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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 administration. The publisher of *The New York Times* was there. Also the City Council, including Michael DeMarco, 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 eyesight.

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 policeman 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 groin.

"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 prestigious 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 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.

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

"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,

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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 canisters, 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 Giammetta, 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 tea-rooms 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-

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



The Albany marchers braved cold winds

Photos by Eric Stephen Jacobs

Clay's Clearing House

BY ALAN CLAY

S&M UPSWING

According 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 whumping big renaissance these days. No, that isn't quite the word. "Renaissance" denotes *rebirth* or *revival*. Recognition 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, My, my...

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 3 1/2 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 worth because of the above comments,

in one building across the street from me.) According to the *Chicago Tribune* (in an article much longer and more objective 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 this summer. I'm tired of looking at boys only." (So don't look, looking at boys only.) The main complaint, from inevitable provincial prudes, comes from the owner of *Call Me Ishmael*, 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-



At the Tinder Box, 245 Columbus Avenue in Manhattan

because 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 much the better!)

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 ideas...

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 "male 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 yen 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 "Before the Parade Passes By..."

SAUGATUCK SAMBA

I'm not being patronizing, but would you believe a gay bar 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 too much.

This column will report on the smoke-filled-back-room scene from time to time. At this point, let's just say that my admira-

tion for Washington's gaypolitiquartet 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 politicians. 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



on shit like this. But I must mention that I was pissed when watching actor Ben Johnson, a Hollywood loser of long standing, reap the Oscar for his support-



Ben Johnson: Poor Man's John Wayne

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 bad-mouthing gays. Same old crap. Get rid of the fags and everything returns to good old American values. Puke. Puke. Back to the Ozarks, Benjy. 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 and 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

the Gay Awareness Action Committee (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 forming.

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 articles.

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 reprints.)

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!

If you have something you think is worth general attention, direct the info to me, c/o this column. Most of my plugs are free—and sincere. I have a good heart. See you in two weeks. And don't forget—the family that gays together, stays together.

The Fag Hag's Tenth Anniversary Prom

BY MICKIE BURNS

Lucas 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 Kisses" he lifted from drug stores on First Avenue.

His lifestyle was kept firmly but marginally away from that of your typical New York delinquent 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 indigenous 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 architected apartment had the most suffocating stench, principally from dog shit with overtones of pot, garbage, and incense, almost a distillation or condensation of East Village essence. Lucas's little Yorkshire terrier never went out, except on those sporadic occasions when Lucas 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 costume 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 thirty-five 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 red-haired bat. (I believe he used Clair's Forever Amber.) While this particular commotion was entering her foyer, Karen Ann was back from her dutiful little job at the bank wearing her dutiful little panty hose and her dutiful little miniskirt, opening her mailbox at an appropriate and routine hour. Lucas's mailbox had been by contrast broken into and off 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 Village. Well Lucas saw beauty. "Aah, ve 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!" he continued in both redneck and New York piss-elegant.

Karen Ann said she would like very much 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 themselves 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 ordering 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 gravitate to New York, study modern 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 in the smallest studio apartment on the fourth floor with a tiny new blue-fixture bath. Just sitting there in her room. She was pretty enough in the face, had the Typical Chick Image like all similar office-clericals. 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

lunch-hour" or "Good night." A vast bank, trim, air-conditioned and quiet. 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 stepinfetichit Negro who would delight any bigot and set the Black Nationalist movement back ten years, related 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." Oh Karen Ann went two blocks to the A&P on First Avenue and Sixth and two blocks in the other direction to the drug-store and cleaners and then that fabulous hair and all the people in the building and down the block couldn't figure it out because 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.

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 Hall-mark 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 pictures of Lucas's mother and Marilyn Monroe Lucas kept hanging side by side over the sofa. "What would Father Flanagan say," JoJo inquired, "if he saw me in this lowlife apartment with these lowlife peope? If Father Flanagan only knew the depths to which I have sunk." Lucas 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 was impressed.

Karen Ann sat down very quietly and prettily until about one hundred of Lucas's vast and motley array of male homosexual or just plain Male Outrageous acquaintances had arrived. Every once in a while someone would ask if she were a real girl 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' armloads 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 adolescent-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 curtisied.

