

GAY

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(Photo by Kay Tobin)

The gay liberation booth operated by Ms. Barbara Gittings and Dr. Franklin Kameny.



(Photo by Kay Tobin)

A masked gay psychiatrist speaks to the American Psychiatric Ass'n.

Shrinks Asked To Join Gay Liberation American Psychiatric Ass'n Told: "We'll Fight Those Who Oppose Us"

BY JOHN F. Le ROY
Dallas, Texas—Leading gays descended on a meeting of the American Psychiatric Association in Dallas, Texas (May 1-5), set up a booth entitled "Gay, Proud and Healthy; The Homosexual Community Speaks" at the Dallas Memorial Auditorium, took part in a panel discussion, "Psychiatry, Friend or Foe of Homosexuals," before a standing-room crowd of 300, appeared on a 90-minute talk show, and danced together at the psychiatrists' banquet and ball as part of the "desensitization" program. Comment was minimal when Dr. Franklin Kameny took Steve Johnson in his arms and shuffled around the dance floor as doctors and their wives looked on.

The display booth was in the scientific area of the conference, having been constructed by Dick, of Philadelphia's GAA, Barbara Gittings, Kay Tobin and other gays from Philadelphia, and showed pic-

tures of male and female gay couples enjoying fulfilling, obviously healthy lives. Literature was distributed consisting of material from S.I.R. of San Francisco, copies of various articles and papers expressing a prohomosexual viewpoint, and copies of GAY and other publications. Over 3,000 psychiatrists visited the booth—about half of those present at the meeting. Several members of the gay community of Dallas volunteered to keep the booth well staffed.

The panel discussion was a part of the formal program of the meeting. The panelists, Frank Kameny, Barbara Gittings, Judd Marmor, Robert Siddenberg, and an anonymous psychiatrist wearing a mask to dramatize the oppression of gays inside and outside the medical profession debated the issues at great length. Kent E. Robinson of Baltimore moderated the discussion. The proceedings will be summarized in a later issue of GAY.

Following the panel discussion, Gittings, Kameny, Martin Hoffman (author of *The Gay World*) and the masked psychiatrist appeared on a 90-minute radio talk show, one of the most popular in Dallas.

Later, the head of one of the regional districts of the American Psychiatric Association thanked the gays for their presence, and a videotape on a gay liberation theme was made for later broadcast over educational television.

A flier was distributed to several of the psychiatrists who attended, which said in part:

Central to the conflict between psychiatry and the homosexual community is the "sickness theory" of homosexuality and the whole related complex of negative attitudes toward homosexuality, which try to make of homosexuality something inferior to and less desirable than heterosexuality. It matters not whether the word used be sickness, disorder, affliction,

disturbance, dysfunction, neurosis, immaturity, fixation, character or personality disorder, pathology, or any other—or whether homosexuality be considered as merely symptomatic of these—the effects are the same: (1) To support and buttress the prejudices of society and to assist the bigots in the perpetration and perpetuation of their bigotry; and, at least equally important (2) To destroy the homosexual's self-confidence and self-esteem, impair his or her self-image, degrade his or her basic human dignity.

Before any theory having consequences as disastrous as these is accepted, there should be certainty that it rests upon a sound scientific basis. As anyone with even a rudimentary scientific training is aware, the approach of psychiatry to homosexuality violates every canon of good scientific research. For psychiatry cavalierly to spout forth its characterizations of homosexuality as less than fully healthy represents utter irresponsibility. If the profession wishes to continue to take pride in its alleged scientific accomplishments, it had better be

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Supreme Court Judge Hedges On Beatings

BY VICKI RICHMAN

New York, N.Y.—"While I haven't checked it out under the new criminal code, I assume it's still there," Judge Max Bloom of the New York Supreme Court apologizes mischievously, evoking all the awe of retributive justice suggested by Frank Morgan's Oz. His silky white head is a stray balloon bobbing above the antique rococo lectern that will ever protect the mystery of jurisprudence from the world summoned to its mercy. He seems fascinated from his lofty position by something just beyond your inferior range of vision, like a small boy waiting for the bucket of water he planted to fall on your head.

"It's called a citizen's arrest," the impish judge concludes with Olympian finality, while the hushed audience waits for

the merely mortal counsel to respond to the pronouncement that has simultaneously enhanced and demolished his case.

"If your honor please," begins Harold Weiner, striking back, hoping his years as attorney for the Gay Activists Alliance of New York will carry him forward. He is, after all, the attorney who found some judge guilty of irrelevance in the early days of GAA when the judge wondered whether gay activist Sylvia Rivera was a man or a woman. You feel sure he will

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Jim Owles' eye required seven stitches.

D.C. Gay Pride Week Climaxes Near White House

BY PERRIN SHAFFER

Washington, D.C.—A series of events designed to bring together all elements of the gay community has ended in success, according to co-chairperson Cade Ware of the ad hoc committee for Gay Pride Week. One of the final events was speeches at Lafayette Park, across the street from the White House. The Week That Was lasted from May 1-7.

Gay Pride Week saw the coming together (in a manner of speaking) of gay businesses, drags, gay churches, etc. The Club East II Baths bore printing costs. *The Rhinestone Review*, produced by Henry Street, was the first drag show to be part of the D.C. gay movement, according to Ware. A joint outdoor gay mass was given by the two D.C. gay

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Schism Splits California Parade-Makers

BY DONALD WARMAN
West Coast Correspondent

Los Angeles, Calif. The inherent schism between "radical" and "conservative" elements in this area's potentially powerful gay population threatens to become a community crisis focusing on the June 25 Christopher Street West parade.

Both sides sought during May to reach a compromise on the content—and consequently the aim—of what may be dozens of entries in the third annual commemoration here of the Stonewall Revolt of 1969.

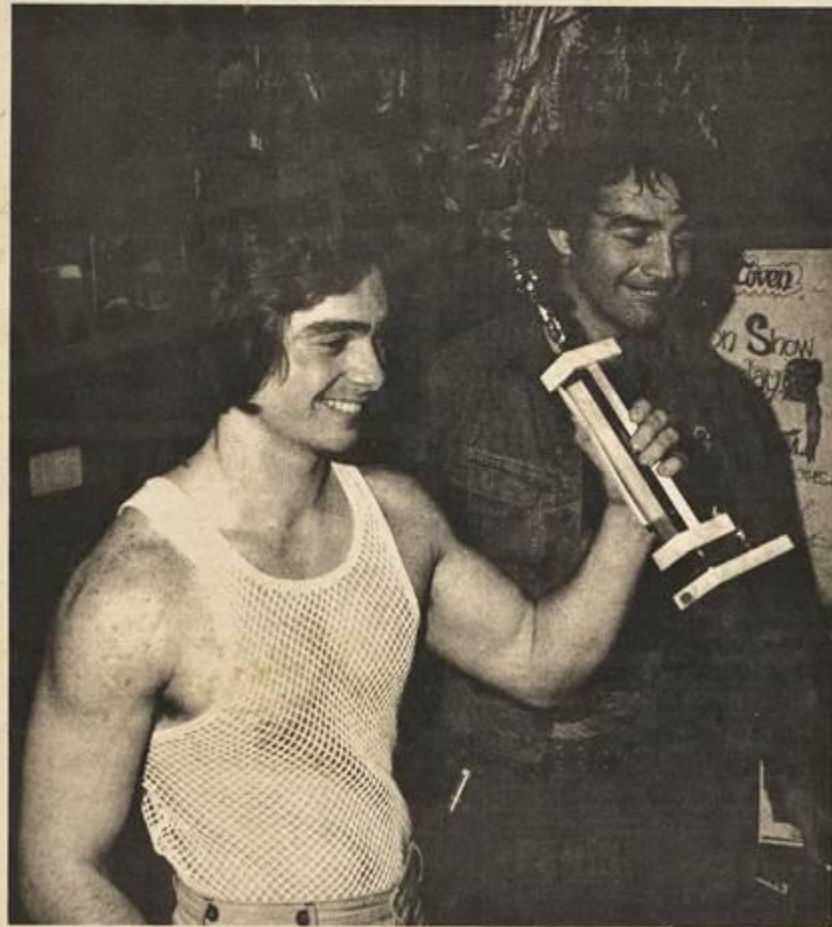
The key word in the so-far muted dispute is censorship. It is a word neither faction wants to say aloud, but neither has devised an exact euphemism for the idea.

Mike Manning and Del Whan, young activist coordinators for Gay Pride Week and its climactic Hollywood Boulevard parade, maintain that each individual and group participating must be the judge of

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The Contest At The Coven

Witch is Which?



Craig Dudley, an actor, was the Coven's Humpy Man.

What, pray, is a Humpy Man? At The Coven, a gathering place for warlocks in Greenwich Village, one wonders if it's Quasimodo they're talking about. "Aw, come on," says The Coven's host, Jerry Fitzpatrick. "It's a man with a bulge, maybe, but not a hump."

