



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

BY JOHN P. 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 Philadlephia's GAA, Barbara Gittings, Kay Tobin and other gays from Philadelphia, and showed pictures 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 Psychiatrict 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 (continued on page 12)

# 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

"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 (continued on page 12)



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 (continued on page 12)

# 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.

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 (continued on page 16)

# WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT? A DIRECTORY FOR DISCRIMINATING DISPOSITIONS

GM-Gentral Males GF-Genital Females

TV-Transvestites INT-Integrated, gay & straight

BY JERRY FITZPATRICK WEST VILLAGE

A. Real Restaurant, 105 Macdougal St. (677-9850), New and Sparkling, Food is excelent and reasonable, Bring your own wine, Inct. Box Soir, A W. 8th St. (473-9859). Cha-cha palace, mostly Latin, Businy is on the bar during the day. QM F TV

ing the day, GM & TV Bonnie & Clyde's, 82 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-9304). Dancing, free buffet on Sundays. Elaine is be-hind the bar to make you feel at home. GF

nert senond the stick, can. Case Larede, 551 Hudson St. (989-8520), Tex-Mex food at its best. Beautiful atmosphere, Say helio to Bernard on the floor and Jim at the

Cell Block, 372 W. 11th St. Some groovy numbers on both sides of the bar, Asis for Bod during the day and Ted at night. GM.
Coven, 331 Hudson St. (255-9741). New pointy. Downstains is for dinning. Features a complete Italian, Spanish, German or Chinese dinner at \$2.50. Stop in and say helio to Ted, Martyn, Chuck, Matty and yours truly.
Danny's, 139 Christopher St. (929-9321). Has plicked up considerably. I'm sure that the day crowd is due to Jerry behind the bar. GM.
Danny's Sheriden Sq., 170 7th Ase, So, Young fields and dancting. Lost Jony but got Jack Hartman. Marvin and Jody will se to your needs, GM.
Delangy's, 72 Grove St. (Al 5-7905). Drinks by.

arry on the floor to serve you. And Fedora serself making sure that you enjoy your meat. Finale, 48 Rarrow St. (CH 3-7358), Seems de-

Finale, 48 Barrow St. (CH 3-7358). Seems desible some groovy held they are still losing business. Say helds to Jaimie and Philip, GM/Int.
Five Oaks, 49 Grove St. (675-9659). Village Tavorite off Sheridan Square. Int.
Four Eleven, 411 Bisscher St. (CH 2-2117). An old-time favorite, Int.
Gas Station, 70 Grove St. (242-1406). Brand
Gas Station, 70 Grove St. (242-1406).

cas Station, 70 Grove St. (242-1406), Brand new and a lot of fun. Dancing in the rare, conversation in the front with Jan Wallman, Clyde doing incredible pothwists for \$1, GM/INT. Glory Hole, £3 W. 100m St. 5exy Bit on the bar, Dotter on the floor. Manager doesn't seem in like his job. GM

Gold Bug, 83 W. 3rd St. (677-9874), Another chalcha palace for a young crowd. They boast "Bess" behind the bar, He'll keep you laughing.

Horn of Plenty, 353 Bleecker St. (242-0636). Great food but you'll have to bring your own wine until they get their liquor license. Int. Incs., 399 W. 12th St. (242-9722). The food is

lot of GM.
Julius', 159 W. 10th St. Hamburgers are great.
Orlinks are good. Halp, Joey, et al will take care
of your drinks. The crowd is pretty, but don't
count on making out. They still stars off GM
Keller's, 284 West St., near Christopher. The

its 13th anny, GM Keokie's, 149 W. 14th St. (242-9226). The bar

Kookie's, 149 W. 14th St. (242-9229). The par-is clean but they don't encourage GMA. Kookie looks like a poor man's ZauZsa. GF Magencia T., 109 W. 13th St. As iong as Sam Paimer is here you know that you'll have a good time. The "tacky" bartender from us town is doing wonders on the kitchen. Bill and

Lou are on the bar, GM, Marie's Crisis, 59 Grove St. (243-9323). A lot

Maries Crisis, 59 Grove St. (243-9323). And of fun. 3.L., John Michel, Mickyl Libra and Jan Thomas on the plano, GM, GF. Mona's Royal Reest, 28 Connella St. (CH 2-9557). Coty room with Joe and Eddy to see that you have a good time. Mostly GM. Niinth Cinete, 139 W. 1091 St. Hamburgers, etc. Garden dinning, little dancing. 888 and 68 d on the Stick Young heads. (PM.)

Stick, Young heads, GM

Stick, Young heads, GM
One Petato, S18 Friedonn St. (691-6260), Lunch
scene is mobbed. Frank, or Elizabeth the Last,
holds court and you're sure of a few guest stars.
Dinner is restonable and good. See Billy for
some of the best drinks you've imbibed. GM,

Pater Rabbit, 305 W. 10In St. (929-9279), Wild.

Peter Rabbell, 300 W. 10th St. (929-9279), Wild-mixture of Foliss, cruisy. Sexy Jimmy and George to tend your needs. Roadhouse, 570 Hudson St. (CH 3-4214). One of the cruisiest. Packed every night. Tom and Sy run a tight billy with aid from Rex, Ron, Tom and of course Stells by startight. GN Town St. (Section 1997). Shack shop, cruisy afternooms; find out what in hap-pening all over the Village, GM/Int. Westbasch. Christopher St. (down near the

EAST VILLAGE, WASHINGTON AND UNION SQUARES

Club Baths, 24 1st Ave. (673-3283). Open 24 hours. Dynamite facilities and humpy studs all over the place. Confidential V.D. tests every Thursday 5-9pm. GM Eighty-Two Club, 82 E. 4th St. (GR 7-1046).

Home of the female impersonators. Tourists.

McSorely's Ale House, 15 E. 7th St (477-9583). Was very cruisy when we were kids; I doubt if it's changed all that much even though Women's Lib got there too. Int. Max's Kaesas City, 213 Park Ave. So.

(777-7870). A wild mixture of everything and, baby, the prices are STIFF, Int. St. Mark's Baths, 6 St. Marks Place (473-7929).

Low prices because they wouldn't dere charge any higher. Run down, GM Speedie's, 232 Park Ave. Sc. (473-9759). Will let you know more later on.

### GRAMMERCY & MURRAY HILL

GRAMMERCY & MURRAY HILL
Beau Geste, 239 3nd Ave. (475-9724). You'll
find you'self looking for Gary Cooper. Great
decor. The food is quite good and the waiters
are pretty. Thom and Jack tend bar. Plano up-stairs. GM
Lee's Lion, 37 Lexington Ave. (686-9608).
Nice, friendly atmosphere. Your host is David.
Go and have a good time. GM
Tavere in the Tewenhouse, 108 E. 38th St. I'd
prefer a cabin in the key. Another disco, sis
Tamburlaine. [Probabily have the same troubles
with the neighbors.] Same heads are here. Beau-tiful Josey is on the bar. I'd like to say you
name it but 1'fl settle for Int.

Uncle Chartie's South, 581 3rd Ave. Three seco Unce Charier's South, 561 3rd Ave, Three sepa-rate rooms aflow you to keep making entrances. This beautifulty deocrated place is anways jammed. Bob and Jerry are your hosts while Frank, Ron, Ken, Kevin and Ronnie will keep your glasses filled, GM

### CHELSEA

Nine Plus Social Club, 149 W. 21st St. Exclusive after-hours club for the leather set. You must be sponsored by a member, Nice place. Solke, 120 11th Ave. Same numbers as at The Eagle. Sexy Roy Baker is on the bar, GM

### SOHO

Gay Activists Alliance Firehouse, Saturday night dance at 99 Wooster St. Get there early and have a ball and a half. Take the 7th Ave. IRT local to Houston, 8th Ave. NID (AA/E) to Spring; 6th Ave. IND (D?F?8) to Broadway/ Lafayette; BMT (RR) to Prince: Lex, Ave, (RT rels of beer, sods and live entertainment. Movies on Sunday evenings, GM, GF

### MIDTOWN & MIDDLE EAST SIDE

Bescon Baths, 227 E. 45th St. (687-0322) bescen Battin, 227 E. 45th 35, (687-0322). Take the develope to the 11th floor and groove. Some incredible humpers. Great for a matines with all those married exect trying to find hap-liness before going home to the 191 woman. Free V.Cl. test Wednesdays from 4pm to 8pm,

Vincent taking over. You're sure to find some changes. He knows what he's doing. GM/GF,

Candy Store, 44 W. 56th St. (581-4664). Wax museum gone. New disco dancing. New image for a haratofore tired place, Ricky Klein keeps things jumping. GM

Continental Sauna, 111 W. 55th St. Not as grand nor as expensive as the "Mother Church" on W. 74th St. Good for a businessman's lunch[7], GM.
LIB, 305 E. 45th St. (LE 2-0290), Took women

out of the closets and into the bars. At long test a place of which they can be proud. Excellent dinners by Ernesto; drinks by Jimmy, Ellie, Lois and Jerry, GF, some GM Mayfair, 964 1st Ave. (EL 5-9259). Kind of

mayrare, see 1st Ave. (EL 3-9239). Kind of closely but fun. Good food at a good spice. Int. Reemdable, 151 E. 50th 5t. One of the biggest disco in flown. I still object to no call figure. At \$1.50 a throw, yet. Mario, Joey and Bobby will keep you emfertained.