They did a two-step their mother had once taught them as mothers often do prior to an "unsocialized" small town 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, centuries beyond a steno-clerical.

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

"Yes," she said.

"Did a boy ever ask you to your Senior Prom?"

"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 handsome boy and you are the most beautiful girl and we are at the prom together."

"Let's pretend," she said. And she 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

Not because he's so gorgeous," Jackie Curtis denies about what I immediately take to be the most important part of her private dream, "but that's one of the reasons."

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 tearful memory from her drowsiness, and 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 future.

And her secret future of the moment is a starring role with Ryan O'Neal, who's got something else, she assures me, besides 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 already.

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 Jackie is never contemptuous of it. "When I was in the second grade, I fell in

love with the flag monitor. He always 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 oppression 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 Archie Strippis, with whom she's made a movie, or Ritta Redd, with whom she's doing her memoirs. Names I can't remember now, names that her passion for Streisand at her mellowest and loudest has obliterated from my tape.



Jackie's planning to be wed at the Church of the Beloved Disciple.

"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 tracks."

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

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

Her ability to replace labels with defini-

itions 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 it 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 spicing 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 effrontery to them." She holds my gaze now, to display herself wantonly.

We are both silent. "At least they—society—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

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A Film By Fred Halsted L.A. Plays Itself



What goes on in those Californian woods?

BY THANE HAMPTEN

In 1967 I had been arrested in Echo Park. I had nothing to do with mini-hoodlums and everything to do with gay liberation. Quite simply 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 closet 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.

-Fred Halsted

Los Angeles is to me—and I grant this to be a very subjective statement—a malignant tumor on America's arse. If ever there was a 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,

concerns itself with Halsted's oblique verbal seduction of an innocent young Texas drifter. The off-scene dialogue during these exchanges (as the camera visits the more tawdry L.A. cesspools), is disarming, utterly natural and amusing. Much quick cross-cutting. Boy seen at bottom of stairs. Puppy dog look. Serious and quizzical. ("What do you... want me to... do?") He begins removing his pants.

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 sacrifice.

The boy laboriously climbs the stairs, wearing his wounds as proud emblems, yearning for more. His antagonist waits at the top, tense with superiority, caressing a belt with anticipation. Obedience 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. He 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 sense of primordial innocence prevail.



Massive muscles go up a yingyang.

Streams cascade in meandering paths, sunlight dapples leaves, and insects now skitter in lucid animation across branches and water. (Halsted: "Every cent of profit this film makes is going to the Theodore Payne Foundation, which hopes to buy up Decker Canyon. If not, it's going to be sold to some subdivider who'll put up another shopping center.")

A hiker wanders through the woods, absorbing nature. He watches large fish suspended in clear ponds. Follows the streams, smiling. Presently he 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, spontaneous 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 forward 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-hooked advertisement of a leather fixation here. Unnecessary. One immediately senses Halsted's intentions and motivations from his penetrating eyes, his stance and authoritative bearing.

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 enslavement, is the catalyst that ultimately 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 Arty 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 note: (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 von Fraunheim'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

continued on page 18



Whap Whap A fanny to spank.

The Very Hairy Gay Insider

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

[This week's report from the peripatetic J.F.H. 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 cabaret; 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 drag ball, Paris in Spring. BUT... a reaction to bicillin, given in treatment of syphilis, has made it difficult for The Gay Insider to spend time at the typewriter. Consequently, he has delivered a piece which was cut, over his hysterical protests, from his forthcoming book, The Gay Insider 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 bind it and get the cover to stay on," John explains. "So something had to go, namely the things which struck the editor as redundant, happened to fall in certain over-long sections, or which seemed of peripheral interest to readers throughout the country at large. First to go was Lew Williams' excellent guide on How to Become a Male Model, then this piece on tackling 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 reminiscence appears in the New Jersey Overview of the book—and I just couldn't let it go." Consequently, GAY is presenting the Hair 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 gyms. Al Roon's even. Remember those ads in the local buses showing all the corpulent people marching in through of 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 process that's available.