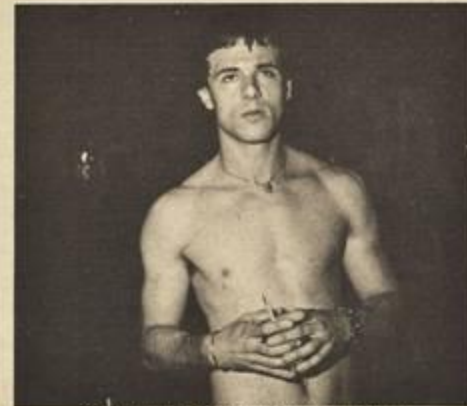
On May 7th, a Sunday afternoon, over 200 curious onlookers gathered at The Coven for the Humpy Man Contest. M.C. Frank Elliot (from *The One Potato*) introduced a group of humpy men whose bulges were all in the right places. The winner, Craig Dudley (an actor, and star of *Sticks and Stones*, one of the first gay flicks on the Manhattan circuit), accepted his trophy under a large stuffed witch, the symbol of The Coven.



Gil: smooth vibes and a well-centered belly button.



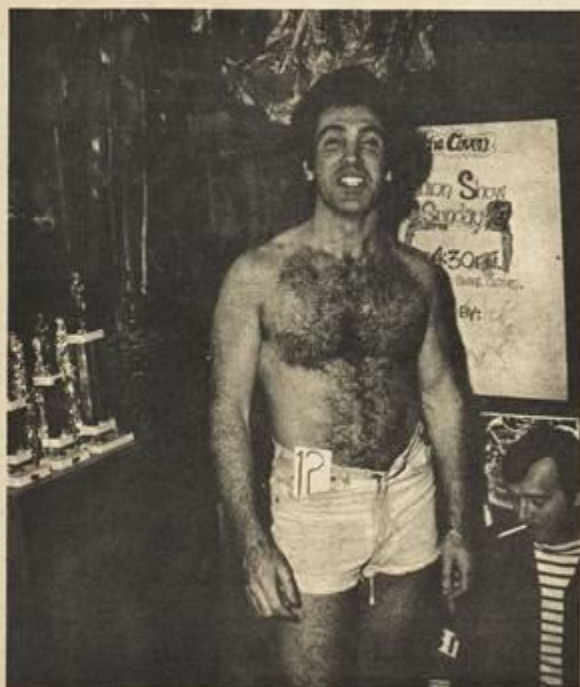
Billy Bink gets a kiss from GAY's Jerry Fitzpatrick.



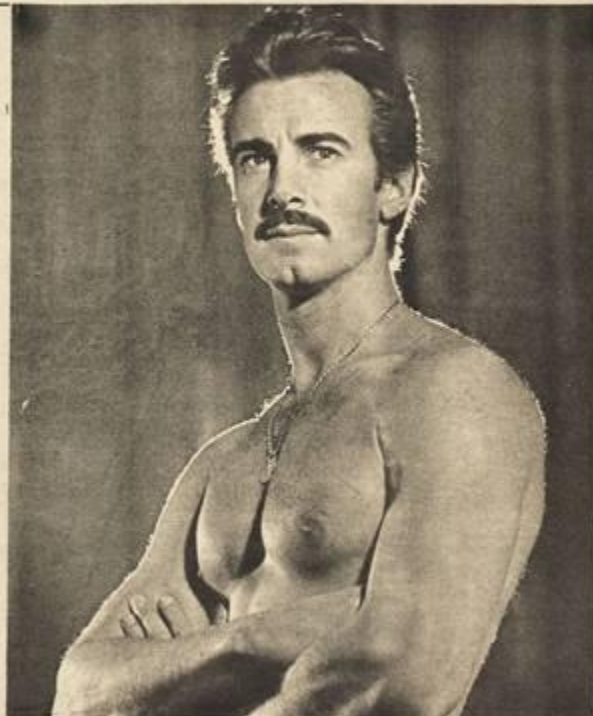
Hungarians, like this fellow, made some people hungry.



Frank Elliot (*One Potato*) is not the Cobra Woman.



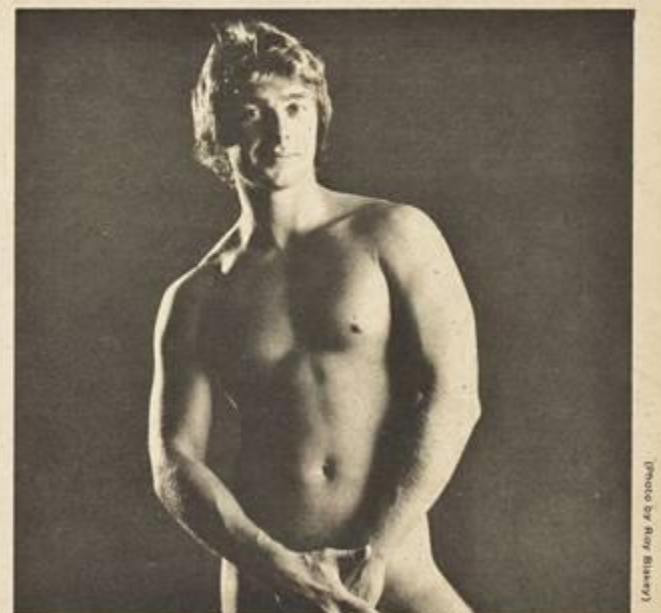
George was Winner Number 3.



Wally, a bartender at Uncle Charlie's North, came in Second.



George (Winner Number 3) is Frank Elliot's lover.



Craig Dudley was the star of *'Sticks and Stones*.

(Photo by Roy Blaney)

Shrinks and Gay Liberation

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Dances at the American Psychiatric Ass'n.

sure that its "researches" really are scientific. Insofar as homosexuality is concerned, they could not be less so. They are the distilled, concentrated essence of bad science; they are a textbook illustration of "science" gone wrong. When the psychiatric position on homosexuality is examined, we find that we have been DEFINED into sickness and pathology by cultural, social, moral, teleological and theological value judgments, camouflaged and cloaked in the language of science, but with none of the substance of science.

Deeply resented by the gay community are persistent efforts by psychiatrists to convert homosexuals to heterosexuality, instead of inculcating them with pride in their homosexuality. Increasingly, we hear psychiatrists proudly declare that they attempt to convert "only those homosexuals who wish to be changed." That is an unacceptably simplistic, superficial, and shallow approach. When society generally, and psychiatry particularly, have "brainwashed" homosexuals into a belief in the inferiority of their homosexuality, the homosexual who asks to be changed is merely the creation of a self-fulfilling process. How many whites choose to try to "pass" as black, and why is the number so small, and why do any blacks at all choose to "pass" as white, and is it not better that now, in an era of "Black is Beautiful," fewer and fewer blacks are trying to be untrue to themselves? We must investigate and often challenge the motives before we accept the desire to change. The great majority of homosexuals desiring to change to heterosexuality should be instilled with a belief that "Gay is Good," not blandly welcomed as candidates for change.

The homosexual community looks upon efforts to change homosexuals to heterosexuality, or to mold younger, supposedly malleable homosexuals into heterosexuality (the very existence of this "plastic teenager" is questionable at best) as an assault upon our people comparable in its way to genocide. We find offensive the entire vocabulary of the psychiatric literature, in which "help," "improvement," "access," "recovery" and similar terms relating to the therapy of homosexuals is related to the extent of increase in heterosexual tendency and activity. The goals of therapy of homosexuals must be subjected to searching re-examination.

Not only do we resist that homosexuals, as people, are in no way inferior to heterosexuals as people (a precept to which we are sure that most psychiatrists will take no exception) but we insist, equally uncompromisingly, that homosexuality—as a condition, a state of being, a way of life or lifestyle, an expression of love and affection—is fully on par with and in no slightest way inferior to heterosexuality.

We are working to create a sense of community among our people, to create, in turn, a sense of unity, solidarity, militancy, and activism, in order to assist us to achieve our full rights and status in a society which is ours as much as it is that of the heterosexuals. We are working with success to create among our people a sense of pride in their homosexuality and a sense of the rightness of what they are and the goodness of what they do.

In order to do this, it is necessary to extract homosexuality from the medical context in which it has long and persistently been placed, and to place it in a sociological context of minority group relationships involving prejudice, discrimination, and bigotry. This is the only context in which the real problems of real homosexuals in our society today will be constructively and productively addressed. It has been well and truly said that in our society there is no black problem, there is a white problem. We say that there is no homosexual problem, there is a heterosexual problem. Psychiatry, as it presently deals with homosexuality, is a major part of that problem.

WHAT YOU CAN DO:
1. Both individually, and collectively as a profession and an Association, re-examine your past positions on homosexuality. Discard the negative attitudes and the biases which have afflicted you in the past.
2. Work for a public renunciation, by psychiatry, of the "sickness theory" of homosexuality in ANY semantic guise.
3. Undertake an active, vigorous campaign to ameliorate and ultimately to eliminate popular prejudice on this question, both through work to change attitudes and in such specific areas as law reform, equal opportunity legislation, etc.
4. Consult on an on-going basis with representatives of the homosexual community.

Judge Hedges on Beatings

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have something to say; he rarely fails to have something to say, you think, as he buttonholes you in the corridor to explain the relation of the case at hand to the Presidential campaign to the judge's ulcer.