Seuna Batha, 300 W. Seth St. (PL 5-6880). A

small place that closes at midnight. Busy during the late afternoons, tho, GM Sebastian's, 1068 1st Ave. (355-8052), Zany

and wild Separtian is back and has Joey Pussy with him behind the bar and Bill in the kitchen Troubador, 1078 1st Ave. (755-1955), Friendly

atmosphere with friendly people. My favorite Joey is inn-weeper along with Dennis and Tommy, GM Victor's Quarter, 974 2nd Ave. (355-9453). Neighborhood has with some Midnight Com-

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

Better Days, W. 48th St. New, Mel and Jerry

Big Spender, 315 W. 48th St. (586-9882). Lots of gypsies from the nearby shows. Some beau-ties, Good time. Eric tends to the libations. Brothers & Sisters, 355 W. 46th St. (247-8840)

(265-9077). Advertised as "The home of the Midnight Cowboys." Some of them look as i they missed the last roundup, GM

Haymarket Pub, 772 8th Ave. (586-9360). They asked J.P.H. not to list them in "The Gay

They asked J.F.M. not to list them in "The Gay Insider U.S.A." But they are, Infl.
Jimmy Ray"s, 729 8th Ave. (\$52-9507). They won't admit to it either, But you might find what you're looking for here, Intl.
Joe Allen, 326 W. 46th 51; (\$51-6464), Gyp-sies, name-performers, etc. Gay is the word for the bar white the tables will be mixed, Infl.
Leading Zene, 365 9th Ave. (\$53-8212). Some of those "Cowbeys" that missed the roundup are here, GM.
Tileans Cat, 350 W. 46th 51. Aut opened, At

Tipuana Cat, 350 W. 46th St. Just opened. At the piano bar is Edward Morris, formerty of Provincetown and locally, Goldfarb's, Hers cur-sently represented with filarious material on the new Lify Tomlin album, "And That's The

Alibi, 1546 2nd Ave. (249-7026). Gwen has turned Monday nights into nostalgus night, It's also Show Night with herself playing Nelson Eddy to Gene King's Jeanette MacDonald. Quite a treat. GF, GM

Country Cousia, 1313 3rd Ave. (879-6614). Dine in a rustic atmosphere, Bar-B-Goe in their open hearth Mon. & Wed. Groovy people, Moother Rice reigning during the day while Ralph and Lou take over at night. Birly, Harry

Always one of the cruisiest bars in town. "Grandma" Lee will take care of you during the day and Judy, Jerry, Gilda and George will do the honors at night, GM, some GF

New Jimmy's, 1576 3rd Ave. (860-8509). Two of the best holds in town, Joe and Tom. Food prepared by Carlotta, served by the best waiters in town, drinks by Kelly and Ed, topped by the sensational entertainment of Johnny Savoy. sensational entertainment of Johnny Savoy, Judy Sexton and George Sardi. Painted Pony, 1485 3rd Ave. (744-9580). Piano

bar under the direction of the incredible "Gypsy." Good drinks dispensed by Ralph. Piper's Lounge, 1201 Lexington Ave. (734-9305). Tony Black's back's back-this time with Maurice, Dancing, cruisy, GM Three, 314 E. 72nd St. (734-9303), Good food,

Three, 314 E. 72nd St. (734-9303), Good food excellent drinks with boys and girls mixing to gether. Ask for Patti, GF, GM Uncle Charlie's North, 1049 Lexington Ave

### UPPER WEST SIDE

Popular with Lincoln Center audiences, Int. Centinental Baths, 230 W. 74th St., west of B'way, (799-2688), More than a bath-ho a totally gay environment even down to a week and cabaret. Expensive, but worth it. Student

Picadilly Pub. 324 Amsterdam Ave. hat. 25th A. Pleadility Pub, 324 Amsterdam Ave, bet. 75th 6. 74th 5ts. (874-8632). Easily the most popular-bar in this section of town. Good cruising and friendly people. GM Westsider, 2160 Broadway at 76th St. (874-8013). Another popular bar with dining room and bar at street level and pool tables at the beer bar downstairs, GM.

## UPTOWN

Charade, 1800 2nd Ave. at 93rd. Where Black is Charade, 1800 2nd Ave. at 93rd. Where Black is Beautiful, the age is young, the food and music are soul and the dancing terrific. GmM Gold Rail, 2850 Broadway (MO 2-4704). Res-taurant and bar popular with uptown gays and Columbia students. Int.

taurant and popular with uptown pays and Colombis students. Int. M1. Morris Baths, 1944 Madison Ave. (534-9004). This has a black majority, GM Pauline's Interlude, 2267 7th Ave. at 135th St. A Harlen landmark since before most of us were born. Int.

Danny's in Brooklyn Heights, 108 Montague St. (625-8844), Social center of the Heights. GM Johnny Lyons Supper Club, 1201 Utica Ave. s your host. If you are in the neighborhood, trop in and say helio. (451-9768).

Man's Country, 33 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn Heights. Brand new and picking up rapidly. Monday night is leather night w/ movies. It is just across the East River and easily accessible. just across the East River and . Did I say that it's a bath? It is.

"Vaseline Alley." The room is pleasant but the owners (no mistake) give off bad vibes. GF/GM.

Trysting Place, 120-31 83rd Ave., Kew Gardens (846-8922). Crusby denceber with a belcony from which to play Romeo if you're so in-ciones. Say helto to Fran and Denny. GF, GM What A Dump, 76-07 Ropposett Ave. Crusby people in a cruisy setting. Gay owned which is a big plus. Say hello to Don, Vinnie, Chet and Teddy. GM.

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

Aves.
Jewel Theatre, 12th St. & 3rd Ave.
Park-Miller, 43rd St. belw. 6th Ave. & B'way IRR 9-3970)

# Jerry's Sphere



## BY JERRY FITZPATRICK

THE COVEN, THE EAGLE, THE SPIKE,

THE CELL BLOCK & KELLER'S had

the privilege of aiding the 9 PLUS during its recent birthday celebration. And let me tell you it was SOMETHING else!!!! You can always tell when a lot of work goes into something like this when it runs so smoothly. The credit goes to the board of directors. I would especially like to thank Chuck, who changed some handages for me, Bob, Dennis on the door, and the two bartenders, Al and Jon-Jon. They all must still be recovering. It's been a long time since I attended something like this, the last being in California some four years ago. I'd forgotten the cameraderie of the group involved. I'll not forget it again. I thank you all for allowing me to participate. HAPPY RIRTHDAY 9 PLUS and many, many, more . . . We had our "HUMPY MAN" contest at the COVEN and it was a huge success. It was handled as pure camp and everyone had a ball. Frank Elliot, from the ONE POTA-TO, stepped in at the last minute to do the commentary and was unbelievable. He had the audience and the contestants roaring from the time he took to the mike until the end of the show. The contestants were all good sports and I'd like to thank them all PERSONALLY. Third place went to Frank's lover, George. (No. there was no fix, everyone present got a vote.) Second place went to my favorite, Wally, from UNCLE CHARLIE'S NORTH. And, the winner, HUMPY MAN 1972-all the way from England-was Craig Dudley. He is humpy!!!! PERSON-AL TO DANNY from Bloomfield, N.J. thank you very much for your kind words. Stop into the bar any night during the week and we'll discuss the possibilities... Anne Pelligrino feted on her birthday by her Carol. We had a blast at MARIE'S CRISIS... Alexis Smith and Henry Fonda at JACK DELANEY'S to hear Murray Grant's sensational piano . . Harvey Keith back from mending after major surgery with a hungry (more like famished) look in his eyes . . . Thanks a million to Bill Bike for the unbelievable job of embroidery he did on my jacket ... Stop into the ROADHOUSE and Adirondack/ Betry Ross Room, 73-13 37th Rik Rex what is a cancelled check fload, Jackson Heights (429-8605). It's right on Stella walking on clouds due to a certain

## HAIR FREE FOREVER

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The Editors Speak:

no more than 15 days in lait

LISTEN TO US, CITY HALL!

As GAY goes to press, notification has been recieved that

Michael Maye, ex-heavyweight Golden Gloves champ-the

goon who used his savage fists on GAA members at the Inner

Circle dinner (in front of prominent New Yorkers gathered at

the Hilton Hotel) has been accused by a Manhattan grand jury

of "harassment" a charge that carries a maximum penalty of

President Jim Owles (who required seven stitches around his

eye) and for internal injuries inflicted on other activist mem-

bers who were staging a peaceful leafletting protest at the

Inner Circle Dinner. The protestors were objecting to an anti-

homosexual skit which was part of the Inner Circle's program. Prominent Manhattanites such as John P. Scanlon, assistant

administrator of the Economic Development Administration,

told the grand jury that he had seen Michael Maye "grind his

heel" into Morty Manford's (age 21) groin. Other well-known

New Yorkers testified to seeing similar acts and brutal assaults.

long-time failure to arrest Maye-the possibility of charging

him with assault, a criminal charge carrying a maximum sen-

tence of five years imprisonment. GAY believes that the District Attorney has acted out of political motives, under politi-

cal pressure. That Maye should be charged with mere harass-

ment is a disgrace to New York justice. Manhattan's homosex-

ual community can rest assured that as long as District Attor-

ney Hogan will tamper with justice in such a callous way, that

no one's physical safety can be safeguarded. GAY puts New

York City officials on notice that the charge of harassment

leveled at Michael Maye is an insult to thousands of homosex-

ual citizens, and that we will not accept such a charge as

GAY asks that its readers call and write to Mayor Lindsay

in protest of this travesty. Although we would be slow to

recommend the taking of justice into our own hands, it may

be necessary, if New York City fails to provide its gay citizens

with justice and the enforcement of law, to create vigilante

groups who will protect us from assault and mete out whatever

treatment deemed necessary to those who attack us. The ho-

mousqual equivalent of the JDL is not unthinkable. And ner

haps it is wise to point out that Michael Mave may find him-

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self safer in jail than at the hands of such a violante committee.

The District Attorney, Frank S. Hogan, rejected-after a

Maye's fists were responsible for injuries to former GAA

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# **Groups Plan** Convention Strategy

BY PERRIN SHAFFFR

Washington, D.C.-At the Special Planning Session of the National Coalition of Gay Organizations (NCGO), delegates from 41 gay groups met here from May 5 to May 7 to pass motions on and discuss strategy for the Democratic Convention to be held in Miami in July, Some delegates viewed the meeting as an outgrowth of the Chicago Convention of Feb. 12 and 13 and a forerunner of the conven-

Parts of some of the motions that passed were as follows:

NCGO will appoint official spokespersons tional Convention

not be hidden behind political rhetoric in the hope of not alienating potential voters."

long as no gay candidate is running for national

office.

23. Groups at this session will insist that the wire services of UPI, AP and Reuters and the radio and television networks of NBC, ABC and ports say that the double entendre in this mo-

tion assured easy passage.)
24. NCGO will demand that all condidates sho have made favorable statements on gay rights speak out on the subject at every press

25. D.C. will be the coordinating center for a number of functions, such as press, transporta-

All motions should be implemented for the Republican Convention, as well, if possible.

One delegate claimed that the heavy parliamentary procedures-resulting from the Chicago Convention-were so complicated that delegates didn't have a chance to come to blows . . . of one sort or an other. In between motions being tabled. amended, bifurcated, squashed, etc., reports, urgings and charges were made.

support in the campaign. But a Minority intimate that NCGO couldn't even

Delegates were urged to get on the staffs of state caucuses, in order to gain access to the Convention. They were also urged to request passes to committee sessions in Miami and request permission to testify.

Some delegates charged that many groups were never notified of the NCGO meeting, especially women's groups. The planning committee assured the delegates that every effort had been made to reach the nearly 500 gay groups, and that minutes of the meeting would go to all.

tion slated for Labor Day in Minneapolis

Motion 6. NCGO will support the Equal Rights

to attend meetings of the Platform, Rules and Oredentials Committees of the Democratic Na-No one will publicly support any candi-

date, while representing gay innees.

18. Demonstrations by gays in Miemi must reflect all political points of view in the gay

should state their position of gay rights in all We as gays will

22. NCGO will not endorse any candidate as

One report recommended challenging state delegations' lack of gay delegates through each state's Democratic Party, rather than through federal courts. Another report rejoiced that almost enough gay and pro-gay delegates had been assigned to the Platform Committee to ensure a Minority Report in the Platform. which the Presidential candidate need not Report can be made binding by a majority of the Convention delegates. But the delegate who raised everyone's hopes had count on a Minority Report if some of those gay members of the Platform Committee didn't come out of their closets.

