charles Ludlam of Ridiculous fame said in a recent Voice interview, "Theatre of the Absurd refused to take anything seriously, sabotaging seriousness. [Thea-tre of the] Ridiculous takes everything seriously ... " Maybe this is what I'm trying to say. It's an absolute refusal to create hierarchies of values, a refusal to admit of any mode of existence beyond immediate experience. One is thus firmly rooted in the present, the all-encompass ing "is" and in this way, defeats the great monster time. This is what was so wonderful, liberating and entertaining about Warhol's Trush. In a way, it's like entering into the eternal through the back door.

And so, you see, when you reach the point of putting the gun to your forehead, you're really quite far from the end of the line. It is here, at this point, just beyond despair, that the fun first starts





ss, imploring the heavens to save



A can of sterno heats outdoor Bowery cuisine

Pen Points

I have only read your newspaper four or five times and I was pleased with same until reading your column "Pen Points" in the April 17th issue.

I must agree with W.B. of Lexington, Ky., in that your publication should not discriminate politically. Although I am not a Republican nor a Conservative, I fully agree with Mr. W.R. in that we must join together and work together. I thought that was what the whole Gay Movement was all about.

In my opinion, the Editor's note at the bottom of the letter was in very poor

I consider myself to be a Moderate. leaning neither to the Left nor to the Right. I believe in the freedom of choice not only for Gay people but for all people.

our Brothers and by so doing, we will learn to better understand ourselves.

As Mr. W.B. stated there are a large number of Gays that are Republican-Conservative. I might add that there are even a larger number who are either Democrats or Moderates. The Liberal way is not necessarily the only way to achieve our

Let us not bicker over our party affiliation, but let us work together so that in the end we may all benefit.

Thanking you for taking the time to

JJK Staten Island, N.Y.

I would like to correct a large error in one of your lead articles in the April 17, 1972 edition of GAY. In the discussion concerning Brooklyn Gay groups and the Gay Alliance of Brooklyn it was incorrectly mentioned that GAB formed the Flatbush group Comunitas. Actually, Comunitas began with a coalition of gays from Gay People at Brooklyn College and

We were not and never have been helped or funded in any way by GAB. While we respect GAB for much of the good work they are doing, we do not have any direct ties to that organization.

Thank you. H. Auerbach and Comunitar

Rather than attack Sorel David for her consistent one-dimensionality. I'd like to praise her for her honesty in admitting that "In the interests of fairness, this hardly is an unbiased review . . . I have a thing about Arthur Bell-mainly, I can't stand him." (Loosely About Transvestites. GAY no. 74) How refreshing, that a columnist can come right out with a statement like that. How admirable to suggest that GAA have a forum so that Sorel "and others like me can confront our fear of and aversion to Arthur Bell."

May I suggest John Francis Hunter, or whatever his name is this week, act as moderator? I know and like that person, but wish he'd call me by name, as Sorel does, rather than allude to my alleged misbehavior, as he has in four consecutive columns. Yes, the forum is a good idea.

Incidentally, I don't know who Sorel David is, never having met the woman in the flesh, but I do like her writing. It has snap, it's sprightly, and filled with funny inaccuracies. Sorel, the next time you see me doing my "more radical than thou" bit, please stop by and say hello.

Love to all Arthur Bell

An Exciting New Paperback The Gay Crusaders

BY DR. GEORGE WEINBERG

THE GAY CRUSADERS, by Kay Tobin and Randy Wicker, Paperback Library, 315 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10010, 51.25

he Gay Crusoders by Kay Tobin and Randy Wicker has just been published by Paperback Library and costs \$1.25. As the first collection of biographies of leading figures in the gay movement, this book is a classic.



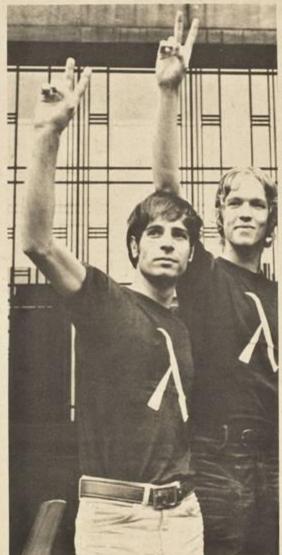
The book does more than honor those who have made a special mark. Through the biographies of long-term gay liberationists, such as Del Martin and Dr. Franklin Kameny, it conveys a chunk of

the history of the struggle sometimes forgotten by those who imagine that the movement began with the Stonewall awakening.

No personal fact about people has ever been omitted as systematically from books about them as has homosexuality. Since pioneer days, the U.S. has ennobled even thieves and hoodlums and murderces, but it has never allowed homosexual men or women to be seen with respect, no matter how much they accomplished. When the people themselves have become so important that the public craved the stories of their lives, references to their homosexuality have been deleted, and in this way they have been withdrawn as possible models for new generations to

The Gay Crusuders deals with homosexuals who have fought for the rights of homosexuals everywhere. It is fitting that they themselves should receive tribute. And no one is better qualified to present their lives and their points of view than Kay Tobin, who wrote the bulk of this book, and Randy Wicker. Both have been close to the movement since long before the term "gay activist" came into existence.

Among those whose lives and thoughts are presented in this wonderful little paperback are: Troy Perry, Jim Owles, Phyllis Lyon, Del Martin, Craig Rodwell, Dick Michaels, Frank Kameny, Jack Baker, Michael McCoemeil, Ruth Simpson, Lige Clarke, Jack Nichols, Arthur Evans and Barbara Gittings, Quite a heroic crew: Because of the widespread suppression of information about the movement, many of the best workers for gay liberation know little about one amother.





