

# GAY

50¢

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The burned out Community Center of S.I.R. in San Francisco

## Arsonists Burn San Francisco Gay Centers

BY GERALD HANSEN

### Meeting of Leaders Called

San Francisco, July 19—A seven-member steering committee has been created to study the feasibility of forming a community center to house all gay organizations in the city.

The group was formed at a meeting held July 19 in Glide Memorial Methodist Church attended by about 200 persons. The meeting was called after headquarters of the Society for Individual Rights was destroyed by an arsonist.

An overwhelming majority of the persons in attendance indicated by a show of hands that they want one community center for all gays in San Francisco. A motion to have one representative on the committee from each of the nearly dozen organizations present was defeated. The audience then opted for a seven-person committee.

The seven members in descending order of the number of votes cast are Dino Mora; Roberta Bobba; James Sandmire, pastor of Metropolitan Community Church; "Empress" of San Francisco, Jose Sario; Jim Foster, head of the Alice B. Toklas Democratic Club; Bill Plath, SIR President; and Paul Bentley.

Two hours of discussion preceded the selection. Some speakers in five-minute exchanges said that San Francisco has fallen behind other cities in serving the needs of gays, that a new center would be too costly, or that SIR looked for a new center several months ago and could not

locate suitable quarters. Perry George pointed out that "a common cause among people has been tried since the Tower of Babel" and failed. In more recent times he cited the League of Nations. Mike Roberts said he has dropped out of community service because some gays address each other as "you girls" and "Hey, Mary" which he called "an affront to my masculinity." He added that he had "given lots of money to other organizations but I cannot bring myself to give \$10 to SIR." John Callahan called the community center idea an "impossible dream." He noted that organizations operating under the name Gay Liberation Front are "unstructured and want to remain that way," in contending that the center would have to maintain rules and regulations. Paul Bentley favored the proposal because it "would give people something to do."

One possible option is to rebuild the burned-out SIR center. A deliberately-set fire destroyed SIR in the early hours of July 9. Jeffrey "Steve" Duvall, 24, turned himself in at Southern police station the following day and admitted starting the blaze. Duvall said he attended SIR's Saturday night dance and became angry with "someone." He refused to elaborate.

Duvall had sold soda pop for the organization during the dance, has done typing for members in the past, and helped build the SIR float for the Gay Liberation Day parade, according to Frank Fitch, public relations chairperson. Earl "Rick" Stokes, an attorney who has offered his services, talked with the suspect and described him as "psychologi-

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## Gay Alcoholics Reveal Lifestyles and Attitudes

BY PERRIN SHAFFER

Washington, D.C. George told me a few months ago that he and some other gay alcoholics were forming a gay A.A. (Alcoholics Anonymous). Instead of being shocked to learn that a friend was an alcoholic, I was relieved to know that he wasn't being cheap by not offering me booze when I visited. I wanted to learn more about this group and about gay alcoholics. So George arranged for Advocate reporter Dave Aiken and me to interview six members in June at George's

house. Also present was Artie McDonald, secretary of the Metropolitan Community Church of Washington. I have grouped the ensuing discussion under questions, some of which were asked in the interview, the rest of which were fabricated to better organize the material; and the answers aren't verbatim. I like to be honest about my dishonesty. My comments are in parentheses.

Do you feel that oppression by our soci- (continued on page 11)

## Why Gay Encounter Groups? A Therapist Answers

BY ROD PARKE

(Rod Parke, experiential therapist, runs male, gay encounter groups as part of his private practice, serving primarily gay clients.)

"No one ever comes up to me. What am I doing to turn people off?"

"Why do I always have to be the one to initiate contact with someone I'm attracted to?"

"I have an active sex life, but I want something more."

"I just want someone to love. I have so much love to give, but no one seems to want it."

"I meet people at the bars and the baths, but no matter how nice they are there, they never seem to want to get involved."

"How come no one ever gives me what I want?"

The above complaints usually come up in new encounter groups I start. Each reveals, in its own way, how grossly ignorant many of us are about how people relate emotionally. No number of books will tell the people asking these questions

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Madeline Davis, delegate to the National Democratic Convention in Miami Beach, spoke on national TV networks in an appeal to convention delegates to pass a gay rights plank. Ms. Davis is President of the Mattachine Society of the Niagara Frontier (Buffalo).



# WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT?

## A DIRECTORY FOR DISCRIMINATING DISPOSITIONS

**GM-Genital Males**  
**GF-Genital Females**  
**TV-Transvestites**  
**INT-Integrated, gay & straight**  
**BY JERRY FITZPATRICK**

**WEST VILLAGE**  
Bon Soir, 40 W. 8th St. (473-9859). Cha-cha palace, mostly Latin. Bunny is on the bar during the day. GM & TV.  
Bessie & Clyde's, 82 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-9304). Dancing, free buffet on Sundays. Elaine is behind the bar to make you feel at home. GF w/ some GM.

Casey's, 204 W. 10th St. (255-9742). Neighborhood bar and crowd. Alfie is the only one left behind the stick. GM.  
Casa Laredo, 551 Hudson St. (989-8320). New managers are Steel and Milton. Bernard is still on the floor and Marilyn is on the bar.  
Cave, Bank and Washington Sts. Sexy David is on duty. Ken and Jeff will take care of you nights. Beautiful Kevin is manager. GM.

Danny's, 139 Christopher St. (929-9321). Has picked up considerably. I'm sure that the day crowd is due to Jerry behind the bar. GM.  
Danny's in the Hideaway, 500 W. 14th St. Brand new. Lefty's Place has Jack Hartman and Kevin behind the bar. Dancing, and if you're in the mood, there's a motel upstairs. GM.  
Danny's Sheridan Square, 170 7th Ave. So. Young heads and dancing. Buddy the Body is on duty. Marvin and Peter, nights. Jody will make sure that you enjoy. GM.

Delaney's, 72 Grove St. (AI 5-7905). Drinks by Joey J. and piano by Murray Grant. Fine food, int.  
Fedora's, 239 W. 4th St. (CH 2-9691). Jack and Larry on the floor to serve you. And Fedora herself making sure that you enjoy your meal. GM/some int.  
Finn's, 48 Barrow St. (CH 3-7358). Seems despite some groovy help they are still losing business. Say hello to Jamie and Philip. GM/int.  
Five Oaks, 49 Grove St. (675-9669). Village favorite off Sheridan Square. Int.  
Four Elvans, 411 Bleecker St. (CH 2-2117). An old-time favorite. Int.

Glory Hole, 183 W. 10th St. Sexy Bill on the bar. Dottie on the floor. Manager doesn't seem to like his job. GM.  
Goldbug, 83 W. 3rd St. (677-9874). What a couple! Not only Best, but also my favorite Joey (Miccoti). Say hello.

Great 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.  
Inca, 399 W. 12th St. (242-9722). The food is great and they have sexy Joe. A mixture with a lot of GM.  
Julius', 159 W. 10th St. Hamburgers are great. Drinks are good. Hub, Joey, et al will take care of your drinks. The crowd is pretty, but don't count on making out. They still stare off GM.  
Katie's, 284 West St., near Christopher. The grand-daddy of leather bars, recently celebrated its 13th anniversary. GM.

Meekie's, 149 W. 14th St. (242-9226). The bar is clean but you don't encourage GMM. Kookie-looks like a poor man's ZiaZia. GF.  
Marie's Crisis, 59 Grove St. (243-9233). A lot of fun. J.L., John Michel, Mickey, Libra and Jan Thomas on the piano. GM, GF.  
Mona's Royal Room, 28 Cornelia St. (CH 2-9557). Cozy room with Joe and Eddy to see that you have a good time. Mostly GM.

Ninth Circle, 139 W. 10th St. Hamburgers, etc. Garden dining, little dancing. Bill and Ed on the stick. Young heads. GM.  
One Potato, 518 Hudson St. (691-6260). Lunch scene is mobbed. Frank and Elizabeth the Last, holds court and you're sure of a few guest stars. Dimmer is reasonable and good. See Billy for some of the best drinks you've imbibed. GM, GF, int.  
Paul's, Greenwich Ave. and 7th Ave. So. The food is very good. Chris and Elaine tend bar while Paula supervises. GF, GM.

Peter Rabbit, 305 W. 10th St. (929-9279). Wild mixture of folks, cruisy. Sexy Jimmy and George to tend your needs.  
Reapnose, 570 Hudson St. (CH 3-4214). The IN bar in the Village. Jammed any night of the week. Go and have a good time. GM.  
Sammy's Folly, East 15th St. near 5th Ave. (575-8740). Nice big piano bar. Leah is your hostess and (hopefully, still) beautiful Bobby Conroy is on the bar. GM.

Ter, 21 Greenwich Ave. (335-1337). Snack shop, cruisy afterwards; find out what is happening all over the Village. GM/int.  
West Beach, Christopher St. (down near the pier). I thought that this was "straight." Imagine my surprise when a bunch of probers waded me in last Sunday. It's a wild salon and Jason and George will make sure that you enjoy. GM/int.

**EAST VILLAGE, WASHINGTON AND UNION SQUARES**  
Club Baths, 24 1st Ave. (673-3283). Open 24 hours. Dynamic facilities and humpy studs all over the place. Confidential V.O. tests every Thursday 5-9pm. GM.  
Eighty-Two Club, 82 E. 4th St. (GR 7-1044). Home of the female impersonators. Tourists.  
McSorley's Ale House, 15 E. 7th St. (477-9363). Was very cruisy when we were kids; I doubt if it's changed all that much even though Women's Lib got their too. Int.  
Max's Kansas 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 dare charge any higher. Run down. GM.

**GRAMERCY & MURRAY HILL**  
Beau Geste, 239 3rd Ave. (475-9724). You'll find yourself looking for Gary Cooper. Great decor. The food is quite good and the waiters are pretty. Thom and Jack tend bar. Piano upstairs. GM.  
Leo's Lion, 57 Lexington Ave. (686-9608). Nice, friendly atmosphere. Your host is David. Go and have a good time. GM.  
Uncle Charlie's South, 581 3rd Ave. Three separate rooms allow you to keep making entrances. This beautifully decorated place is always jammed. Bob and Jerry are your hosts while Frank, Ron, Ken, Kevin and Ronnie will keep your glasses filled. GM.

**CHELSEA**  
Eagle's Nest, 11th Ave. & 21st St. If you're not into leather (black) and/or western, don't bother. You won't get in and why hassle the management or yourself. This is for leather people only. GM.  
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.  
Spikes, 120-11th Ave. Leather and western bar. Very popular. "Buffalo" Bill is there and, on weekends, sexy Roy. 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 FRT local to Houston; 8th Ave. IND (AA/E) to FRT; 6th Ave. IND (D7/FB) to Broadway/Lafayette; BMT (RR) to Prince; Lex. Ave. FRT to Springs. Cabaret every other Friday with barrels of beer, soda and live entertainment. Movies on Sunday evenings. GM, GF.

**MIDTOWN & MIDDLE EAST SIDE**  
Beacon Baths, 227 E. 45th St. (687-0322). Take the elevator to 11th floor and groove. Afternoons are a gas and very busy. Free V.O. test 2nd Wed. of the month - 4p.m.-8p.m. GM.  
Continental Sauna, 111 W. 56th St. Not as grand nor as expensive as the "Mother Church" on W. 74th St. Good for a businessman's hench(?) GM.  
Lib, 305 E. 45th St. (Lo 2-0290). The ensemble players, Jerry, Eliza, Lois and Jim, along with Gretchen and Ken, will assure you of a good time. GM, GF.  
Mayfair, 964 1st Ave. (EL 5-9259). Kind of cozy but fun. Good food at a good price. Int.  
Roundtable, 151 E. 50th St. One of the biggest discos in town. I still object to no call liquor. At \$1.50 a throw, yet, Mario, Joey and Bobby will keep you entertained.

Sauna Baths, 305 W. 58th St. (PL 5-6880). A small place that closes at midnight. Busy during the late afternoons, tho. GM.  
Sebastian's, 1068 1st Ave. (335-8052). Zany and wild. Sebastian holds court. Bill is in the kitchen, Bobby Blake is on the stick, and you'll probably want to get on the floor with John Weston. GM.  
Singles, 951 1st Ave. (486-9832). Johnny Vincent will make sure that you enjoy yourself and Bobby Lazotta will tend to your libations. GM.  
Sundowner, 309 E. 60th St. (832-9094). Brand new and a sure winner with Mike Murphy at the helm, Cathy there for cocktails and Billy in-wild during the night. The outdoor garden is a delight and scene for complementary Bar-B-Q during the weekends. GM.  
Troubadour, 1078 1st Ave. (735-1955). Friendly neighborhood bar. Dennis and Tom are on the bar. GM.

Victor's Quarter, 974 2nd Ave. (355-9453). Neighborhood bar with some Midnight Cowboy.  
Yukon, 140 E. 53rd St. (421-8122). Roy has started a new policy. No ties and jackets and, would you believe, dancing. A lot of fun people still hang in here. GM.

**DANCE BELT & HELL'S KITCHEN**  
Better Days, W. 48th St. Plan is on weekends. I don't know who they're replacing Mel with, or why. GM.  
Big Spender, 315 W. 48th St. (586-9882). Lots of gypsies from the nearby shows. Some beautiful. Good time. Eric tends to the libations.  
Brothers & Sisters, 355 W. 46th St. (247-8840). One of the better bars in N.Y. with guys and gals putting it all together. GF, GM.  
Dirty Edna's Scoreboard, 264 W. 46th St. (265-8077). Advertised as "The Home of the Midnight Cowboy." Some of them look as if they missed the last roundup. GM.  
Haymarket Pub, 772 8th Ave. (586-9360). They asked J.F.H. not to list them in "The Gay Insider U.S.A." But they are. Int.  
Jimmy Ray's, 729 8th Ave. (582-9507). They won't admit to it either. But you might find what you're looking for here. Int.  
Joe A.H.A., 326 W. 46th St. (581-6464). Gypsies, name-performers, etc. Gay is the word for the bar while the tables will be mixed. Int.  
Leading Zone, 588 9th Ave. (563-8212). Some cowboys and lots of TV's. Would you believe GM(?)

**WASHINGTONVILLE, N.Y.**  
Mister G's, Round Hill Resort, Rt. 208 Washingtonville, (914-496-9845). Billed as an all-gay resort with 25 acres to frolic and swimming pool that gets its share of "skinny dipping." It sounds too good to be true. I'll let you know more. GM.  
**GAY CINEMA**  
David, 234 W. 55th St.  
55th St. Playhouse, 55th St. between 6th & 7th Ave.  
Jewel Theatre, 12th St. & 3rd Ave.  
Park-Mixer, 43rd St. betw. 6th Ave. & B'way (BR 9-3970)  
Tomcat Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St.

**UPPER EAST SIDE**  
Aibi's, 1546 2nd Ave. (249-7026). Gwen has turned Monday nights into nostalgic night. It's also Show Night with herself playing Nelson Eddy to Gene King's Jeanette MacDonald. Quite a treat. GF, GM.  
Country Cousin, 1313 3rd Ave. (679-6614). Dine in a rustic atmosphere. Bar-B-Que in their open hearth Mon. & Wed. Groovy people. Mother Rice reigning during the day while Ralph and Lou take over at night. Billy, Harry and Eddy on the bar.  
Fidg's Stix, 1487 1st Ave. (77th & 78th). Opens at 9pm. Dancing. Beautiful Joey is on the bar.  
Harry's Back East, 1422 3rd Ave. (249-6991). Always one of the cruiser 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.  
Jack & Blue at Three, 314 E. 72nd St. (734-9303). New management. Dining in the rear, cruising in the front, if you can keep your eyes off Sam. GM/GF.  
New Jimmy's, 1576 3rd Ave. (860-4509). Two of the best hosts 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, Jerry Sexton and George Sardi.

Painted Pony, 1485 3rd Ave. (744-9580). Piano bar under the direction of the incredible "Gypsy." Good drinks including Ralph. Cruisy and nice. GM.  
Piper's Lounge, 1201 Lexington Ave. (734-9305). Tony Black's back is back. Can you believe he has Pussy with him? Dancing. GM.  
Uncle Charlie's North, 1049 Lexington Ave. Boasts one of the "humpiest" bartenders in town, Wally. Another good reason is Roger. Ricky is on the door. Cruisy as ever. GM.

**UPPER WEST SIDE**  
Chipp's, Columbus Ave. bet. 66th & 67th Sts. Popular with Lincoln Center audiences. Int.  
Continental Baths, 230 W. 74th St., west of B'way. (789-2688). More than a bath-house, it's a totally gay environment even down to a weekend cabaret. Expensive, but worth it. Students 1/2-price with I.D. cards. GM.  
Pleadily Pub, 324 Amsterdam Ave. (bet. 74th & 75th, 874-8632). Good cruising and friendly people. Nathan and David, along with Jim, will see that you have a good time. GM.  
Westside, 2160 Broadway at 76th St. (874-8013). Popular bar with humpy help. Wed is Bryan Murphy's show. Thursday is Gypsy. Enjoy. GM.