Standing there in a suit that a high school principal of the fifties might have worn to the weekly assembly, bearded like a jazz trumpeter of the sixties, with a crewcut and a sense of humor that no era claims, Hal Weiner is a man who has excluded the spirit of compromise from his life. Striding in from the corridor, he'll repeat for the judge the same shtick he's been expasperating you with, and you wonder about this lawyer who, like William Kunstler, can be more radical than his clients. Will it ever happen that some cautious homosexual with a creaking closet door will feel the need to be defended from his own counsel?

"If your honor please," Mr. Weiner plunges in, "Michael Maye is not only a Golden Gloves champion, but the winner of sixteen heavyweight prizefights." You look at Hal again, and you see that he has traded his Osgood Conklin suit for a

denim blazer and flared trousers, and his beard for generous sideburns, and that his hair is now flitting with his earlobes. What about that spirit of compromise?

"To attempt a citizen's arrest of such a man is not only precarious, but downright suicidal." Well, his sense of humor is still the same, and the judge's laughter is heartiest in the court.

The question of why the burly, pugilistic head of the New York Firemen's Benevolent Association has remained at large, untouched by the famed long arm of the law that has never had much difficulty in groping for less prominent defendants, a month after four impartial city officials told the District Attorney that they had observed Mr. Maye beat Morty Manfred, a gay activist from Columbia College, to the ground and kick him repeatedly in the groin. The occasion was the annual dinner of the Inner Circle, an organization of political journalists. Mr. Manfred was on hand at the New York Hilton on April 15 with other GAA members to protest the demeaning portrayal of homosexuals in the press.

"I express amazement too, without passing judgment on the litigation," Judge Bloom comments on Mr. Maye's apparent untouchability, "but do I have the power to reach out and extend myself into processes from which the law has excluded me?"

The judge asks the question as if he's really waiting for an answer, a rare achievement from the bench. Mr. Weiner wants him to order Frank Hogan, District Attorney for New York county, to begin active prosecution of Mr. Maye for felonious assault. But Judge Bloom stops counsel frequently—"I'm not really concerned with technical questions here; I'm concerned with the gut question: what is my power?"—treating the case as if it were an exercise in the philosophy of law. At one point he breaks into Mr. Weiner's carefully researched legal precedent: "Tell Mr. Justice Douglas when you argue before the Supreme Court that I disagreed with that decision."

Judge Bloom, whose genial conservatism is a gentleman's badge of honor, not a policeman's nightstick, believes that the executive branch of government has its place, that the legislative has its, and that very little room is left for the judicial. It's a selfless philosophy for a jurist, more commonly found among self-serving conservative columnists, but it hardly advances GAA's attempts to obtain equal administration of justice; it merely adds the third branch of government to the others willing to leave homosexuals out on a limb. The administration won't use its police powers to protect gays; the legislature won't pass gay legislation; and now the courts modestly find they have no power.

"The District Attorney's decision of where, how and whom to prosecute is reviewable solely by the electorate and is not subject to judicial review," insists Lewis Friedman, representing the D.A.

"Not solely by the electorate," the judge protests, but... "But he seems to think the D.A. is on "safe ground." He offers Mr. Weiner traditional alternatives to a judicial writ of mandamus on Mr. Hogan. In addition to a citizen's arrest, they include impeachment proceedings against the reluctant D.A. and petitioning the Governor to appoint a special prosecutor to supersede him. Subtly, without our really being aware of it, like the rambling fantasies of Leopold, Judge Bloom's literary namesake, the expertise of this white-haired student of New York's legal history, which he loves more as a hobby than as a profession, carries him, and the rest of us, dreaming to the days of Fiorello LaGuardia and Al Smith and beer-running politicians, and the jurist, suddenly aware of his embarrassment, finally feels the need to break off, like a matron reaching for the hors d'oeuvres at a suburban cocktail party: "But I'm sorry, Mr. Weiner, I've interrupted you. Please continue."

Not even justice as a solicitous hostess, instead of a blind maiden, can slow the GAA superlawyer down. He says that such elaborate, mind-boggling red tape would have the effect of exonerating the as-yet-unseen Michael Maye—the phantom of gay liberation's own opera—under the Sixth Amendment, which guarantees him the right to a speedy trial.

The judge agrees. Again and again he takes GAA's side against the D.A. "You've made a case," he tells Mr. Weiner, who is nevertheless not pleased, "for the exercise of a certain power. But"—the word "but" creeps into his arguments again and again—"you haven't convinced me that I have that power..."

At press time the case remained a matter for a first-year textbook; no decision had been handed down, and Michael Maye, who stands accused by Leonard Cohen, Deputy Borough President for Manhattan and three other city officials of trying to cripple a gay activist with his prizefighting fists, remains unaccused by any legal agency.

Meanwhile Emily Goodman, Mr. Weiner's co-counsel, accompanied Mr. Manfred on an inquiry before the Grand Jury. Ms. Goodman, who was excluded from the secret proceedings, had no idea what the purpose of the hour-long interrogation of Mr. Manfred was. "It could be to

prosecute other GAA members for conspiracy to leaflet or to prosecute Michael Maye or both," she said. Mr. Manfred would not speculate on the effect of his testimony, commenting only that the jury wanted a straightforward account of what had happened at the Hilton.

The D.A. refused to comment on the hearing, preserving the secrecy traditionally surrounding the Grand Jury. Ms. Goodman tried unsuccessfully to have members of the jury challenged regarding sexual prejudices. The state legislature recently deprived defense counsel of the right to voir-dire grand jurors, and the court supported the D.A.'s sole discretionary authority over the impartiality of the Grand Jury.

"My problem," Judge Bloom summed up before we all broke for lunch, "is that there's so much smoke here... I don't know whether there's a fire, but I'm not the one who has the power to investigate." Judge Bloom's problem, it seems, is GAA's problem, is all New York's problem.

"What about the people who do have that power?" the judge finished. What about them, indeed? Not D.A. Hogan. Not Mayor Lindsay. Not Judge Bloom. Who then? Some gay activists are whispering about assuming that power for themselves in aggressive counter-measures against Mr. Maye. Has Judge Bloom, with his Sunday-supplement retreat into laissez-faire, implied that right is theirs?

D.C. Gay Week

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churches—Metropolitan Community Church and the Orthodox Catholic Community.

Some other events were a seminar held by the Faggot Study Group (which calls itself "GLF graduates"), an all-week art show, poetry readings, free skin-flicks at the Metropole Theater, free dance at the D.C. GAA Community Center, and a gay-in featuring free chips and hot dogs (and hot gays). Hundreds attended the latter two functions.

Motorcycle groups were the only groups not represented: they didn't respond to repeated requests to participate, according to Ware. Similar urging of women resulted only in a rap session by and for women. One woman donated a hefty share of the \$1,000 raised—singer Roberta Flack, who has frequently attributed her start to gays.

The only event covered by the "straight" media was the Lafayette Park speeches, given at lunchtime on May 5. About 50 gays and as many straights were present. Speakers included Merle Miller, Father Robert Clement and Dr. George Weinberg. Rich Wandel of New York GAA asked gays to openly display affection in order to end discrimination. He told the audience that here were more police agents present than gays. Since Hoover had died three days before, Wandel offered condolences to FBI agents because their hero hadn't risen from the dead.

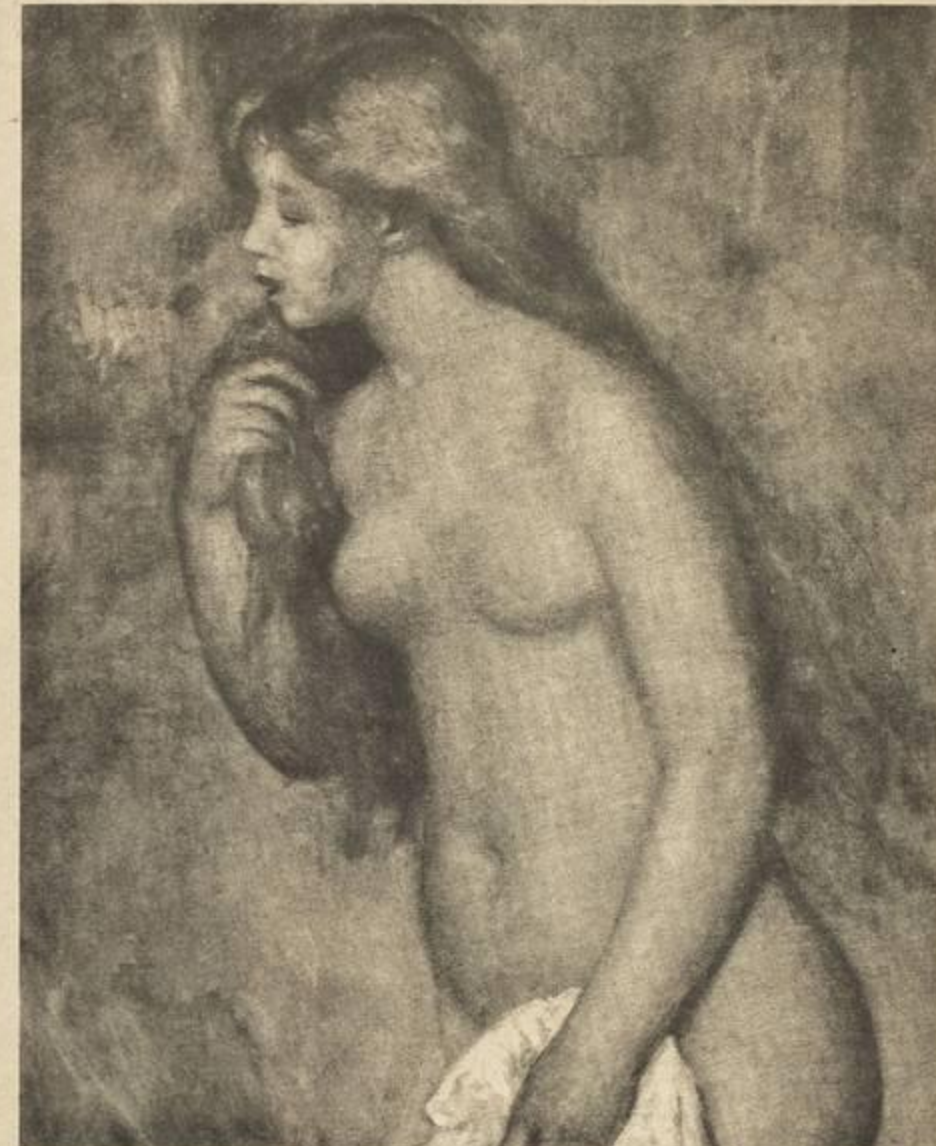
Several others spoke, including members of the audience. Two speakers became so excited that their false teeth came out of place. The audience was kind, though. They weren't so kind with seven hecklers, calling them closet queens. One of the speakers, Ina Rodman, unsuccessful gay candidate recently for a post on the D.C. Democratic Party Central Committee, was solicited the next day by a press photographer whom Ms. Rodman figured must have gotten her number from the phone directory. He told her that "We ought to get better acquainted." They didn't.