Dr. Franklin E. Kameny



Rev. Tray Perry



This book will certainly bring people in the movement closer together; it will cut down on the allenation that exists between old-liners and new liberationists, between people on the two different coasts, between painstaking reformers and revolutionaries, between gay men and gay women. Since I believe that every movement needs heroes, as pure embodiments of courage and clarity, I see The Gay Crusaders as a healing work for the movement, as well as a clarification of the positions taken by key people in the

Like many people somewhat conversant with the movement, I knew much about the lives of certain of those mentioned and knew virtually nothing about others. Wherever my own knowledge could be used to judge the text, I found the reportage flawless

Gay people have been talking about the true diversity among human beingsin lifestyles, in romantic ideals, and in purposes. The insistence on sameness is, in fact, the rationale for the most brutal assaults on homosexuals. In reading The Gay Crussders for the details of the lives of many of these leaders, I was struck by how different their experiences were, and



rbara Gittings on David Susskind



Payllis Lyon and Del Martin, D.O.B. founders



ck Nichols and Jim Owles



(far left to right) Arthur Ball, Tom Doors, Marty Robinson, Arthur Evans, Phil Rais and Jim Owles.

how different they are as people: the legal-minded Frank Kameny; the sassy, arrogant, supermilitant Marty Robinson; the passionately simple Troy Perry; the disarmingly wise Barbara Gittings. That must have been a hard chapter for Kay to write, the one on Barbara, who has been close to her for many years. It is hard to praise Barbara properly without its looking like fr. In my opinion, Barbara properly my opinion, Barbara properly without its looking like fr.

bara Gittings is the best speaker for gay rights in the U.S. at this time. She is perhaps more conversant with the psychiatric literature on homosexuality than anyone; she is thoroughly steeped in every argument conceivably relevant to gay rights; she is meticulously polite without ever being apologetic, and audiences everywhere admire her. I found the story of her life especially interesting. In years to come, scholars will refer to The Gay Crussders in making comparisons and contrasts. It may be seen in the book that just as there is no single family pattern that produces homosexuals, there is none that produces the crusader. For instance, a comparison of the biographies reveals that there were marked differences among gay leaders in how their families reacted to their being homosex-

ual. Frank Kameny boasts of his mother that "But for her age, she would have been marching with us in those picket lines." And in the chapter on Jack Baker and Mike McConnell, Mike is quoted as saying, "My parents hug and kiss Jack as much as they do me when we go to visit them." The parents of others were not always so reasonable.

always so reasonable.

Interestingly, when Look magazine
published an extensive story on Jack and
Mike, the fact that Mike's parents sided
with them was omitted. In keeping with
the media's refusal to accord dignity to
homosexuals, the parents of homosexuals
are nearly always shown as embarrassed,
troubled, dissatisfied. But then this is a
prime purpose of The Gay Crusoders, to
present material pertinent to the lives of
these people, which the ordinary media
would not reveal.

To some degree, perhaps, the selec-tions are arbitrary. But I enjoyed the choices. Included among the crusaders is Craig Rodwell, long a militant homosexual and now owner of the Oscar Wilde Memorial Bookshop. The authors describe how Craig has been harassed by hate letters, violent phone calls, and even by having his store broken into with swastikas left scrawled on the door. None of this ever daunted Craig. It was Craig and three friends who drew up the original resolution that there would be a gay pride march in June each year in New York City. An abundance of facts like these help acquaint non-movement people with the true spirits behind the movement.

The world of the gay crusaders is one of highly diverse individuals. And yet, in reading this book I was struck by its unity. People need not share every idea to belong together, so long as they share the belief in the rights of individuals. And there is something else these people share, which makes them a pleasure to read about. Each, through his or her own set of deeply personal revelations, has decided never again to apologize, never again to be on the defensive for being homosexual, "to push back," as Dr. Franklin Kameny puts it, to put the blame for oppression where it belongs.

Once this decision is made, no assault

Once this decision is made, no assault can cause embarrassment but-only anger. For instance, when faced with the charge that his church is separatist in nature. Troy Perry does not offer an apology. Instead, he readily agrees and assaults his would-be assailants: "It must be a stench in the nostrils of God that people who call themselves Christians have forced blacks, Chinese, homosexuals and others, out of their congregations. If the churches would open their doors to homosexuals, we would close our doors tomorrow ... Until then the Metropolitan Community Church will stand for the rights of homosexuals, because we are gay and we are proud and we're not afraid anymor."

This is the motif that runs through this

book, and thus The Gay Crussders is more than a series of biographies. It presents the thinking of some of the most fervent and wise spirits of the movement. Because of this, the book makes an excellent gift for someone trying to come to grips with his or her own identity as a homosexual. There is no other book like it. Nor could this book itself have been published till now. Doubtless the seventies will produce a new batch of crussders to go with the present one, but it also seems very sure that the men and women mentioned in this book will remain in the vanguard. They are all courseous people, and their personal stories are dynamic episodes in the gay liberation movement.

Christopher Street West Preparing Parade

Los Angeles, Calif. In the face of long opposition by the Los Angeles Police Department, southern California gays de cided in April to stage their third Christopher Street West parade along Hollywood Roulevard on Sunday, June 25.

As in the past two years, activists vowed at a community-wide meeting April 8 to send a lawyer into federal court if necessary to obtain issuance of a police permit for the controversial event.

Last year's parade commemorating the Stonewall Revolt of 1969 drew 500 participants and several thousand onlookers. And it left a residue of ill will between the activists and a coalition of "quiet" gays, neighborhood churchgoers and Hollywood Division policemen who took offense at a banner reading "Sucking is Better than War" and a 35-foot-long display of a wriggling, jabbing caterpillar so people thought represented a huge

No arrests were made last year. Parade sponsors told city officials afterward that they considered the "cockapillar" a ritual symbol of rebirth and strength, like the block-long dragon at the front of Chinese New Year parades. But they refused to name individuals or groups responsible for the "symbol" and the "Sucking is

Last year's Christoper Street West coordinators were then warned that another such parade would be heavily opposed by the police ("public lewdness" and in protests to the Los Angeles City

In voting to chance their own show again this year, the Los Angeles area groups turned down an invitation to join in San Francisco's Gay Pride parade on the same day. That event, along downtown Market Street, is sponsored by a coalition of the Society for Individual Rights the Metropolitan Community Church there, and the Tavern Guild Association, composed of owners of gay bars

San Francisco parade planning faced immediate opposition from the Bay Area's handful of self-described "radical" gay organizations. The Gay Activists Alliance and the Gay Sunshine Collective, long at odds with the "conservative" stance of SIR and TGA, threatened to boycott the parade and any other activity ned for Gay Pride Week.

(By mid-April, no related Gay Pride Week events had been announced either in San Francisco or in Los Angeles.)

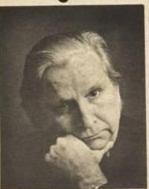
Del Whan of the University of Southern California's Gay Liberation Forum and Mike Manning of the Gay Community Alliance were elected interim coordinaors of the Los Angeles parade. Morris Kight was named field coordinator and Rev. Troy Perry chairman of a fund-raising drive. Parade costs last year ran to

Potential participants at the April 8 session agreed to avoid pre-censoring of one another's floats and placards.

"I think," Manning decided, "that everyone here knows what kind of display will help us and what would harm us.