**UPTOWN**  
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). Restaurant and bar popular with uptown gays and Columbia students. Int.  
Mt. Morris Baths, 1948 Madison Ave. (534-9004). This has a black majority. GM.  
Passer's Interlude, 2267 7th Ave. at 135th St. A Harlem landmark since before most of us were born. Int.

**BROOKLYN**  
Danny's Brooklyn Heights, 108 Montague St. (625-8844). Two floors of fun and frolic presided over by Paul. Set is your daytime host behind the bar with "sizzly" Duke and Bruce taking over at night. GM.  
Mae's Country, 53 Pierpont, Brooklyn Heights (464-3623). Masculine atmosphere for masculine. A bath in Brooklyn complete with gym and an enormous pool. I think you'll like

this one. GM.  
Piano Bar, 103 Montague St. Just found this one. Kitty Kelly is M.C. during the day and Mike takes over at night. GM.  
**QUEENS**  
Betty Ross Room, 73-13 37th Road, Jackson Heights (429-8605). Pleasant, friendly people. Sean Sullivan, along with Ed and Jim, will see that you have sufficient liquid, nourishment. GM/some GF.  
Trysling Place, 120-31 83rd Ave., Kew Gardens (844-8922). Cruisy dancer with a balcony from which to play Romeo if you're so inclined. Say hello to Fran and Danny. GF, GM.  
What A Dump, 76-07 Roosevelt Ave. Cruisy people in a cruisy setting. Gay owned which is a big plus. Say hello to Don, Vinnie, Chat and Teddy. GM.

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## Jerry's Sphere



BY JERRY FITZPATRICK

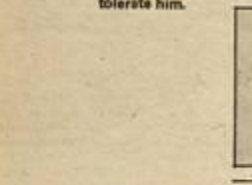
**MIAMI MEMORIES:** Apologies to the *AMBASSADOR III* bar in Miami Beach. Due to an error on my part they didn't get the recognition they so richly deserved in my last column. Art and his partners not only gave NCGO and GAA the bar to use as headquarters, but also fed all the workers there free breakfast! Some of the other bars, when approached, offered to help ONLY if they were named "official bar of the convention." *AMBASSADORS III* didn't even have to be asked. As Art told me, he's making his living from the gay community and he felt that he had the opportunity to be of some help in this great time of need. Perhaps, the fact that he is gay and he knows what we are all working for has something to do with it. **RIGHT ON, AMBASSADORS III!!!** Do you believe that Jack and Eric took me **ROLLER SKATING???** They did. I hadn't been on skates for 14 years and it was very obvious to anyone who saw me try to walk much less skate. Jack and Eric literally had to each take an arm and hold me up as we went around the rink. The rink is in Ft. Lauderdale and every Tuesday night is gay night. It was really a trip seeing those beautiful guys and gals skating and having a ball. After skating, it's over to **KIETH'S CRUISE ROOM** in Halandale for dancing, drinks and free hot dogs. (And guys don't know how to live outside the big **AP-PLE**)... Sunday was volley ball day at Jerry and Bill's. I believe they tossed a coin and the loser got me on his team. (I'd never played before.) But, I had a **BALL** and I don't need volley. If I sound

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## The Editors Speak:

NEW JERSEY'S JOHN GISH

When John Gish, a Paramus, New Jersey, high school teacher, and President of the Gay Activists Alliance of New Jersey, spoke up publicly on behalf of gay teachers at the national convention of the National Education Association, he caused more than a stir. The Paramus Board of Education ordered him to take a psychiatric test, covertly suggesting, as the *Bergen County Record* (July 10, 1972) put it, "that there is a part of our society which should not be permitted to seek solutions to its problems in the same manner as the rest of us." The Board is implying, says the *Record*, that there is nothing wrong with a teacher's being homosexual so long as he hides what he is and so long as he doesn't ask American society to tolerate him.



John Gish-GAA-NJ

The resolution of the Paramus Board of Education is a pitiful comment on the staid idiocy of many who are in charge of our educational system. Both the NEA and the Paramus Board must be notified that gay liberation has spread into our nation's high schools, that thousands of teachers are homosexually inclined, and that anti-gay policies are unbefitting of so-called educators. Even the *Bergen County Record* has had the good sense to question the statements of the Paramus School Board. "Why should the Board direct to a psychiatrist a teacher who for seven quiet years apparently performed his duties satisfactorily and who has done no more now than open a debate?" asks the *Record*. Perhaps it's the Board members who need a checkup.

## NEW YORK MATTACHINE MOVES FORWARD

The Mattachine Society, Inc. of New York has opened new offices in what may be the most central location possible for New York's gay community: 59 Christopher Street, directly across from Greenwich Village's Sheridan Square (New York City 10014). The Society's office hours are between 6 p.m. and 9:30 p.m., Monday through Friday, and on Saturdays from 2 p.m. until 10 p.m.



Don Goodwin-MSNY

The Mattachine Society's new president, Don Goodwin, its officers and its Board of Advisors (which includes a host of notables both homosexually and heterosexually inclined) are giving MSNY a new image, one which seems to be keeping this venerable organization in tune with the changing times. The Society publishes *The New York Mattachine Times*, a bi-monthly magazine which sells on newsstands for 35¢.

For a while, shortly after the Stonewall riots, Mattachine had endured accusations on the part of youthful activists (who were new to gay liberation) that it was "behind the times." Many forgot that it was this Society alone which for ten years had been the only effective voice in New York speaking for the rights of the gay community. Today, it seems, GAA, Mattachine, and other groups are drawing close together in joint efforts to improve the status of gay citizens. Bravo!

If you happen to be in the neighborhood of the Society's new offices, drop in and see community spirit in action. Volunteer counselors are assisting the gay community in numerous ways. Legal counseling is available on request. Information on venereal disease and its cure is available. There's a fine library of novels and non-fiction books on homosexual themes. Counselors will gladly help travelers chart their way through Manhattan and also provide guides to other cities. The Society's phone number is (212) 691-1066.

GAY extends best wishes to MSNY and recalls with pride its many accomplishments. We look forward to a bright future in which the Mattachine Society will play a leading role in Gotham as it has in the past.

## Intro-475 Defeated Again

New York, N.Y. Allen Roskoff seems embarrassingly fragile until you get up close to him and see that his denim jacket and jeans are packed solid from groin to armpits. The illusion may derive from his long, pinched face, almost swallowed by his luxurious black hair, making it seem that every waking moment of this young public school teacher is devoted to worrying about too much noise in the classroom. But it is when his face has almost been given up to nervous puckering that it will yield inexplicably to a broad smile, as if he has seen the humor all along that has been completely beyond you. You don't jump to conclusions, therefore, when you're with Allen Roskoff. When he's not in class, he's working as chairman of the Municipal Committee of the Gay Activists Alliance of New York. One of his duties is asking embarrassing questions of politicians. "What would you do if your son were gay?" he asked City Councilman Joseph A. Ribustello. "I'd kill the cocksucker."

That's the answer Mr. Roskoff reports getting from a man who represents many of the gay people in the Bronx. Mr. Ribustello didn't speculate about homosexuals not related to him, but he remained absent for the vote on Intro 475, the bill guaranteeing civil liberties to New York's gays. No doubt he felt it was the least he could do. But Mr. Roskoff doesn't blame this winner of a free election in the Bronx for the bill's second defeat on July 19. He blames the politicians whose best friends are, but...

"We were fucked over by people who broke their promises," Mr. Roskoff said after the General Welfare Committee failed to muster the necessary eight votes to report the bill out to the floor of the Council. According to Mr. Roskoff's canvass, nine members of the fifteen-person committee were ready to vote yes. But when the final vote was taken, six were for it, three were against, and one abstained. The discrepancy occurred when Leonard Katz's amendment giving the Board of Education and the Police and Fire Departments the right to discriminate against gays was defeated. The Brooklyn Councilman then decided he could not vote for the bill. Of the remaining eight, Councilmen Manton and Silverman agreed to vote yes only if the bill would win. They couldn't get their heads together to see that both their votes were needed for victory, so the former abstained and the latter remained absent. Saul Sharison, the chairman, refused to call for a second vote after the two were informed they could vote yes together. Councilmen Weiss, Taylor, and Thompson of Manhattan, DeBlasi and Thompson of Brooklyn, and Troy of Queens voted for equal rights for gays. Smith of Staten Island and DeMarco of the Bronx voted no, in addition to Katz. Mr. Smith had letters from psychiatrists saying homosexuals are prone to molesting children. Silverman and Ribustello were absent, as were Alleen Ryan of the Bronx, who said she may vote yes six months from now, Friedland of Manhattan, who had promised the Mayor he'd vote yes, and Mastropero of Queens, who would exclude gays from teaching in elementary schools, thus depriving New York children of the benefits of instruction by people like Mr. Roskoff.

The bill appears killed, despite the efforts of Councilmen Eldon Clingan and Carter Burden, who are not committee members, but who helped Mr. Roskoff to deliver the vote for it. Nevertheless Mr. Roskoff said GAA is planning demonstrations to keep Intro 475 alive, and Mr. Clingan told GAA members at the Firehouse that the bill is not dead and urged them to keep working for it. RICHMAN

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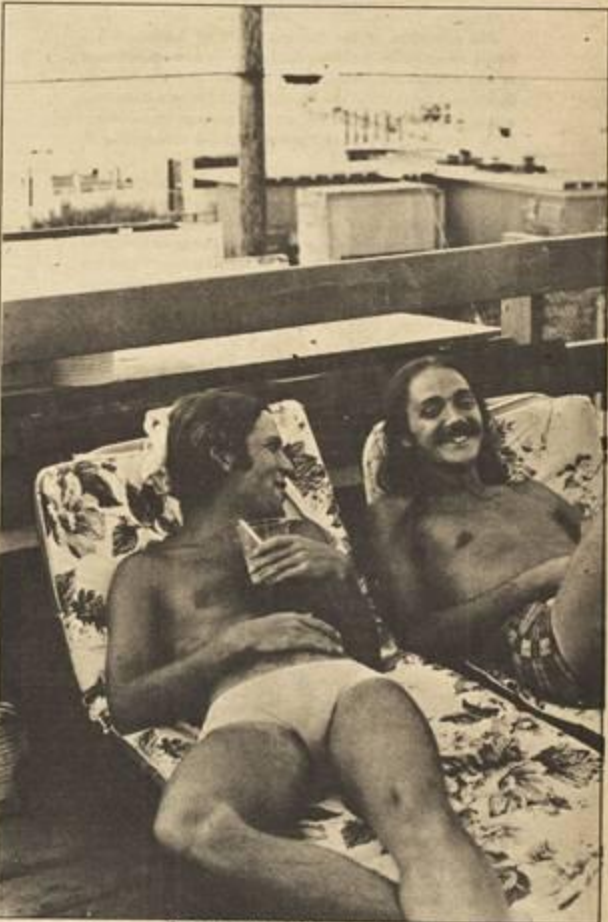
# Fire Island Follies

## Escape To Cherry Grove

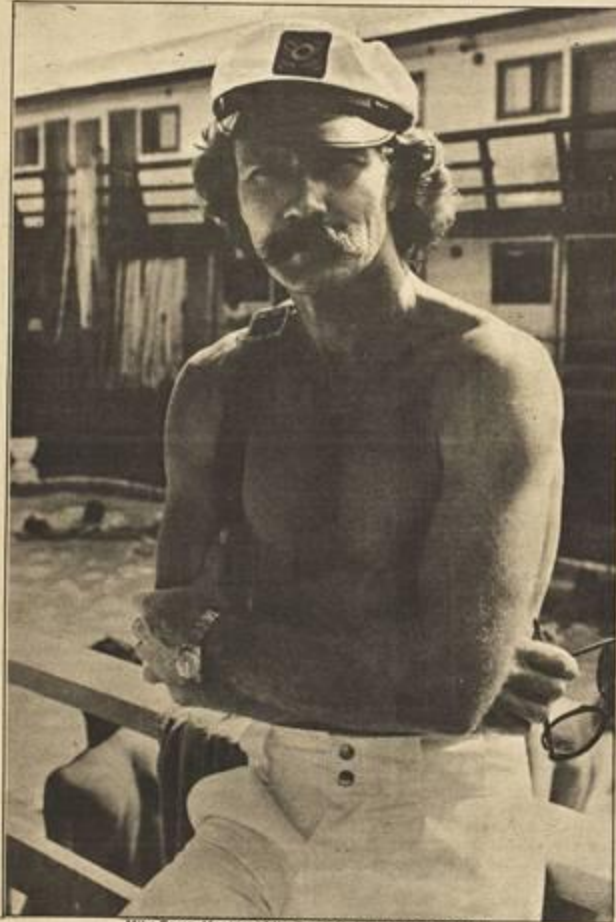
Photos by Eric Stephen Jacobs



Lunchtime at the Sea Shack



Romance by the bay? Or are they just dishing?



Mike Fusco, Manager of the Beach Hotel and the Sea Shack



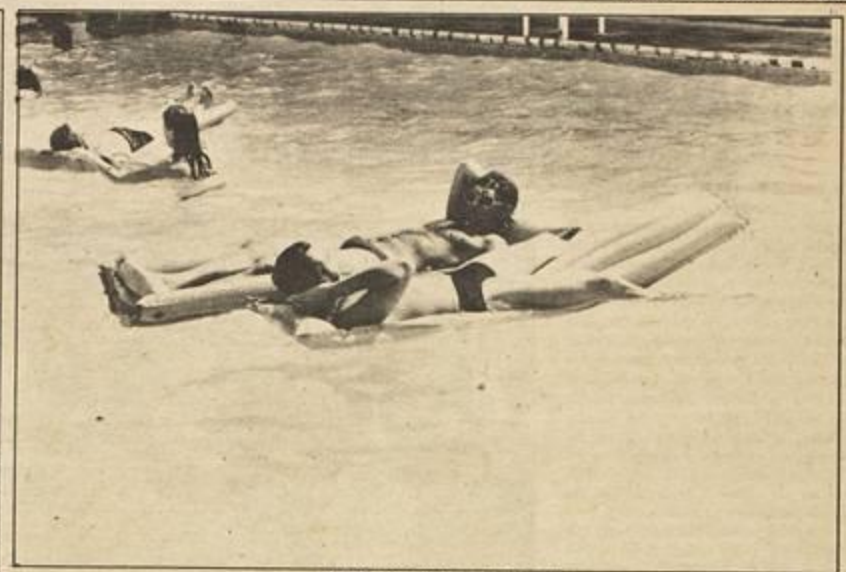
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A bird in the hand ...



Dancing FOR DAYS: At the Ice Palace



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# Cruising off Broadway...

BY IAN AND DANIEL

A couple of days ago I received a nice surprise in the noon post. A good friend of Daniel's and mine was appearing in a production at Bastiano's Playwrights' Workshop—where we had reviewed several of their offerings in the past. The play, entitled *Cocteau*, was written and directed by Andy Milligan and it starred Joe Downing as the young Jean Cocteau, Eric Concklin as William Bordeaux, Martin L.H. Reymert as Eduard, and Robert McLane (our friend) as Cresture—although he is referred to by Cocteau as "La Biche" which is French for deer. The fine set was executed by Gerald Jackson and costumes were by Raffine.

The play concerns Cocteau's early life when he was still a struggling writer that no one had yet heard of. As the play opens he has just taken a garret apartment and has had the rent paid thanks to his actor friend Eduard, as played by Martin Reymert—who in reality (in the play) is an octogenarian lusting after the bobs of the young—such as Cocteau. In essence he is keeping Cocteau and makes no bones about it—and he indulges Cocteau and the incessant impatience of youth. Shortly before leaving he asks Cocteau to show him his cock so that he might touch and kiss it. The French are so direct—and the whole thing struck me as a ritual they often indulged in.

Eduard leaves, disappointed, and Cocteau discovers "la biche"—the beautiful naked young man—apparently "living" on his rooftop. Cocteau is fascinated by him and gains his confidence—feeds him—and begins to idolize him.

William Bordeaux (Eric Concklin) is also keeping Cocteau and he and Eduard seem to be friendly rivals. Bordeaux doesn't indulge Cocteau, yet seems rather more honest in his feelings for him as well as his criticisms of his work—especially of love poems Cocteau has written for him. It was only at Bordeaux's reaction to the poems that I began to realize there was more to Bordeaux's adulation and love for Cocteau.