One of the chairpersons, Chuck Hall, said that there may be something similar to Gay Pride next year. Ms. Rodman knows where she'd like the similarity to end.

Love Story

BY SOREL DAVID

When I first met Billie I wasn't impressed too much with her looks. Oh, I thought she was pretty and all but her type didn't really appeal to me. There was a certain delicacy, a certain placid blond delicacy of feature I didn't go for too much. Generally I like a wilder rose, but I liked her right away. There was something there, an immediate kinship and her looks became, almost at once, inseparable from her person, like the appearance of an old dear friend which is neither good nor bad looking in itself, but simply that look which separates him or her from the rest of humanity. We went out. In the beginning it was nice and easy, a comfortable kind of thing. The weeks stretched into months and we stayed together. We had good times, it was good in bed, there was no one else, we stayed together. The first time I told her I loved her was making up after a big fight. After that the subject was not mentioned again for some months. Then somehow it came up, at Billie's place, we were lying there in bed, side by side, talking in the morning, light flooding in through the window when it came up again. It was early, early in the morning when I am at my crackling sarcastic best. I'm one of those people who gets up fully awake, full of vim and vigor and glad to be alive in the morning. Whatever else I might need, I don't need love in the morning. I have too much energy, I'm too pre-occupied with myself and anxious to get on with the day. Who said anything about love, I said to her. You did, remember, you said you loved me that time—a little shyly, a little quietly towards the end of the phrase. I forgot, I almost forgot. I thought I was cool, had succeeded in being the Silva Thins man, but she was right. I did remember, I had committed that error, that one fatal slip. So I did, my dear, soooooo I did—a sly smile breaking over my face as I tried to cover up, as I tried to keep on top of the thing, maintaining that precious cool distance between self-image and total disarmament. I leaned over to look at her. There was a slight, hesitant pressure on my arm, eager eyes looked up at me, a hopeful smile, but slightly tremulous, anxious but willing, oh so willing, so ready to accept my answer. Do you take it back? do you take it back, Sorell? is what she wanted to know. Now she is completely beautiful to me, the fragile tenderness of a dew-covered orchid, newly opening, unfolding on the vine.



Sing me not of other towns, of towns that twinkle and shine. Forgive me, but there's no village like mine. Dressed up in her browns and greens, she is a beauty divine. Forgive me, but there's no village like mine. That's a song taught to me by my friend Denise Inkeles who I haven't seen since age fourteen. Oh, fifteen at best. Just loved the song, Denise, wherever you are. Just loved the song.

All going now. Yes, yes, I too will turn middle-aged, but never mind. I mean where have my good looks got me so far? Never mind, never mind. I have other charms. When I first started writing this, in the bathtub I was, I had it in my mind to write about Warren Beatty, his mouth, something about his being warm and sensual, a big, soft, wide and wanton mouth, but now for the life of me I can't remember what it was I was thinking about.

Something to do with jumping out of the bathtub, which I've done on occasion, and running around town feeling like Warren Beatty, I think. It was jumping out of the tub all fresh and clean, feeling good, jelly roll and all, walking across town, shirt pressed back, wind whipping my throat, clean brown hair flying all around feeling like I was Warren Beatty. Only not really—just feeling like I had that kind of wild Warren Beatty mouth. After that there was going to be some rap about how I fantasize in the male persona

thing. All going now. Yes, yes, I too will turn middle-aged, but never mind. I mean where have my good looks got me so far? Never mind, never mind. I have other charms. When I first started writing this, in the bathtub I was, I had it in my mind to write about Warren Beatty, his mouth, something about his being warm and sensual, a big, soft, wide and wanton mouth, but now for the life of me I can't remember what it was I was thinking about.

meet somewhere on the street, say, they would immediately become uptight with all sorts of competitive, comparison paranoia, start fixing their hair and walk along with vaguely discomfited, dissatisfied expressions. But it's changing, a lot of heads are starting to turn around now, particularly young ones. You can see the cut-off point pretty clearly around age thirty or so, a thirty-year-old woman, even the hippest, most together-looking one, will still lower her eyes and passively allow herself to be visually raped when someone looks at her. It's an entirely unconscious reaction, something which can't be helped, almost, it's been bred into us for so long. But chalk it up to the new emergent women's consciousness. Many younger, less processed minds aren't succumbing to the old bluish quite so much.

Maybe there's hope for the world—too bad civilization is slated to end in another hundred years or so. Well, you didn't think I was going to end on a positive note—did you?

In Jail There Are Only Men And Girls

BY VICKI RICHMAN

*Let me sing of what I love, And I shall but restyle my prison:
Groins and heart and lusts above And flesh all leave the man untried.*

*Let me sing of whom I love, And thus I thrust the key still deeper:
Lust and flesh I'd rise above If I knew not this prison's keeper.*

Years later, driving through Danbury, he would search for the correctional institution, hoping for a purposeless glimpse of the old place as he maneuvered his rational way through the maze of idealized concrete with its square-cut, sober beacons, rolling relentlessly overhead as if conveyed to the lost soul on belts, and their blue-and-white, comfortless messages proclaiming the triumph of law, order and the hand of man over the most sheltered of our animal selves.

But it was nowhere to be seen. And he dared not stop, knowing he would never ask and feeling himself drawn on by the sense of uncorrupted destiny with which the modern turnpike has paved over the fragility and randomness of merely personal desire.

So, for all he knew, there was no such place as the Danbury FCI, and the memory of his three months there was just one more fraud perpetrated on a sensibility never before understanding that the immortality of youth is not the immortality of flesh. And it was just as well, he concluded, for the reality of prison is properly unprovable by direct witness, being verified only, if at all, by hearsay and circumstantial evidence. Who, for example, has ever seen a jail? Merely seen it. How did he know it was anything more than a pile of bricks? Is there a street address for one, other than its own name? But who needs to know where it is, to know it?

But the Federal Correctional Institution for Emil was never what it must have been for the hundreds of other men there, although none thought it comparable to a penitentiary or—God forbid!—a local jail. He came to it not in a marshal's handcuffs, but under his own power, chugging the seventy miles from New York on his ancient motor scooter, which was a discontinued model the day he had bought it, with his lover clinging behind, the lover who had insisted, despite Emil's exasperated shrugs, on sentimentally shaking the journey's already precarious balance.

He came to prison, in other words, two weeks late, indulged by a judge otherwise known for requiring immediate execution of thirty-year-sentences for defendants without college semesters to complete.

And he came to prison after conference after soul-searching conference with



(Photo by Roy Barry)

his antiwar mentors who had been there before him. "Don't be taken in," they had lectured, putting headstrong youth in the shadow of ponderous wisdom, "by romantic notions of the unity of the oppressed. You may find it almost impossible to relate to them man-to-man." And they had rhapsodized over the lying promises of the older cons and their dubious protection and their out-and-out jumping you if you were foolish enough to sleep on your stomach. "Protect your ass," is what they would have said, had they not thought such language and arrogance toward other humans one step toward the very rape they had been counseling against.

"Or at least know how to make it pay," is what an honest-john would have added, but Emil didn't meet any until the gate had closed behind him.