Morris Kight Offers New **Thoughts On Integration**



rvis Kight (Photo by Lee Mason)

Editor's Note: Judy Coleman was, by Los An whose sympathetic understanding and generous ty of spirit toward homosexuels of both sexes epitomized her brief life in the then-emerging gay community there. Ms. Coleman died by her own hand in 1970 at the age of 28. A "Judy Coleman Humanitarian Award" was afterward hed in her honor by Pat Rocco, founder of SPREE, a gay social and film fan group whose big annual party is a highlight of organ ized homophile activity in southern California Previous years' winners of the humanitarian award were Rev. Troy Perry of the Metropoliten Community Church and gay historian Jim Kepner. This year's winner, notionally known pacifist and gay activist Morris Kight, discomfitted the audience of 500 by suggesting that the gay liberation movement is being eldetracked in accepting small fevors such as the right to demtrate in public when, according to Kight, the rement should be aimed at larger, higher goels. Later, Kight told GAY what he thinks should be undertaken during the Immedia years ahead. His thesis amounts, in brief, to a renunciation of "integration" into general society is a worthwhile goal of homosexuals.

Los Angeles, Calif. A militant pacifist leader who has spent two decades at the front of the homosexual rights movement now says he was wrong in working to "integrate" gays into the accepted American

At 52, Morris Kight thinks that the gay rights action should concentrate withthe homosexual communities themselves in the form of "nurture groups,"

These he envisions as "cells" of no more than twelve persons each who agree to share their problems and their luck, good or bad, with each other on the basis that "a friend is someone who knows all about you and likes you anyway."

Each "cell" would be headed by chairperson, that position being rotated from month to month. The chairperson would in turn be responsible to a larger group presumably, the whole acknowledged gay community-where individual difficulties and possible solutions could be aired. In a random example, among twelve "nurture groups" of twelve per sons each, one number in 144 would probably know of an employer willing to hire known homosexuals.

In urging "my gay brothers and sisters" to pull back from the mainstream of society, Kight told GAY he sees the immediate future of homosexuals as one of 'separatism and parallelism."

Who wants to live in a society which is beating itself to death? We can't disassociate ourselves entirely—the dirty rope of air everybody in this city is breathing comes through my doors and windows just as in everyone else's-but we don't have to be personally responsible for its faults and flaws.

"I think it's time to find out if we don't want to live parallel to this society . . . a part of it from 8 to 5 if need be, but separate in our own hours, choosing our own associates from our own community; not being particularly hostile to the general society but choosing to make own alongside it. Parallel and equal. I think that's where we're headed."

Kight dismissed his experiences in founding and guiding the Gay Community Services Center, which offers medical, psychological, housing and job assistance to otherwise destitute young gays.

"We found that outsiders were inadequate in their service to us because howver kindly or well motivated they were psychiatrists, psychologists, social workers, judges, lawyers, the whole crowdeven the best of them felt deep in their bearts that we're just sick.

"We know we're not, and the unique experiences that we accumulate working within our own community are the way

out for us. "We're all more powerful than we think we are. I'm not talking in terms of a bureaucracy composed of cells and supercells and so on. I'm thinking of mutual help on a person-to-person basis. We learned at the Community Services Center that we could be dependable without creating a dependency. That curious delicacy of spirit seems to work. People who came to us originally for help are now so free of spirit that they come back to the rap sessions simply to enjoy themselves.

"What we discovered through the center is that power resides in love, trust and good will, corny as those conceptions may be. The principle should apply to the

whole community."
Reminded that many homosexuals do not need or at least would not admit needing-the help of other persons, Kight said that his "cells" would exist to safeguard the well-being of their members without undue interference into private

"Of course there are people who are so fiercely independent that they would be reluctant to be formal members of a 'nurture group' over a long period of time. I think that reluctance could be overcome by the realization that in joining such a group, the person would be guaranteeing himself a certain amount of security."

Would this group unity extend to the pooling of money among the members? "I don't see it going that far," Kight admitted, "but it's a possibility. Suppose,

though, that six of the twelve were well employed. They might be able to help the others who weren't. Here's an idea: Since there aren't enough jobs for all Americans anybody who says there are is a fool-members could take turns competing in the marketplace for six or nine months, then turn the job over to another member for a while.

"Does this sound utopian to you? Just consider what we've done in the past dec ade. As homosexuals, we're into the 21st Century already. And I think the heterosexuals have done everything they're going to do for us. I think we're ready to go

N.Y. Times Accepts **Homosexual** In Movie Ad

New York, N.Y. A major breakthrough was achieved last week when the Neu York Times, after two days of resistance, sted's L.A. Plays Itself, a hard-core gay porn film which had its world premiere last Toesday (April 11) at the 55th St. Playhouse which described the movie as a "homosexual film." No ad for the film had appeared in the Times on Sunday and Monday because Halsted had refused to utilize such phrases as "all-male cast," which he describes as a "closet euphe

Halsted admits, however, that he "compromised" with the Times on other elements of the ad. The art design of a man licking a boot, which has appeared in GAY, SCREW, The Villege Voice and other publications, was refused at the Times, as were certain advance quotations from gays and straights. At GAY press time, no advertisement had been yet found acceptable by the New York Post. Halsted had refused even to submit advertisements to the Daily News, frequent outlet for erotic gay ads, after their virulent anti-gay editorial of last week.

A full-scale publicity campaign, including a screening program, was conducted by Stuart Byron, who was a film press agent in 1965-67 but who has recently been identified as a writer on film and gay lib topics. This "first" for a hard-core film, gay or straight, at least produced at sings such influential critics as Roger Greenspun of the Times, Frances He of the Post, Jay Cocks of Time, Jack Kroll of Newsweek, Stanley Kauff-mann of the New Republic and John Simon of the New Leader. At GAY press time, Byron had been informed that the film would not be reviewed in the Times.

Byron has been criticized as "exploit ing" the gay movement by Charles Pitts, producer-host of the gay show "Out of the Slough" on WBAI-FM, who criticized a screening program for movement figures conducted by Byron a few weeks ago Byron apologizes if anyone had the imsion that L.A. Plays Itself is a "gay liberation" movie in the strict politica sense, explaining that he had hoped to make clear that it was an erotic film, but one which, much like a Genet play, "related" to gay lib issues. Movement per sonalities such as Arthur Bell, Peter Fish er, Roz Regelson, John Francis Hunter and Vito Russo have indicated an agree ment with Byron that Halsted has achieved the rare feat of making an erotic film that is at the same time a movie about the issues of gay liberation. But such equally-known figures as Pitts, Pete Wilson, Ruth Simpson, Bob Kohler and Bill Chalson have indicated a resentment that "pure pornogs ploited as a gay lib f

Cruising Off Broadway...