I was fascinated by the contrast offered by Eduard and Bordeaux. Eduard completely indulges Cocteau as Bordeaux does not—and all of this is borne out by the gifts they give him for his birthday. Eduard gives a gold Tibetan head statue—and Bordeaux gives a large rattan fan chair—a practical gift. There is no doubt that each loves Cocteau in his own way.

Eduard comes across as pedantic and lecturing and at times just plain bitchy. Bordeaux is controlled and almost appears aloof and detached at times. Ah but in one scene, Eduard leaves and Bordeaux is alone with Cocteau, we are given a glimpse beneath the surface. Bordeaux dumps his rage and anger on Cocteau and absolutely dominates and manipulates him mercilessly. In short, it appears like a classic master/slave S&M scene French style. He's doing drugs heavily—but it was fashionable to do opium and heroin in those days. There has been talk throughout the play of Bordeaux's last lover and his death—the cause of which remains unknown until he reveals to Cocteau that he killed his last lover—by fist-fucking him to death. It's at this point that one realizes that Bordeaux is a complete psychopath and as such cannot tolerate anyone loving or possessing Cocteau but himself. And it all comes to a rather gruesome ending when Bordeaux discovers "la biche" while Cocteau has gone to a reading of his poems. In his absolute psychotic rage he kills "la biche" by cutting off his head and chopping the rest of him up



A scene from Andy Milligan's "Cocteau" (Bastiano's Playwrights' Workshop) (Photo by Conrad Ward)

and serving him up as dinner to Cocteau on his return. The play ends as Bordeaux presents Cocteau with the decapitated head of "la biche."

Of the four players I really enjoyed Eric Concklin's portrayal of William Bordeaux. It was well-paced and controlled as it should have been for this type of role. It was marvelously convincing and he gave it just the right amount of pathos to keep the character balanced and believable. Martin L.H. Reymert did an equally serviceable job as Cocteau's other "lover." As a fading actor he was properly snide and haughty and despite indulging Cocteau because of his lust for him would absolutely slobber before him (Cocteau) for just a peek at his cock. Now if that isn't penis envy, I don't know what is.

Joe Downing tried hard in the role of Cocteau but I don't think he had a complete sense of this famous personage. Not that I know that much about Cocteau's early life but it just didn't seem to me that he had completely sunk his teeth into the role.

Robert McLane played "la Biche," the mute, and as is often the case, a non-speaking part is difficult to put across. This was an exception, though, as his relationship with Cocteau seemed to be pure-

ly physical, and as it turned out, expendable. Mr. McLane has a lovely bod and super soft eyes and, as the program notes said, "he does speak on occasion."

I talked with Joe Downing and our friend Bob McLane after the play and there is talk, past the planning stage I gather, of a film (underground, I suspect) using the same four players. It would have to be fleshed out a bit and if handled right I think it would make an engrossing film. Hope they can bring it off.

## DELACORTE THEATRE

I had mentioned here in "and furthermore..." an issue or two ago about the free Shakespeare being offered up in Central Park again this summer. The first play, *Hamlet*, starring Stacy Keach (Hamlet), James Earl Jones (Claudius) and Colleen Dewhurst (Gertrude) has already had its run and for those of you unfortunate enough to have missed it, it was staggering—especially Keach and Jones (with that magnificent articulate tongue of his). I'm sure that very little, if any, of the original speeches were cut or shortened because the play was nearly four hours in length. If for some reason they decide to give it a second life, perhaps at the end of their regular series, by all means run, don't walk—or as I told a neighbor of

mine—I prithe, fair Ophelia, hie and get thee away to Delacorte and Hamlet. For I promise thee an artful drama full rich in excellence. The actors rage with fury as only hell can offer and pour forth eloquence which would give the golden rays of a spring sun the face of blush. Whew!

At any rate, over the weekend I took in the second offering of the series, a non-Shakespearean play, *Ti-Jean and His Brothers*. Well, I admit I was surprised and delighted to find that it was a folk fable... a West Indian (French) folk fable. Its storyteller is the local village swamp frog with a cricket and bird and firefly in attendance. The fable is fairly simple. The devil makes a bargain with a mother, played nicely by Madge Sinclair, for her three sons. If any one of them can make him feel human in anger and rage and all its human weaknesses, they win, and the family is to have wealth, peace and fulfillment. If they fail, they are his.

Each of the two oldest sons, Gros-Jean (Ciebert Ford) and Mi-Jean (Leon Morenzio), confront the devil in the guise at first of an old man of the woods called Papa Bois and then as an English plantation owner as played very well indeed by Albert Laveau. The first two sons confront the plantation owner with brawn but no brains, and brain power but no common sense and too much pride. Ti-Jean, the youngest, defeats old Lucifer with a combination of hard-nosed common sense and the impatience of youth.

I had a feeling that the audience, mostly non-West Indian, was a little uncomfortable with their lovely litting almost sing-song dialect and were straining to catch every word. I'm sure that most had not dealt with story fables for some time and were uneasy getting back into it—especially one of a different ethnic operating on another level.

The production as a whole was good but I felt that it could have been tighter. It got off to a very slow start. There were some good songs, especially one called "To the Door of Breath," and the best one in the show called "Moon Child." The second half of the fable was better paced and the audience seemed to be relaxing and opening up a bit. As mentioned above, an excellent performance was turned in by Albert Laveau who played the devil, Papa Bois and the Planter. Kudos also to Madge Sinclair as the mother, Ciebert Ford and Leon Morenzio as the older sons. Dennis Hines, who played Ti-Jean, was good but uneven at times. He was playing the part of a young boy thrust into manhood all too early—not an easy role in that it requires a good sense of transition.

The production is scheduled to tour the city parks beginning August 9th. For the borough dates and park locations, one can call 677-1750. It's a good production and worth going to see. So if you don't catch it in Central Park, your local park might just be hosting it next month.

## AND FURTHERMORE...

Be sure to pick up on the feature classic at the Bleeker Street Cinema—*Reefer Madness*. A 1936 classic. See the killer weed relentlessly destroy innocent people. See Mary Jane run amok—the weed from the Devil's own garden. Ya gotta see this one to believe or rather understand where our paranoia comes from. Wow! A review of *Don't Play Us Cheap* coming up next time around—and possibly a review of Jackie Curtis in her new epic (?) *America's Cleopatra*.

# New York's Gay Resort

## Mr. G's In The Ramapo Mountains

BY JOHN P. Le ROY

Every time I hear of all-gay resorts, I tend to shudder. I immediately think of overpriced facilities, minimal convenience, standard facilities, the threat of harassment, rude service, and a general interest in the over-all well-being of the guest that rarely goes beyond the amount of money he might have on him. From Fire Island to Puerto Rico, I have found this to be so (with some exceptions).

Thus, when I received a phone call from Lige and Jack asking me to visit a new gay resort just opening up in upstate New York, I envisioned either a gay Woodstock with bad rock music and frenetic tripping out ad nauseam, or a converted nunnery for retired aunts with the warmth and felicity of a cemetery. But I did want to escape from the hot city for a weekend, so I went. My reaction to Mr. G's Round Hill Resort, near Washingtonville, New York, about an hour's drive from the city, can be summed up as follows:

If you like fresh country mountain air, complete privacy, some of the most beautiful, friendly, congenial people around, good food, over twenty-five acres of unspoiled woodland to saunter around in, a lovely mountain panoramic view, a first-rate gay bar that's busy every night and packed on weekends together with a big dance floor often featuring live entertainment, a good-sized swimming pool in the middle of the woods, no harassment, very reasonable prices, and up-to-date facilities, then hesitate no longer. GO!

Mr. G's was once the private estate of a shipping tycoon who believed in doing things in the grand manner. A few years ago, it was taken over and made into a gay resort but, to put it kindly, the owners allowed the place to run down and things rapidly deteriorated. Last year, two enterprising gentlemen, George Grossman and Joe Gillies, stayed over as guests, saw the potential, leased the estate with an option to buy, and began a massive renovation that is still going on and won't be completed until the fall at the earliest.

So when you go up the half-mile of winding rocky road that joins Route 208 in Washingtonville, and when you get to the top, don't be taken aback by the peeling paint on the large southern style mansion which is the main building. Joe and George have not yet undertaken the painting. They have been working on the interior. So, when you go in, you'll find a newly renovated foyer, game room, dining area, bar and patio, complete with umbrella tables, awnings and chaise lounges, surrounded by a spacious lawn and the peaks of the Ramapo Mountains off in the distance. The dining area and dance hall have been done up in aluminum foil ceilings with gaily colored crepe decorations, as if every night were New Year's Eve.

If your room is in the main building, it will be equipped with comfortable bedding, air conditioning, some with wood-burning fireplaces that work all year round, sulfurous mountain spring water, up-to-date plumbing, ample closet space and fine views. On the other side of a large field are a row of bungalows, similarly equipped. A stone house and annex house are for the staff.

And what an open friendly staff I found there! My Maitre' D was Chandra, an altogether convivial, exquisitely dressed bon vivant who helped make the



Beaded Bag such a favorite in New York. Through his expert guidance and savoir faire, an atmosphere has been created where everyone, from manager to dishwasher, takes a personal interest to see that you have a good time without ever being prying or cloying.

The directors, Joe Gillies and George Grossman, the two Mr. G's, are no novices in the art of building a high quality clientele and a sound reputation. George is the owner of a successful gay bar in Nyack, also called Mr. G's, that has an enviable following among upstate gays. Joe has been in the hotel and restaurant business for a number of years, and has been ex-

tremely active in community affairs. There is an easy-going vitality about him. He runs a tight ship, yet never forgets or lets the guest forget that the reason for being there is to enjoy in relaxed, comfortable privacy. The staff is loyal.

Going down for breakfast, you sense that the investment is going to pay off. People talk to each other, introduce themselves and good conversations are struck up easily. The waiters are mostly students. They are attentive, courteous and sexy.

The afternoons, except when it rains, are usually spent at the pool, a short walk down a hill. It's cold turquoise water is

surrounded by attractively painted flagstone and woodland. Refreshments are served. And the lounge chairs are filled with a variety of bikinis and well-tanned bodies. Again, people talk to each other, say hello and show that the sincerity is genuine.

Late afternoon and early evenings, cocktails are only 75¢, and a full course dinner never goes above \$5. As the sun goes down, more people gather around the bar. As the last guest finishes eating, the tables are cleared away, and the dining room becomes a huge dance floor. Gays come pouring in from miles around—Newburgh, Albany, Monticello and even from Asbury Park, N.J. The juke box is stocked with a good selection of music. As the hour grows later, the place becomes more crowded. Hundreds of people spill out of the bar, the dance floor and the veranda, bring their drinks out onto the porch, the lawn and even the woods beyond. The place becomes alive with merriment. Moonlight swims are common.

Once the bar closes, room parties take over, and often go on until dawn and beyond. Management is never overly uptight about sleeping arrangements, and the maid is often asked not to interrupt anybody's sleep. She often winds up cleaning up the rooms on Monday. Gay women are welcome, mingle freely with the men, and share in the fun.

The weekend I was there an anniversary party was being given for two staff members who had been together for five years. A sumptuous buffet was served, the chef serenaded us, joining in with the combo while champagne flowed. I got so stuffed and so high I had to postpone my leaving until the following day.

Though slow to start, Mr. G's looks very much as if it might challenge Fire Island and Provincetown as the mecca for gays. There are no cold cliques. Money. If you buy some drinks and food, you're welcome to enjoy the place as long as you like. If you want to stay over-night, singles are only \$10 a night per person, doubles only \$15. Breakfast stays below \$2 and dinner below \$5. No cover charges or minimums at the bar.

If you drive, you get on the N.Y. Thruway and take it to Exit 16, turn off on Highway 7-16, follow it for 4 miles, get on Route 208 and take that north for another four miles until you see a sign that says "Mr. G's." Then, turn off and follow the rocky road to the top of the hill. You'll pass the swimming pool on the way up.

If you don't drive, just go to the Port of Authority, take the Trailways or Short Line bus to Washingtonville. When you get to the depot, call 496-9845 and someone will drive down to pick you up, and your weekend will be under way. The word-of-mouth has been spreading so fast that Joe gets dozens of requests for seasonal rates, as many gays are finding it an ideal spot for vacationing, others as a great stop-over point while on the way to Rochester, Buffalo or other points north. They'll be open year round.

Come winter, Mr. G's, located not far from the state's ski areas, will become a lodge with the same service and even better facilities. Plans are under way for more live entertainment, theatre groups, fashion shows, antique fairs and costume balls. The potential is endless. What else is there to say? I can only urge you to call (914) 496-9845 and get up there, for accommodations are limited, and summer reservations are going fast.



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# Clay's Clearing House



The Stonewall in Seattle  
BY ALAN CLAY

**GAA-GAY-FASHION-BASH**

GAA presented a Men's Fashion Show on Sunday evening, July 23rd. Fine idea and basically it worked quite well. Criticisms first: They were forty minutes late in getting started. This, plus a lengthy intermission, made the show run entirely too long for the many who had to get up early the next (dreary—ugh) Monday morning. Very hot night and they might have given some thought to selling soft drinks to ease parched throats. And some continuous soft music in the background would have made the affair seem more professional and would have smoothed those frequently awkward pauses.

Bravos: To the models who knocked themselves out and smiled bravely through torrents of perspiration. Some beauties among them! That certainly goes for Hernan and the placidity with which he displays his self-confidence. Rich Wandel (GAA President) looked terribly embarrassed. One assumes he lent his presence only in an effort to cast the aura of prestige. Special guests were Ruby Red Lips and The LaFleur Sisters. While I personally find these gothic drag acts incredibly passe, I must say that these performers are at the top of their profession and consistently amusing.

Fashions via Rich Originals, Herry & Monty of London, St. Tropes and Where Did You Get That At Boutique. The swimwear (and the presentation of these genuinely sexy fragments of cloth) fared best. Prices on all clothing were reasonable—by New York standards. However, some of the costumes were preposterously ornate and had absolutely no functional or even vaguely reasonable purpose. Silly, fussy, deplorable and dumb. Surely even the flightiest and most retrogressive Auntie Mame among us has something better to spend his money on?

Good show though. A lot of hard work involved. I wish it had been better advertised and I hope they'll try to do this again—when cool autumn winds blow...

**I'D RATHER WATCH  
SHIRLEY TEMPLE**

ABC-Television sent us a news brief, excitedly announcing that filming has begun on one of next season's "Movie of the Week" offerings. Entitled *That Certain Summer* (apologies to Sagan?) and starring Hal Holbrook, Hope Lange and Martin Sheen, it is the story of "... a 14-year-old boy who goes to San Francisco" (well, naturally!) "to visit his divorced father as he has for the past three years. His world is shattered when he accidentally discovers that his father is a homosexual."

Here we go again, folks. Where has this kid been for the last fourteen years? Or even the last three years? And why is his world shattered? Isn't he proud that his old man finally came out of the Conformist's Closet? (I wish my father had had the guts.) I know this is going to be the usual apologetic, hypocritical, deceitful pile of straight-oriented, cop-out shit. But I'll probably watch it anyway, even if it does bring on another epileptic seizure.

**WHAT WILL  
THE FUNDAMENTALISTS THINK?**

Robert (A Prince) Downey, director of *Putney Swoope* and *Pound*, has escaped from the happy farm again. Took a group of fellow madmen out to Santa Fe and shot *Gresser's Palace*, a film that is destined to offend more people than the average weekly issue of *SCREW*. (When the Buckley/Goldstein success story is filmed, I trust Downey will be designated director.) You see... Jesus comes back as a zoot-suited 1940's hep-cat on his reincarnated way to Jerusalem to become a Borscht-circuit singer-actor; the Holy Ghost is a KKK killer (due to parental



A print from Roy Blakey's "HE" available from Blaze Enterprises, 727 6th Avenue, NYC 10011.

lack of affection), and God appears to be the elderly Cattle Baron over yonder. Oh, Gresser's son, Lamy, isn't a homo after all. Understand?

GAY's John Francis Hunter (performing as John Paul Hudson, performing as "Smiley") is in the picture, although I'll be gosh-darned if I could find him. (Everybody is sorta grizzled looking...) The dialogue is always side-splitting, irreverent and obscene. And if total anarchy in movies is your bag, trip over to the Festival Theatre where this reasonable facsimile of a Freudian-authorized nightmare opened on July 31st. I liked it. But I'm weird. And as Eleanor Bron once said, in *The Beatles' Help!* "There's more here than meets the eye..."

**IN BOSTON?**

Unbelievable! Adonis '72, an all-male beef beauty contest in which all judges were women. Ended with a "spectacular finale of all contestants in a stunning nude living sculpture." (Rodin or Henry Moore?) Was held on July 26th and we haven't heard the results. I'm curious to know how many points were given for ten inches or beyond, and how many points were subtracted (or added) for circumcision. And what about lewd tattooing on the buttocks? And does anybody still show up for cute sexist crap like this today?