WHERE TO TURN FOR TOPPING?

But what do you do about hair loss, that bogy of any male with an ounce of vani-

ty 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.

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 NEW 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-violet rays, 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 Ohrentreich 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, it's 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 undergone 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 hair you can swim, shampoo, stand unflinchingly in the wind and rain—and make love with complete abandon. 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!

Fatuous First Lines

BY DICK LEITSCH

Is 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 *Marie 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 Two 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, Tallulah, 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 oh-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, *Advice and Consent*
14. T. Capote, *Other Voices, Other Rooms*
15. J. Rechy, *Numbers*
16. J. Cocteau, *The White Paper*
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 JOY."
- F. "NOW. Despite my protests, Marietta revealed her large breasts."
- G. "Wille ge beeh beswungen on leounge?"
- 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 scent of the lilac, or the more delicate perfume of the pink-flowered thorn."
- 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 seventh-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. "Arnold 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."
- R. "I am whom no man will ever possess."

ANSWERS: 1-C; 2-R; 3-G; 4-J; 5-R; 6-M; 7-E; 8-Q; 9-I; 10-H; 11-A; 12-K; 13-L; 14-N; 15-D; 16-F; 17-F; 18-O.



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 Leo Grant, superstar Jackie Curtis and photographer Berry Berenson. But all eyes and ears were on you, Tally Brown—bravo, the evening was all yours!



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

The Last Estate

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

"ALL IN THE FAMILY"

Nobody 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 pressure at all.



Gregory and his research assistant, Joe.

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 warned 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 color transparencies.

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 Day from him."

Pen Points

Dear GAY:

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.B. 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 taste.

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.

Let us learn to be understanding of 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

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 and snapshot of his wife. Ten minutes 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. Gerri Henry wanted to do something on Rauschenberg's new art works. Of all the contributors, 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 Tsoun 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

necessarily the only way to achieve our goals.

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 read this letter.

Yours truly

J.J.K.

Staten Island, N.Y.

Dear GAY:

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 the Flatbush community.

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 *Comunitas*

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 article.

Within two shakes of a lamb's tail London got a telegram:

"CANCEL JOHNSTON ARTICLE ON BENGIS AS UNDERSTOOD SLANDEROUS STOP JILL JOHNSTON ALTOGETHER UNFAMILIAR WITH WORK STOP EXCELLENT MANUSCRIPT 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 personal life, no doubt).

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 magic-marker 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 suggested.

I retyped it on the plane. The article began with the words:

"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
Artists 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. In-

Dear GAY:

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
N.Y.C.

stead, one could write letters to the editors of GAY urging they print the thing in its entirety. London wrote: ". . . haven't published Jill's piece, partly because it was so stupid and the possibility 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 submitted 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 the "Jerrilla 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 to appease.

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

"... if Nemser can turn out the real 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 letter from London informed:

"... the Cindy Nemser piece was terrible and juvenile. If she actually writes

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

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.]

A Small Piece Of The Sidewalk

BY SOREL DAVID

Easter Sunday—old men line the streets, empty grey corridors around the broken last waiting room of the world—the Bowery.

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 rebirth 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 with the sights and sounds of misery. I 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 infinite, limitless, 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 Millet said in her big sister's movie that coming down from her Bowery loft and seeing a disgusting old bum 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 superiority. 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 who stumble and fall beneath her loft.

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-



Blood bruises and bumps are the Bowery's daily fare



Through a glass darkly: on Manhattan's Bowery

thing to be said for a man who needs only a small piece of sidewalk and a bottle of cheap wine to reach heaven on earth. Far more than any self-styled yogi or storefront swami milking the Lower East Side, the old bums have certainly managed to free themselves of ties to the material world. The trip is one of resignation and acceptance. If you can accept the old bums, if you can accept their visage of suffering, battered limbs, piss, vomit and all, unequivocally, as an integral part of your horizon, you are probably further along the road to peace than those who cannot.