NETHERLANDS DANCE THEATRE-II

After seeing their two splendid offerings, Mutations and Imaginary Film, I saw no reason not to catch everything they were doing. I was by no means disappointed. Two pieces in particular come to mind-Journal and Situations-both of which I thought (for different reasons) were brilliant. Journal, from a strictly dance viewpoint, got into one of those areas often ignored by dance companies, namely, "destroying" an audience's normal passivity by presenting a dramatic dance/ theatre piece. It was accompanied by taped voice-overs of the dancers on stage ollections of growing up, pairing off, falling in love, being angry, hating and in between, all those little games we play with one another in relating or rather trying to relate to others our mates, our friands to be

It was very cleverly conceived. The dancers all talked with one another about problems and it was such that you were never quite sure who had paired off with whom until near the end of the piece as the relationships became quite strained and tensioned with raised voices and emotional outbursts in English and Dutch And just as all of their problems are being brought to an intense climax by one of the couples, a voice says, "Haven't we forgotten something," and suddenly each couple embraces one another-blackout. The choreography was by another American, Louis Falco, and the aggressiveness of the piece was very much out front.

Situations-the situation in question was a space measuring 27x20x14 ft., a door leading into and out of it and a digital "clock" showing actual time. Its theme, according to the program

notes, was aggression and violence and the piece was dedicated to Gerard Lemaitre, the male half of the nude pas de deux in Mutations. The piece was accompanied by sound for amateur filmmakers and sound hunters taken from existing recordings, and they ranged from a door opening and closing to machine gun bursts to mosquitoes. The space came across to me as a dance rehearsal room where everyone gathered to warm up, left the space and then returned in various ations. And I was immediately struck by the relating going on within the space between dancers. There were two gay pas de deux beautifully done by Frans Vervenne and Leon Koning, and Yteke Waterbolk and Conny Lodewijk. In the former case, just to drive home the point, one dancer, before leaving the room, walked over to the other and unripped his blue jeans. The gay encounter between the women was even more pointed and right on.

One other piece was very enjoyable: Concerto Grosso with music by G.F. Handel. It was structured in various sec-tions which included "Warm Up," "Shadow Boxing," "Karate Minuet" and the best of all, "Tight-Rope Dance."

On the whole, the men in the company seemed to be more proficient and right on than the women, on all levels. cticeably, their dancing was more spir ited and animated and in general had more verye-not to mention some nice bods too! Not to be accused of being an M.C.P., the Ms.'s were good but didn't have the ging of their male counterparts. though Arlette van Boven and Marian Sarstadt gave some commanding perfor

The company probably won't be back here for a time-but should you find



yourself in Europe, like Daniel and I hope to do by this summer, and should you run across them, don't hesitate to go see as much of them as you can. Fuck your budget and packaged tour if need be-it

TOMKAT THEATRE

There are times, friends, when one is horny and there are no way twos about it. Depending upon one particular, or rather, immediate circumstance, there are a number of things one can do for relief

While Daniel had gone to see Euruchs of the Forbidden City, I called a friend of mine (whom I shall call Numbnuts) and we trundled off to see what was up. The theatre advertises a live stageshow and fuck films-all this for three dollars.

Well, the theatre is located on 42nd Street between 9th and 10th Avenuestypical 42nd Street sleazy. It looked like they had borrowed the theatre seats from somewhere else. The program consisted of four "go-go" boys who (at separate times) came on stage and did their "act," dancing and stripping down to their birth

By the time the first chap had done his thing, Numbnuts was panting for a closer look, so we planted ourselves right in front of their crotches for a cock's-eye view of the four. However, only a lad named Philip was halfway decent-nice bod, sorta cute without being the prettyboy type. He smiled at yours truly a few times aw pshaw! And later that evening, after his act, he came out to watch the rest of the show and sat hisself one seat

I didn't think to ask if the dancers were different every night. I suspect they are-though I imagine that the turnover is high. By this time, Numbnuts had cum in his pants several times over, but since he was wearing tye-dyed jeans, you just couldn't tell where the cum stains started and the design ended.

The fuck film was on video tape, and though it was unbelievably bad, I began to fantasize about the future possibilities of videotaped porn for mass consump tion, where day-time quiz shows like "Concentration," "Let's Make A Deal" and even a real fun-type like "Charades all evolved into a porno format complete with obscene gestures, etc.

At any rate, the all-male fuck film was of the "Suddenly It's 1960" type. Four big guys trying to do their thing and only one had any semblance of a hardon-and only a partial one at that. To top it off, all the fucking was simulated as was some of the sucking. God, it was awful-not to mention in bad taste (oops!).

I must be getting jaded, though I hope not. The whole show, both live and film, could have been orgasm producing, but I guess with only a \$3 admission fee, for which I loudly applaud the management it's not enough to cover the cost of clean ing up after everyone has gotten off. Oh well, I'll try going on a big weekend night and see if things are any better.

RIDICULOUS EUNUCHS

Eunuchs of the Foebidden City, written and directed by Charles Ludlam. With Black-Eyed Susan, Lohr Wilson, Lola Paphalinski, Charles Ludlam, Ma Uory, John D. Brockmey-George Ostermen, Arturo Esquerra, Virgi Young, Robert Sergent, Christopher Scott John K. Mallory and Bill Vehr. At the Theater for the New City, Bank St. at West St. (West

When Charles Ludlam's Ridiculous Theatrical Company was at the old Gate Theatre on Second Avenue a few years ago, the productions were so outrageous that the tackiness of the plays, sets and costumes were easy to live with. This very tackiness even made them "charming and probably "avant garde" and god knows it's good to be either.

Now, at the Theater for the New City,



Cast: Don Nute, Sendy Paditia, Emily Adams, Margaret Wright, Julio Kurnitz and Teresa King in Act I

the Company has been blessed with a couple of endowments and has beautiful sets and costumes designed by Lohr Wilson. But the play is still tacked-together.

Eunuchs is more or less about Tsu Hsi, the last empress of China. There's much good writing in the play, especially the part of Tus Hsi herself, which Black-Eved Susan plays very well when she's allowed to be serious. Unfortunately, there's much more schlock, and Ludiam gives most of it to himself in the role of Ante Hai, the Chief Eunuch. The whole thing totals to a pretty good character study grafted onto a pretty poor burlesque.