**"HE" AND FRIENDS**

Party given at Sundowner on East 60th (love that garden!) Thursday eve, July 20th—to honor publication of photographer Roy Blakey's superb book of aesthetically pleasing male studies, *HE*. (Blaze Enterprises, Inc., Dept. "G," 727 6th Ave., NYC 10011. \$16) Everyone

"D," Ottawa, Ontario, Canada) has started an interesting little publication, *GO Info*, which is printed in both English and French. Nice idea and gives me that chance to brush up on my rusty (that's putting it mildly) French. If any of you are also so inclined, send for a copy. Je donne la plume a mon trick.

InterCHANGE, newsletter of National Gay Student Center (2115 "S" St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20008) is another new publication with a good format. Issue no. 2 includes such things as very touching letters college students have written to parents, announcing and explaining their gayness. Also *Sexism in Children's Literature* and gives an example of a delicate little lesbian story for tots. Which reminds me—you don't really think those seven dwarfs were celibate before Snow White came along, do you?

**OF SHRIKES AND SHREWS**

Sorry to report that Jill Johnston has given up her job cleaning East Harlem sewers and has gone back to "writing." Hateful Jillie, in July 6th *Village Voice*, slobbers venomously on the entire gay liberation movement. I won't bore or insult you with the details of her hysterical plucked philosophy. But I would like to say that anyone—today—who makes a flat statement that all gay men "... whether consciously or not are in collusion with their straight brothers to continue the oppression of women..." is a willfully perverse and ignorant fool who takes delight in creating strife and totally unnecessary dissension. Will someone please put a large piece of tape over the mouth of this strident junior harpy?

**A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DANCE**

Let's go back to nice, affirmative things. *Guy People* at Columbia is holding a dance "in celebration of midsummer"—August 11th from 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. (That's Friday, so it won't conflict with the regular Saturday night GAA-Firehouse fiesta.) Contribution of \$1.50 re-



David Magazine (\$1 on newsstands).

who had his disgustingly perfect face and form featured in the volume was there. Including GAY's co-editor, Lige Clarke. (Gee, I've just given my first triple-plug in one paragraph!) I've seen the book and it's worth your money. Christmas is coming...

**DAVID & JERRY**

Have I mentioned the neat entertainment magazine *David* in this column? Don't think so. Sorry about that. It's one of the best around. (*David Publishing, Inc.*, P.O. Box 5396, Jacksonville, Fla. 33207—\$6.25 for 12 monthly issues or \$11 for 24.) In the July issue, GAY's Jerry Fitzpatrick takes a tour of Manhattan fun spots. Four pages, including center spread of our boy bare on a bear-skin rug. Fawncy that! Well, you know what they say about having it and flaunting it...

**IDEA DEPT.**

I like one of the ideas of GAA of Washington, D.C. (P.O. Box 2554, Washington, D.C. 20013, with a local phone listing of 462-8729). They put out a monthly calendar of gay events. Can be put up on the wall just like a regular calendar and makes it damned easy to remember What's Going On. I wish all organizations (especially the ones in hectic New York) would utilize this simple and effective measure. (I think GAA of New Jersey also does the same.) I get tired of hearing about Gotham gatherings *via rumor*.

**NOTEWORTHY PUBLICATIONS**

*Gays of Ottawa* (P.O. Box 2919, Sta.

*(continued on page 22)*



**GOING PLACES**  
**GO GAY**  
 Individual or group  
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## Burn Gay Centers

(continued from page 11)  
 cally withdrawn."

Chuck Schneider, community service director, said he is at a loss as to how the arsonist entered the building. He locked up the structure at 4 a.m., two hours after everyone had left. The fire was not discovered until after 8 a.m. It was brought under control three hours later. Fire officials reported the arsonist apparently set fire to costumes located in a storage room and then ignited duplicating fluid emptied onto a stairwell.

The building is virtually unusable. A new floor, ceiling, and lighting fixtures would have to be installed. Fitch said the chief material loss to SIR is costumes, stage sets, and lights. Other damages bring the total estimated loss to \$20,000, including an adjacent liquor store which is claiming \$5,000 water damage. Printing equipment and the official membership lists were saved. The huge windows on the second floor all exploded outward to the street, causing pedestrians and neighbors to think a bomb had ignited. Witnesses spotted a young dark-haired man leave the building through a side door moments before.

Metropolitan Community Church sent 15 volunteers to help clean up the debris. Jackson's restaurant sent sandwiches, and soda pop for 50 people. Don's Trucks provided two employees and use of its equipment while McKenzie-Holland provided boxes for storage. Bars which sent volunteers and/or supplies included Bachelor's Club, The Mint, Orpheum Circus, Ramrod, Twilight and Toad Hall.

Two days after the SIR blaze, the MCC community center one block away was set afire, which was "definitely arson," said Sandmire. Two fires were set simultaneously in the basement. Rev. Sandmire told GAY that a caretaker left moments before to purchase cigarettes. Upon returning the building was engulfed in smoke. "Anyone can get into the building," said a maintenance man.

Damage, estimated at \$5,000, occurred mainly to clothing, wood, books, records and the telephone system, which had to be replaced. "The fire department did more damage than the arsonist," spokesman noted. The structure was flooded which resulted in heavy water damage. Firemen also bored a large hole into the floor of the chapel.

Rev. Sandmire speculated that either a "kook got the idea (of setting the fire) from the SIR incident or that Jesus Freaks were responsible." He referred to the stabbing of a youth at United Episcopal Church in Los Angeles, where bags of human excrement were thrown at worshippers and Jesus Freaks trashed church property.

The night following the MCC fire, the Sausage Factory, a popular eating place in the Eureka Valley gay ghetto, was set afire by neighborhood kids. "We know who they are," owner Bob Fettingill told GAY. He plans to file charges. Damage was confined to the bar area in the rear. Another attempted arson July 14 fizzled. The fire department suggested that Fettingill, who also serves as chairman of police community relations for the Eureka Valley, "solve" the problem by "building higher fences" around the structure.



Volunteers assist in cleaning the debris from the S.I.R. Center.

## Gay Alcoholics

(continued from page 11)



The author, not an alcoholic, in an uncharacteristic pose.

ety towards gays contributes to, or causes, alcoholism?  
 GEORGE: No one drinks because he's straight, but gay alkie (George's slang for alcoholics) may drink because they're gay. Because society pities homosexuals, they begin to pity themselves. Self-pity is one cause of alcoholism.  
 Do you feel that guilt about a gay sex orientation is a factor?  
 ARTIE: One alcoholic who called me claimed that he drank because he was in conflict over whether he was gay or straight. Do you think that was the reason, or was it an excuse?  
 GEORGE: It was an excuse. Once he stops drinking, the rest of his life will fall in line.  
 TOM: I was accustomed not only to using my homosexuality as an excuse, but also

my Roman Catholic religion, my job, etc. The real reason for my drinking—as for any alcoholic's—was self-hatred.  
 BOB: There's no problem so bad that drinking can't make it worse.  
 Do gay bars foster alcoholism?  
 BOB: Yes.  
 BLANCHE: No. Heterosexuals drink in bars, too.  
 GEORGE: It's a threat to be near the temptation of drink, by being in a bar.  
 RAY: Bars are a greater threat to sobriety, since so much of gay life centers around them. I soon found myself going to them to drink, not to cruise.  
 Gay love relationships are more difficult to sustain in a hostile society. Did your drinking add to the difficulties?  
 GEORGE: I couldn't even get a lover. Of course, when you throw up all over someone's bedroom, he's not likely to want to see you again. Also, I've noticed that gay love relationships break up faster when one of the two partners is an alkie.  
 TOM: Anyone standing between a drunk and his drink has to go, and it's easier to dump someone you're not married to.  
 How did your drinking affect your tricking?  
 BOB: I wasn't a happy homosexual because I was always drunk, even when tricking. Often I'd wake up with some trick in the morning and not remember how I'd gotten in his bed. Sometimes, seeing who I'd picked up, I'd regret having sobered up in my sleep!  
 CLIFF: I noticed that I picked up better tricks when drunk. I didn't drink for that reason, though, because I also noticed that I couldn't come when that drunk. Once I woke up to find myself in a strange house with a Royal Queen's Guard. I thought, "My God, I must be in London!" But I was still in D.C. The Guard said that he'd stopped his car near Dupont Circle (a decreasingly active cruising spot in D.C.) to ask me for a light, but I'd ignored his request and jumped in the car. Seeing how drunk I was, he said that he took me home to protect me. This wasn't the only time that I was taken home for that reason.  
 TOM: I was also picked up for my own protection.  
 Would you tell about the gay A.A. that you belong to?  
 GEORGE: We meet twice a week. About seven to 35 attend each meeting. Unlike general A.A. meetings, we have no speakers. Our members are younger than those at general A.A. meetings. They include deaf-mutes, blacks, women, and a bisexual—but they're basically white middle class. Nancy Tucker (editor of a local paper called *The Gay Blade*) has praised our group as having the best male-female relationship of any gay group. Besides our meetings, we have other functions, such as picnics.  
 RAY: We ought to have a beer bust sometime. (Ray made several such comments regarding alcohol. He seemed to be still obsessed with it, perhaps due to his having been sober for only a few months.)  
 Why do you feel that a gay A.A. group is needed?  
 BLANCHE: Earlier this year, a gay A.A. member started drinking again. She told several of us that she didn't think that she could sober up again unless she could discuss her experiences in a gay setting. So we started a gay group.  
 BOB: You see, our sobriety depends on emotional support from our kind, namely, other alcoholics. Consequently, we gay alcoholics can't risk rejection; and although a gay alcoholic might expect a straight alcoholic to be more accepting of his homosexuality than a straight non-alcoholic, the possibility of rejection does exist. Apart from rejection, many gays just feel uncomfortable talking to straights. So we constantly change the genders of those we're talking about at general A.A. meetings.  
 BLANCHE: But the deception can only go so far: Cliff would not be able to change the gender of the Royal Queen's

Guard from male to female. Hence, the value of a gay A.A. group.  
 RAY: I had the same conflict over my homosexuality that Artie McDonald's parishioner had. But when I joined this group, I realized that it was just an excuse for staying drunk.  
 BOB: I've noticed a change in the group since we started seven months ago. Although we founded the group because we're gay, there is hardly any gay talk any more. It used to be forced into the conversation.  
 GEORGE: That's because the content of conversation is less important than the context, that is, the presence of other gays.  
 BLANCHE: That's why there are also A.A.'s for deaf-mutes, newpeople, Chicanos, etc. Our group isn't unique.  
 George told me that most of you still attend general A.A. meetings. Now that you have your own A.A., why bother with general A.A.?  
 GEORGE: People who become alcoholics think of themselves as special. Their fantasies can only be realized by drinking. If we don't also belong to the general A.A., we might start thinking we're special again, just because we're gay.  
 BOB: I want to hear as many different ways of achieving and maintaining sobriety as I can. We have the same reactions to alcohol as do straight alcoholics. I needed a drink every two hours to prevent shaking. When I'd walk down steps, I'd have to hold onto the railing because the room would be spinning. I wasn't a dizzy queen, just a dizzy alcoholic. Like most here, I never even lost my job during my drinking days, though I don't know why.  
 RAY: Once I thought that I heard three knocks on my front door. When I answered, no one was there. The knocking continued, until I moved to another room.  
 TOM: I used to have psychedelic dreams—while I was awake.

Interpersed throughout the discussion was talk of relying on "a power greater than me" to become sober and stay that way. It's a guiding precept of that most successful (and probably first) group therapy concept—A.A. Some called it the group. What ever it is, belief in it works for this small sample of the several hundred thousand gay alcoholics in America. Perhaps someday research will "prove" that society's hostility makes some gays alcoholic. Even so, I can't forget Bob's pronouncement: There's no problem so bad that drinking can't make it worse.

- ARE YOU AN ALCOHOLIC?**
- A.A. has found that anyone answering yes to at least four of the following questions may be an alcoholic:
1. Have you ever tried to stop drinking for a week or longer—even promising to those concerned that you stop—only to fail?
  2. Do you resent others advising you to quit drinking?
  3. Have you ever tried to control your drinking by switching from one alcoholic beverage to another, but finding that the new pattern eventually led to inebriation also?
  4. Have you had a morning drink within the past year?
  5. Do you find that your drinking hurts yourself and/or others?
  6. Has your drinking become worse within the past year?
  7. Has your drinking created problems at home?
  8. At social affairs where drinking is limited, do you try to get "extra" drinks—before, during, and/or after such affairs?
  9. Despite evidence to the contrary, have you continued to assert that you can stop drinking "on your own" whenever you wish?
  10. Have you missed time from work during the past year due to drinking?
  11. Have you ever "blacked out" (functioned somehow, yet had no memory afterwards) during drinking?
  12. Have you ever felt that you could do more with your life if you didn't drink?



# From The Crazy House

BY KATHY BRAUN

"As long as there is one man behind bars, we are all imprisoned."

—George Bernard Shaw

## NONE COULD SEPARATE OUR ONE

Sitting here in the dayroom one of the girls from the adolescent unit sings a song she's written. She has a beautiful voice and the song speaks of spearmint grass and lemon skies and she reminds me of the tenderness with which Anouilh speaks of girls her age. That her song is beautiful and talented is no surprise. The people here seem to be of two types—isolated loners who finally couldn't stand the loneliness and depression of their apartment, and gifted young people, aching for beauty and driven mad by a hideous world.

A line in the song says: None could separate our one—and with that odd coincidence that seems such an integral part of the madhouse she sings to the crux of my thought.

This time, the fourth, when I flipped I was driven to become one with Dorothy. Poor girl, I kept her up all night, insisting that I wanted our souls to unite, that I wanted to follow her into her dreams. I wanted us to be married, married for real. Not some pathetic ceremony in a gay church but a real marriage, a real wedding with a state license, like my cousin had on the lawn, with family and friends and presents and good wishes for the happy couple.

My cousin's marriage broke up nine months after that wonderful lawn party. I know the story, really I do, and I'm in sympathy with all the people who reject formal marriage ceremonies and who indeed reject marriage. Part of me rejects it too because God knows it doesn't seem to work, but yet part of me, weary of the counter culture, weary of chaos, is in sympathy with Hesse's Steppenwolf as he sits on the carpeted steps of his landlady's boarding house and longs for the middle-class life. And it still remains a source of anguish for me that homosexuals (even though Jill Johnston would insist that I separate myself from my brothers and not call myself homosexual) don't have this choice open to them.

But of course the essential question is not one of ceremony, although as a long-time theatre woman I embrace ceremony and ritual. The question is one of oneness, with or without benefit of clergy or clerk.

A few years ago I wrote a song that asks "Why why why why why why why why why we all separated why why why why why?" and I still want to know. It was not only oneness with Dorothy that I was after but with all the folks. I walked through the streets, talking to strangers, touching them, assuming that they knew me and I them. And don't I?

My doctor tells me that all the deaths in my family are responsible for my need to make every stranger a friend. But is this so crazy or even neurotic? What do we mean anyway by global village? What are we talking about when we say community? When we say marriage?

Here in New York community seems to mean neighborhood people organizing around political issues, but what I would like to see is real community, people knowing each other and caring about each other, housing built with communal rooms on each floor so that neighbors can get together socially, not just politically.

And what about marriage? It seems that six years ago when I wanted to run around sleeping with millions of people,



came down on me for intellectualization. "What does that have to do with feelings?" they said.

I let it drop in accordance with my do-as-they-say-and-they'll-let-you-go policy but in the last few days all these separate threads, my brother, the Italians, Carla and intellectualization seem to have come together in a way.

Why are there so many Americans on the couch? Well, I think there are two main reasons and one of them is our affluence. Because, at the risk of sounding like Archie Bunker, if all the well-fed college educated middle-class kids who are filling the mental hospitals today were living 50 years before psychiatry became what it is and didn't have the luxury of hospitalization and sitting around on welfare trying to find the right answer, the definitive answer to life, they'd be *living*, working their asses off trying to survive and not having much time to try and find the meaning of it all. I think that here in America large masses of people are in the position that traditionally the decadent aristocracy has been. They have money and time and are unhappy and spend their time trying to figure out why, unaware or uncaring about what Camus says about good old Sisyphus who, while he struggles to roll that rock up the hill, finds meaning in the struggle and who, when it reaches the top and has nothing left to do, is unhappy.

The second reason I think so many Americans support so many doctors is principle, the intellectualization if you will, behind it all. We are dedicated to the pursuit of happiness and there are few who will say that this is not a right and proper thing. But is it right and proper indeed? This century has brought a lot of American ideals into question and I question too what we think of as our inalienable right to happiness.