In the meantime Emil considered rape. The short, broad Puerto Rican, who was a

fatty until he took off his shirt and you saw his taut flesh, tried to change Emil's job assignment and wanted to take a shower with him. "Watch out for him," the straight-backed, achingly erect and honest Jehovah's Witness, who was, however, not in there for draft evasion, told Emil. "He's got other ideas when he wants to be somebody's friend." And he added, "Okay, I told you for your own good," after Emil pretended not to care, annoyed that his naivete should be so vulgar as to elicit a warning against the obvious.

The slumping, drawling Texan, who denied his own youth, as rural hustlers always do to be believed, who, even in his prison chinos and torn sneakers, wore faded Levis and high-heeled cowboy boots, wanted to walk Emil to the Friday-night movies, which Emil the intellectual didn't want to see and had to invent excuses to avoid, like he was washing his

hair that night.

There was no such thing as homosexuality; the only fags were on the street. In jail there were only men and girls. "Homosexual tendencies?" the questionaire wonders in addition to your religion, and you say yes only if you're a girl on the street as well as in jail and have no hopes of ever being able to pass as a man to the officials' satisfaction, in which case they don't even bother giving you the form, but simply lock you away forthwith, unseen by the rest of the population except as you trip to and from the cafeteria and inspire, you are sure, the juiciest and most prolonged nocturnal emissions in each of those horny studs who have nothing better to do than stare. So anyone they give the paper to can say no in all honesty, and Emil did, and thus help round out a reasonably open society in which men hope to make it by the number of fillies in their stable, and girls,

by the number of men they can turn down and still have diamonds and furs to keep them warm—a society in which sexual perversion is unknown.

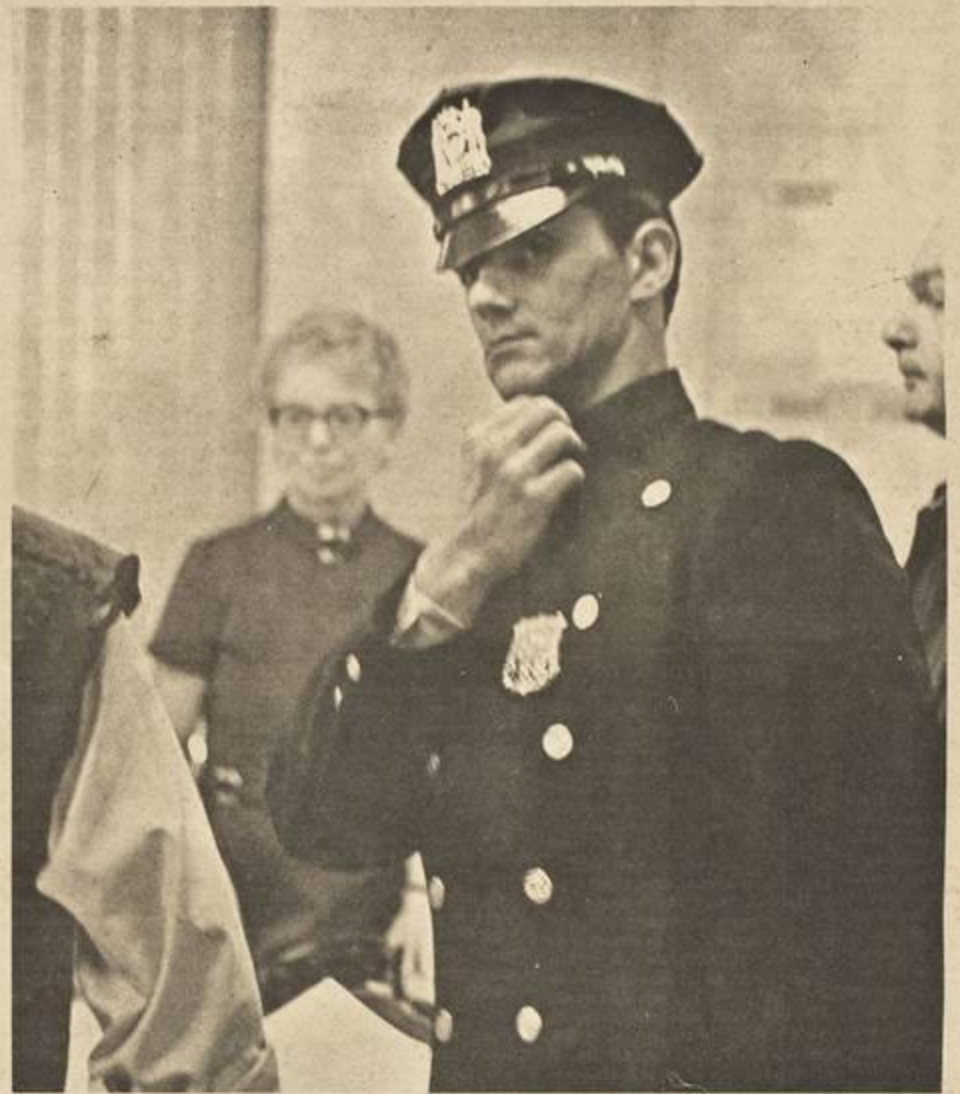
Emil made it as a chick by patronizing attempts at seduction, scorning their gifts, and in general being bitchy, which was how he convinced himself he was above and beyond their intrigues and their gay—he luxuriated in his liberation by saying that forbidden word to himself—games. But the rest of the dudes there clocked the college kid for what he was—a frigid broad—and avoided him like he had the clap and made jokes behind his back as he spent television-free evenings with Thoreau and Gandhi and their considered revelations on the moral transcendence of emotional reserve.

But old Rosie, who shuffled along walls and was never seen in the middle of a room, who cultivated a white stubble even while shaving every day because beards were forbidden, eyed Emil suggestively from the corners where he would otherwise harangue the fish and refuse to play pinochle with his peers. Rosie, they said, had only two years on the street since he was fourteen, and they sneered and elbowed each other like small children confronted by the flea-bitten lion in the zoo, which will lie on its side and only mime a roar though they throw wads of chewing gum and paper airplanes at it.

And when it was all over, and Emil felt that he could at last stop holding his breath and open his fists and let the sweat trickle down, and he felt his anal muscles relaxing finally, although not enough, he thought, to pass a good shit for the rest of the day, he finally looked up, nonchalantly, then willfully, as if what had happened wasn't his fault and was Rosie's bad scene in any case. And it occurred to him that they weren't sneering or making jokes any more, but were going about their business as if there had never been any Rosie, and that the screw was pretending to be officially busy with something on his desk at the other end of the room, leaving Emil not with relief, but with the tension of unacknowledged shame and the frustration of having no one to ask him about it, let alone admit assisting in his downfall by looking the other way.

"Who does he think he is?" the doctor was supposed to have asked the screw after he had seen the neat row of books on the window sill. Emil had begun—succumbing at last to the forbidden joy of deprivation, complementing his lack of passion with perpetual hunger—his fast, and they had locked him in the little hospital room, which might have been used, they told him, wagging their tongues and fingers, for inmates who were really sick. "Pretty soon they'll all stop eating," and the doctor had ordered all the books, except the Bible, removed. So Emil learned to whisper through the glass partition twice a week when Rosie showed up because no one else dared to, and Rosie, who didn't even read the *Daily News*, would go to the prison library and take the book out, whatever it was, and slip it under the door, and it would have his number on it if the screw found it.

Which meant that Emil would read only the Bible when the doctor came to pour Metreol into the funnel on the loose end of the rubber tube in Emil's nose, even on Saturdays and Sundays, when he would come in white shorts and be sarcastic about how far the FCI was from the courts, not realizing probably how painfully his tennis-player's figure and boy's face made Emil realize, abashed before his first good-looking doctor, that



he had known only those he had been brought to by his mother, who was notorious for not choosing them sexy. And like the captain's son shipwrecked at sea and rescued by headhunters, Emil was now oryging through some exotic ritual called the hunger strike, at silent, erotic, wit's war with a wicked and charming medicine man, and the reality of this schoolboy's spring daydream was more than he would let himself believe at times, understanding that it was only his own chagrin he would achieve in teaching the traitors in his life the lesson they would never forget by running away to sea.

So when the doctor left he would dig under his mattress for what Rosie had brought, and lived instead in the fiction of other self-righteous madmen. He read *Robinson Crusoe* and Henry James's *The Ambassadors* and laughed at the simpleton authors who portrayed as exquisite torture the unsurpassed delight of being stranded in the tropics or Paris. He read Faulkner's *The Hamlet* and fell in love, of course, with the cow, and came in the middle of the night, as every boy has done who has imagined himself the half-wit Snopes, even when there were people around he wasn't afraid of baling with.

The window faced the compound, not the outside, throwing his study of the universe back for millennia, but he would stay at it comforted, in his shelter and the

recollection of the heat of August, by the threat of hurricanes, while he watched, like God in heaven, the people he knew from his invisible second-story room, and invented stories—perhaps benign, perhaps damning—about what they were doing, and even saw the outfielders of the surviving ballgames.

Each morning the window hovered above the three or four happy men who threw jokes and chins to the others and to the screws, and who passed, when it was all that was left for them to do, through the unseen door that must have been directly underneath and into space and time at last. And one day, not long before Emil imagined himself joining them, Rosie came forward, but still shuffling, still scowling, and shouted, "Have a good year at school," at the window, and evaporated in due time, spirit-like, in the company of the other daily ghosts.