Nevertheless, there are some worthwhile performances. Black-Eyed Susan manages to bring some substance to her character. She has a dignity (in the Ridiculous Theatrical Company?) which plays through the tired jokes, the tireder bits, and tiredest of all, the put-downs of women. Lola Pashalinski is wonderfui as the good-hearted co-empress. She's lovable, believable and not on stage half enough, Bill Vehr, Lohr Wilson, Christopher Scott, Ma Uory, Robert Sargent and John D. Brockmeyer each have their moments but are not consistent. There's a really funny castration scene, if you can imagine a funny castration scene, but it comes about three hours into the play. Nobody in the company, with the possible exception of Pashalinski, has any concept of pacing.

(In all fairness, I have to report that my companion thought Euruchs was one of the funniest things he'd ever seen.)

COMMENDABLE CARMINES

A Look at the Fifties, book, music and lyrics by Al Carmines, choreography by Bruce Hopkins, David Vaughan and Phyllis MacBryde. With a cast of millions. At the Judson Poets Theater through Arail 25.

Yep, the fifties have come back to haunt us. With Nixon in the White House (Nixon!?), how could we avoid it But of all the fifties nostalgia trips and satires (Nixon included), Al Carmines' A Look at the Fifties is the only one I've yet seen that actually attempts to examine that darling decade.

The evening consists of two pieces. The first, "Before the Game," is billed as a drawing room comedy. It introduces some characters that later appear in the second part, but it doesn't do much with them. There are some delightful (and usually irrelevant) songs, and interest builds toward the end: but the playlet seems to have been spun off without much thought on Carmines' part. The performers are all good. I particularly liked Don Nute as a nerdy sociology student, especi-ally during his text-book-type instructions for making a girl in a parked car. Emily Adams as the grandmother has a hilarious (and truthful) monologue on sex. And Sandy Padilla is a very un-Irish cook who does a mean tap number.

Part Two, "Time Out," is billed as a basketball oratorio, and by gum there's a real live unrehearsed basketball game onstage. During the time outs, there is a real live oratorio with a 50-voice chorus singing its heart out.

Here Carmines really gets into his subject: Montgomery, Iowa, in 1956. Grease dealt with the hoods, but "Time Out" takes on the well-scrubbed good guys in a series of concise, funny character mono logues and scenelets. The only hint of a plot is in the basketball game itself, which s different every performance. (By the way, it's a little strange seeing athletes with eye make-up.)

continued on page 18

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"Highly touted for its artistry by gay writers, it will no doubt be "must" movie-going for homosexuals. A cross between hard pornography and such underground films as 'Flaming Creatures' and 'Scorpio Rising'!"

- FRANCES HERRIDGE, NEW YORK POST



Fred Halsted's homosexual film



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Jackie Curtis

certimized from page 6

me. "I feel very right." And I begin to believe her once more.

She doesn't adorn her face; she attacks it, preferring broad bands of darkness and random glitter. "Thank heaven for a little beauty in the world," she tells the mirror. "I mean, when you can look at yourself and feel beautiful... I mean, if you can really feel that!" Her effrontery is that she continues to live in a world that simply does not want her to feel that.

"There is no side of the tracks," she winds up her election speech. "There are no tracks."

She is prepared this time, and she can play with another of my questions. "No, and I don't think you're a drag queen either," she answers, indicating for the first time that she knew I was. "My grandmother thought you were a chick. But falsies are more accessible to your trip. You're a secret agent, after all I can't afford to have anything false on me when I'm out there in front of everyone."

Her face is stubbled. Even with the advances of science, she still uses a razor. Does she tuck? "Let me put it this way: even Greta Garbo had to rearrange her lewels."

Even Garbo? Even every single person on this planet. That's what makes Jackie so perfect. We're either born beautiful, or we spend the rest of our hard-working lives living down the fact that we're not. But Jackie puts it all up front. It's not that she's un-American; she's too perfect by American for any nine-to-free, clockwatching flag-waver, with football on Sundays and a wife and a couple of daughters hidden away at home, ever to be easy about.

That's why there will always be people to hate her, and why liberation would ruin her. She's a mirror to every bodyshirted sideburned 66th-story executive who hides even from himself his desperate need to rearrange his own carefully hidden invels.

"They're the drag queens," she tells me about her friends in the sado-masochistic refuges known as leather bars. "They don't know me. I mean, they don't know me as Jackie Curtis. They think I'm the reincamation of James Dean. If you want to know the truth, they're drag queens, and we're women."

Her face is half on, and she enjoys my indecision about which pronoun would be appropriate. "Tall, dark and handsome. And, oh yes, S and M. Silvana Mangano, Shirley MacLaine," and her delight in names reproduces that monogram half a dozen times.

Her face is done-destroyed and rebuilt-and she tosses her makeup back into the cigar box on top of her dirty laundry. Her red shoulder-length fall is in place, and she's Jackie Curtis again. "I omen's clothes," she purrs, as if she were talking about a lover. But she dismisses a popular transvestite liberationist as a queen who gets off on "hearing his transvestite friends shout, 'Flawless, mama!' about his dresses. "I'm into much more." Jackie says, as she pulls on a pair of jeans, and buttons them under her sheer kimono. She adds a blue-andgold high-school cardigan sweater to the nsemble, leaving the frilly hem of her kimono exposed. She shoves her hare feet into wooden clogs, in which she walks as if she's about to fall flat on her face, "My toes stick to the wood. I mean, I love Natalie Wood. Greta Garbo is Natalie Wood. But I don't want my toes to stick

Jackie lives by her own standards of elegance. "'There goes Jimmy,' James Dean's mother and aunt used to say. 'Aw, you're too pretty to be a boy.' It's true."

No one is too pretty, Jackie believes—or too ugly—to be anything.

We're in her milieu now, on the streets she grew up on and escapes to, and she maneuvers them like an expert, leading me up one block, turning another corner, as if no other route made sense. She avoids East 14th Street, which to this day can't hide that it was the prototype for Times Square, and takes me instead to Rutherford Place, opposite a park no one notices, past the Quaker meeting house and St. George's. She may or may not know that the church houses E. Power Biggs' favorite organ, but she knows it's a good place to walk by.

"My grandmother would be thrilled with me in The Trojun Women." Jackie's on her way to a rehearsal of the off-ff-froadway production of the Euripides classic, in which a role was irreverently added just for her. "No one touches me, no one does anything to me. I don't do anything obscene to them." Her pride is not a press agent's fraud; she's rambling half coherently now. "She gets so upset when I do things like in a Warhol film. I do wish she'd be more cool . . ."