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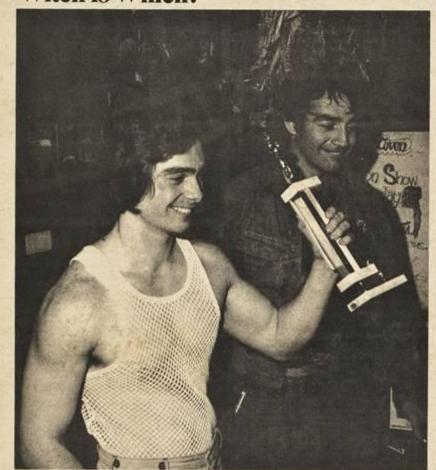
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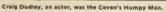
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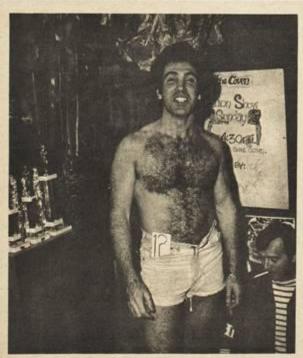
# The Contest At The Coven Witch is Which?

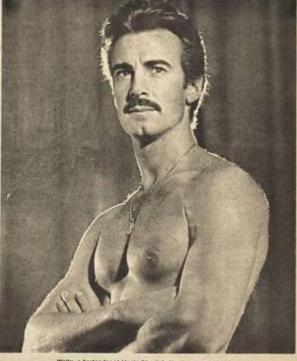


What, pray, is a Humpy Man? At The Coven, a gathering place for warlocks in Greenwich Village, one wonders if it's Quasimodo they're talking about. "Aw, come on," says The Coven's host, Jerry Fitzpatrick, "It's a man with a bulge, maybe, but not a hump."

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.







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





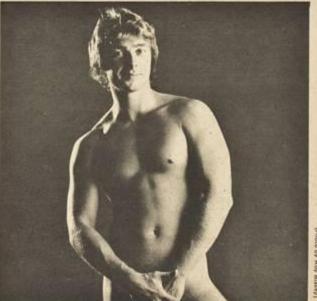


Hungarians, like this fellow, made some people hungry.





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



# Cruising Off Broadway...

I AM THE PRESIDENT

An Evening with Richard Nixon and ... by Gore Vidal. At the Shubert Theatre, 223 West 44th Street. For reservations call 246-3990.

Well, I must say, An Evening ... was a good example of the extended loke extended. It takes a real master to make it work and consequently to bring it off, I

Basically I liked the productions with some reservations. I'm not familair with Gore Vidal's (or "Gor Vee-dal" as Lily Tomlin would say) previous dramatic works-and it seems to me that though his love for "Tricky Dick" is quite nonexistent, he was walking on glass in bare feet when he decided to dramatize his had vilhes for Nixon. That is not to say he was defeated before he ever got startedbut that it's rather dangerous if politics horse, as it were. But that's another story,

An Evening ... began funnily enough sagged in the middle-and rallied a bit after the intermission to its climax. But it's not easy-nor pragmatic-to beat a dead horse, even if he is the current Presi-

The play (a dramatic invective might be closer) concerned itself with Nixon's rise on the political ladder including all of those humiliating defeats at the hands of Gov. Pat Brown, et al. Sitting in mock judgment as overseers (literally speaking as well) were past prexies G. Washington (head overseer), D.D. Eisenhower (14 overpar at the end of three holes), and the ever-popular J. Fitzgerald Kennedy. Washington had Nixon's entire political career before him, including all of his quotable statements during his "rise" to

George Irving did a really splendid job of capturing the man Nixon, Makeup (Bob O'Bradovich-hmmm!) had grafted on a "ski-jump" of a nose to complete the picture, and although Irving is physically larger than Nixon, he (Irving) had it all down pat-everything the hunched shoulders, the hand and arm gestures, even Nixon's scowl, jowls and furrowed brow-and his voice. It was quite con-

well by his role as "Con," playing opposite Gene Rupert as "Pro." The protago nists were obviously Vidal and his bosom enemy William F. Buckley. Again as with Irving, Mr. Astredo looked like Buckley and had faithfully reproduced many of his particular facial expressions and gestures and even his singular approach to word usage and vocal inflections. Stephen D. Newman was excellent as Gen. George Washington, and Philip Sterling came across as a bit too erudite and knowledgeable as Ike. Robert King was a passable J.F.K. The rest of the cast of 9 or 10 did yeoman service in all of the other roles which included the irrepressible Martha Mitchell, the redoubtable Nikita S. Krushchev and even the likes of Gov. Pat Brown, Harry S. Truman, Spiro T. Agnew and Barry Goldwater. The American people were also represented as demonstra-

The single set and scenery were by William Ritman and their openness and simplicity were quite effective.

The play is great fodder for all of the anti-Nixon fans out there in U.S.A.-land and I should wonder if the pro-Nixonites had anything at all to applaud save for



the establishment drama critcs are saying about Vidal's invective and since I never read the papers any more and am not part of the establishment, I couldn't care less I would think that if they disliked it intensely (on whatever grounds) it might have been partly because of their political leanings and/or their fear of homosexuals especially those who are on the creative end of things. The point is that if one is really involved with politicians and that whole ilk-y thing called politics, then Vidal's new play will get your adrenalin flowing for a while, at least, It does run out of steam-as an over-extended extended joke must. As I said, he doesn't quite bring it off but it's close enough for government work. Admittedly, had be chosen a former president like L.B.J., J.F.K. or even H.S.T., I don't think it would have fared as well. At least the ones mentioned were possessed (in one way or another) of that all-too-rare commodity that in these difficult times is absolutely essential to the presidency; i.e., to say intelligence, with a pinch of compassion, perhaps. And let me make one thing perfectly clear, Richard Milhous Nixon has been left standing out in the cold and pouring rain (remember the Charles Manson debacle?). Nixon standing out in the pouring rain-just like salt mixed with water-it always dissolves.

### PRO MUSICA FREAK

Well, as you know by now gentle, horny readers, my cohort and friend Daniel (no, we're not lovers, but I love him with an absolute consuming truth) has split to Europe. Paris to be exact. He'll see friends will be doing part of our column from across the Atlantic in weeks to come.

At any rate, I managed to snare a pair of tickets to an utterly delightful program performance by the New York Pro Musics. It was a 16th century masque called An Enterlainment for Elizabeth (The Queen; i.e., not Taylor). Now a masque is (was) a type of theatrical performance given at the royal court and in great households on festive occasions, especial ly in honor of a VIP-type guest. In concept it was both allegorical and mythologcal and took the form of poetry, songs and dances. It represented a progression of a particular virtue(s) from chaos to or-

with a processional of the members of the court and the Queen. The dances ranged from the disorderly (chaotic) to elaborate patterned dances intended to celebrate the triumph of virtue-showing the beauty of design in an orderty world . . . So enuch for the program notes.

I'm sure there are a few of you out there who, like myself, are stoned renais cance freaks. It was an absolutely incredible era for music and I think that the live theatre, dance and music were never so closely allied as they were in the 15th and



16th centuries, as witness those elaborate, and from what I can gather, frequently performed masques.

This masque was divided into four parts: the entrance, the masque itself consisting of solo part songs by John Dowland and Thomas Campian and the most famous composer of all-Anon. The dance portion included the Sword Dance which was all and then some-brilliantly performed. I don't know if the swords were really sharp (probably not) but some of the moves they made required fine timing and a generous beloing of

The largest section, called The Revels, I enjoyed most. Vocal members of the Pro Musica came to the fore with some very fine ensemble and solo singing. Daniel Collins, who sings countertenor, did his vocal thing with some brilliant and quite pleasing runs and (vocal) acrobatics. A highlight of this section, for me, were four dances-the Frog Galliard as danced by the Queen herself-and very well, I might add, especially with all those bustle things hovering about her derriere; the Cushion Dance-a sort of 16th century version of Spin the Bottle in which the chosen one must fall to his or her knees on the cushion, to be kissed; the Canaries -a 16th century idea of savage exotic dancing; and the best of the lot, La Volta, a rather bold undertaking (for those times. I suspect) in which the man swings his partner high in the air at some risk to her modesty, however well hidden under her corsets, petticoats and bustles and things. The final section was the Exit and was a reprise of the opening.

Seeing all of this delightfulness I was under the impression it was a new work, but further investigation disclosed that it had been in their repertoire for some time but hadn't been performed in a while. The set was simple but quite effective with two huge tapestries forming the stage "curtain"-the instrumental consort to one side and the Queen and her consigned by Anne Hollander and some were said to have cost unwards of \$1 000. The dance constructions were brilliantly done by Julia Sutton and Jean Knowlton.

So, all you dyed-in-the-wool renais sance freaks, I need not tell you that you can look forward to a delightful evening the next time they perform it here. It will knock you right out of the saddle. For those of you not in the renaissance ballpark, I guarantee it will get you hooked in that whole period. Viewing Friday's performance left no doubt in my mind of the singular excellence of the New York Pro Musica. Though they perform often during the year, my regret is that very little of it is done here in New Yorkpity! Like Daniel once said before somebody do something!

BLUE GRASS CHARISMA

Dave Bromberg was back in town for a few days at Town Hall and then did a gig his way to California-land for a stint out

tation of my good friend and Dave's man-

ager, Ted Coltman (thanks amigo!). I was curious to see if olde Dave had been deyoured by the fame and fortune monster. Since Daniel and I had seen him last a few months ago at Folk City, I'd been won dering if he'd lost any of that delightful unpretentiousness-a marvelous home-spun charisma. I wasn't disappointed-he hasn't or doesn't seem to have lost any of it. Between his incredible pickin' and his half talking of the words. Dave excels at skunching you down into a blue funk be fore you can say "Leady Belly." He did a few pieces I'd not heard before including scintillating blue grass thing with every body and his brother coming out of the woodwork to join in and take a few licks the hottest blue grass pickin' I've heard pieces were from his first album, including my favorite: "Ya Gotta Suffer If You Want To Sing The Blues." I caught the early show and it was a good thing be cause there was a line of people waiting to get in for the next show.

The only visible change I could see in Dave was that his beautiful long curly locks (they loved him in Sheboygan) had been shortened-but his blue grass charisma seems to have gone unscathed in spite He won't be back in town for a bit, bu when he is do yourself a favor and catch

his magic.
AND FURTHERMORE...

Some tried and true standbys you should make it a point to see-The Fantasticks (Sullivan St. Playhouse, OR 4-3838); One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest (Mercer Hansberry, OR 3-3937); and Paul Zindel's The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-inthe-Moon Marigolds (New Theatre, PL

Speaking of Paul Zindel, Daniel got a call from him just before he split to Paris. He wanted to read Daniel's play More option on it. Good show, love.