Don't misunderstand me. I'm not against happiness. Far from it. I have tasted of it and I only hope to die of it. But I for one, until now, have reasoned that unless I was happy, something was wrong and if I went a few months being unhappy, something was really wrong. I think now that this is a mistake in thinking on my part. Throughout all of recorded history, our writers and thinkers have reinforced the idea that life is basically a big pain in the ass, with enough happy moments to give us just enough hope to make it all poignant and poetic.

But Americans try to deny this. Life is beautiful, they say, life is joyous, and if it's not, something is definitely wrong. And so they spend years talking to psychiatrists who are undoubtedly just as imprisoned in life's tumult as they, trying to work out the answer. And the psychiatrists help them sort out their feelings. They go for years saying, "I'm scared," "I'm depressed," "I'm anxious" and stay away from the bogey man of intellectualization.

But intellectualization which is, after all, only thinking is part of that consciousness that has become such a big word lately. And what is consciousness after all but a delicate blend of thinking and feeling, the gift we receive in return for our childhood.

And it's with this consciousness that we determine our life. For if we decide at 16, in true American fashion, that at 30 we will be rich and famous and the whole world will turn kind and there will be no more pain, we are making a big, big mistake. And no amount of time on the couch or in the hospital will change that. It is a matter of philosophy, not psychology, of seeing what life is and not what it ought to be, and living by that and not by ideals.

There was silence and everyone began their usual saunter to her to convince her that life was worth living. I became furious. "Why don't you do it and get it over with?" I said. "You know there are philosophers," I said thinking of Camus, "who feel that suicide is a valid solution to the problem of life."

The whole unit, patients and staff,

everyone wanted to get married. And now that I want to get married, the word is out that marriage is no longer a viable institution.

And what does it all have to do with love? Is love viable? Does the two that become one really exist or has the race been fostering an illusion all these millennia? And if it has, what does love mean? Must it mean marriage or chaos or is there some in-between stage?

There is lots of find talk abroad from on-the-scene New Yorkers about how marriage doesn't work but the alternative seems to me to have become a free-floating everyone-for-himself existence—the essence of the American virtues of individuality that the New York intellectuals profess to despise.

Communes are formed—disagreements arise, they break up. We no longer have the extended family, marriage seems to be threatened and people can't seem to tolerate disagreement and prefer freedom. What is this freedom?

The whole freedom thing can propagate as dangerous an illusion as the rigid marriage idea does. Surely there is such a thing as freedom in terms of the oppressed and the oppressors but we can never be free from ourselves (to be cliched but true about it) and certainly freedom from involvement, deep involvement, with other people means only isolation.

I've just come back from a weekend pass. Dorothy and I went to visit my Uncle Seymour and Aunt Helen on Saturday. God bless 'em, they're a zillion years old (60) and they were hip before there was a word for it, growing organic bean sprouts in the back yard, waxing ecstatic about their compost heap and doing yoga all over the place. And the hideous horrible truth of their middle-class marriage is that they still are in love with each other.

It was so obvious, so real that even though the middle-classness of it all made Dorothy nervous and even though relatives eventually leave you with nothing to say, all that real love left us both happy and relaxed for the rest of the weekend.

The nuclear family may be outmoded, we may all be jangling from Future Shock, oneness may be a 15th century myth, but goddammit it's still not possible to look into more than one person's eyes at a time and my Uncle Seymour and Aunt Helen still love each other.

### THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

My brother has lived in London for the last twelve years. He came to America recently on some business and visited me here at the hospital. The last time I spoke to him was when he called me transatlantically to talk about some family business.

"Have you spoken to the lawyer?" he

asked. In my delusion I thought he meant our dead father who had been a lawyer. "Yes," I said. "Yes, I've spoken to the lawyer." When he asked what the lawyer said I answered him with a stream of gibberish meant to be comic Russian-Hungarian, my insane parody of our ancestry. Naturally he was worried and naturally he was glad to see I was in a good hospital, a hospital with structure and activity.

When I was in Bellevue, he told me, he called the doctor there from London. The doctor had no time to talk to him (they never have any time to talk to anyone—patients, family, no one) and the doctor told him my trouble was constitutional. He was very worried about this until he spoke to several other psychiatrists, friends of his, who told him that that's what they always say when they have nothing else to say because in truth they hardly know the patient at all, and in truth hardly know anything about mental illness.

We were taking a drive through the country. I told him that I just wanted to be happy, that's all I asked. "That's all?" he said. "But do you think most people are happy?"

And of course I don't. We also talked about the American penchant for psychoanalysis, one of my brother's favorite topics. He says that Europeans laugh at the money, time and intensity that so many Americans seem to spend on the couch.

After the weekend, I found a copy of *The Secret of Santa Vittoria* lying around the ward and finished it in two days. It's about an Italian town during WWII and one of its themes is the contrast between the Italian and German points of view. Over and over throughout the book, one gets the message that the Italians, unlike the Germans and I add, unlike the Americans, don't expect life to be happy. On the contrary, they expect it to be miserable, unhappy, disappointing and in general a prison so that anything good that happens is just about miraculous.

During the two days I was reading the books, we had unit therapy where all 32 patients and all the staff get together for one gigantic group therapy. Carla talked about suicide again, her theme for the last month and a half.

"But aren't you afraid of death?" someone said. "What do you know about death?"

"I know about life," she said.

# To He Or Not To He

## That is the Question?

BY VICKI RICHMAN

On opposite pages of a recent issue of *The Village Voice*, Candy Darling was referred to as she and Jackie Curtis as he. The question is beginning to puzzle many liberated people: What's the difference, or is there a difference? How do you figure out the right thing to do by pronouns?

First of all, do you want to do the right thing? Unfortunately, there is a prevalent philosophy—most commonly found among parents and puritans—that if the kid wants it enough, you've got a duty to say no. So, the more convincingly a person tries to change sexual identities, the more righteously some people will insist on the less recent gender. After Christine Jorgenson's operation, Earl Wilson outdid himself in cleverly structuring his sentences to include the pronoun "he" as often as possible.

The same attitude was evident when newspaper writers insisted on using Muhammad Ali's former name. Actors have been changing their names forever with the blessings of the press, but when the boxer did it for reasons of personal philosophy instead of economic necessity, the columnists became indignant. He seemed to be digging it too much. Was honesty or prudery making their choice?

In the *Voice*, the reference to Jackie was in a formal review of her new off-Broadway play and apparently the reviewer felt that condoning her preference for a feminine pronoun was not consistent with his dignity as a serious critic. Furthermore, he found fault with the "transvestite fantasies" of Jackie and "his" friends, as if these fantasies had less place on stage than the ones normally mounted. The reference to Candy, on the other hand, was in a gossipy, who's-who column. In this frivolous context, straight-and-narrow intellectualism broke down and the writer tolerated the feminine pronoun.

Nevertheless, even Vincent Canby succumbed and let Candy become "she." More than anyone else, Candy Darling has been accepted for what she chooses to be. She plays the role both on and off the screen, of emotion-hungry passivity, hiding her competitiveness, desiring only to please men worthy of being pleased by a woman like her. Jackie, however, writes her own material, directs her own shows, competes as an equal with other show-business personalities, and in general does not satisfy the man-worshipping stereotype. Candy, apparently, has earned her right to be "she" by being what every girl ought to be, while Jackie, who refuses to renounce male privilege—the right to build a career through one's own aggression and talent instead of the favors of others—remains "he."

One can't blame the *Voice* for the disparity; one can't blame the *Voice* for anything, except its choice of writers and, because that would border on advocacy of censorship, one can blame the *Voice* for nothing. New journalism has done away with stylebooks; writers are trusted to determine for themselves how to write. But the pronouns were on opposite pages. It's fascinating how the freedom of new journalism exposes biases as well as the truth.

A gay activist recently told me he didn't think of me as a she because he'd never seen me in a dress. 99% of the women I know also never wear dresses; does that qualify them to be called "he"? At meetings homosexuals frequently annoy me by asking why I'm not "in drag." The irony is that all my clothes, including my trousers and tops, were purchased in



Only a few readers of GAY have known until now that...



Vicki Richman, the newspaper's thoughtful columnist-reporter, is, in fact, a transvestite.

women's boutiques and tried on by me in the women's dressing room with other women. I never wear drag; I wear the clothes I like, obtained when and where I wanted them.

My straight friends, who have become used to the advances of women, see nothing unfeminine in the way I dress, but gays, who have been weaned on the drag image of femininity—whether for queens or for real women like Judy Garland—just don't understand that I can take myself seriously and still be a woman. (Straights, also, will assume without question that I use the ladies' room, but my gay friends will get visibly nervous and ask if I'm ever "bothered," as if they wish that I would be, and God forbid that I should meet a

lesbian I know coming out of the crapper!) Women have overcome preconceived notions of the way they're supposed to dress, but drag prevails for the rest of us. Is it any wonder that Candy is she and that Jackie, who is even flatter-shouldered and more businesslike than I, is he?

I suppose I get off on fetishistic flamboyance as much as anyone, but I discovered gradually that as a writer I could adjust to society more easily as a modern liberated woman and so my normal attire has become blue jeans and blazers and a flat chest and I save the drag for where it's appreciated, like the Metropolitan Opera, where I can spend an hour in the powder room putting on my face and still

not be as vulgar as the Scarsdale society lady next to me.

One of the few times I wore a dress I was introduced as a transvestite to a homosexual in a singles bar who promptly asked whether I dressed that way all the time or "dressed straight" for work. "Don't you think my clothes are straight now?" I shrieked as I came down from the ceiling, scratching my bruised head. "No," he answered incredulously, with a simple-mindedness that drove me even wilder. I had purchased that dress for the pedestrian price of twenty dollars in the junior department of Macy's, where the least ostentatious daughters of suburban matrons come to be proper and unnoticed, but he decided it couldn't be straight, apparently only because it was on my back. If I had worn anything more straight, I would have been banished forever by the freaky pill-poppers I have a drag queen's misfortune to hang out with.

Homosexuals frequently refer to each other as "she" in the type of suppressed irony that suggests intimacy and affection. But the usage is reserved only for close friends at the baths or private parties and it would be an unspeakable insult for a stranger to say it or for the pronoun to be used in the wrong place. Some gay writers, therefore, hesitate to call transvestites "she," mistaking them for gay men. Transvestites can sleep with men or women or be celibate; what they have in common is that they get social, professional or erotic satisfaction from assuming a female identity. It amounts to a necessary courtesy to refer to them as "she."

But is a person actually a transvestite living as a woman or a gay man who enjoys dressing up. It's a difficult choice to make. I find myself referring to the La Fleur Sisters and to Lynne Carter as "he" and to Holly Woodlawn as "she." In other words, a female impersonator is a man; otherwise where's the impersonation?

It seems that private guilt often affects one's choice of a pronoun. In a recent issue of *The Advocate*, Randy Wicker made me a he, using my last name unprefixed, while favoring women with Ms. As reporters, we both had been covering the same trial at the Criminal Court. He rhapsodized about my jewelry and makeup, although I wasn't wearing nearly as much as the sexy girl who was working as the court stenographer. He also wrote that a policeman had "identified" me as a he to the court. Since no one, including Mr. Wicker, had examined my birth certificate, driver's license or crotch, no one other than me was qualified to identify me as anything, which everyone from the judge on down, except Mr. Wicker, recognized. To my ears I was she and treated with deference. Nevertheless, Mr. Wicker privately insisted that an officer was staring at me with violent hostility throughout the trial.

Apparently Mr. Wicker cannot overcome his own insecurity about transvestitism and reads it into others. Several years ago, reporting on a gay street demonstration, he devoted much of his space to angry police reactions toward Sylvia Rivera, another transvestite, implying that her presence endangered the cause. Predictably, her biography is not included in the book Mr. Wicker co-authored, *The Gay Crusaders*, although she is known as a founder of gay militancy in New York. Kay Tobin, the other co-author, told me, however, that the omission of Sylvia Rivera was due to her alleged refusal to be interviewed.

Mr. Wicker can argue that his objectivity as a reporter dictated his choice of pronoun in my case. However, it apparently did not dictate that he report to his

(continued on page 18)

Photos by Eric Stephen Jacobs



BY MICKIE BURNS

Some people will never be good or bad; they will only be in or out.

I called him, Vernon Vardell, up. After all these years.

"Are you into The Scene?" he said, after I said, "Hello?"

"Just which scene would that be, now," I said just to be precise about things. I mean, there might be some distinctions, be they ever so slight, between people who are into (a) tarot, (b) astrology, (c) macrobiotic dieting or (d) all of the above. And this year I have been nothing if not precise. Precision is something I hang on to.

"The Scene, THE Scene," Vernon kept going on into the phone, quite orgasmically. "Where have you been," he asked. "The Scene! THE SCENE!"

"For god's sake, Vernon," I replied. "You know, S&M, B&D, darling, it's Sado-Masochism, Bondage and Duty! You know, RITUAL. Mass-ritualized SEX!"

"Oh, you mean like Sharon Tate?" I said.

So that's how, what my Mother used to call, "that nice little Vernon Vardell" turned out. Shame-y, shame. Vernon Vardell, once Mulenberg County's teenage threat to Liberace. Vernon had been a very theatrical young individual, considering the time: Nineteen-sixty, and the place: Central City, Kentucky. Vernon and I were both fourteen or fifteen then, and Vernon had been the uncensored star of the Mulenberg County Saturday Morning Musicales, an organization of which I was a far less luminous member.

Saturday Morning Musicales was for me and most of the other "fine young Christian people" yet another manoeuvre of the county cultural and religious forces for the local women's auxiliary or something-something WCTU and African Missionary Society, that is to say, Our Mothers, to sabotage our Saturdays. All the kids in our town were all of the most piddling middling of the middle class and either Baptist or Methodist. There were only two sub-groups, the "sharp" teenagers and the blah "young people." The "sharp kids" always managed to have slightly permissive parents who let blond crew-cut youths drink beer and reach up their daughters' skirts in the family basement rec room. Then, in nineteen-sixty "skirts" were a circle of felt with a poodle with a sequined hairdo pasted on one side. The poodle was represented talking on the telephone, so grosgrain ribbon indicating the telephone cord looped around and around all the way across the skirt to the other side where it hitched up with a pink felt telephone pasted on the other side of the skirt. Under the skirt were ten multicolored crinolines wadded up in a tight roll around the waist because they were always too long and pinned with large diaper pins to both the underpants, which indicated the day of the week, and the waistband of the skirt. All of this was worn above "popcorn" bobby socks which were pulled up or turned down according to the latest fad. Wearing that, it was fairly impossible to come across butch.

Meanwhile we of the blah, dowdy set were still doing things like playing sonatas at Saturday Morning Musicales. Vernon Vardell, unlike the rest of us obedient little adolescents, attended not out of a sensitivity to paternal threat, but rather out of a natural though somewhat undifferentiated *faux* of which he possessed an uncommon amount. He not only actually enjoyed the Saturday Musicales, but even



"After all, we are still from Mulenberg County and can't be that glad to see each other!"

## Far Out Mulenberg County

insisted upon playing his own compositions, which were always concerto in length. Mulenberg County has never been so "cultured" before or since. Vernon Vardell's compositions for the pianoforte were, in retrospect, quite a simple formula based upon grand-sounding but rather repetitious arpeggiated chords executed with his left hand and an "impressionistic" (read: non-melodic) tune picked up with a blurred right. He also had one really stunning number that required eighteen cross-overs with the hands and a tragic backward toss of his forelocks at the finale. Whatever young Vernon's faults and pretensions, he was for me and the others the shining light of these coercive little occasions and I will be forever grateful to Vernon for alleviating the tedium of Mulenberg County cultural practices.

Ordinarily, I dread running into anyone from Central City in New York. Not that New York exactly abounds with Mulenberg County expatriates, but Mother is limitlessly resourceful in dredging up some mentally retarded girl who graduated from the University of Kentucky, usually some airline stewardess for Ozark (Central City's notion of true chic) who still wears her hair in a flip that Mother hopes would make the ideal roomie for me, and maybe once we gals from Central City get our heads together, my seemingly sluggish husband-hunting campaign will make some breakthrough. But I always get out of it. Always. My mother, it would seem, is the kind that produces ei-

ther Jewish homosexuals or Baptist lesbians.