Jackie makes the mechanical stop at the Factory first. Candy Darling's there, gossining loudly on the phone, speaking as much with her manicured hands a with her deep-plum lips speaking, in other words, as much for all of as as for her telephone communicant. Candy uses makeup to give her face more than what has, not to destroy what's already there Hers is Mary Quant; Jackie's is from Woolworth's. Candy is in tailored bell-bottoms, a white turtleneck, and a double-breasted trenchcoat just barely thrown over her shoulders. She looks like a Seventh Avenue size-seven rushing to her next assignment, and she's teasing us with the precariousness of her stopping to use the phone. Later, when I ask for an interview, she says she'd have to check Jackie never had to check with anyone

Jackie never had to check with anyone.
"Everybody thinks all this suffering is
down below," jokes Jackie, "so everybody tries to rise above. They don't realize the suffering is above. I prefer to stay
below."

Both Jackie and Candy have stayed below, though in different places, and they will be hated equally. The people who have risen above, believing they have left their jewels well-hidden down there, will think that Jackie, Candy, and the others who are playing with those jewels for all to see, are making fools of them. And many will be right.

L.A.Plays Itself

continued from page 7

German theatres where—as publicity blurb insists—it was an acclaimed cause celebre. It has also been shown twice here, on April 6th, at The Museum of Modern Art. It is an abomination—on every con-

ceivable level. I stayed simply because I could not believe my eyes. The director and his compulsively verbose assistant were at the Firehouse. I wish I could be kinder to our foreign guests. Unfortunately, I am profoundly insulted by this garbage, well-intended as it might be. Von Praunhelm's preposterously stereotyped images (and don't tell me I missed the point) are so grotesque that several in the audience were compelled to ask if he is actually gay. I also find the heavy-handed, pedantic, humorless Toutonic methods to be laborious and insufferable. I don't particularly want to appear prejudiced, but it is extremely hard for me to swallow German militancy, even from their current yourger generation, and even

when it concerns a subject with which I am deeply involved.

I assume von Praunheim's 65-minute opus (in excellent color, by the way) was made with sincerity, but I find this kind of agitprop severely damaging, misguided and misbegotten. And I refuse to take "cultural differences" into account. By all critical standards, this is an amateurish and offensive absurdity. The fact that it was lauded by certain GAA-ites would seem to indicate only how arid the homosexual activist media-landscape really is. And this surprises me. We deserve far better and I for one am patient enough to wait. I refuse to appliand intent alone.

Also, for the record, I was more than slightly disgusted by the hypocrisy of many members who made scathing fun of the film as it was in progress and then praised it for benefit of the cameras during the discussion. (I observed specific individuals quite carefully.) And I might add that the amount of exhibitionism on view at this session—the florid and self-indulgent ego trips—was as appallingly tasteless as the film itself. Bad scene. Sorry.

Last Estate

anything that shows she can think and has ideas that she can articulate into English, then I would like to see it." London assumed I was behind the whole thing from the beginning. They wrote:

"Did you get a copy of that hysterical letter from the Guerrilla Art Action Group? I know that you must be the prime mover behind it—even the vocabulary is yours."

Another article rejected outright by London editor Colin Naylor included something on the paintings of Janet Fish: "We are not publishing that rubbish on

"We are not publishing that rubbish on Janet Fish on account of its being too stuple even for our readers to bear . ." And there was the de la Mata article, rejected because:

"... the thing was so bad—even had it set into type to see if it looked any better—then had to scrap it."

And, they turned down a transcription of a telephone call between David Bourdon and Andy Warhol. Entitled "The Late Nite Blah Blahs," subtitled "More ceaseless chatter by Andy Warhol and David Bourdon," and rejected by London:

"Isn't the Warhol-Bourdon syndrome a little passe by now? . . . will return Bourdon/Warhol piece to you. It's appallingly dull. Maybe Gay Newspaper can use it . . ."

It was very embarransing for me to have to return all the articles. I almost didn't have to. London flew me back to New York on First Class Sabena and I got food polisoning.

Cruising Off Broadway

It's hard to single out performers, but I'il try. Richard Marshall plays the star of the team with whom most of the women and some of the men are in love. His part is small, but he's well chosen for it because I was in love with him too. Allen Swan has a, well, cute speech on being a closet case. Holly Vincent is funny and real as a cheerleader who "went too far" with the star player behind the town reservoir. Lee Guilliatt is insane as a fire-and-brimstone preacher-woman. Ira Siff and Ruse Bordon do well by a rather difficult

setting of "Our revels now are ended" from The Tempest. (Don't worry how that got in there-it did.) Emily Adams and Don Nute reappear as Grandmother and sociology student in a funny little acene with the coach.

But it's Margaret Writht who fairly walks off with the show as Miss Loomis (also from the first play), the sexually frustrated maiden aunt type who makes a public spectacle of herself by inviting the star player to shoot the ball-into her. She has a song, "I'm Peculiar That Way," which is funny and touching without being syrupy.

A Look at the Fifties is a damn fine evening. I hope it can be moved somewhere for an extended run, although I realize such a large cast will make that difficult. Somebody think of something!

Ex-heavy weight Attacks Gays

continued from page 1

that the "top civil-liberties legal talent of the United States" have taken up the case. But as yet no one but Mr. Maye has been accused. "For two hours," Mr. Thomas told GAY, "I demanded—I pleaded—that the assailants be arrested, or at least be identified. The police did nothing, except refuse to admit us back to the hotel. They made it difficult for us to pick the attackers out, but we'll find

Joseph Famm of WABC, the president of the Inner Circle, told Ms. Michaelson, "I saw no blood . . . The Inner Circle was not in any way involved. We were running a private affair, and they had no business coming in."

But Mr. Thomas insisted to GAY that the activists were invited in by some of the invited guests, whom he did not name, who were outraged by the offensive portrayal of homosexuals in a skit staged by reporters, one of whom was in drag. (A year ago Bella Abzug walked out when a male journalist attempted to impersonate her.)

"All we were doing was going into explain our side," said Mr. Thomas, who, in the role of legal observer, was himself kicked and pushed. "I've never seen such a violent reaction. The hatred in some people's hearts is just frightening. These were members of the liberal media—of the left-wing Eastern establishment, as Spiro Agnew phrases it."