If you want information about free entertainment throughout the city, in the park, libraries and museums, it's available by calling 472-1003 (the Parks, Recrea tion and Cultural Affairs Administration) weekdays from 9:30-5pm and on week-

ends from 10am-5pm.

Bette Midler fans rejoice she'll be in oncert at Carnegie Hall June 23rd-teave your towels at home guys!

On June 3rd, Stephen Bell, a young and rather good-looking classical guitarist. will give the third in a series of concerts at Carnegie Recital Hall featuring music by Bach ... Even if you don't like classi cal guitar music, go anyway because he is manner And who knows ?

Fernando Arrabal



BY THANE HAMPTEN

Of all the [political] systems I have seen, they are all equally bad. But the least bad is Anarchy.

nyone who can speak that affectionately of anarchism is a man after my own heart. Therefore when Lige called one even ing to ask if I'd like to see Arrabal's latest play and then interview him, I jumped at the chance. Perhaps this would make up for the fact that I had just missed the explosive release of his film. Visa La Muerte, in Paris last summer. This had irritated me. I have long been aware of the playwright's reputation (the most frequently produced contemporary dramatist in France; productions directed by Peter Brook at England's National Theatre; also at the Stratford, Ontario Shake speare Festival) but I had never managed to see any of his works actually present

leveled and looking so consciously similar to Le Drugstore). Everyone waits outside the upper theatre until a few minutes be fore curtain. Then we are admitted, several at a time, into pitch darkness. Grope I wonder if we are in for a few Liquid Theatre surprises. The tickets are numplatforms. (Before the evening ends, my back and neck are throbbing exquisitely. On the stage, in a soft amber spot, Little Orphan Annie in army fatigues treats us to a Bach chaconne for unaccompanied

Annie finishes and the lights go up on a crude metal jail cell where much of the action takes place. Three political prisoners, dirty, barefoot and with severely shaved heads, come to life. Often more animal than human, though never without a pained sense of dignity and violated pride, they alternately curse, embrace and ated souls, they feed obsessively upon memories of the diminishing past. And as purgatory dictates, the past is no relief. no haven. It is as raw and cruel as the present. And there is no future.

Together and separately, they remem

Peter Maloney, George Shannon and Ron Faber in ber. Wives, mistresses, friends, whores. atre of th

The War. Guilt, panic and betrayal. Snatches of song, shreds of classic drama, bits of poetry. They enact not only their own tortured lives, but those of their captors and prosecutors.

The title of this play, And They Put Handcuffs on the Flowers, is taken from a poem by the great Spanish playwright and poet, Federico Garcia Lorca. One of the most moving moments in the play (and I was deeply moved at least three times during the performance) occurs with a prisoner's narration of the humiliating death of Lorca, Knowing of the poet's homosexuality, the Fascist soldier places an additional well-aimed bullet . . directly up Lorca's asshole, RLAM! (This, I suggest, is precisely what gay liberationists are fighting; the continual and eternal I won't essay a description or analysis

of Flowers. It is entirely too complex for the limited space I have here. (I must mention that the performances by Ron Faber and cast are as technically brilliant as I have ever seen on the New York stage.) The geunine importance rests with nant shouts of anger as projected and filtered through his use of astringent symbols. Arrabal's works make fetishes of castration, masturbation, ritual sodomy, sadomasochism-and defecation as an art form as well as catharsis.

Flowers is no exception. A prisoner is forced to eat his own balls. He informs the audience, as the juices soil his chin and shirt, that they are surprisingly tasty and he is most grateful for the opportu nity. Another is repeatedly lashed with heavy-linked chains. The Savior performs a miracle of restoring a man's sight; this Christ gives benediction while undulating provocatively, hissing, and receiving the penultimate blowjob from an obese Fellidesque whore. A prisoner is executed by garroting. At the moment of death, he urinates loudly and profusely into a large pan. The receptacle is presented to his wife. The urine is transformed into blood (water into wine) and she covers her face with it, uttering silent screams of anguish. Classic Greek tragedy as viewed through the eyes of a very sane madman

Arrabal's genre is an extension of The

atre of the Absurd, often labeled "Thea and Denton translates. He feels that the tre of Panic." It is total rebellion against distribution was indifferent. I wonder authority and useless tradition. (What traabout interference from the Spanish gov dition is not useless?) It features brutality "I never thought of that. The Spanish to fight brutality. Margaret Croyden likens him to Bosch and Clive Barnes is Embassy protested the film in Paris, reminded logically of Goya. As for myself, I keep seeing the crude and shatter-

act like? Besides offending everyone pos-

sible with his plays (except the young and

revolutionary), he also writes poetry and

paints. The total creative artist, Born in

Spain forty years ago, he has suffered im-

prisonment there and has lived in volun-

tary exile for twenty years in France

where he regularly outrages police, critics

and the general public, I anticipate a

monstrous, cyclopsean Orson Wells proto-type. There must be a deep scar that runs

fiagonally across the face and grows scar-

let with the constant flashes of venomous

anger. I assume he will contemptuously

bodily into the street.

allow me fifteen minutes, then throw me

I've never been inside the Chelsea

Hotel before. The lobby is refreshing but

the rest is a disappointment. (I prefer the

sullen and forlorn wastes of the Ansonia.)

ride up the elevator with a very aged

Margaret Witcherly character whose piero

ing eyes accuse me of unspeakable acts.

playwright. Arrabal comes to shake my

hand. He is short, slight, and reminds m

of a younger Edward G. Robinson. He is

somberly dressed and soft-spoken. A

beard and severe round glasses frames give

him the look of a monastic owl. So much

I remove a stack of papers and un-

as Arrabal flops on the bed, with Denton

on the floor at the master's feet. I begin

by asking why Viva La Muerte, which got

excellent critical reviews, was so slighted

in this country. Arrabal speaks in French

for Rabelaisian images.

"Good heavens, why not? The U.S. ing drawings of George Grosz. Decline, doesn't want to offend Generaliss decay, dissolution, dismemberment, Franco. We try to be so beinful and want everybody to love us. And our compro mises and clumsiness just result in everyone hating us. New York doesn't foo What then will this playwright look like,

you, does it? We may be liberal but the government sure as hell isn't." "No, but I love New York. There are many lies . . . a lot of gurbage about New

"Figuratively and literally. Well, I love New York too, but I think I'd just as soon be going back to Paris with you. Why don't you get The New Yorker to push Ving La Meurte?"

Denton explains that theatre's concept of film scheduling. Arrabal expresses in terest, nods solemnly, then brightens and turns to me. "I've just seen L.A. Plays Itself. It was traumatic! It inspired me! I was up until 4:00 this morning . . . writing . . . sadomasochism . . .

I'm very much intrigued and surprised This is something I didn't expect. Arraba is straight and I hadn't intended to put any particular emphasis on homosexual in this interview. Arrabal sits up is

"I was very shaken by this film." I pull out the copy of GAY that I had brought him. Denton stops me. "He al ready has it. He read your review of Hai-

"It will have great influence on me, Especially when the man enters the . . . tion, individually!"

"But the film didn't stimulate you sex

"Yes! Of course it would have stimulated me more if it had been heterosex

Does she foretell of what's to come? I exit hurriedly and rap on Arrabal's door. I'm admitted by a pretty, very clean, very neat boy who introduces himself as Jim Denton. Jim is production director, sted's film." interpreter and general assistant to the

this film. I felt I was in a pagodo watching a strange religious ceremony . . . a rite He stops and pantomimes with his arm Apparently there is no term in French for fist-fucking. "Religion has become nothing but politics in the 20th Century. Man ha lost the past sense of exaltation. Today, natched sneakers from a chair. I sit there we must recapture this mystical exalta-

(continued on page 18)

# The Last Estate

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

Before I tell you what I did on a TWA airplane recently, let's hear the Bella Abzug story:

"Come hear Bella Abzug talk about the war." she said, thrusting a leaflet at

"I'm a Ryan man, thanks," I said.

"Hear Bella on 96th Street," another urged, again offering the offending leaffrom "Food Round-Up" on Broadway, I ran into their loud-speaker man.

"I think this is a diagrace. You don't belong in William Ryan's district," I said, with more conviction than logic.

"Why not?" they asked.

"Ryan was against the war before Bella ever heard of it. It's not fair," I said. "Why not?" they asked again, as a little audience gathered around.

"Because it's simply cheap opportun ism." I said.

Well, I guess we can't convince you otherwise.

"No, you can't. Why doesn't Abzug unsent a conservative in another district?"

"Redistricting is the issue," they said and apparently that's what they believe. Bella is a disappointment because she came on honest-the "new" politics. And, as we now know, the "new" politics is rather like the "old." Bella, obviously, is in this for herself and for what she can get out of it. As her supporters say, why

One reason is that William Ryan has been consistently in support of homosexual rights and is credited with influencing Councilman Friedland (upper Manhattan) to support Intro 475 in New York City.

And another reason is we're all getting a little fed up with this transparent "it's OK if you can get away with it" attitude.

**Pen Points** 

objected to L.A. Play's Itself as opposed

to that stated by John Francis Hunter in

Like many others, I was invited to a

special screening of the film as a "Gay

Liberationist" and I judged it as such. Mr.

Hunter was seated directly behind me

throughout the film and during my ha-

rangue(!). That he could have interpreted

any of my objections as stemming from a

sense of prudery is both inconceivable

and questionable. It is written that a

prude is one who affects extreme mod-

esty or reticence in speech, behavior, or

dress (!!!). Perhaps Johnny-Come-Lately

was too preoccupied with the rating he

one of his recent columns.



On the plane, Gregory ordered a "Boy on the Rocks" and they brought him this handsome chap.

On TWA they asked do you want the pol roast, the zarzuela or the chicken? Neither, I said. When they started passing around the trays I opened my lunch bag and ate my cheese and fruit. I even brought my own wine. It certainly raised a lot of eyebrows. People seemed stunned that somebody would rather eat their own food when the airline was giving out food for free. Some, obviously, thought I was some kind of a hick who had never flown before. You'd think we were in the middle of a depression. The stewardess

was going to give the Toilet on the prem-

ises to pay any attention to the discus-

for Rona Barret!

Power to the People and let's hear it

At '43, I am new to New York, new to

GAY, and, excepting sporadic experi-

trade I'm sure surrounds me. Your kids

are bewildering: they know all the expres-

sions but they balk at the action. I am

not seeking a lover. I find the militants

conformatively unattractive, and I have

been to enough gay parties here to learn

that the bitchiness of The Boys in the

In a town this size, there must be

thousands of us older homosexuals who

have always been on the banks of the gay

mainstream and, having entered our

Lolito phase, who would like to know

how we can get fucked around here with

some regularity without paying a million,

carrying a banner, getting mugged or get-

couldn't have been more surprised if I had pulled a gun. The disgusting little menu they passed out, complete with lavish overpraise for the utterly disgusting shit they serve, must have been composed by none other than Nixon's own speech

Invited Dr. Henry over for dinner.