And years later, on the turnpike in whose distance lay some goal he could not escape from, whose technology offered him the freedom of movement that left him unable to get anywhere, as he drove on conscious only that his most crippling burst of energy was impotent in exhausting their supply of painted concrete and exit signs, he thought back instead to that fairyland prison, whose existence was now some childhood joke, before he had stopped eating, when Rosie, in front of the others, had taken

his hand and had whispered, "I'd like to do something if you don't mind," and had held and kissed him hard, and had whispered again, "I did that because after I finish my time here, you know, New York state has a detainer on me for the life sentence I was paroled on, which my lawyers are filing a motion on now, but still there's an outside chance I may never see the street again before I die, and I doubt that I'll ever meet a boy as beautiful as you in that joint they've got in Ossining," clearly using the word "boy" when prison etiquette and accepted practice had specified that he desire a girl. And Emil recalled how he had stepped back to break the clinch and had wordlessly walked away past the men who had noticed enough not to notice and had never again spoken to Rosie until the old man had surreptitiously tapped on the door of his solitary cell and had asked if he needed anything.

And he wondered, with the prison and its prisoners behind him and perhaps only a myth, with even the last exit for Danbury conveyed in orderly sequence to the forgotten past, making the very town a figment of his imagination, whether it was Rosie who had raped him, or whether it was he (and his college and his three-month pacifist's sentence, for which he came two weeks late, like a schoolboy with a note from his doctor) who had raped Rosie.

California Parade-Makers

(continued from page 1)
its own presentation. Entry applications accepted from some 40 groups (at mid-May) included each entrant's tacit acceptance of the CSW committee's printed plea that the participants ask themselves:

"Is it good for gay solidarity, or will it tend to cause embarrassment, argument or polarity within the community?"

"What does it say to everyone concerned, both gay and straight?"

"Will it build Gay Pride?"

In both previous years, the shows provoked bitterness, a degree of ridicule and threats of arrest over isolated expressions of what many observers, homosexuals and policemen alike, thought was an obscene contempt for current social standards. In 1970, it was an enormous jar labelled "Vaseline." The points of contention last year were the now-notorious "cockapillar," a 35-foot-long manned construction, and a boulevard-wide banner, SUCKING IS BETTER THAN WAR.

Larry Townsend, nationally known gay novelist and new president of HELP, Inc., says his group and other relatively quiet gay organizations were willing to show up in a demonstration of solidarity—but with written conditions.

Calling the groups he wants to bring into the parade "largely closeted people," Townsend told GAY:

"The larger percentage of our gay population can't afford to 'come out.' They would jeopardize too much. If we could get a good thing out there where everybody felt they were going to have a good time, that they'd be proud of it later because it made a good public relations image, great!"

"... But it's one of those difficult projects. The people you'd like the general population to see can't or won't participate. Therefore what you end up with is a big freak-in that just enforces all the Stephen Fetchit stereotypes of gays."

"What we have to have is almost an invitation by the radicals—street people or whatever you want to call them—saying, 'We understand how you feel. You're our brothers, we won't embarrass you, come on in with us.'"

Manning's reply:
"Because our people have been suppressed and censored for so long, we cannot in good conscience censor our brothers and sisters who will be marching with us."

He said he has reminded all potential participants, including the apparently reluctant organizations for which Town-

send speaks, that he and Ms. Whan could be jailed for any infraction of city ordinances in connection with the event.

He added that the police department compiled for them a list of every municipal code and state law applying to public demonstrations, and that all participants would get copies of them in full.

The stand-off about "written guarantees" to Townsend's macho motorcycle clubs and semi-secret social organizations reflected the wide gap between two views of gay liberation's methods. Townsend's is the cautious way, Manning's the more direct.

His CSW committee's tentative plans for Gay Pride Week include candlelight vigils on the streets outside the "daddies' tank" (for Lesbians) at Sybil Brand Institute, a women's jail here, and outside the "queens' tank" at the county jail.

"To me," Manning told GAY, "any gay rights group is a radical group." Nevertheless, he said, he tried to appease the "conservatives" with verbal assurances from his "radicals" that there would be no show of sexism or "repressive" displays like last year's long phallus.

Instead, he hopes Gay Pride Week will be remembered as one of peaceful demonstrations, gay-ins and art festivals, "partly a joyous thing, but for the most

part serious."

"So what exactly is Gay Pride in the first place?" reads his committee's invitation to parade entrants.

"It is no secret that our community is perhaps the most widespread and diversified (of all) when it comes to politics, dress, religion and so forth. So Gay Pride will mean many things to many people. But out of our great diversity and creativity, we are putting together an event which belongs to all gay people. In doing so we are learning more about each other and generating an awareness of what pride and unity means to all of us."

The statement was clearly aimed at the "largely closeted people" both he and Townsend hope to bring into the action. Manning conceded that his stand against "censorship" was partly a reflection of local reaction to reports of serious dissent among sponsors of the parent Christopher Street parade in New York City.

"Without disparaging any other parade in the country, I personally think the Los Angeles parade is the least repressive of all because of our non-censorial policy."

"But everybody must realize that everybody's going to have to give a little, to try a little humility. We're putting our lives into this parade."

Jerry's Sphere

(continued from page 2)

Rod... Yes, that was Angelo D'Arcangelo strolling with Jack Hardy of FEDORA'S... Roger, from UNCLE CHARLIE'S NORTH, is a definite turn on... Jerry Herman, the first customer to enjoy dinner at the COVEN, looking great and happy... The WESTSIDER has a winner in their new man, Dave... My favorite songbird, Judy Sexton (NEW JIMMY'S) out on the town with my favorite blonde, Ellie Metcalf (LIB)... What is all the commotion at the SPIKE? Warren is gone and, I can't believe it, Doric Wilson. That will be a loss... PERSONAL TO JACK OF THE EAGLE, I'm glad that we got things straightened out. I don't mind being laid out for something I do but not for somebody else's idiocy... Any truth to the rumor that "Chubby," last month's phantom winner is now, indeed, working at MAGNOLIA T'S?? While we are on that for a minute, Sam Palmer has begun a whole new career in show biz as a result of his hilarious take-off on Edith Bunker. Right on, hon... Oh, a flash!!! The "Helen Keller" who counted last month's ballot apparently has better luck with money. He counted the receipts of two West Side inns and split with the cash. TSK, TSK. Hope he makes it... MCC New York received its charter last month in a ceremony attended by the REV. TROY PERRY. It was a moving service. The Rev. Perry mesmerizes in a manner not unlike Archbishop Fulton Sheen. You sit there listening to small anecdotes smiling, laughing and then, when the sermon is ended, all you remember are the points he's made. And, there is no doubt in your mind that he has made them. I was enthralled. I was also charmed by Rev. Howard Wells, pastor of MCC, N.Y. At first glance he looks like everyone's kid brother. Then, he speaks, you realize that he's a dedicated, honest man out to prove to the world the truths he holds in his heart. His vow to have "HUMAN DIGNITY" the main objective of MCC, N.Y. filled my heart with hope. I am sure that with people like Troy Perry and Howard Wells among us we do, indeed, have hope for a brighter future. God bless you both... SIDE-LIGHTS to the service. Walter Kent of the BEACON BATHS received a certificate naming him an honorary homosexual entitled to all the privileges thereof. And, I must say, I was turned on by my brother, John Francis Hunter's robust baritone singing... For that "special date" you might like to try LA SANGRIA. A Spanish restaurant right across the street from the ROADHOUSE. The food is marvelous. When the kitchen is closed Spanish entertainers from all over the city converge at this spot to have a good time and entertain each other. You'll feel as if you're in Madrid. A pleasant, unusual night... CHANGES, CHANGES, CHANGES... Nancy Haskill out of MARIE'S CRISIS, Bobby Splain (no longer at Carr's), John and Robert into the COVEN. Georgy Perry OUT, Jan Wallman left MONA'S for a new place, the GAS STATION at Grove and 7th Ave. So, right next to JACK DE-LANEY'S (that is going to be a very busy corner), Ed Maxey into MONA'S. By now Conroy is probably tending bar on the moon. Please, guys and gals ONE IS-SUE???? PLEASE????

started the "Nostalgia Night" bit as a gag and got caught up in it much to the delight of everyone who has caught her Nelson Eddy to Gene King's Jeanette MacDonald and how Archie Bunker to Sam Palmer's Edith. A fine lady (hope the Radicals will forgive me, Gwen) with an enormous sense of humor, she is a credit to us all in the business...

BAR PROFILE: The GAS STATION, 70 Grove St. (242-1408). Just opened and it boasts Jan Wallman behind the bar. The bar itself is long and topped (are you ready) with copper. The whole thing was hand-made by the owner, Shlomo Harari. He's a very congenial host. There's a great sound system and a good dance floor in the rear. The thing I liked most is that you can sit at the bar and enjoy a conversation without getting hit in the ears with the music inside. There's a man called Clyde doing portraits (pencil) in the front. Opening night they were lined up. He is really excellent but I don't understand how he does it for \$1. Stop by, I think that you'll enjoy it.