For GAA, the attack was the climax of a series of indignities they accuse the mass media of perpetrating. Two weeks earlier, several activists were roughly handled, and three arrested, at the office of the Daily Neus, where they were protesting an editorial calling homosexuals "swishes, fairles and lezzies."

Mayor Lindsay, who did not include himself among the witnesses, deplored the attack and called for an immediate investigation of police for their alleged inaction. Counciliman Eldon Clingan said he would bring the issue before the Council if no results were forthcoming. Congresswoman Bella Absug and Congressman Edward Koch also voiced their outrage.

Councilman DeMarco, however, chose not to comment to the press on the violence he was alleged to have been witness to. But his reticence has only now become apparent. When gays loudly asked for their rights in the Council chambers, for example, Mr. DeMarco showed no reluctance at all in boldly demouncing their lack of manners.

"Michael Maye should not and must continued on page 19

Ex-heavy weight

not remain immune from arrest," Mr. Thomas said. "We will not stand for selective enforcement of the law. We're demanding that the District Attorney begin an immediate investigation."

Despite his pessimism, Mr. Thomas characterized the incident as "the most important in the history of GAA. It has all sorts of political repercussions, and it has brought all segments of the gay community together," including Mattachine and the Church of the Beloved Disciple. Mr. Thomas estimates the legal and medical expenses at \$20,000, which he says can be raised only by voluntary contributions.

"GAA has been a nonviolent, political organization," Mr. Thomas summed up. "We've tried to educate our opponents by picketing and leafleting. But violence has been repeatedly perpetrated on us. Whether we will remain nonviolent is a question that will come up at the next meeting."

Albany March

continued from page

tight thin levis, and snug denim jackets. Separatism between the gay men and the gay women was manifest as the women demanded and got a special bus of their own, but it wasn't large enough to hold all the lesbians. Periods of rain were encountered as the caravan of buses rolled out of the Lincoln Tunnel, through the New Jersey Turnpike, and onto the New York State Thruway, stopping at a restaurant just outside of Newburgh. There, the local tourists were astonished, bewildered, and overwhelmed by the unexpected invasion of several hundred gay lib-

Upon entering the Albany city limits, the caravan was nearly broken up as a few of the bus drivers temporarily got lost trying to find the parking lot across from the education building of the State University of New York at Albany, Wheen all the passengers had arrived, disembarked, and congregated on the plaza of the campus, a cold raw wind sent most of the demonstrators indoors, shivering.

Out they came again once the march got mobilized, placards being torn by the wind, banners nearly carrying away their bearers, and the transvestites makeup almost caking on their faces. Nevertheless, the enthuslasm could not be chilled. Gay power cheers and chants resounded through the streets of the sleepy dreary capital. As the marchers turned onto the main street that led to the capitol building, local townsfolk expressed the usual astonishment. Ladies at a local beauty parior came out from under their driers to gape.

A parked motorist had to wait in frustration before he could get his car out, for this time the gays were permitted to use the streets under police escort. Last year they were confined to the sidewalks. A few right-on counter-culturists waved their approval, but declined offers to join the marchers. A truck, a few buses, and several rows of cars were the substance of minor traffic jam that piled up behind the demonstrators. The lesbians were mostly at the front; mixed crowds were in the center and rear, highlighted by the clergy of the Church of the Beloved Disciple, their long purple robes flowing in the wind, with Father Clement wearing a long white robe with a gold trim.

No hostile gangs mobilized, nor were the police anything less than dutiful. They asked the demonstrators to leave their placards on the lawn of the capitol, especially those with wood sticks for masts. Hand-held banners were all right.

Bruce Voeller, a professor of biology, father of three children, and chairman of the GAA State and Federal Committee, ounced that the New York State Democratic Committee had adopted nearly unanimously a full set of gay rights planks as part of the platform it will take the national convention in Miami. Voeller went on to say that sodomy laws have been repealed in Nebraska and Hawaii, and that the lower house of the Ohio legislature has approved pro-gay legislation. New York may become the last state in the union to change its laws if it continues its slow pace. No sooner did Bruce finish speaking

when an orange and purple banner could be faintly made out at the bottom of the hill below the capitol. The flag was an orange lambda on a purple field, and represented one of the most dramatic events the history of the gay movement in New York. Nearly two weeks before the march on Albany took place, about twelve or thirteen devoted gays including Richard Wandel, GAA President, and Kate Millet, author of Sexual Politics, started at Times Square and walked on foot all the way to Albany, completely on foot for the entire one-hundred-fifty-five-mile distance. They stopped in all sorts of small cities and towns along the way. spreading the gay liberation message wherever they could, picking up heartfelt support from some, being stoned by others, and in one instance being shot at for allegedly trespassing. They carried the banner aloft all the way. The crowd gave them a rousing cheer, parted to let them through and gave them a hero's welcome as if they had just returned from the

Kate Millett expressed the feelings of the walkers most eloquently. Her appearance was the highlight of the day:

fulfill a commitment. It was for all of us a very personal experience, at times an ordeal—in perseverance, in futigue, much of the time in pain. It was a gamble since we didn't know as a group if we could arrive in Albany on time... we dicided we would get here as a group and we did it. As individuals, we began each day unsure of whether we could finith. It was an adventure in community—our own increasingly ragged, tired, and precarious pack, a microcosm of the gay world and the great world, learning tolerance, kindness, and that we could not survive unless we learned to live in peace.

"But we did better. We thered a time and an experience so unique, so private, that we are ready know that we could not convey it to others. And so, today is necessarily on anti-climax. Freyed, solied by publicity, confused perhaps by rhetoric and slogons, for the truth is behind as on the road, in the journey, not on the arrival. But what and why the journey? Ferhaps not one of us could define it clearly. Of course the shared reasons are clear enough. The repeal of the laws which brand us criminals, legislation which protects and assures our civil rights so long and so unjustly denied. Freedom for our way of life. And to bring hope to those in hiding along the way..., [It was] a quest for nearning that led us to stek this walk. A testing of reality through endurance. Perhaps, too, we thaved in Ghandi's row, for to walk, we follow him, each determined to reserve his stoleal process to prove that physical force is nothing compared to moral force, and that moral force will not fell. Perhaps we walked this greet distance to say we love you. And that an army of lovers heav! I failed."