Champagne!" exclaimed Rultenbeek, handing me the brown paper bag.

"Look. I brought a little bottle of

ED. NOTE: You sound as though you're

ences, new to the definitive gay life. I am

Thanks again.

Greenwich Village

Bob Kohler

not finding any of this a rewarding ven-In bars, I am a poor competitor against you young dolls. I find the baths depressing, and I know the streets are dangerous. I still don't trust my instincts with the

> Dave & Liz New York City

[ED. NOTE: Thanks a million for writing. It's always encouraging when folks like yourselves act as bridges between spheres in the sexual continuum.]

It is always nice to receive your news paper in the mail. Like everyone else I find it very enjoyable and informative. I only really came out last November.

New York City

not as open to living as you could be. There's plenty of action here for a person with a more positive attitude. GAY's columnist John Francis Hunter, who is your age, sees life quite differently. Read his book. THE GAY INSIDER, and lubricate yourself with his joy in New York.

My wife and I are faithful readers of GAY. Although straight, we are enthusiastic fans of yours. We particularly enjoy reading Wanton Ads. Many straight people are afraid of the gay world. We think that attitude is ridiculous. We think gays

"Look inside the bag!" he ordered. 'Oh! You shouldn't have, Henry, It's Dom Perignon!" I squeeled. Pasted on the bottle was a price label the size of a park-

Well, I was going to spend it on a trick anyway. But this way at least I know what I'm getting," remarked the good doctor, philosophically.

The contributors to GAY enjoy complimenting one another in print. Unfortunately, they all seem to dislike one another intensely. I suppose the only reason the whole operation holds together is that nobody ever sees anybody else. I. for one. wouldn't know John Francis Hunter (or whatever name he's using this week) if I picked him up in Central Park. Sorel David is, I suppose, a pen name of Leo Skir's, I know what Thane Hampton

ducing himself to Parker Tyler in a movie lobby. Oh yes. Dick Leitsch is known to one and all-because he's been around longer than anyone else.

You write something bitchy about some people and they call up and laugh and laugh and say how brilliant it was, Others sulk and accuse you of being unfair. They, of course, are the jerks. Anybody who can't read his own name in print, totally slandered, and enjoy it and think it's a scream is a drip. Slander is, thank goodness, the highest compliment one can offer in a dignified manner. The insecure prefer hypocrisy.

In this day and age, when all information is good information, any publicity is, indeed, good publicity.

Gregory

Through the last few months your paper has answered a lot of questions I have been asking myself for many, many years. In some cases you showed me the right way to go when there were two ways to There is only one thing I wish you

could do and that is change your Where Will You Go Tonight page once in a while. You see. I live in pitiful Peoria and a big part of the gay people here are either stuck up or unfriendly. I would like to know a few other places to go (in Illinois) besides the bars here in town.

Love you all. Peoria, III.

ED. NOTE: In Peoria, Illinois, you may want to try Ray's Quench Room at 631 Main Street or Walt's Downtown Lounge at 519 Main Street. Have fun!]

in GAY no. 77, "Gay Lib Meets the Homo ie GAV no. 77, "Cay Lib Meats the Homo-phobes," there were it we error we would like to correct! (1) It was Morty Manford who was thrown down the escalator by Michael Maye; (2) Chartes Burch slipped a newspaper through the glass partition, not a glass partition through the glass pertition, and (3) the judge scepted the copy featimony on the theory that if every witness tells the same slovy, then none of them is lying. The article said one of them is lying.

# Clay's Clearing House

This isn't really the place for such comments, but I do feel an urge to add my two-cents-worth. J. Edgar Hoover is dead. No one that I know, and I possess a fairly his passing. The main reason for this is of course the fact that the gentleman had not kept up with the times. Right and Wrong are no longer as easily definable as they used to be. (Were they ever?) Hoover's ultra-conservative politics, and his insistence on playing Gangbusters long after the need for such comic book tactics had vanished, made a literal cartoon

He did modernize crime detection I'll grant that. But he was a dictator and made the FBI a snooping, arrogant law unto itself. These things are not supposed to happen in a democracy. Few people liked him and a great many people—in very high places—were scared shitless of him. Now he's gone and I assume (eventually) we'll know The Whole Story. There is another reason for gays to have contempt for the man. (You all know the stories.) Frankly, I suspect the old bulldog was neuter. At any rate, he was no friend to homosexuals. I hope his replacement will be a more modern man in all ways. But you know how dictatorships are. In trying to fill the predecessor's shoes, the heir to the throne is often more of a monster. Keep your fingers

### "IT CAN'T HAPPEN TO ME . . . "

. is what we all say-about being in bad auto accidents, getting killed while jay-walking, catching VD-and suffering was in his mid-twenties, nicely dressed, educated, lots of fun. Of course he was just a pick-up. But I trusted him because you trust your instincts after so many years of cruising and getting to know types. Whoops, I goofed. The next morning I discovered one of my proudest possessions, a very expensive 35mm camera, had somehow become attached to his person. (If you read this, baby, know that I wish you an agonizing death from cancer of the penis.) My reason for letting the world know

of my stupidity is simply because I want to deliver a warning. We all get careless. I watch strangers like a hawk in my humble anartment. But I was less than alert this time, and I paid for it. I have told a great number of friends about the incident and every single one of them has had a personal experience to throw back at me. And statistics do indicate that this form of crime is very much on the upswing. Wallets are the main target, obviously. (Have a regular hiding place for them the minute you return home with a trick.) Rings and watches run a close second. Anything that is easily portable. This type of creep will compulsively lift anything that isn't nailed down.

There is another cute tactic that a lot of these nicely dressed and articulate little fuckers employ. They take nothing that night. They're too busy casing your place. They return the next day with a friend, while you are at work. That's when your TV and stereo disappear. This sort of shit is much more common than you'd think. Remember, it just hasn't happened to you ... yet. There aren't too many means of preventing these thefts (except to meet your tricks through reputable friends or steal them from your roomie), and retribution is



nattan (June 25th). You'll never forget it practically nil. The most you can do is to not drag somebody in every night of the week (you increase the odds against you), be on guard at all times, and don't put temptation in their path.

### VENCEREMOS?

Detroit's Gay Liberator (April 1972, and I'll say it again that this is an interesting little paper) has a satisfying attack on those Cuban policies regarding gays ("Homosexuality is a social pathology which reflects left-over bourgeois decadence"and this statement glone indicates what an absolute Crock of Shit Castromuni is ) which was written by James Cole man, member of the local GAA, etc. He swings to and with the left but is certainly more reasonable and impartial than many of his brethren. The article is very much worth reading. I assume if you want a reprint, or are interested in know ing more ab Revolutionary Socialism write to: International Socialists, 14131 Woodward Avenue, Highland Park, Michi-

In front of me is the first issue of a Heidelberg newspaper called Gay Journal, subtitled Das Blatt homophiler Emanzipation (which doesn't need much translating). Good, but not distinguished, except to remark that it has no qualms about featuring young and very attractive boys with raging erections. (Ah, how far we've come since the quaint Romberg world of The Student Prince! They were still dueling with rapiers back then . . . ) My German vocabulary is too limited (25 words, all dirty) for me to tell if the writing is substantial, but they have a nice column on gay tours, and I was amused to see a picture of ol' Troy Perry giving out mit der Trauungszeremonie in der Metropolitan Community Church. Want to brush up on your German? You can get Gay Journal by writing: D-29 Heidelberg, Hans-Thoma-Platz 22, West Germany.

KEY, published monthly by Human ent. Inc., Box 863, Wilmington. Del. (\$3 for 12 issues). Ain't much. and rather old-fashioned. But it's good Wilmington has something on their own. There's little excuse for printing jokes like this one though: "Did you hear about the sailor who refused to go or leave alone because he didn't want

knee-slapper around the time of the Crusades. Come on, fellas!

The Fountain, official publication of Second Foundation of Oregon (P.O. Box 4183, Portland, Ore. 97208). Once again, mostly of local interest-but has a good basic gay reading list with accurate critical analyses. All of these publications have something worthwhile to say and that is enough to content me, For NYC residents, let me suggest that you pick up an out-of-town paper once in a while. We do tend to float about in detached isolation, you know. That's one reason Portand, Wilmington, Baton Rouge and Charleston are hostile to us.

# DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE . .

has come out with a definite and affirmative stand on individual rights conerning sexual orientation. Here are exerpts from a platform they have adopted cently and intend (sez they) to propose to the Democratic National Convention: 1. We pledge an end to all social, ecoripmic and legal oppression of women and men because of their sexual orientation. 2. We urge the repeal of all laws forbidding or interfering with voluntary sex acts

between consenting adults in private. We urge for enactment of federal and state civil rights legislation which will prohibit discrimination because of sexual orientation in employment, civil service, sousing, public accompodations and public

lost in the shuffle. But you know how it is, gang. To quote dear old Artie Goldberg: "There are more important things to think about." (Like, bow much politi cal corruption will the public let us get away with this year?) If you want to keep tabs on this committee, you can contact the chairman, Joseph F. Crangle, 575 Genessee Bldg., Buffalo, N.Y. 14202. Tell him you're simply dying to become legal .

### UNTIL THOMAS HICKEY DO US PART

Paramus, N.J., April 20-City Councilman Thomas J. Hickey is in a tizzy because Father Robert Clement married a male couple there. He wants a borough ordinance established so that such a terrible thing can never happen again. As Hickey hiccups it, "I consider the institution of marriage a sacred one and to see it dese crated like this disturbs me, both as a Roman Catholic and as a fairly normal person." (What does the "fairly normal" indicate? I'm glad he leaves a bit of room for doubt. Maybe he's normal except for an occasional urge to wear his wife's girdle and brassiere to work?)

Personally, methinks gay marriages are one of the sillier ways of imitating those odd creatures, the heterosexuals. Imitating hets can lead to a variety of severely damaging bad habits, so beware, How ever, I defend a person's right to such silliness and it does give Father Robert something to do on off days. Gay Activists Alliance of New Jersey is doing a good job of making Hickey look like the fool he obviously is. If you care to know how the groom and groom are doing, contact GAA of N.J. at 32 Bridge Street, Hackensack, N.J. 07602.

### DON'T RAIN ON OUR PARADE

As if you're not well aware of it, the annual Christopher Street Liberation Day Parade (and Central Park Gay-In) is less than a month away. (June 25th, this year, to be exact.) I still have a hell of a lot of enthusiasm for this thing and hope you do also. The CSLD Committee is in Hartford. (Why there, I don't know . . .) At the time of this writing, they're still asking for donations to make the parade a success. (CSLDC, c/o Foster Gunnison, Jr., One Gold St., no. 22BC, Hartford, Conn. 06103.)