POLITICAL THOUGHTS: Now I'm positive that the "lunatic fringe" I've heard so much about is alive and well and living in the White House. Last week Pres. Nixon announced he'd mine the North Vietnam ports to blockade them. And he did it! As of this writing no counter move has been announced by the Russians. Not only did

this scare the hell out of me but it depressed me too. How could this wonderful, great country wind up with a madman as president? Doesn't he know he could have triggered World War III? All this to save face in a silly war that we've no right to be in. I urge you all to REGISTER AND VOTE in the Democratic Primary, June 29th. VOTE FOR GEORGE McGOVERN. The Democratic bosses are trying to take enough uncommitted delegates to Miami to stop his nomination. McGOVERN needs our help. He has promised to help us. REGISTER AND VOTE.

Attended the first annual costume ball sponsored by the CHURCH OF THE BE-LOVED DISCIPLE. It was a gala event. I had the privilege of sitting with the Rev. Howard Wells of MCC, N.Y., the Rev. Weeks of the CHURCH OF THE HOLY APOSTLE (host church to GAA, pre-Firehouse, and West Side Discussion Group), and Father Robert Clement of the hosting church, along with Walter Kent (BEACON BATHS) and my brother, John Francis Hunter (who went as the great white hunter, what else?). The show was quite professional. Put together by Bob Waxman and Don Hayes (who also MC'd). While I commend all the acts I must single out BRYAN MURPHY and PUDGY ROBERTS as exceptional. Mr. Murphy's impression of Pearl Bailey is flawless and he uses his own voice. He's

an excellent performer and would have had Pearly Mae leading the applause had she been there. Mr. Roberts' strip has to be seen to be believed! It's a perfect put-down on any sexist theme you can imagine. A product of genius. I'd like to know where the hell he has room for all of those props under his costume. With each strip of clothing something more outrageous would appear ("the biggest piece of meat in the world" turned out to be a huge rubber(?) lamb chop.) UNBELIEVABLE. I must also commend DON HAYES, who as MC fought a terrible sound system and an uninterested audience. (My apologies to Lee Brewster but put a bunch of drag queens together for a contest and they couldn't care less about the show on stage.) Others appearing in the show were Robert Speller, who did a sexy "leather strip"; Dean Marr, Mr. Hayes' lover and "straight man"; an old friend who flipped me out as Dietrich, Jon Craig; Ricardo and Tanya in a ball-room dance; and Richard Stuart in a breathtaking cape dance. Father Clement and his lover, John Noble, dressed a comedy and tragedy, led the grand parade. And it was a spectacular parade. Those kids must have spent every spare moment sewing and planning. (The winning costume required the aid of three gentlemen just to get it all on stage.) A grand time was had by all and we look forward to next year's event. Till next time, love and peace, Je.



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Arrabal



Ren Faber and Baruk Levi



George Shannon and Marial Miguel in "Handcuffs."

ual. I would have been... less objective. But this sadomasochism between two men is so strong... the humiliation is much deeper than it would be with a man and a woman. It was very exciting to me. Have you ever read St. Teresa of Avila? In one of her writings she speaks of God entering her anus like an arrow, bringing her both pain and joy."

(He is atheistic and has lived many years in France. Yet the umbilical attachment to the Spanish Mother Church has not, cannot be severed.)

During the interview, Arrabal speaks so continuously of *L.A. Plays Itself* that I'm forced to ask if he is being overly patronizing to me and my position as a GAY columnist. He looks shocked and insists that he would have said the same things to anyone on this particular day. The film is very much on his mind. He resumes by talking animatedly of the highly erotic effect of seeing semen being spread on motorcycle leather. This brings to mind the Industrial Revolution's sardonic last laugh; the automobile as sexual object and deity.

"Do you think Genet has helped to elevate sadomasochism—and homosexuality in general—in Art?"

"Yes, but Genet is never as free in his drama as in his novels. Never as personal. And he should be! I am very personal in

my plays and I leave nothing out! Nothing should be taboo. Ah, poor de Sade. He wrote one very conventional play. A bore. And I love Tennessee Williams, but he is not honest in his plays. His stories are much superior. If he made a play of his *Desire and the Black Masseur*, he would change the masseur into a white woman who would eat only the victim's toenails instead of devouring the whole body! Sad..."

He shakes his head and picks listlessly at a crumpled page of GAY. I ask, fairly certain of the answer, what he thinks of the bizarre world of Luis Bunuel. He smiles.

"We are very much alike, of course. I admire him. He is a very gentle, very simple and ordinary man. Very different from his creative work. As is Beckett." (I assume he is also describing himself. And could he also be apologizing for possibly disappointing me, and others, with his looks and style? I hope not.)

"I had dinner recently with Bunuel at his home in Mexico. Like all Spanish peasants, he is fascinated by American products. Very proud to own them. He keeps his Frigidaire in the middle of the living room!" Arrabal chuckles delightedly, giving Denton time to translate and ask for one of my Kools for himself.

After another half-hour, I have found that Arrabal prefers theatre to film. Films are remote for him (except as a passionate spectator!) and they are hard work. He screws up his face in distaste. Theatre is immediately satisfying. His favorite playwright is Samuel Beckett. (Not surprising.) As for movies, he admires Bunuel, Fellini, Adolph Meksas. And his very favorite is the Italian director, Carmelo Bene (of whom I have never heard). He thought *Myra Breckenridge* was a great film. (?)!

The press representative enters and sits quietly in a corner with Claudine Lagrive, Arrabal's attractively plain assistant. I don't want to overstay my welcome, but at the risk of starting him up again on the Halsted film, I ask what he thinks of gay liberation. He speaks to me for the first time in halting English.

"It is good. I am not homosexual, you understand. Please! I don't say this with any pride or... arrogance. It is just the statement. But I think homosexuals are good. Necessary. This liberation is good. We must all be totally free. It is so important... all sexual freedom. Any... all... it is so healthy." (Mother Church recedes to the background.)

He slips into rapid French to describe to both Denton and me the gay lib movement in Paris, and his enthusiasm for it. He speaks knowledgeably of a gay activ-

ist's White Paper and of the amazing amount of support French homosexuals are currently receiving from the authorities. He repeats himself, leaning toward me for added emphasis. "This is a very good, very fresh thing. It must continue." "We all hope it does." And I wish the interview could continue but I look at my watch and decide that ninety minutes has been generous enough. I ask one last question—the kind an interviewer is obligated to voice as a signal for the termination of proceedings. "What will you do now? I mean, what is your next big objective?"

He gets up quickly from the bed, grinning broadly, ready for me. "To finish my new play that is so influenced by *L.A. Plays Itself*! Yes, that is next. I go home to Paris next week and write and write!"

Well. On the way home I'm amused by the fact that neither Arrabal nor his enthusiasts were quite what I expected. Had he been putting me on? No, I doubt it. I had felt very comfortable around him. I'd like to have another conversation sometime. In Paris, a few months from now? Late afternoon outside *Cafe des Deux Magots*, of course. With a good chilled vin blanc. And he'd proudly pull out the finished manuscript of his new play, *St. Germain-des-Prés Plays With Itself*.

McGovern

He's been right from the start.



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2. Sexual orientation should cease to be a criterion for immigration to the United States.
3. Government and private investigatory agencies should cease to collect data on the sexual preferences of individuals.
4. Sexual orientation should cease to be a criterion for obtaining housing, insurance, or bonding.
5. Individuals previously given less-than-honorable military discharges solely for sexual relations between consenting adults or for allegations relating to sexual orientation should have the character of those discharges changed to honorable.
6. Increased federal support of unbiased research into the nature of all human sexuality.
7. Federal sponsorship of educational programs which will foster further understanding of both professional people and the general public on these issues.

The following statement in support of Intro 475 was read to the New York City Council on December 17, 1971, by Eleanor Clark French on behalf of Senator McGovern:

Senator McGovern recognizes that in American society today—no less than in other cultures and as throughout recorded history—a substantial minority of women and men of all ages are identified with a homosexual lifestyle. He further recognizes that certain assumptions of the majority concerning homosexuals have been used as a rationale for harassment and denial of elemental civil liberties for millions of individuals. As for other oppressed and stigmatized minorities, Senator McGovern pledges the full moral and legal authority of his presidency towards restoring and guaranteeing first-class citizen rights for homosexually-oriented individuals.