But meeting Vernon Vardell one Saturday on the Seventh Avenue IRT was a lot more intriguing than having to put up with some Betty Jean or Bobby Joe from back home. That Saturday ten years after, both Vernon and I were so got up in several years' accumulation of New York drag and about six layers of lilac-tinted prescription lenses between us that it was indeed a marvel that we ever recognized each other. We were both sitting across from each other on the subway checking each other out, each thinking something along the lines of, "Look at that dyke (faggot), she (he) thinks she's (he's) looking so hip and so unisex but it takes one to know one doesn't it sweetheart (baby)." Then all of a sudden we recognized each other. "You too, yes, me too. How about that. We must-get-together. (But of course we won't.) Here's my number. Here's mine. Call me. (Sometime.)" After all, we are still from Mulenberg County and can't be that glad to see each other. But I called Vernon up anyway.

In Junior and High School my best friend had been Henrietta who always made straight A's. She tried to jazz up this cumbersome distinction by, in that post-Beat, pre-hip era, assuming quasi-Bohemian airs. Wearing a beret was about as far as she ever got, though. As a part of her bohemian program, she was a great

believer in investigating the resources of one's community in search of "interesting people." I was at the time a great believer in getting out as soon as expedient. Therefore, it was Henrietta, and not I, who had discovered Vernon Vardell for her collection of Mulenberg County human exotica. Henrietta was sort of a Mulenberg County nationalist. I always think of her when my New Ethnic Italian and Jewish friends speak in imitation of blacks and Puerto Ricans of "being with the people" and are migrating back to their old neighborhoods in Brooklyn and the Bronx. Well, there may be something to that, the Italians and Jews occasionally exhibit what might be taken for a sense of *joie de vivre*, but for me, the phrase "my people" or "being with the people" still means belonging to Methodist Youth Fellowship. You don't know what it is to be "ethnic" until you have spent a few New Years Eves in the Settle Memorial Methodist Church basement drinking Koolaid and eating pimento cheese sandwiches.

Vernon Vardell was quite prompt about letting me understand that he is definitely not homosexual anymore. A few months of encounter therapy, he said, cured that once and for all. (His analyst fixed him.) Besides, Vernon informed me, homosexuality is out, out, OUT. Now Vernon is Bisexual, bi, bi, BI. Now, by "bisexual," we mean that Vernon has his hair done at Paul McGregor's and always arranges to round up a bevy of little Eight Street stonemaidens to attend his mass-ritualized-SEX! orgies. They don't do much, just hang around in shawls and granny dresses holding the votive candles while Vernon cavorts with straight hippie boys who keep chains in their anuses or something. The Eighth Street stonemaidens, it seems, are capable of observing such scenes with charming equanimity but scatter like plucked hens at the very notion of sapphism among themselves. The group-sex vogue has been, I believe, a convenient one for closet homosexuals who can feel free to do whatever they want as long as they keep a few chicks hanging around.

Vernon told me that he has not only co-authored a best-selling book, but has had a part in an Andy Warhol movie and has written an off-off Broadway play. The play Vernon described as a very metaphysical and spiritual work featuring several acts of fellatio, necrophilia, bestiality and nose-picking. Other than that, the plot got a little thin. He has invited his mother to the performance.

Vernon is rather like my girlfriend's photography professor, a former repressed Jewish boy. He's forty-two and still has secret fantasies of his mother catching him savorily sucking a reefer. He still, at forty-two, thinks the greatest thing he has ever done is to take rather self-consciously wanton pictures of his wife's public hair. (On messy sheets of course, not like his mother's nice starched ones.) His wife was one of those truly unpretentious women who cultivates a wondrous fungal body hair on legs and underarms, but I notice from her photos is paranoid-conscientious about shaving it off her stomach and plucking the hell out of her eyebrows.

I saw Vernon again recently in a Howard Johnson's in the West Village. Somewhere in between Mulenberg County Victorian oral-anal repression and New York hanging-by-your-knees in the 99th erotic position with roller skates on in reverse gear cunnilingus, we are part of a generation that's never learned to kiss. "Who was that?" my girlfriend asked. Someone from back home.

# Beauty And The Beast



Sorel David contemplates a brick in the head for the unattractive young man who is pawing her.

BY SOREL DAVID

I killed a guy the other night. Walking along Bleecker Street, a dark deserted stretch late the other night. I was in a particularly foul mood that particular evening, this much I will admit. I was walking along minding my own business when accosted, assailed by a young dude, a drunken young buck, a young dude all duded up in black velvet cap and some order of shiny chateaux pants, dead drunk, cigarette plus some tiny specks of drool hanging out the corner of his mouth, leaning, leering by a broken street light attempted to converse with me. He started his rap—*Hey babe, hey girl, can I—leering and leaning a little more, eyes crossing with the intense effort of focusing on my august bod. Hey girl, can I, babe? Can I?* It was nothing new of course, nothing I haven't faced a thousand other nights on a thousand different street corners. Oh well, here we go again, I thought, gritting my teeth and setting my shoulders securely into *don't tread on me I'm a big bull dyke*. I prepared to plough on past him. Stumbling and drooling a bit more, the persistent young fellow began to follow me—oh, it was nothing new, nothing that hadn't happened to me before, but as I say, I was in a particularly troubled state that night. Why, why in the midst of all my travails must I put up with this too, I said to myself. For a block and a half I plunged forward ignoring him, his drunken breath and chorus of hey babes behind me. Then a few yards

ahead of him, I ducked into a doorway and picked up a brick. As he stumbled into range, almost without knowing what I did, I smashed his head in. Oh, it was easy, it was ridiculously easy; nothing to it actually. There he lay in front of me with his head bashed in like an eggshell, blood and green stuff amid broken pieces of bone oozing out all over the sidewalk. The act was easy, but what to do afterwards, that's what I didn't know. Finally I dropped the brick, shrugged and just walked away.

Of course, certain portions of the above are non-truths, I didn't kill a guy the other night, but don't think it was because I didn't want to. Something similar, however, really did happen to a friend of my brother's one time. He was walking along Central Park on his way back to his place one evening just about dusk when a lean and hungry looking, greasy-haired assassin with a knife leapt out at him from behind some bushes. Struggling back almost as a reflex action and completely surprised at his own fear-inspired-adrenal-in-rush-of-strength, the kid easily overpowered his assailant. Before he was fully aware of what was happening, he found himself sitting astride the criminal, with hands around the man's neck and shoulders, banging his head repeatedly against the ground. All of a sudden he felt something in the neck and upper spinal area snap in his hands. Horrified, the kid, a college student and no fighter by any means, jumped to his feet and ran. For three days he was haunted by the memory of that awful snap, wondering if he'd killed the guy and what would happen.

What should he do if he had? Finally he got up enough courage to go to the local precinct and cautiously, cautiously inquired if any dead or badly wounded Spanish-American types had turned up outside the park on the night in question. After consulting the records carefully, the desk sergeant came back with a cheerful nope, not on that night. What amazes me, though the whole thing sounds pretty amazing to someone as middle-class-insulated-from-physical-violence as myself, is that the police didn't bother to ask him a single question, didn't seem the least bit interested in knowing why he had asked.

So much for violence—I just threw those in, those two tingling tales of edgier terror, just tossed them in the ring for a bit of comic relief. And so we see finally what it has come down to, blood and guts. Violence alone will suffice to amuse in jaded city. The second story is true and the first, what happened was this. I was walking along with the drunken menace leering behind me, cursing, when I spied the brick lying by the side of the road. Instantly a picture of me smashing his head, a photo-snapshot of my arm, the brick, an earth-shattering connection and his broken head flashed into my mind. Immediately afterwards the story emerged whole and in words, as if already printed in my head. Rage, my profound rage at being bothered by this insect, this human flea, my rage at the notion that any woman is fair game for any man, anywhere, at any time, turned at once to delight at this ready-made tale I had to tell. And the fact that I had the whole first page of my column, now,

practically done for me wasn't the least of it.

Meanwhile, in order to achieve a respectable length, let us take a brief look at the other side of the coin. My cats and I enjoy the perfect love relationship, something which I have never been able to achieve with any other living being. I love them simply and completely because they are, demanding, desiring nothing from them beyond the pleasure of admiring their beauty, the beauty inherent in their existence. My love requires nothing of them other than that they be and be well. So long as you're going to be, you might as well be well. The cats, being of the practical side in this affair, love me purely, passionately, and solely because I give them food every single day. For my side, this is love in its purest form, its finest essence, simple, direct, pure and giving, wholly unselfish love. I mean what can I possibly want or expect from a cat, no material gain certainly and it can be no real balm for the ego to be thought highly of by a short-haired, domestic Tabby. The thing which characterizes this love, sets it off from lesser loves, is that there is really very little emotional attachment to the love object. Pure love, this is the very thing, this lack of emotional need, a lack of emotional attachment to the love object which makes it pure. It's the perfect romantic love, everlasting, a love which needs or demands nothing to sustain it but burns eternally, feeding on its own fire. So long as I continue dolling out the Nine Lives tuna and chicken parts all will continue in static perfection.



# Cruise With Confidence

BY THANE HAMPTEN

Elsewhere in this issue, Alan Clay comments on the good work recently begun by the Gay Men's Health Project. As it is with the eternal and infernal weather, everybody talks about venereal disease but nobody does anything about it. The Health Project would appear to be trying; however, their efforts will be of little avail unless they have the cooperation of the gay community.

Alas, as usual—apathy. I recently asked in acquaintance if he ever worried about VD. "Nope." I asked, why not? He shrugged. "I don't worry about the bomb, either. If it happens, it happens." And then I said that if he'd ever had it he wouldn't be so complacent. "Oh, I've had the syph," came the reply. Well, then he must certainly be one who gets regular check-ups? No, he just waits until it hits again. We switched the conversation to... more pleasant subjects.

Don't we always? No one likes to discuss heart disease or cancer, much less severe sexual contamination. We can talk about crabs—because they're funny. They don't... kill. Anyway, everybody knows that VD only assaults the lower classes in their self-contained ghettos. The Good Lord protects the wealthy higher classes and the pure in heart. And gays certainly wouldn't get it because we already have Dur Cross To Bear. Sure.

A few months ago, I wrote in this column about a friend who waited until his hair began to fall out in clumps before he decided it was time to visit a clinic. That statement caused me to get a hundred hysterical phone calls—all from professional hypochondriacs. You know, the yep who watches Marcus Welby regularly and immediately comes down with the symptom of the Week. The average person, especially if he is young, doesn't give a thought to good or bad health. I know. 'm as guilty of the "It-couldn't-happen-to-me" philosophy as the next guy.

But it could happen to me, and I'm glad there are a few altruistic souls around who are forcing me to be aware, whether I want to be or not.

One of my frequent phone calls from editor Jack Nichols. Had a woman in the office who was explaining her company's unusual product. It's a foaming substance which—when put on the genitals or in the rectum—protects against VD. Wouldn't it be a good idea to interview her? Yes. And so, a couple of days later the company consultant appears at my place. Attractive and enthusiastic. She sits, opens her briefcase and pulls out a small bottle with an odd-looking inserter on the top. I pick up the bottle and read the label: "CERTA-FOME 606—Antiseptic—The substance that checks the growth or action of micro-organisms especially in or on living tissue."

I frown. "But this doesn't say anything about prevention of VD." "The government won't allow us to make that claim. We have proof of the foam's efficacy *in vitro*, which means in a test tube, but not *in vivo*, which means tested on human beings. It's rather difficult to make conclusive tests with a product that prevents rather than dramatically and quickly cures a disease. And the testing is also quite costly. In addition to that, it's hard to have any control over your subjects in the very private area of sex. You have to take their word for it that they've used the product faithfully over a period of time."

"How did all this come about in the first place?" "Well, the parent company, Contra-Fome, Inc., markets a similar foam which is both a vaginal contraceptive as well as an antiseptic. There are other foams on the market but none that is antiseptic and none has our patented inserter which is directly attached to the bottle and makes application a one-step process instead of two.

## A Little Squirt Will Do You



"I dunno. Maybe I should give you a squirt."

"Well, the parent company, Contra-Fome, Inc., markets a similar foam which is both a vaginal contraceptive as well as an antiseptic. There are other foams on the market but none that is antiseptic and none has our patented inserter which is directly attached to the bottle and makes application a one-step process instead of two.

"It occurred to us that, separated from the vaginal foam, the antiseptic could be a very valuable asset to men. And why should women be the ones to take all the precautionary measures? This led me to think of homosexuals. Of course, this is an entirely new prospect for us and... we're looking for advice."

"Hmmm. How does it work?" She picks up the bottle, shakes it rapidly a few times, turns the inserter and depresses the "trigger." A dollop of pinkish foam appears in my hand. I rub my fingers together. Smells slightly of soap and has a lubricating effect. (No taste, either.) A few moments, it has been absorbed. Neat.

"It's very effective and controls much more than VD. There are other infections, not as serious but very irritating. It can be put either on the penis or inside the rectal cavity. It acts as a complete barrier between the user and the micro-organisms. And it lasts from two to three hours. It also has a very long shelf life. Doesn't have to be refrigerated or anything."

"I begin playing with the bottle. "Of course a lot of people might wonder how really effective it is—and how legitimate. After all, the name is quite new."

"We have great faith in it. The grant for its study came directly from the government and the research was impartially done at the University of Pittsburgh Graduate School of Public Health."

"That's impressive. How will it be packaged, and what about the cost?"

"It'll come with its own little carrying case, rather like a plastic eye-glasses case. The price will be \$5.00—and that gives you fifty applications, which is quite a bit for your money."

"And where can it be found?" "Well, at the present time, we don't have any retail outlets but it can be ordered through the mail. There'll be an ad for it in the same issue as your article."

I ponder all this for a few moments. It is obvious to me that this kind lady doesn't know a great deal about the way many gays operate, sexually. I hate having to be the one to give her the nitty-gritty... about promiscuity. (Bad public

relations.) But it's necessary, in order to make my point.

Gays who cruise the subway johns, The Rambles, the truck scene, orgy rooms at the baths—all those who grab off quickies throughout the day and night—are not about to carry such an item around with them. It doesn't matter how convenient, or how much peace of mind it gives. True, it can be put on before you leave the house and lasts for a considerable length of time. But how can you tell if you're going to make out before you turn back into a pumpkin again?

Things work a bit better on a more "formal" date. Prior to foreplay, you can excuse yourself on the pretext of taking a pee, go into the bathroom and squirt or two later, you're ready to go. As it is effective on one or both partners, you can take your cue from Tiarillo and offer him a dash of the old foamy. (And please be advised that it should be re-applied after each wrestling match...)

But how can gays be educated to use such a product regularly, out of habit? We are taught from early childhood to wash our hands and behind our ears, to brush our teeth and keep our nails clean. But this is new... and alien to us. And how can you prove that use of *Certa-Fome* is responsible for your never having those syphills spirochetes wiggling through your receptive body? I have several very promiscuous friends who have cruised heavily for years and they have never even had a mild case of gonorrhea. Wouldn't they say, "I've escaped it so far. Why should I start using a preventative now?"

The answer, of course, is that there is always a first time. Why depend on luck? You couldn't have taken advantage of such a product before, as it didn't exist. Now you can. And even if you are only able to use it half of the time you have sexual contact, you are at least giving yourself a fifty-fifty chance of avoiding grave problems.

Perhaps it would help to appeal to the strictly practical side of your nature. Syphilis is not, contrary to popular opinion, easy to detect. You may not get those sores at all. But suppose you have suspicions and go to the doctor. A first test may appear negative. Sometimes a blood test will not show the presence of the disease until as long as three months after a person has become infected. You will be asked to return for more periodic tests, and will be asked to refrain from having sex during this entire period. Then there is the length of time during treat-

ment, and you'll be told to avoid further sexual contact for at least one or two weeks after treatment has stopped. Would you care to venture a guess as to how many weeks of lonely masturbation you've got on your hands? (Pun intended.) Not to mention the gruesome fact that you must rattle off the names of all those humpy numbers you've been to bed with lately. ("Oh, my God!... What about that beautiful 17-year-old I had last week? He's just come out... and I don't even know how to get in touch with him! The poor kid... if he gets it at his age and...")

The proverb "Prevention is better than cure" goes back to the ancient Latin. We haven't profited greatly from this adage over the centuries. We still cross our fingers and hope for the best. When tragedy appears, we shake our fist at the heavens and weep. "Why me? Why not?"

My guest sighs and tells me she understands the problems involved. There is no entertainment involved with this product. It doesn't get you high; it doesn't even make you smell good. It has no appeal to impulse buying and you can't get it with discount at Korvette's. All it does is keep you from contamination and great embarrassment.

She recounts some of the other difficulties. Retailers and financiers would not touch *Certa-Fome* if it were advertised in any way connected with those degenerate devils, homosexuals. (And there would also be the problem with certain gays screaming "Exploitation!") VD clinics refused to listen, telling her for some inexplicable reason to concentrate on preventing disease in women. (Is this because gays deserve what they get and are meant to suffer?)