But with objective journalistic reportage, I must add that GAA of N.J. states in a press release that "radical power politics" whipped up by "special interest groups" are screwing a lot of CSLDC plans. (They cite, in particular, "militant lesbians" and "a contingent of harples.") Gee, isn't it nice to know that you and/or your very own precious little coterie are the most important thing in the whole wide world? Mmmmm. Makes you warm and creamy all over! Wise, up, children.

P.S.-I want to see all youse dizzy queens out on the street, June 25th, regardless of (and perhaps because of) the above info. If you're not out there in fab ulous formation, I'll personally jerk you off your knees in the tearooms, burn you out of the Rambles, and gas you out of the Continental, Avanti!



# Casting Pearls Before Clergymen



for his leather strip. So do Ricardo and

Tanya and Richard Stuart solo, swithout

Tanya) for their gracefull ballroom exhi-

bition and skillful cape dance, respectively

Others who appeared-and there was even

a comprehensive printed program that

carried an accurate rundown of events

and careful bios of the stars-were Jon

Craig and Fran Lopate. Maestro Bob Wax

man, who's come far in the musical the

atre since our happy days together at the

Upstairs at the Duplex, was at the piano

giving everyone the right backing. It's a

pity some of the acts relied on canned

music, as Bob could have kept the jobber

musicians with it, he's such a fine con-

And then there was Pudgy Roberts .

This thinker/writer/artist-who wrote the highly informed and informative "Mr.

P.R. Presents" columns in the early

SCREW-performed an outrageous comic

strip, a four-star satire of the tease, giving

the middle finger to sexism, straight or

gay, and poking fun at the art of Gypsy

Rose Lee, every two-bit peeler on the old

burlesque "wheel," and any danse pro-

pocuteur who takes her/himself seriously

today. Removing layer after layer of cos-

tume to reveal padlocks and flowers, fish

and fowl, plus a swinging beefsteak

("Isn't this the biggest piece of meat

you've ever seen?"), all springing from

the crotch, Pudgy literally pulled out

every trick in the old vaudeville bag-

except a live rabbit-with such dexterity

and flawless timing that we didn't think

GAY LIB POINT

Wearing huge fake ears that sprang out

from between peroxided locks and eye-

lashes that practically preceded him onto

the runway, Pudgy made a Gay Lib point

could miss: clothes make neither the man

nor the woman, and if we hope to be

related to according to what we wear we

are inviting the most superficial and un-

satisfactory of human responses. Surely

the sartorially preoccupied male and fe-

male alike could learn a lesson about how

inconsequential clothing is by digging the

Pudgy message. No wonder the following

raves have accrued to this master/mistress

only the most obtuse or ane

of blinking an eye or reaching for another

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

he Church of the Beloved Disciple cast pearls before swinish at their Stage and Screen Ball at the Diplomat Hotel May.16. It would be fairer to say zombie-like, but I was reaching for a biblical lead in reviewing this first big costume gala of the dynamic American, Orthodox Congregation, the East's first gay church founded by Father Robert Clement in 1970. Perhaps the folks simply couldn't hear because of the lousy sound equipment in the ornate old grand ballroom of the Times Square hostelry which has long played host to gay events.

Actually it was a very pleasant, very orderly audience, which is to say dull from the performer's point of view. As this was the third consecutive costume event I had attended this year, I couldn't help but compare the wildly enthusiastic crowd at Lee Brewster's Mardi Gras and the downright unruly one at Frankie Quinn's Paris in Spring to the bland assembly which gave a tepid reception to this very best of the three shows. Indefatigable Elmer Collazo-Toro, the ball coordinator, had everything smartly organized, with no hitches, and the emcee Don Hayes was bright, witty and ingratiating.

### SPLENDID PEARLIE MAY

Hayes and his lover-straight man Dean Marr seemed to go over the audience's heads, but no matter, so did absolutely splendid Pearl Bailey impersonator Bryan Murphy. This stalwart performer who uses her own voice, by the way remained unflappable in the face of the incredible p.a. system sabotage and carried on in grand style-the mark of a seasoned proessional who manages to go on with the show out of respect for all concerned, including self. The blah observers clapped, but hardly gave Murphy the acolade sh/he

Then there was Pudgy Roberts. If I allowed myself to pour out the superlatives In praise of this most brilliant, original and entertaining of all costumed impersonators, including the gifted but hackneved Lynne Carter and Charles Pierce, I. wouldn't have room left to describe the rest of the show. And Robert Speller. with the body of a taut whip, rates a rave



Pudgy Roberts' famous strip act.

"Wonderful . . . a sheer genius" (Salvador Dali) ... "On my show he was a show-stopper!" (Johnny Carson) . . . almost fell out of my chair laughing." (Martha Raye) . . . "Funniest act I ever saw . . . really great!" (David Frost) .

### BLAKE IS PEER

Only the great Arthur Blake, who gives face, voice and gut impressions of the living, the quick and the dead of all sexes (well, how would you "classify" Noel Coward?), is Pudgy's peer. (Arthur is currently at the Tijuana Cat and will soon open at Plaza 9, incidentally.)

Though there were indeed hearty





cheers for Pudgy, most of the heavy work was done by visiting luminaries seated at the guest tables, including Honorary Hosexual Walter Kent; GAY's Jerry Fitzpatrick (of "Jerry's World," which has inspired me to try to get Wyeth to do a painting of my handsome barfly successor); Milton Lounsbury, Fr. Clement's secretary, done up to savage perfection as a brave right out of Song of the Loon; MCC pastor Howard Wells; the enlightened Fr. Weeks of the Church of the Holy Apostles in Chelsea, which has been a first home at one time or another for most Manhattan gay groups; author Leo Mattachine, Don Goodman, wearing basic



Follies" was Empress. Best Original trophy went to "Ernestine Tomlin," with "Charlie Chaplin" copping Best Male and "Miss Parris of France" was Best Female

Yours truly was one of the judges, having recently been omitted in such capaonly at Frankie's bash. And that af fords the transition to mention what I never got around to in a previous column:

singer" at Paris in Spring, surrounded by solemn high drag and belting 'em out to all us freaks? None other than John Wayne, Jr. Yep, son of old Max Macho himself, though I didn't check the birth certificate. The Duke surely shit in his chaps when he found he had not only a duchess in the family, but also maybe a queen! It's inspiring to know that even a Wayne can go out and do his own thing, queen or not, at least not being threat ened by our company as Dad undoubted

Costume events can provide food for thought as well as a rock-throwing, treeclimbing, snot-flying good time. This latest was no exception. Now if someone would only arrange a similar leather event I'd be very pleased. Surely nobody present would sit on the hands unless the remarkable Fred Halstead should, happily be in attendance



# The Director's Last Play

BY DICK LEITSCH

magine a large, white painted Victorian house with lots of gingerbread trimming. The time is any Wednesday night in the late nineteen-forties or early fifties. Two little boys and two smaller girls sit on the floor of an upstairs parlor, listening avidly to a huge Phileo radio. The program was "The FBI in Peace and War," and was brought to us by Brylcreme, Nescafe, and "L-A-V-A/L-A-V-A." We were reassured the programs were based on "Frederick L. Collins' book. The FBI in Peace and War"; we were promised "drama, thrillis,

Thus were we indoctrinated into the legend of the great Federal Bureau of Investigation, and its Director, J. Edgar Hoover. The FBI was a sort of corporate knight in shining armor saving society from the evil clutches of a dragon known

Unlike other fairy tales this one had ome basis in fact. The Bureau created by J. Edgar Hoover was, indeed, the greatest, most efficient, least corrupt police force of our time. Like Caesar's wife, J. Edgar Hoover's men were above suspicion. Other cops might be bribed or pressured; Mr. Hoover's boys were above all that. They couldn't be bought and mere politicians couldn't use them; they had to please only Mr. Hoover, the sternest taskmaster of them all.

The achievements of the Bureau were indeed impressive. The FBI broke the power of the Ku Klux Klan; it chased down the gangsters who preyed upon Depression-defeated Americans; it chased down kidnappers with such tenacity that kidnappings ceased to happen; it did excellent work in protecting America from Nazi spies in World War II; it quickly captured the murderers of civil-rights worker Viola Liuzzo; it sent the right-wing Minutemen into oblivion, and achieved much

Perhaps the greatest contribution of Mr. Hoover and his agency was in showing the nation how to make its police work more sophisticated. Well-trained cops, the Director showed us, were more efficient; laboratories using the latest scientific knowledge are necessary for solving cases, and information collecting. careful, cross-indexed filing systems, and other library techniques, are more important than guns, tear-gas and violence.

Mr. Hoover's files were the most controversial things in America in recent years. Every insignificant little nonentity in America is sure there is a fat dossier or him in Mr. Hoover's desk drawer. Half of the country seems to think the FBI maintains a full-time tap on its phones, recording and cherishing every word of conver sation, much like the Mind of God in the stories of nuns who tell children every word, action and deed is registered there

No doubt there are fat dosslers in the FBI's files, though many of us would probably be disappointed to find out that there is no folder on us. With his limited staff, budget, and filing space, Mr. Hoover could not have possibly put together dossiers on all of us who thought we were important enough for inclusion.

There are many roads to power. Stupid people bully others, break up meetings with all the clan of the National Socialists, or fight with fists, knives and guns. Slightly more sophisticated people call names, make promises, invoke God,



motherhood and the flag, or buy votes. The cleverest, and most powerful, live by the motto "Knowledge is Power." That was Mr. Hoover's way. One can easily imagine him telling a President, "Certainly I'll retire if you ask me to. That will give me a chance to write my memoirs. By the way, how is your mistress?

People who accused Mr. Hoover of holding power by insinuating truths about his enemies generally insinuated that Mr. Hoover was gay. Few had the balls to come right out and say what they thought, fearing, perhaps, that if they told on him he'd tell on them; but they gossiped nevertheless.

In 1962 Congressman H.R. Gross felt necessary to enter remarks into the Congressional Record vehemently denying rumors circulating among members of Congress to the effect that the head

William Turner, in his 1970 book, Hooser's FBI, spoke of the Director's "inseparable companion." Clyde A. Tolson, who "joined the Bureau in 1928 and presumably made an instant impression, for he leaped from agent to Assistant Director in an unheard of three years."

Also a life-long backelog (Turner continued) Tolson tags along with the Director for lunch at the Mayflower Hotel, dinner at Harvey's, and, have had their spats, and at one juncture many years ago, Tolson threatened to leave. Instead, he brought in an ex-football player with whom eccompanying them on their outings and trips. The man remained on the payroll for twenty years, yet he is an "unperson" never mentioned

Over the years the liberal press has whispered to us that Hoover and Tolson lived together after Mr. Hoover's mother died; that they always travelled together, vacationed together, and even walked to work together, in a display of together ness that might provide a model for any devoted gay couple. At some unspecified time (perhaps the

advent of the "ex-football player"?) Mr. Tolson supposedly moved out of Hoover's house. Yet the car which took Mr. Hoover to the office also stopped for the Assistant Director, and the two continued to leave the car and walk the last few blocks to the office together. They dined and lunched together six times a week, and the flag from Mr. Hoover's coffin was

folded and handed to Mr. Tolson. Some how, the liberal press hints, all of this is

shameful, unnatural, and embarrassing. A (gay) Congressman who was a friend of my father's once told us about a Hoover appearance before a Congressional committee in the McCarthy Era. Some one asked the Director what he was doing about perverts in government.