All of a sudden, it seemed that somehow we would win. The remaining speakers repeated a never-ending string of cliches, slogans, and amateurish rhetoric, but their sincerity was real. The proceedings kept dragging on as the master of ceremonies doggedly gave everyone who wanted to speak a chance to be heard. But the wind and cold soon made the crowd disperse, until by the time the last speaker took the podium only about thirty or forty people remained to hear a telegram of congratulations from Assemblyman Passanante, congratulating the gays for their support of his bill which vould include not only sodomy and solic itation repeal, but the right to cross-dress. the right to fair employment, fair hous ing, and an end to discrimination in lendbonding, insurance, and licensing The appropriate bills are expected to be reported out of committee in both the State Senate and the Assembly, Even though many Democrats are reluctant to support controversial legislation in an election year, activist groups have never pressed harder to ensure that gays do not go away empty-handed this tim

Delegates Organize

structions on how one can become a convention delegate.

vention deegate.

Sensing the need for gay delegates to the Democratic National Convention (Tuite doesn't expect that very much can be expected of the Republicans this year because it will be solely Nixon's convention), Tuite contacted over 200 prominent gays all over Manhattan. Only the six mentioned above agreed to run. He went to the Gay Political Caucus (GPC) and the GAA in hope of gaining their backing. The latter declined because its charter strictly forbids endorsing any political candidate, while the former voted against it by a vote of 6-3.

A vacancy exists in Tuite's slate in case one of the presidential candidates wants to put a gay delegate on his own slate of committed delegates. Senator Jackson did just that in the 18th Congressional District, and McGovern has made room for two gay women alternates in Brooklyn's 14th District. The Gay Political Caucus endorsed the Jackson delegate to refute Tuite's charge of being pro-McGovern, Tuite told this reporter.

In line with the recommendation of the National Gay Movement Convention held last February, Tuite believes the best strategy would be for all elected gay delegates to go to Miami uncommitted, hold a special caucus, draw up a list of demands, and confront the platform committee and the presidential contenders with them, giving their votes to the best offer.

Tuite's main goal is to mobilize gay votes as a means of galning political power and recognition. To get his slate of candidates on the voting machine ballot for the June Democratic primary, 3,000 signatures are needed by registered Democrats in the 18th or 20th Congressional Districts on or before May 8. A wide-spread poster campaign is being planned in these areas. Further information may be obtained by writing or calling the Gay Independent Votes for Equality, 159 West 10th Street, New York City 10014; telephone (212) 675-9249.

SpreeAwards

confined from page 3 implied that the movement is far enough along now to go into lines more significant than the mere achievement of civil rights for homosexuals (see related story).

On the previous night, some 30 gay activists appeared outside the downtown Music Center to picket the appearance of actor Johnson at the motion picture academy's big bash. Johnson ignored their placards and jeers. The gay militants were outnumbered by other protestors who resented Charles Chaplin's being there and being honored.

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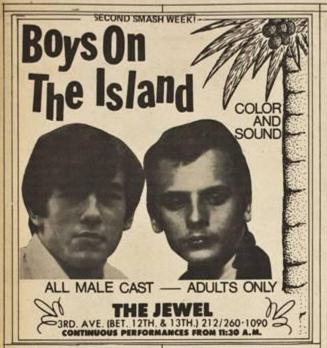
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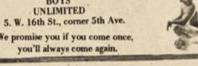
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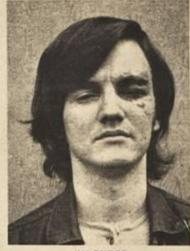
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PICTURE CON

There are two sides to every man. Shown here is one side of the Man's Country man. Now, flip him over, and give us your idea of what his "front" side looks like . . .

in a collage,

in a photograph,

or in any way you wish ... and

WIN ONE OF THESE GREAT FUN PRIZES!

GRAND PRIZE:

All-expenses-paid, 72-hour Weekend at Man's Country, including Private Room, \$25.00 tab for food and services, use of all facilities, leave-and-return privileges, and special surprises! Or, \$50.00 cash!

2nd, 3rd & 4th PRIZES:

24 hours "on the house" at Man's Country, including Private Room, 3-meal ticket, use of all facilities and special Or, \$10.00 cash!

5th THRU 10th PRIZES:

Free Room Pass (good any Monday thru Thursday), or two (2) Free Gym Locker Passes (good anytime). Or, \$5.00 cash!

CONTEST RULES:

1. Entries may be in any form of art or photography. and in an appropriate size for judging and display.

2. Entries will be judged for imaginativeness and inventiveness. Art ability is not required. The whole idea

3. All entries must be mailed or submitted in person to Man's Country, 53 Pierreport Street, Brooklyn Heights, N.Y. 11201, no later than May 19, 1972. Each

Get ready to be part

of the fantastic

Memorial Day Weekend

SUMMER FESTIVAL BASH!

■ A Great New Man-Sized Pool!

■ A Brand New Modern Steam

MAN'S COUNTRY "FLIP SIDE"

4. All entries will become the property of Man's Country, and may be used for advertising or promotional purposes. Names of entrants will not be used under

5. The decision of the judges will be final. Judging and announcement of prizes will be made at Man's Country on the evening of May 24, 1972. Winners will be notified, and all prizes will be awarded.

ENTRY FORM-MAN'S COUNTRY "File Side" Picture Contest Here's my idea of what the "flip side" of the Man's Country man looks like. Please enter me in the contest.

I certify that I am 18 years of age, or older

COME MEET ALL THE GUYS AT MAN'S COUNTRY FACE-TO-FACE. YOU'LL FLIP OVER ALL THESE GREAT FEATURES: ■ PRIVATE ROOMS-\$8.00 **SAUNA**

■ GYM LOCKERS-\$5.00

- MINI LOCKERS-\$4.00 SPECIAL STUDENT RATE \$2.50 ANYTIME.
- \$1.00 THURSDAY TV LOUNGE
- **COMPLETE BODY-BUILDING GYM**
- "CHUCK WAGON" RESTAURANT **■ MASSEUR Available**

53 Pierrepont Street / Brooklyn Heights / New York Telephone: (212) 624-1362

Take the 7th Avenue IRT Express to Clark Street (one stop past Wall Street).

THERE'S ALWAYS A BETTER **REASON TO JOIN WHAT'S** HAPPENING AT MAN'S COUNTRY:

Sunday: GO-GO CONTEST with Cash Prizes! Monday: A Program of GREAT MALE FILMS! Tuesday: "PHOTO STUDIO" NITE-Instruction

Wednesday: FREE BUFFET & FASHION SHOW! Thursday: Ys-PRICE MITE-ALL STUDENTS

Friday & Saturday: GO-GO BOYS-LIVE ON STAGE Headlining "Disco Nite" Dance-A-

Phone for all details and show times!



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