Be that as it may, still, one can't go 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

sentimental. One can focus on the realities of filth and degeneration for just so long, you know. Later, riding the E train out to Queens for a visit with my mother, I tried another way out. I tried to effect an escape into the world of Lawrence Durrell. Durrell is about the only heterosexual-type author I know who doesn't get excessively hung-up and weird when it comes to homosexuals. That's because Durrell is so generally hung-up and weird about everything—a very modern writer, that is to say. No, seriously, his homosexual characters, and homosexual is what they are more than any other word, I think (I mean you would never call the great Balhazar gay, for example) are always very real. They always seem to have some dimension, some real existence beyond 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 meaning 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 materializes, 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 occurrences in time.*

Energy is the potential to actualize occurrences in time—Oh God! I thought, oh God, eyes averted with tragicomic, mock seriousness, imploring the heavens to save

me from my own self-important pomposities. 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 God" to him. There is his voice, as if the words proceed from the strangled, self-abortive intake of breath accompanying that self-mocking "Oh God." It's all after the fact, pleasant amusements after The 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. [Theatre 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-encompassing "is" and in this way, defeats the great monster time. This is what was so wonderful, liberating and entertaining about Warhol's *Trash*. 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.



A can of stereo heats outdoor Bowery cuisine.

An Exciting New Paperback The Gay Crusaders

BY DR. GEORGE WEINBERG
Author of *Society and the Healthy Homosexual*

THE GAY CRUSADERS, by Kay Tobin and Randy Wicker, Paperback Library, 315 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10010. \$1.25

The *Gay Crusaders* 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 author, Kay Tobin

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 murderers, 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 copy.

The Gay Crusaders 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 McConnell, 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 another.



Marty Robinson and Tom Doerr



Dr. Franklin E. Kameny



Rev. Troy Perry



Craig Rodwell in the Oscar Wilde Memorial Bookshop.

This book will certainly bring people in the movement closer together; it will cut down on the alienation 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 movement.

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 beings—in 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 Crusaders* for the details of the lives of many of these leaders, I was struck by how different their experiences were, and



Barbara Gittings on David Suskind



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



Jack Nichols and Jim Owles



(far left to right) Arthur Bell, Tom Doerr, Marty Robinson, Arthur Evans, Phil Reis 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 f— In my opinion, Bar-

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 Crusaders* 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.

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 Crusaders*, to present material pertinent to the lives of these people, which the ordinary media would not reveal.

To some degree, perhaps, the selections 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 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 anymore."

This is the motif that runs through this book, and thus *The Gay Crusaders* 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 crusaders 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 courageous people, and their personal stories are dynamic episodes in the gay liberation movement.

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PARK-MILLER 43rd ST. (BET. 6th & B'WAY) BR-9-3970
CONT. 9:45 AM-MID. MID. SHOW FRI. & SAT. NITE

Monsieur Jacques

SPECIALIZING IN PERSONAL, DISTINCTIVE STYLING FOR MEN WITH LONG HAIR

The only men's salon in New York specializing in permanent wave, frosting, hair setting, coloring double-process, hair straightening, eyebrow coloring, scalp treatment, waxing, custom-made hair pieces & stretch wigs. Facial massage & skin care.

14 EAST 56th ST. Fourth Floor Call 838-0280

PRIVATE ROOMS AVAILABLE—MEMBER OF THE EXCLUSIVE PARIS MEN'S HAUTE COIFFURE

COME ONE COME ALL

Beautiful Boys Unlimited

Waterbeds 5 W. 16th St., Corner 5th Ave. Full Body Rub
Foambeds Telephones inoperable; Photographs
Sunlamp Treatment no appt. necessary. Showers

The boys you want are the boys we have. Every type male model available to thrill you and place you in 7th Heaven with their massaging know-how. If you're looking for a male model, we've got him here. Come to: BEAUTIFUL BOYS UNLIMITED

5. W. 16th St., corner 5th Ave.
We promise you if you come once, you'll always come again.

FOR THE GAY ONLY

Hit! Want to lay your hands on the hottest well written Gay Magazines and Novels that ever hit the market. Send \$1.00 to Sovereign Adv. Co., Inc. Box 539 Phila., Pa. 19105 and get this amazing catalog. You also get free, hundreds of Gay ads from Gay guys that want to meet you. We also give you information on how to become a Gay model. We help you find what you are looking for. Please sign statement that you are over 21 and wish to receive this material.