"About what?" Hoover asked "About fags, homosexuals,"

"Oh," said Hoover, with what the nar rator claimed was a wicked gleam in his eye, "The Bureau has no jurisdiction over homosexuality unless it interferes with in-

A member of the U.S. Civil Service

Commission once let slip a remark in my presence which made it clear that he was less than satisfied with the cooperation that agency got from the FBI in filtering out homosexual job applicants. Mr. Hoover was the first person to send flowers and a friendly note to Walter Jenkins when that Presidential aide was caught carrying on in a men's room in 1964. Mr Hoover may have been a great friend of the gay set around Senator Joe McCarthy, but he was also friendly with the leftist Undersecretary of State who was gay. When the latter was disgraced and embar rassed. Hoover continued his friendship, right up to the man's death,

There is even reason to believe Mr. Hoover often played the role of the swift avenging sword of the gay people of America. Politicians, I believe, are all corrupt and vulnerable. Anyone with good files should be able to bring them all down, but those ruined by the FBI, it appears to me, were mostly those who and gone on fag-hunts.

Rep. Dowdy of East Texas once pushed a bill specifically designed to put the Mattachine Society of Washington out of business. A few years later, Rep. Dowdy, on information developed by the FBI, was convicted of bribe-taking.

James L. Marcus, later New York City's Water Commissioner, began his career in government by closing down gay bars and mounting an entrapment cam paign. On information developed by the FBI, Marcus was convicted of bribe taking and underworld ties.

Jim Garrison set out to make a hero of himsest by attacking Clay Shaw and trying to turn the J.F. Kennedy awassination nto a gay plot against the government. After Garrison had made a complete fool of himself, the FBI administered the coup

de grace with information on which Gar rison was indicted.

The virulently anti-gay Senator Dodd, and many other politicians of both right and left, ended in disgrace because of FBI action. It may be only coincidence that most were anti-gay, but who knows? Clyde A. Tolson probably does, but he isn't likely, unfortunately, to tell.

Whatever one says of Hoover, it must be admitted that the FBI never used its files against gay people. Imagine what a Jim Garrison, a Bobby Kennedy, or a John Mitchell might have done with all that information! Imagine the files in the hands of someone on a "clean-up" campaign! We can only hope that future Di Hoover, and can have the power to remain independent from politics and politicians as Hoover could!

Readers may note that I have not men tioned Mr. Hoover's penchant for chasing communists and his alleged right-wing views (what kind of a right-winger puts the Ku Klux Klan and the Minutemen ou of business?). William Buckley and Pete Hamill may argue that; political ideologies hore me. I'm interested in the human side of politics and politicians. It wasn't Berlin during the Thirties who created Hitler: it was those who went to his meet ings or supported the communists. If we didn't take all those ideologies so seriously we wouldn't have so much trouble.

J. Edgar Hoover interests me because he took a corrupt little obscure govern ment agency and turned it into a sophisticated, powerful agency with a spotless reord for non-corruption. He was an anachronism a throwback to those (often gay) powers-behind-thrones of the Renaissance who often headed courts, wielded more power than the monarchs and played king-maker. We will not see his kind again in our lifetimes, which may be a good thing. Perhaps no one should have so much power in a democracy.

There is no doubt but that the Director stayed on the job too long. Had he retired twenty years ago he'd be remembered as a national hero. Times change and he didn't change with them. Political ly his staying on was a mistake; from the human point of view, it is understandable that he stayed. The FBI was his life. He created it, loved it, and made it what it is. Perhaps, if the insinuations about the Di rector and his Assistant are true, they looked upon the agency as their child, the sum of their years together. Some mothers can't bear to allow their children to grow up and stand alone.

I like to think J. Edgar Hoover was gay. The idea of those smug, sanctim heterosexual politicians quaking before the old queen is an image I like. I also like the idea of the Marcuses, the Dodds, the Dowdys, the Garrisons, and the rest who make political capital out of anti-homosexuality coming a cropper at the hands of Nancy Nemesis of the FBI.

The only thing that worries me is that the FRI might now fall into the hands of heterosexuals and politicians. I don't care about the political files. People who wan to impose their political views on all of us. like those who try to force their religious views on us all, deserve whatever they get. With any luck at all Clyde Tol son spent the days between Mr. Hoover's death and his own resignation burning all the files in the homosexual section, leaving only cabinets full of dirt on the heterosexuals. Do you suppose Richard Nixon really fornicates with voting machines?

# Shrinks and Gay Liberation



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. ty is examined, we find that we have been DE-FINED into sickness and pathology by cultural, social, moral, teleological and theological value judgments, camouflaged and cloaked in the lanpuzze of science, but with none of the sub-

Deeply resented by the gay community are persistent efforts by psychiatrists to convert ho-mosexuals to heterosexuality, instead of incul-cating them with pride in their homosexuality. Increasingly, we hear psychiatrists piously dehomosexuels who wish to be changed." That is an unacceptably simplicitic superficial, and shallow approach. When society generally, and psychiatry particularly, have "brain-washed" homosexuals into a belief in the inferiority of to be changed is merely the creation of a selftry to "ness" as black, and why is the number "ness" av white, and is it not better that now. fewer Blacks are trying to be untrue to themthe motives before we accept the desire to illed with a belief that "Gay is Good," not

or to mold younger, supposedly malleable ho-mosexuals into heterosexuality (the very exist-

**Judge Hedges** 

have something to say, you think, as he

buttonholes you in the corridor to ex-

plain the relation of the case at hand to

the Presidential campaign to the judge's

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 ex-

cluded the spirit of compromise from his

life. Striding in from the corridor, he'll repeat for the judge the same shtick he's

en exasperating you with, and you

wonder about this lawyer who, like Wil-

liam Kunstler, can be more radical than

his clients. Will it ever happen that some

closet door will feel the need to be de-

"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

fended from his own counsel?

on Beatings

"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 Manford, 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. Manford was on hand at the New York Hilton on April 15 with other GAA

sing 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 exlook at Hal again, and you see that he has traded his Osgood Conklin suit for a

ence of this "plastic trengger" is questionable at best) at an assault upon our people compara-ble in its way to genocide. We find offensive the intire vocabulery of the psychiatric literature, in which "help," "improvement," "success," "recovery" and similar terms relating to the thereps of homosexuals is related to the extent ry. The goals of therapy of homosexuals must

Not only do we buist that homosexuals, as as people (a precept to which we are sure that we insist, equally uncompromisingly, that ho-mosexuality—as a condition, a state of being, a way of life or lifestyle, an expression of love nd affection-is fully on par with and in no dightest way inferior to heterosexuality

nity among our people, to create, in turn, a ion, in order to assist us to achieve our full much as it is that of the heterosexuals. We are ple a sense of ptide in their homosexuality and sense of the rightness of what they are and the goodness of what they do.

exuality from the medical context in which it has long and persistently been placed, and to place it in a sociological context of mirity group relationships involving prejudice, crimination, 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.

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.

Undertake an active, vigorous campaign to emeliorate and ultimately to eliminate popuprejudice on this question, both through areas as law reform, equal opportunity legisla-

4. Consult on an on-going basis with repre-

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

members to protest the demeaning por trayal of homosexuals in the press.

'I express amazement too, without

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 ous 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. lustice Douglas when you argue before the Supreme Court that I disagreed with

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 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

'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 erary 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 embarrasament, 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 con-

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 vet-unseen Michael Maye the phantom of gay liberation's own opera-under 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 matfor 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

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

racy to leaflet or to prosecute Michael Maye or both," she said, Mr. Manford 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 tradition ally surrounding the Grand Jury. Ms. Goodman tried unsuccessfully to have members of the jury challenged regarding sexual prejudices. The state legislature re cently 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

"My problem," Judge Bloom summed 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 prob-

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 acitivists are whis pering about assuming that power for against Mr. Maye. Has Judge Bloom, with his Sunday-supplement retreat into laissez-faire, implied that right is theirs?

churches-Metropolitan Community

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 gayin featuring free chips and hot dogs (and hot gays). Hundreds attended the latter

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 Lafavette Park peeches, 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 affectold the audience that here were more police agents present than gays. Since Hoover had died three days before, Wandel offered condolences to FBI agents be se their hero hadn't risen from the

Several others spoke, including memcame 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 umber 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

# Love Story

BY SOREL DAVID

hen 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 mally appeal to me. There was a certain delicacy, a certain placid blond delicacy of feature I didn't go for too much. Gen erally 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 comfor kind of thing. The weeks stretched into months and we stayed together. We had good times, it was good in bed, there was 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 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 nmitted that error, that one fatal slip. So I did, my dear, soooo 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. intaining 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

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. Foreive 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.

I was in the bathtub when I discovered it, a tiny roll, an imperceptibly small, but a jelly roll of fat, nevertheless, around my perfect, my smooth brown belly. Addition! Addition! Two days of intensive regimentation, exercises, the well-disciplined life, sit-ups, leg lifts, jumping jacks and on the third day I fell prey to a miserable cold and all resolve collapsed. Ah. me, it's happening. Youth fades. I grow old. I grow old. I can feel it happening now, it's all over, the body, a slow, sad decline. The muscle tone going, every-

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 driting 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 sensuous, a big, soft, wide and wanton mouth, but now for the life of me I can't remember what it was I was thinking

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 ind 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

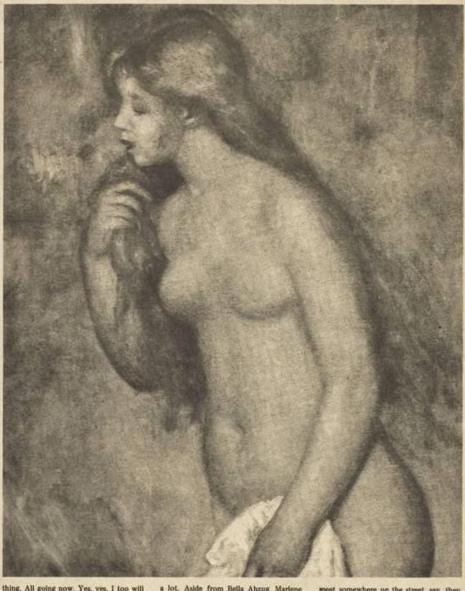
Dietrich and Lola Pashalinski, though not necessarily in that order, there never seemed to be too terribly much of interest going down in the time-honored traditions of the extant female schtick. All the rest is just a lot of nurturing, and nurturing. Now where in the hell is that at? And speaking of women's lib (you got

to pick up, you got to pick up every stitch), one thing I've noticed going around town lately is that women are be ginning to look at each other. When I bon around the city, looking at women as is my wont, as they say, lately they're starting to look right back and smile, some times even say hello which is really quite nice, if a bit disarming at first. Like everyone else raised in the world, I am accustomed to women who demur instantly automatically on being looked at or looked over as the case may be and usually is. Used to be when two women, strangers, would look at each other whenever their eyes would chance to

would immediately become uptight with all sorts of competitive, comparison paranois, 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 stiff 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

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

the old bullshit quite so much.