She also had to confess her naivety in calling upon a well-known homosexual doctor who specializes in venereal disease. She felt he would be quite interested. He! She was told in so many words to get the hell out. He, above all, didn't want to hear about (shudder!) prevention. What! And ruin that god-given of a business?

I think I should say at this point that my guest is paid a regular salary for the work she does. But she insists that she is involved with this project because she believes in it. Judging by her concern and eagerness alone, I feel she is telling the truth.

And what about yours truly? Am I getting a little payola under the table for writing this article? No, not on your life. I am publicizing it simply because it is a trail-blazing aid to better health in an area that has been totally ignored until now. Whatever the motivation of the company, they deserve a tribute for their work.

Frankly, I would like to see them eventually have much competition. Competition is the only thing that excites a company to keep improving the products they offer. (Tell that to Con Ed and Ma Bell.) *Certa-Fome* already has some other ideas and plans for the near future. Good ones. But they will need a degree of public interest and acceptance before they feel they are able to put the plans into effect.

Why not put a little of the money that you normally spend on booze, poppers and cock rings into a bottle of *Certa-Fome*? You have nothing to lose, and unless you believe in the ability of the good fairies to keep you clean, you've got a great deal to gain. When I was in college, I had a friend, Very handsome. Even more stunningly attractive was his older brother who died a raving maniac in a filthy state asylum. Guess what caused it? But you wouldn't like to hear that depressing story, would you? Change the subject.

# The Last Estate



A virgin in white

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

## "ITALIA NAVIGAZIONE"

(Consistent with this columnist's policy, proper names have been changed for the protection of the guilty.)

Well, they "professed" me left and right, took \$750 for the one-way ticket and gave me a table by myself in the dining room. What I did not bargain for was a nice little affair with the purser. His job on board was to change the tapes for the musak. Every ten minutes he leaped out of bed to test the buttons on my speaker, ready to change a tape should he get silence. "The music is awful," I said. "The tapes, they are no good on this ship?" he replied.

Neither was the pasta which was always overcooked. "Overcooked pasta in first class," I remarked to the waiter. "Yes, everybody say that," he observed. "Italian Line is coming down," noted the charming wine steward who would wink at me in mock exasperation as he poured champagne into idiotic "wide-brimmed" chases. Some people managed to make one bottle of wine last the entire trip. It was dragged out for each meal and dragged back again.

Today's column is divided into four sections, the four "C's": 1. Complaints; 2. Crew; 3. Cuisine; 4. Company.

### 1. Complaints

Complaining is in poor taste. Sophisticated people don't complain. They simply go away. In the middle of the ocean there is no place to go but one's cabin where I spent a good deal of time. So would you, faced with a choice of gems such as "Candle Making Instructions for Adults: Come and make the 'Floating Flower' candle with Bryan Barbank." Not worth the candle, I thought. Alternatives: "Italian Lesson" with Angelica, "Duplicate Bridge by Mr. and Mrs. Herman Siegel Laub," "Consomme and Sandwiches at Miami Verandah," "Bingo in Firenze Lounge," "Captain's Cocktail"

There is more harassment. Wise-ass headwaiters enforce archaic dress codes (a

particularly obnoxious form of discrimination that is officially condoned everywhere while refugees from Miami Beach parade about in get-ups that surely make the Blessed Virgin weep. We don't attempt to regulate their obscene clothing preferences: why are we constantly being ordered about, kicked out and insulted by jerks enforcing cheap, stupid, militaristic "dress regulations"?)

It is another example of a slavish pandering to the lowest common denominator. American poison—a fake, standardized elegance based largely upon discrimination rather than taste—has done much to substitute banality for elegance, conformity for spontaneity and vulgarity for sensuousness.

### 2. Crew

Baron what's-his-name got annoyed because I called him "his holiness." Well, he did look like archaic Archbishop Malory O'Hare who celebrated Sunday mass in the Venezia Lounge, complete with ship's photographer. Both, I am told, have availed themselves of a mysterious service aboard that sends selected crew-to your cabin. Of special fame is a vegetable boy who hails from the kitchen; in the words of our baron, he is "... really something." So was my pursuer, whose first words were "You are first class passenger?" "Yes," I said. "I think you cabin class," he replied.

The bartender serving the Grand Bar also thought I was cabin class. On the other hand, the tourist class bartender was friendly; that was where I belonged. I'll never forget the evening I tried to order dinner served in my cabin. Oh, it arrived all right, on a cafeteria tray—a "tornado," a salad and to start, raw ham. Well, the raw ham was OK, the cold tournedo, ordered "very rare," was cooked to a crisp and the wine, a particularly fine Barolo, arrived an hour later. I got the brilliant idea to send back the beef, thus ending up with nothing because the kitchen closed. All this in first class on one of the finest trans-Atlantic ships still afloat.

(free Manhattan), "Trap Shooting" (Promenade Deck, aft.), "Luncheon for Children in Montecarlo Restaurant," "Ping Pong Tournament with Beatrice," "Callisthenics, meet PINO at Miami Verandah," Holy Mass in Cappella, "Musical Tea," "Checkers and Chess Tournament" (Beatrice, again), "Children's TV with Enrica," "Tour of the Ship" (Beatrice), "Stereophonic Concert, the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven" with Beatrice, and to cut things short "Gin Rummy Tournament."

There is more harassment. Wise-ass headwaiters enforce archaic dress codes (a

## Pen Points

Dear GAY:

The many recent prison uprisings have brought light to the abominable dehumanizing conditions under which inmates are forced to endure. Any Gay prisoner can attest to the excruciating mental, and often physical, anguish to which he/she is subjected above and beyond that of the rest of the prison population.

Often incarcerated for political reasons, the Gay prisoner must increasingly receive the fruits of the liberation efforts of we who are not so bodily confined. It is their due.

It is time more of us established communications with our sisters and brothers in jails. They need us desperately. A first step is mere human contact. Gay prisoners frequently want to correspond with individuals by mail. They want to know what is happening in the community. Gay Power!

Morty Manfred  
N.Y.C.

### 3. Cuisine

In the first place, except for the "Farewell Dinner," you don't get caviar. You also don't get foie gras, or a decent steak, or any of the other things that large institutional kitchens hate to give out.

Lunch was, by far, the nicest meal. Many passengers chose the "Lido Buffet," an offering of pizza, cold cuts, assorted shit served at the pool, so the atmosphere in the dining room was relaxed except for one thing—the waiters were, understandably, most anxious for their afternoon snooze.

Perhaps the reader would like to know something about the food offered in first class:

a. Risotto with truffle and quail. Only one tiny slice of truffle, to be sure. A nice little quail. Good.

b. Bouillabaisse. For some mysterious reason, it tasted fresh and reasonably lively.

c. Prosciutto crudo from Parma, San Daniele and Langhirano is always very nice.

d. Asparagus from Albenga had been frozen.

e. Salmon, Turbot, Dentice, Ombrina and sword fish were, on every occasion, dull and not worth eating.

f. Pigeon from the grill (20 minutes) arrived forty minutes later and was tough. g. Trevisana sausages from the grill were ice cold.

h. Steaks (filet mignon, tournedo and sirloin) were always awful.

i. Partridge and quails in casserole; a heavy sauce, but tasty, even a bit "gamey." Overcooked.

j. Taglierini alla Chitarra—cooked to death, sent back.

We are making such a fuss because these dishes were served not on some tub plying the Greek Islands, but a famous "gourmet" ship. Where then were the great dishes that make the Italian Kitchen the world's second best? Where is the Triglie al Cartoccio served at Tito del Molo in Viareggio, the *Cartoccio all'Angelo* from Angelo's in Venezia, the *Bistecca fiorentina* from Da Piero in Florence, the *tagliatelli quattro formaggi* of famous Montini's, the grilled *Quaglia* from Trattoria Pantheon in Rome, the famous elegant *bus crudo mayonnaise* offered at Milan's Fiori Oscuri? Where indeed? I'll tell you where. Italian Line, being only human, will throw anything at you. Thoroughly attuned to the "cruise" trade (where the money if not the skill lies) and patrons not knowledgeable, the company gets away with blue murder. Anyway, the waiters were surprisingly cheerful about dishes being sent back—as though they expected it.

The wine story was a lot more cheerful. There were such delights as a Barolo

rehabilitation by simply caring. "Instead of placing another Lonelyhearts ad in a sex tabloid," wrote Clay, "why not send for the GPA list." Anyone may send a gift subscription to GAY for any prisoner on the list.

(Correction Notice: The darkened face peering from behind bars on page 14 (GAY No. 79, June 26, 1972) was not an actual prisoner, but only a model who posed for a series of pictures which have been used in GAY.)

Dear GAY:

As a subscriber to GAY, I enjoyed Dick Leitch's article in the June 26th issue entitled "Last of the Mohicans." However, I wonder how much of it was meant as informative reading and how much of it might just be "one man's fantasy." I doubt the validity of his conjecture that there existed formalized gay societies within the numerous American In-

from Abbazia dell'Annunziata (1967) at \$3.40, and pleasant, light Antinori "classico" Chianti's from 1964 at \$1.80 the bottle.

The champagne story was equally fine; vintage Moët & Chandon at \$7.50 and Ruinart Pere & Fils "Dom Ruinart" (a wine equal in every way to the better known Dom Perignon) at only \$10.00 the bottle.

Thus, Italian Line offers a "cellar" superior to any airline though the "kitchen" is, generally, inferior to some in the sky. (Even Pan Am has discontinued serving the vintage Moët that made first class travel on that airline almost bearable.)

### 4. Company

I had a poor impression on several passengers. It became necessary to shush Duchess Lilla Melillo Moneta Caglio and hubby Conte Luigi Moneta Caglio during this afternoon's screening of an exceptionally stupid movie called *Sometimes a Great Notion*. Their Regencies left in the middle of a huff.

On deck I met this kid, who was obviously a stowaway to look at him; he informed me that Italian Line lost all his luggage. "They'll send it by the next boat," he said. "But the next boat isn't for three weeks," I told him. "Yeah, it's the Rafaleo," he said. "Only airlines lose luggage," I informed the lad, and rushed off to candle making instructions.

Dr. Ruitenbeek and his colleague Dr. McConchie were on board, taking the ship from Cannes to Algieria. They complained about everything at the Carlton in Cannes; they complained about the Gare Maritime and they were still complaining on board. One of the complaints, if I understood correctly, had to do with the baggage handlers; in bringing his 16 pieces on board they had broken the jar containing the glue for the good doctor's wig. The stuff ran over everything in the suitcase and it was all permanently stuck together. "It's like a sculpture. Modern art," he observed.

A charming lad sat, with his elegant mother, at the next table. Whatever I wore to the dining room, he would show up in something much nicer. I ran out of clothing before we had even sighted the Azores; he appeared in new outfits, dazzling in their simplicity, at each sitting. Finally, at the tale end of the voyage, during the desert course for "Farewell Dinner," the lad smiled and waved at me. I beamed. "You spilt something on your tie," he said. While the waiters were marching around in the dark with the flaming "Versuvian Surprise," I had dribbled.

Cheers,  
Gregory

dian social groups, at least, he offers no reference material to back his rather lovely claims. His idea, however, is not new.

As a student of the Zulu culture of south-eastern Africa for many years, I have learned both through authoritative writings and from old-timers in Zulu villages that the concept of condoned homosexuality is well known among the Ama-Zulu (children of Heaven). The history of these wonderful people backs up in facts for the Zulu what Dick Leitch contends was accepted social policy for the American Indians.

In the early days of the reign of King Chaka (1810-1835 A.D.), any man who impregnated a woman before he was forty years old was put to death. Even the great "Black Napoleon" himself had never had intercourse with any of his two hundred wives! He contended that a warrior had no time to waste on sexual matters. The acceptable form of sexual con-

(continued on page 22)



# Encounter

(continued from page 1)

answers that they can hear, because each of the complaints comes out of years of experience that only new experience can contradict effectively. That's why good encounter groups are such powerful provocateurs of growth for individuals who have stood still for years and even decades in their efforts to relate to others.

But good encounter experiences for gay people have been rare. The reasons for this lie in the late appearance of exclusively gay groups. Because of the gross misapprehensions of most straight people about gay life, encounter groups of gay and straight people must either skirt all matters pertaining to gay life or devote a large amount of time to educating the straight members about gay life styles—a service the gay members are not getting paid for and which they should not be obliged to perform in order to talk openly about their experience. The same would be true to some degree for a member of any minority group.

If you argue that you have never found it difficult to discuss your gay experiences with straight friends, let me hasten to point out that the effectiveness of encounter comes directly from the fact that it is *not concerned with discussion*, with verbal talk about experiences, but rather with experience itself—with what is going on in the room right at the very moment two or more people are interacting. Try being completely open with straight friends about everything you feel when you are with them. I've found precious few who can handle or reciprocate the effort.

So, the point of exclusively gay encounter groups is not to discuss gay matters (whatever they are) but to facilitate maximum openness between the members of the group in their relating to each other. The result of this openness may indeed amount to some very effective gay consciousness-raising, but it comes here not from intellectual discussion so much as from direct, first-hand experiences.

And the point of this maximum openness between the members about how they are experiencing each other (and experiencing themselves) is *growth*—in each person's ability to relate fully to others and in his ability to be fully aware of what he is in fact feeling (not thinking) at the moment.

Each of the complaints at the head of this article is the result of some degree of disconnection between the person and the feelings that go together to make up his experience. Good encountering is the most effective tool I have experienced for re-connecting the self with feelings previously suppressed or ignored.

What is good encountering? It focuses on a completely open, honest and un-

sored revealing of feelings aroused in each of the members of the group by what goes on in the room. Obviously, this could mean chaos, with hurtful trips being done on less aggressive members, if a facilitator (or the group's own good will) did not encourage some sort of order in which things were following through and resolved. It's one of the near-miracles of encounter that even the most hostile feelings, when fully expressed and responded to, can so often lead to feelings of warmth and trust between the persons involved.

A good encounter group usually requires the absence of certain kinds of people, and careful screening of prospective members has proven very helpful. Spectators, for instance, are not allowed; they are certain to be resented. People coming to the group "on a lark" or because it is "the thing to do" also detract and inhibit. Obviously, persons joining encounter with expectations of getting their sexual thrills from the occasional non-verbal exercises that may be used are destined to frustration as misfits. Also to be avoided is the person who needs intensive therapy so acutely that his needs cannot possibly be understood, let alone met, by the group members.

An astonishing degree of warmth and caring soon characterizes a well-functioning group. Sometimes these feelings are so prized by the members of the group that their efforts to maintain the "good vibes" gets momentarily in the way of open encounter. Open expression of warm feelings is often as difficult or more difficult for some members as expressing anger or hostility. Unlike hostile feelings, positive feelings do not usually go away after being expressed. This sometimes leaves a member with a new problem of "What comes next?"—an important kind of encounter indeed. What happens if those unaccustomed good feelings get reinforced and intensified?

The experience of freedom in an encounter group frightens most members in the beginning. Some never allow themselves to feel it and act upon it. They usually leave after a month or so, dragging their locks and cages behind them. With another jailer gone, the group relaxes into yet a new level of freedom. Some groups meet for a couple of months before real trust develops—the trust that enables the real excitement of encounter to take place.

Why gay encounter? Because it feels good while it's happening and because it helps facilitate growth in one's ability to enjoy and find lasting satisfaction in being with people. For some of us, encounter opened the doors that enabled people to come near us for the first time, and *visa versa*. For me, after nine years of cerebral psychoanalysis and "group therapy" (in which we discussed and discussed and discussed), encounter meant the beginning of me as a loving person.

# To He

(continued from page 13)

readers that it was I who had secured his rights to take notes and to be acknowledged as a member of the press. When a court officer forbade us from writing and when only credentials of the establishment press were recognized, Mr. Wicker quietly complied until I protested and secured the respective privileges. But to him, my makeup, jewelry and spurious identification as a he were more noteworthy items.

In his many years of working for gay liberation, Mr. Wicker has doubtlessly come across countless activists who have concealed their names. Although, to his credit, he has (after legally changing his name) never shirked from using his new name in gay liberation work, he has never been tempted to blow a gay brother's cover and, in the name of objective reporting, to reveal another's real name. Yet he was willing to jeopardize my effectiveness as a journalist by referring to me as a man. Had the court officers read his story, they could have made it very difficult for me to continue reporting and certainly I would have been unable to secure

knew me before and who plead that they can't get used to the change. But there are limits to my patience. A girl friend, whom I've known since childhood, instructed the saleswoman as we left the fitting room together, "... and that dress is for him." The nonplussed clerk looked at me, at the door to the women-only room, and back at me again, as my friend helpfully corrected, "Oh, I mean her," in case the clerk were a little slow and still didn't understand. I resolved, as I favored limitless space with the virtuosity of my Jack Benny stare, that I would not be too much of a spoilsport if I requested that she try a little harder in the future.