WE HAVE GAY MAGAZINES NOVELS BOOKS NOVELTIES PERSONALS FROM JAY SWINGERS AND INFORMATION ON HOW TO BE A GAY MODEL

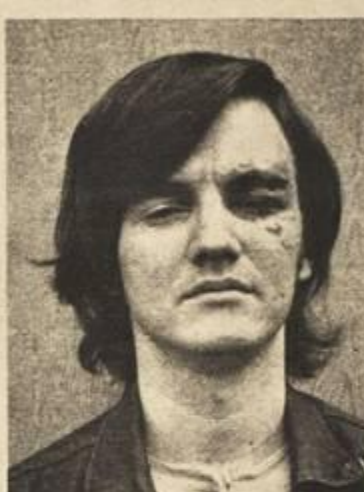
MEN—You CAN INCREASE THE SIZE OF YOUR SEX ORGAN!

Using the new EXPAND O PUMP'S safe vacuum principle, you can actually watch it increase in size before your very eyes! Get that HE MAN feeling of being hung like a STUD.

Can be used for masturbation. Individually Tested—Reasonably Priced. Reg. 12" dia. \$17.95 Super 12 1/2" dia. \$19.95

HERBCO - Box 6325 - San Francisco - 94101 CALIF. RESIDENTS ADD 9% TAX

Saturday, Bloody Saturday



JIM OWLES

Jim Owles was one of seven gay people brutalized by Hilton employees and guests at the INNER CIRCLE dinner. GAA is in very great need of funds to help pay the immense legal expenses incurred. We urge you to send any sum you can afford, no matter how small. Please mail your contributions to: GAA Legal Defense and Bail Fund, Box 2, Village Station, New York, N.Y. 10014. For further information: GAA (212) 226-8572.

MAN'S COUNTRY "FLIP SIDE" PICTURE CONTEST

Show off your imagination and sense of humor

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 drawing,
- 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 "extras." 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:

- Entries may be in any form of art or photography, and in an appropriate size for judging and display.
- Entries will be judged for imaginativeness and inventiveness. Art ability is not required. The whole idea is fun.
- All entries must be mailed or submitted in person to Man's Country, 53 Pierrepont Street, Brooklyn Heights, N.Y. 11201, no later than May 19, 1972. Each entry must include the information requested in the entry blank form in this ad.
- 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 any circumstances.
- 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 "Flip Side" Picture Contest

Hey, fellows,
Here's my idea of what the "flip side" of the Man's Country man looks like. Please enter me in the contest.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
I certify that I am 18 years of age, or older.
Signature _____

MASSEUR

Treat yourself to a complete Swedish massage. 80% of my clients repeat! Call Richard till 11:00 P.M. 595-6115

BOB, CAROL TED & ALICE

are alive & well, hiding at N.Y.C.'s swinapest site spot for bi-girls & couples. Music, dancing & buffet.

INFO: Box 827, N.Y., N.Y. 10016 CALL: (212) 258-5015, 527-3768

PENIS EXERCISER

Soothing suction of vacuum chamber expands and stretches the organ. This could be what you are looking for. \$1.00 for series of pictures of organ "stretch" during exercise period. Details and 5-day free trial offer.

VACUUM SYSTEMS, Dept. LF-4 P.O. Box 2517, Van Nuys, Calif. 91404 Dealer's Inquiries Invited

INSTANT SEX

I signify I am 21 by signing below & wish to receive brochures about:

- GAY
- BONDAGE
- HETERO
- OTHER (Specify)

Write to: XXX, INC., Dept. G-24 20251 Prairie, Chatsworth, Cal. 91311 Signature: _____ Note: include 50c for handling charges to cover mailing.