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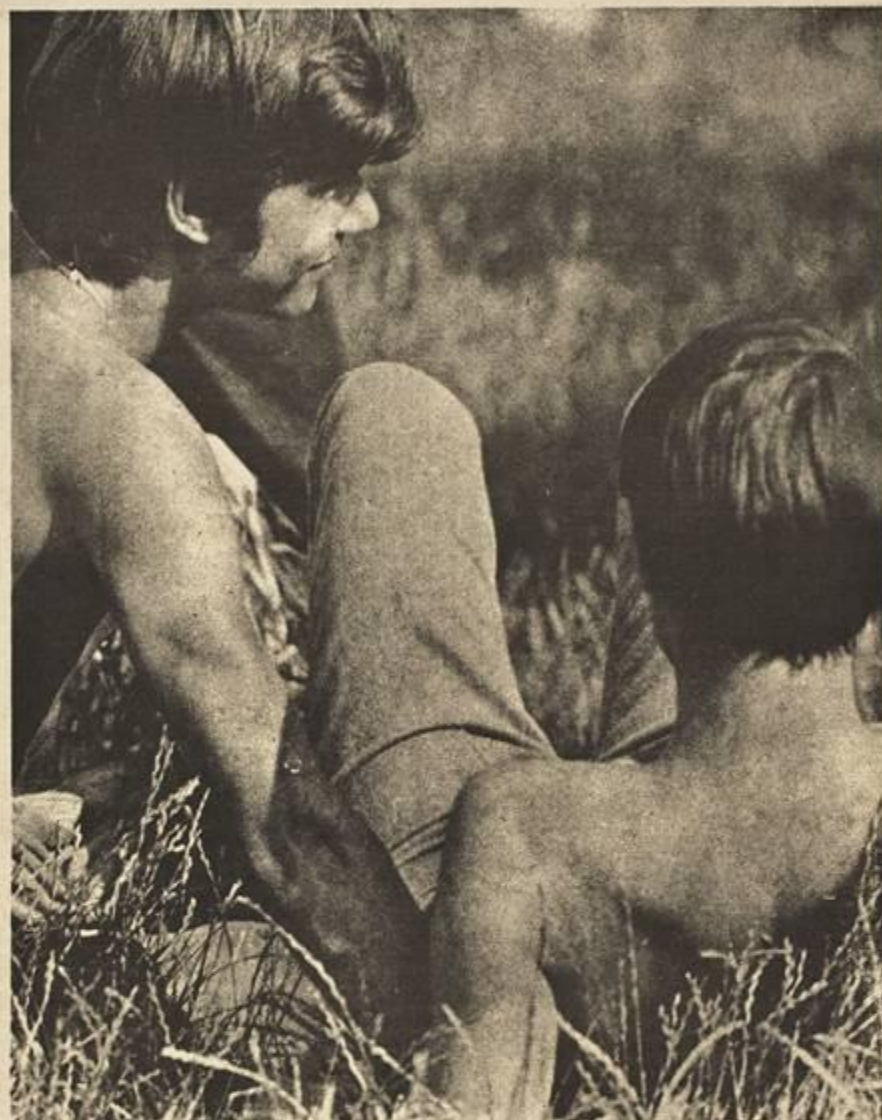
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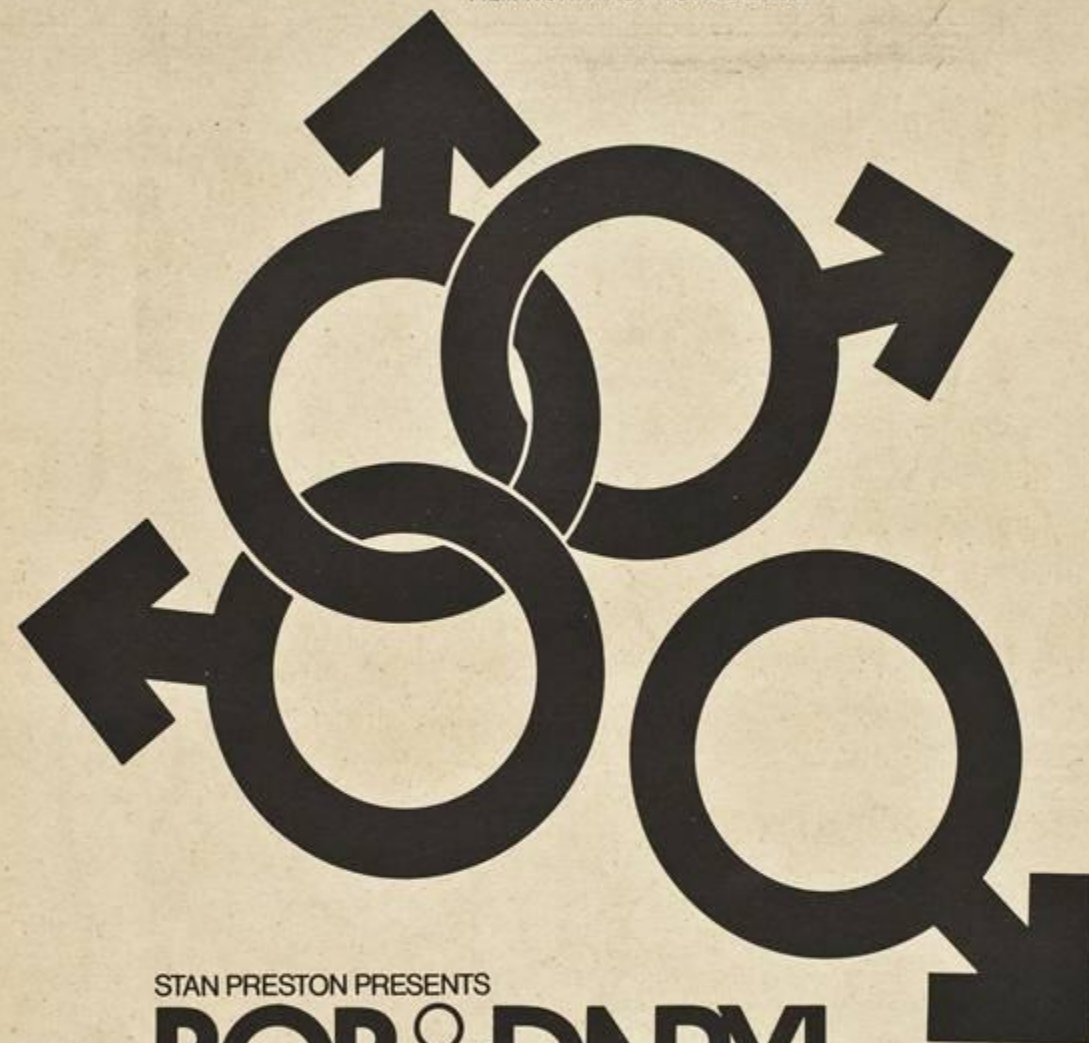
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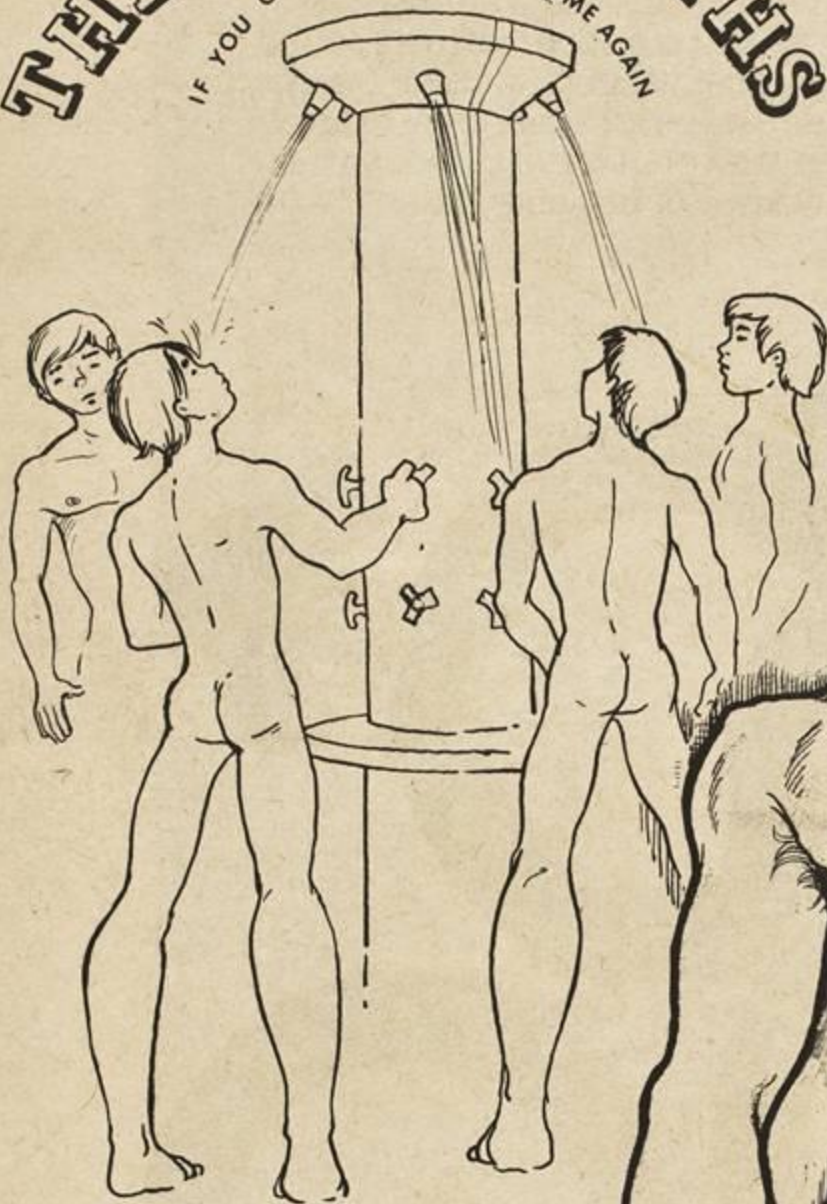
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