John Francis Hunter's solution is to invent a new pronoun for transvestites. Activists like Sylvia Rivera and Bebe Rea Scarpino would probably appreciate it, because their transvestitism is a distinct form of gayness that needs its own identity. However, most transvestites I know don't like to be distinguished from women and a different pronoun would irritate them. That's why, by the way, there are few transvestites in gay liberation; they dislike being treated like gay men. If referring to them as "she" seems like a lie, all I can ask is: What harm does it do? Is it any more immoral than any other personal sexual preference?



Vicki Richman, GAY columnist and a first-rate reporter on Manhattan's hip scene.

the press privileges that he came to enjoy as well as I. Of course, I myself have never denied what I am in print, although I have not advertised it either if it was not necessary in the context. It simply is my choice to make. Mr. Wicker was presuming to make the choice for me.

Asking what pronoun is preferred is the simplest and most honest way. I used to answer, "Whatever comes most naturally." Unfortunately, when a friend found it natural to make me a "he," and a mutual transvestite friend a "she," I was forced to abandon the friend and the answer.

I'm most tolerant with friends who

Since I don't get off on being a girl to the point of orgasm, I might answer that the harm lies in entering a bed relationship under false pretences. But many transvestites do get sexually excited at the prospect (they can't understand my flat chest and untucked cock), and for their sakes I'm willing to liberate myself and say that's great, honey, if you dig it. Only remember it's a fast way to a free sex-change operation. I'd rather have mine in a hospital than in an alley.

I think Jackie Curtis has hit upon the ideal solution. When Jackie's in a good mood, everyone, except Richard Nixon and John Wayne, becomes a she.

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# Clay

(continued from page 9)

quested and refreshments are available. Earl Hall (and I know they have plenty of space there). Come one and all.

## HAVEN

I've been following with interest and appreciation the activities of *The Stonewall* (4016 37th Ave. So., Seattle, Wash. 98118) and would like to congratulate them on their recent purchase of a treatment center for gay parolees, probationers, alcoholics and drug abusers. They can accommodate twenty at a time and have a 90-day rehabilitation program for ex-offenders coming out of prison. Here is at least one good example that everything is not a matter of idle talk and intra-fraternal bickering with gay organizations!

## BLESS THE PRESS?

Not quite all of the establishment press is still resolutely against us. The newspaper *Chicago Today* has recently run a series showing homosexual life-styles in a favorable light. The July 15th issue of *The New Yorker* magazine carried an article by Calvin Trillin which denounced Michael Maye, the Inner circle sloths, and the moronic *Daily News* scum-sheet. Even *The New York Times* decided once more to get into the act. On July 14th, they manifestly allowed columnist Tom Buckley to write with some degree of objectivity about gay activism and its (lack of) effect on the sweetly superannuated little Cherry Grove F.I. scene. (Adjectives mine.) But you know the *Times*. As usual they had to drag in Orthodox Psychiatric Opinion. Such predictable dears. They

# Pen Points

(continued from page 17)

tact was "hobongo" which meant that the man ejaculated outside the vagina.

The Zulu impi (army) numbered forty to fifty thousand men in the field at any given time. The women remained at home, but behind the magnificent mass of marching black warriors followed the young herdboys whose duty it was to remain in contact with the impi. They carried provisions such as fresh water, beer and blankets, as well as herded the cattle which the impi depended upon for fresh meat and skins. At night, however, the young boys were very often called upon to meet the sexual requirements of the warriors. Sodomy was supervised by the induna (captain) and it was considered a natural release of sexual desire as well as an honour for the young boys.

Enforced celibacy was one of the sore points which eventually led to Chaka's assassination. After his death, the Zulu nation no longer forbade early marriages; neither did they multiply in any greater manner than they had under Chaka. When Chaka first came to rule them, the Ama-Zulu were a tiny, uncouth tribe of 3,000 people. In the course of fifteen years, Chaka conquered and incorporated his entire known world.

Should he have lived to rule twenty years longer, the domination of South Africa by the Europeans might never have come to pass.

Yours truly,  
S.L.  
Brooklyn,

In GAY no. 82, the Editors of GAY endorsed the candidacy of George McGovern in spite of the turnout of the gay rights plank at the Democratic National Convention. A duplicate of the following letter was received in GAY's offices and shows the reaction by certain activists who now refuse to support the McGovern candidacy. GAY's editors see this letter as a profound expression of self-righteous lunacy.

cannot conceive of an article on homosexuality without beatification and legitimization by shrinks. Oh, bore... oh, bore... zzzzzzzz...

## IT'S ABOUT TIME

Last, but certainly not least, I was more than pleased to take note of the formation of the *Gay Men's Health Project* (c/o Liberation House, 247 W. 11th St., NYC 10014). They have issued a very fine 22-page report which I wish could be spread from one end of the city to the other. Here, in part, is what they have to say:

The medical world, particularly in the U.S., has always concentrated on the curing aspects of medical knowledge rather than on the preventative or prophylactic ones. We of the *Gay Men's Health Project* hope that by our efforts in producing this pamphlet... will be able to orient our gay brothers to take a more serious view of their own personal health as a gift to be appreciated and cared for.

The report gives a comprehensive analysis of the various VD clinics, where to find them, hours, costs, attitude of doctors and type of counseling received. There are also articles on VD prevention, care of the body, and a very good questionnaire for those who have had the sexual uglies. You can help out, or get help from GMHP, by dialing Gay Switchboard: 924-4036. I have four questions for GAY's readers: (1) Are you aware that VD is still very much on the increase? (2) When was the last time you had a check-up? (3) When was the last time you even feebly thought about VD? (4) What the hell makes you think you're immune, honey?!

The Honorable George McGovern,  
United States Senate,  
Washington, D.C.

Dear Senator McGovern,

Please accept my congratulations on your recent victory in Miami Beach. I am however very disappointed in the withdrawal of your support for full civil rights for gay people in this country. Considering that you were among the first presidential candidates to endorse the issue of gay rights, and had your campaign office issue a strong statement to that effect, your non-support of gay rights at the Miami Beach Convention represents nothing less than a betrayal.

I am convinced that your action—while probably considered politically expedient by your strategists—will nevertheless disappoint and anger a large portion of the gay community across the country. I for one will no longer be able to actively support your candidacy.

The events at Miami Beach once again proved that oppressed minorities can only hope to gain their rights by fighting for them, rather than trust "liberal-minded" politicians. In the coming months, gays will have to decide whether open oppression may not be easier to fight than your kind of hypocritical tolerance, which is also a form of oppression, only more subtle and odious.

I regret that your actions made it necessary for me to write this letter.

Sincerely,  
Reinhart G. Kuszt  
Student Homophile League  
Rutgers University  
New Brunswick, N.J.

Dear GAY:

I have subscribed to GAY for over a year now and feel compelled to write you.

First let me say that where I live there is no opportunity for frank and open discussion of homosexual activities, especially in print. I was attracted to GAY for this reason. I found topics discussed that were in my mind, too. You gave answers to problems. You were a sounding board.

# Jerry's Sphere

(continued from page 2)

as if I liked Miami, I LOVED IT. They really have gotten it together there. If they realize the power they can wield in the election booth and get some of those anti-gay laws repealed, it would be paradise... Happy that my ex, Ron, is sporting a mustache hiding my favorite part of his face. It took 3 1/2 years, but I'm finally over that bummer... Tony Bennett left his heart in San Francisco. I left mine in Miami with my constant, Mike. It's an old line, but I will be back to claim my heart, Miami. Both you and Mike better be prepared...

NEW YORK NOTES: Staff at MAGNOLIA T'S got 23 hours notice that they were being tossed out and a whole new regime was taking over. BOMB!... One bartender, I know, was working his days off at another place. The other boss found out and fired him. When he went for his back pay he was told that he was off the books and wasn't owed a dime. DON'T WORK OFF THE BOOKS FOR ANY REASON. FUCK THE CROOKS WHO WANT TO WORK IT THAT WAY. Another bartender was out sick when the management changed hands. He had been there a long time. The new management laughed when he asked if he could forego his vacation and be paid for the time that he was out sick. He quit. New management laughed and told me, "Now I don't have to pay his unemployment because he quit. I was going to fire him anyway." But the bar employees don't think that they need to band together to fight shit tactics like this? TALK ABOUT APATHY!!!

RHS PARK RIP OFF: Go to the stand near the gay side of the beach and try to get a COLD drink. Then try the straight side and try to get a luke warm drink. WAKE UP, GAY NEW YORK! I thought we were getting liberated? Boycott the stand near the gay side of the beach for one weekend. Walk up to the straight side. Show them GAY IS JUST AS GOOD AS STRAIGHT, especially GAY MONEY!!!

PAINTED PONY PRESENTED GYPSY ON PARADE: As usual, the incomparable GYPSY proved to us once more that he is one enormous talent. Despite a certain "bird" heckling from the audience, Gypsy tore the house down. By the way, that same "bird" used to be in the business and one night when another performer wanted to do a number, he quit. I was very surprised at his unprofessionalism displayed at this show. TSK TSK... Brilliant Bryan Murphy doing his version of Pearly Mae at the WESTSIDER on Wednesday nights. Thursday, same place, has my old friend Gypsie back from Puerto Rico.

I understand that they are really doing a number on the LIMELIGHT. It should be opening soon. And the cast sounds like

# Subscribe To Gay

I was offended by your frank language occasionally, when I felt your use of certain words was unnecessary. It appeared you were trying to prove to the world that gays have rights too. But I continued reading every issue from cover to cover. I tried to rationalize that it was worth swallowing a bitter little pickle to get to the Baked Alaska dessert.

You are performing a valuable service to the gay world. The more I read GAY the more I am convinced of this. I specially want to commend you for the sincere and honest answers you give to letters published. Instead of using Ann Landers-

a winner. (I can't reveal the names yet but keep looking in this column.)

Gwen Saunders is back at OUT OF THIS WORLD. If you are out in the Hamptons, drop by and say hello to Gwen and Lou Malvenda... Ditto, HAMPTON ATTIC where Michael and Anthony are holding court. It's right down the road so it'll be easy to hit both... Happy to welcome Jerry P. of THE COVE in Atlanta up on a holiday. He's a holiday for New York... Frank Elliot, Roadhouse Ronda and Gypsy all off to vacation in Europe. Have a ball kids but come back safe... David Nelson, of LEO'S LION, I love you... Go over to the SPIKE and check out Buffalo Bill. Quel beauty... And, speaking of beauty, JACK & BLUE AT THREE has a winner in their new man in town, Sam. They have just gone in here and promise that it is going to be one of the best restaurants in town. It was always good, so I guess they mean to make it even better... SUNDOWNER coming on strong over on the East Side. Very nice place and very nice people running it... ROADHOUSE crew celebrated Bastille Day, complete with costumes and horse-drawn coach. I understand they threw the EAGLE into an uproar when they appeared in full regalia and powdered wigs. Hit it, guys... Many thanks to Vinny Higgins of BETSY ROSS' ROOM in Jackson Heights for delivering DAVID for me while I was in Miami. Hope that the centerfold didn't crack you all up too much. It was done as a spoof and I guess that we achieved what we wanted. I haven't seen so many people laughing when I enter an establishment in my life. Have a heart, fellas, it isn't that funny, is it??? Terry at UNCLE CHARLIE'S SOUTH, a winner... Saw Ed of the ROYAL ROOST at Riis Park, looking very content. A new Romance?... Winston (Gypsie) tending bar at the GLORY HOLE... There's a Yale jock named Skip taking on New York like a whirlwind. Oh, to be young again... Thom O'Malley, of BEAU GESTE, doing the beach scene. Careful of that Irish skin, Thom... Brother John Francis Hunter's GAY INSIDER U.S.A. coming out in September. Be on the lookout. He graciously allowed me to make comments on the New York City scene... The HAMLET in Coconut Grove, Florida, is a good place for after the beach. Another good night place is BACHELORS II in Coral Gables... George S. showing me that Rhode Island may be the smallest state in the union but it sure is BIG on beauty... Jerry S. and his Tom, along with Joe and Kasse turning heads at Riis Park... I never saw that beach so crowded. They aren't coming out of their closets, they're stampeding. Nice to see the gals and guys gettin' along so well at the beach. They should always be so harmonious... Well, kids, I'm still POOPED after Miami so this is going to be a short one. Take care of yourselves, and each other. We are indeed our brothers' and sisters' keepers. Love to one and all, Jo.

P.S. Miami and Mike, I mean it. I'll be back.

type quips, you are giving advice that is so "from the heart" as to be extraordinary for a news publication. Your letters column is one of my favorites.

Thank you for your fine work.

Yours truly,  
L.L.  
South Dakota

[ED. NOTE: And thank you too, sugar!]

PLEASE SEND ALL CORRESPONDENCE, INQUIRIES, SUGGESTIONS, COMPLAINTS, and PROPOSITIONS to: LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, GAY, P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Sta., NYC, N.Y. 10011.

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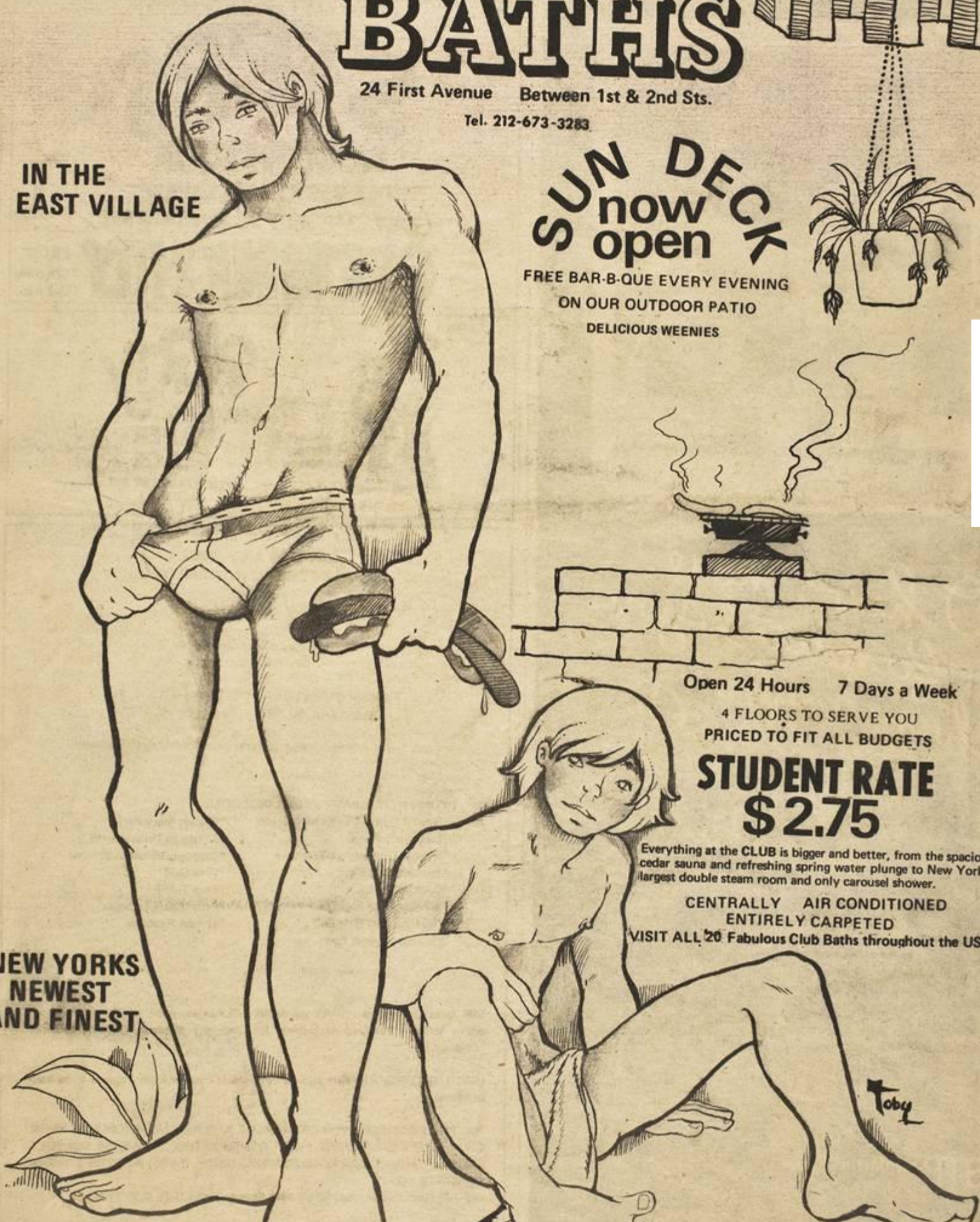
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