COMPLETE MASSAGE

by graduate Great masseur. For appointment, call 343-3718 Residential or Studio 22 W. 25th Street TONY MEDES

IN ATLANTIC CITY

stay at HOTEL DeVILLE 149 So. Kentucky Ave. Home of the "M & M LOUNGE" and Atlantic City's only EXCLUSIVE MALE SAUNA reserve now for Memorial Day Weekend write: Box 1739 or phone: (609) 345-2146



JUDY GARLAND!! A magnificent, brilliantly hand-colored portrait. Send \$5 for 8x10 or \$7 for 11x14. Other stars also available. E.S. Jacobs, Box 431, Old Chelsea Station, NYC 10011.

Gsf

Tired of the bars? FORGET THEM...

Gsf is perhaps the most successful means in the U.S. of bringing gay people together. Find out why more people are getting involved with the new GSF. Progressive - Discreet - Sophisticated - GSF can help you get more out of your gay life through exciting personal introductions, no matter where you live!

Get involved NOW!! ANYWHERE IN U.S.A!! ... Since 1968 FIND OUT HOW GSF CAN CHANGE YOUR ENTIRE LIFE—ESPECIALLY YOUR SOCIAL LIFE CALL NOW!! — (213) 654-3491

PERSONAL INTRODUCTIONS
SCREENED MEMBERSHIP
MEET NEW FRIENDS
OVERCOME HANGUPS
GET INVOLVED
ANYWHERE IN U.S.A.
SAFE & DISCREET
18 - 80
INSTANT PHONE SERVICE
ELIMINATE CRUISING

Send Now!
JOHN RAYMOND Dept. President G-78 GSF Organization - 2228 Santa Monica Blvd. Los Angeles, CA 90048
Yes, John, I'm interested in learning more about the GSF Organization and how I can expand my social life. I enclose \$1.00 for postage and handling.
Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Zip _____ Phone No. _____

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 Room!
- A Brilliant New Sun Worshipper's Roof Garden added to the Greatest Ideas in Masculine Baths.

COME MEET ALL THE GUYS AT MAN'S COUNTRY FACE-TO-FACE. YOU'LL FLIP OVER ALL THESE GREAT FEATURES:

- PRIVATE ROOMS—\$8.00
- GYM LOCKERS—\$5.00
- MINI LOCKERS—\$4.00
- SPECIAL STUDENT RATE \$2.50 ANYTIME. \$1.00 THURSDAY
- TV LOUNGE
- SAUNA
- COMPLETE BODY-BUILDING GYM
- "CHUCK WAGON" RESTAURANT
- MASSEUR Available

MAN'S COUNTRY

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).