# In Jail There Are Only Men And Girls

### BY VICKI RICHMAN

Let me sing of what I love, And I shall but

Groin and heart and hutts above And flesh all

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

Danbury, he would search for the correctional institution, hoping for a purposeless glimpse of the old aneuvered 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-andwhite, comfortless messages proclaiming the triumph of law, order and the hand of

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 tumpike has paved over the fragility and randomness of merely per-

So, for all he knew, there was no such place as the Danhury FCI, and the mem ory 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 street address for one, other than its own name? But who needs to know where it is to know it?

for Emil was never what it must have been for the hundreds of other men there, although none thought it comparable to a penetentiary 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

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

ence after soul-searching conference with

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 dubi ous 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 coun-

"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

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

There was no such thing as homosexu ality; the only fags were on the street. In jail there were only men and girls. "Homosexual tendencies?" the question naire 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 by saying that forbidden word to himself games. But the rest of the dudes there clocked the college kid for what he wasa 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 con sidered 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 dren 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

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 nest 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 be cause no one else dared to, and Rosie, who didn't even read the Duily Neus, 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 Metrecal 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 orgying 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

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 halfwit Snopes, even when there were people areound he wasn't afraid of balling with.

would never forget by running away to

The window faced the compound, not the outside, throwing his study of the universe back for millenia, 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 sur viving ballgames.

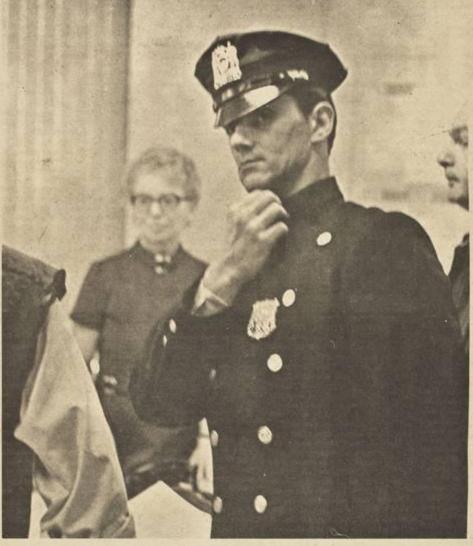
Each morning the window hovered above the three or four happy men who threw jokes and chins to the others and to the screws, and who passed, when it was all that was left for them to do, through the unseen door that must have been directly underneath and into space and time at last. And one day, not long before Emil imagined himself joining them, Rosie came forward, but still shut fling, 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, 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 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 threemonth pacifist's sentence, for which he came two weeks late, like a schoolboy with a note from his doctor) who had raped Rosle



But the Federal Correctional Institution

And he came to prison after confer-

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

# California Parade-Makers

its own presentation. Entry application 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.



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

"The larger percentage of our gay pop-ulation 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 Stepin 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 sup-pressed and censored for so long, we cannot in good conscience censor our brothers and sisters who will be marching with

He said he has reminded all potential participants, including the apparently re-luctant 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

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 appeare 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

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

"It is no secret that our community is erhaps 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 creative ity, 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 closety 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 dissention among sponsors of the parent Christopher Street parade in New York

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

RA'S... Roger, from UNCLE CHAR-

LIE'S NORTH, is a definite turn on . . .

Jerry Herman, the first customer to enjoy

Rod ... Yes, that was Angelo D'Arcan-gelo strolling with Jack Hardy of FEDO-

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 yow 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 BECAON 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 baritons 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 in (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????

PERSONALITY PROFILE: I first met MS. GWEN SAUNDERS, of HARRY'S & THE ALIBI, at a place called the GRAPE VINE. (I guess that will let a few cats out of my bag.) It was at that time, I believe, one of the only bars in the city. It was certainly one of the best. Gwen has moved a few times since then (haven't we all), but her personality has always come through in any place she ran. She has an unreal memory for names and faces and will always make you feel at home ?

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 Mac-Donald 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

Judy Sexton (New Jimmy's) is "Favorite Sing

this scare the hell out of me but it depressed me too. How could this wonder ful, 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 REGIS-TER AND VOTE in the Democratic Pri mary, June 20th, 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

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 Discussi Group), and Father Robert Clement of the hosting church, along with Walter Kent (BEACON BATHS) and my broth er, John Francis Hunter (who went as the great white hunter, what else?). The show was quite professional. Put together by 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 putdown 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.) UNBE-LIEVABLE. 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 ballroom 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.





ick's nurse), Jim Grey (The Lib) and Jerry's friend, The



George (Harry's Back East), Gene King (Pony & Alibi), GAY's Jerry Fitzpatrick, Carl (The Stud) and Fred Boons

# Arrabal



Ron Faber and Baruk Lev



George Shannon and Muriel Miguel in "Handouffs."

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 enyone 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 deiry

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 drams 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 Mosseur, he would change the masseur into a white woman who would eat only the victim's toenalls instead of devouring the whole body! Sad..."

He shakes his head and picks listlessly at a rumpled page of GAY. I sak, 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 Prigidaire in the middle of the living room!" Arrabal chuckles delightedly, giving Denton time to translate and ask for one of my Kooks 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 distasts. Theatre is immediately satisfying. His favorite playwright is Samuel Beckett. (Not surprising.) As for movies, he admires Bunuel, Fellini, Adolph Mekas. And his very favorite is the Italian director, Carmelo Bene (of whom I have never heard). He thought Myra Brechenridge 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 Haisted 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 fire the gay lib movement in Paris, and his enthusiasm for it. He speaks knowledgeably of a gay activist'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

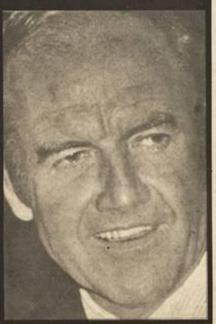
"We all hope it does." And I wish the interview could continue but I look at my watch and decide that ninety minutes has been generous enough. I ask one last question—the kind an interviewer is obligated to voice as a signal for the termination of proceedings. "What will you do now? I mean, what is your next hig 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!"

On the way home I'm amused by the fact that neither Arrabal nor his enthusiams 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. Germainder, Duc Blanc, With Zuger, With 2000.

# McGovern

He's been right from the start.



SENATOR McGOVERN PROPOSES:

- Sexual orientation or preference should cease to be a criterion for employment by all public and governmental agencies, in work under federal contract, for service in the United States armed forces, and for licensing in government regulated occupations and professions.
- 2. Sexual orientation should cease to be a criterion for immigration to the
- 3. Government and private investigatory agencies should cease to collect data on the sexual preferences of individuals.
- Sexual orientation should cause to be a criterion for obtaining housing, insurance, or bonding.
   Individuals previously given less-then-honorable military discharges solely
- Individuals previously given less-than-honoreous mixtury outcharges sowry for sexual relations between consenting adults or for ellegations relating to sexual orientation should have the character of those discharges changed to honorable.
- Increased federal support of unbiased research into the nature of all human sexuality.
- 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 towerds restoring and guaranteeing first-class citizen rights for homosexually-oriented individuals.

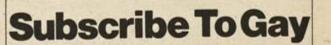
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BIG HANDSOME male nudes. Sample photos \$2, 12 photos \$3; 24 photos \$5, State age. Cash preferred. Louis Nations, 1188 Castle Ave., Cleveland, Ohio 44113. FOR A COMPLETE RELAXING massage in Queens, come up to Johny or Billy at Flight 1 Spa, 113-25 Queens Blvd.

MASCULINE, GOOD-LOOKING, white, hip guy, 37, tall, dark, slim, wants to meet slim young guy, 18-21, fer friendship, Writer Keith Sanders, 152 W. 42 St., Rm. 504, NY, NY 10036.

MAN IN 50s, 60s, 70s looked for by younger man in 30s. Looking for good, average type, gentle older person, somewhat shy, somewhat heavy, fattish, chubby—but someone who puts warm personal relationship first—more than just personal relationship first—more than just one thing relation! Build friendship, etc. gradually. Foreign-born good. (I'm considered to look good; honest, sincere.) Photo? Box 438, Mdle. Vil. Sta., Flushing, Queens, NY 11379.

WHITE MALE, 6'2", hairy chest, masculine, honest, sincere, sexy, masculine, honest, sincere, sexy, experienced lover, seeks mate, under 36, passive in Greek & French culture, for aun or lasting relationship. NYC area & photo only answered. Dut, 102 W. 75th 5t., Apt. 56, NYC, NY 10023.

LOONER, W/M, 40, good-looking, seeks honest relationship, 30-40. Warm, sincere person a must. Photo please, 4114-75 str. Jacks, Heights, NY 11373.

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tionship. Send resume & photo to: Box 2292, Danville, Va. 24541.

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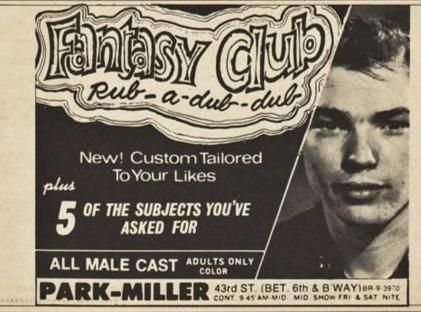
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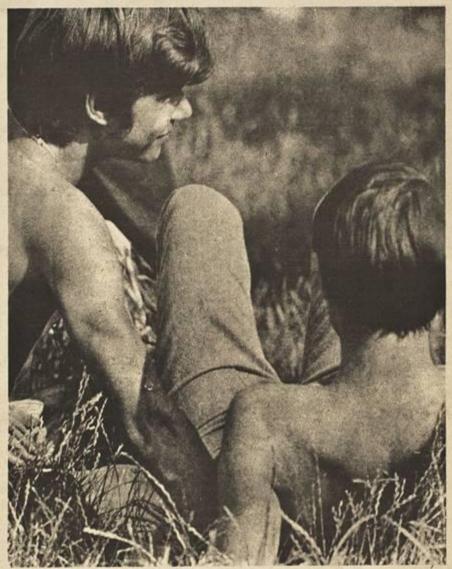
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9:,10:15,11:30,12:45,2:,3:15,4:30, 5:45.7:,8:15,9:30,10:45,Midnight