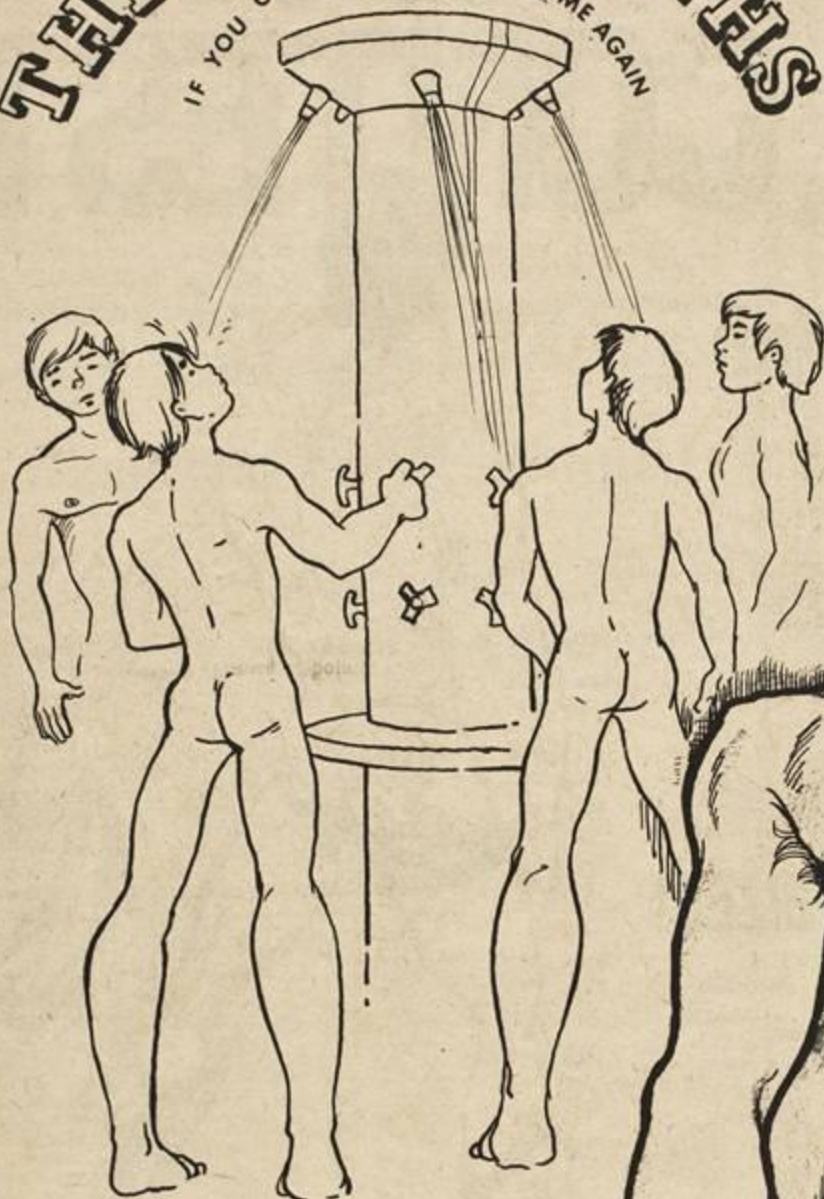
THERE'S ALWAYS A BETTER REASON TO JOIN WHAT'S HAPPENING AT MAN'S COUNTRY:

Sunday: GO-GO CONTEST with Cash Prizes!
Monday: A Program of GREAT MALE FILMS!
Tuesday: "PHOTO STUDIO" NITE—Instruction and Models!
Wednesday: FREE BUFFET & FASHION SHOW!
Thursday: 1/2-PRICE NITE—ALL STUDENTS \$1 ONLY!
Friday & Saturday: GO-GO BOYS—LIVE ON STAGE Headlining "Disco Nite" Dance-A-Thon!

Phone for all details and show times!

THE CLUB BATHS

IF YOU COME ONCE YOU'LL COME AGAIN



Exclusive! FEATURING NEW YORK CITY'S ONLY CAROUSEL SHOWER

NEW YORK'S NEWEST AND FINEST
4 FLOORS TO SERVE YOU

**STUDENT
RATE
\$2.50**



Everything at the CLUB is bigger and better, from the spacious cedar sauna and refreshing spring water plunge to New York's largest double steam room and only carousel shower.

THE CLUB BATHS



The prices at the CLUB BATHS are the best in town for the quality accommodations you receive. Private rooms are \$8.50; walk-in lockers, \$6.50; and gym lockers, \$4.50. Time limit is 15 hours with \$1 charge per hour for overtime. Student rates are also available.

THE CLUB BATHS is extremely cruisy with a wide range of ages, sizes, shapes and colors to choose from.

THE CLUB BATHS is, indeed, an experience you'll never forget. MICHAEL'S THING is proud to recommend THE CLUB BATHS.

The fun area is the basement. The famous circular shower head which is designed after the ones at DAVE'S in San Francisco is a fun way to shower and cruise. The shower is at the entrance of the excellent steam heat rooms—two sections with the inner room the hottest (steam-wise). In the basement is also the mini-pool, Sauna room and work-out room with exercise equipment.

The sanitary conditions at THE CLUB BATHS are exceptionally good. One reason is that two full-time porters clean up around the clock. Also, the staff makes the atmosphere seem warm and congenial. ENTIRELY CARPETED

"IN FUN CITY..."

Open 24 Hours

GO DOWN- IT'S WORTH THE TRIP.

THE CLUB BATHS

24 First Avenue Between 1st & 2nd Sts. Tel. 212-673-3283

VISIT ALL 14 Fabulous Club Baths throughout the USA