

GAY

50¢

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Number 100

PARENTS OF GAYS ORGANIZING



Dr. Benjamin Spock with gay activist Morty Manford and his marching mother, Jeanne Manford.

BY RANDY WICKER

New York, N.Y. Several couples, all parents of gay children, were brought together on Sunday afternoon, March 11th, in a lounge of the United Methodist Church at 13th Street and Seventh Avenue to discuss their mutual experiences and see how they could help other parents handle their relationships with their gay offspring.

Gay activists Barbara Love and Morty Manford organized the meeting and served as informal moderators of the discussion after explaining that they hoped to be but "temporary catalysts" in getting the parents' group going.

A small ad had been placed in the *Village Voice* and some 1500 leaflets had been distributed to gays at GAA's Firehouse dances and socials, but the turnout for the first meeting was disappointingly small.

One mother wearing a smart grey outfit said she had come because her son, a member of GAA, had literally stopped talking to her because he felt she was reluctant to discuss his homosexuality with her friends and relatives.

"Why should we have to brag about his homosexuality to everyone?" her husband added. "I don't tell people how much I make. I don't tell people details of my sex life. Some things are private."

Mrs. Manford said that her son Morty had been after her for some time to help form a parents' group. As a result of write-ups in the *New York Times* and a couple of television appearances, she said a few parents had called and some had come to the Manford home seeking advice.

"When I paraded with Dr. Spock last Christopher Street Liberation Day," Mrs. Manford recalled, "people on the sidewalk applauded as we passed. Others came over and kissed me and said, 'I wish my parents were here.'"

"It's very difficult for all parents when they first discover their children are gay,"

she continued. "It takes a little thinking. I think I really got involved when Michael Maye beat up Morty. I was enraged and wrote a letter to the *New York Times*. A couple of articles and TV appearances resulted."

When asked by another parent if she would have become involved if her son had not been brutally assaulted, Mrs. Manford replied: "Yes. I would have marched just to please him. I loved him as a child. I love him now. I want to see society give him a fair chance. I don't want to see him denied a job or other opportunities because he's gay." "We have to get the message across to the public that being gay is not an abnormality," Dr. Manford added, "just a different way of life."

Another mother explained that her son, now 26, had been married and had recently become gay. She said that her son took offense at her reluctance to take a picture of his wife, to whom he's still married, off the wall. Her son felt she still had hopes he and his wife would reconcile.

"If these two guys want to have a wonderful relationship," she continued, "fine. But I don't feel you have to sit there and make love. You don't have to pose with them. My brother used to do that with women and I told him, 'What are you trying to prove?' He's been married three times already."

"The ones that get mushy, get mushy with the next one too. There's no love there when they get mushy with ten different people a night, when they make love on the floor."

"If you gave a family party," Barbara Love asked, "would you tell your son he could invite his lover?"

"Yes," the mother replied. "But that doesn't mean he has to kiss everyone at the party."

"I'm a heterosexual woman," another woman in her 40's began. "I believe I'm the only heterosexual woman active with

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VILLAGE POLICE RAP WITH GAYS AT MATTACHINE OFFICES

BY RANDY WICKER

New York, N.Y. Patrolman Frank Hollywood, community relations officer of Greenwich Village's Sixth Precinct, and officers Tony Richie and Les Carr came to the offices of New York's Mattachine Society at 59 Christopher Street just off Sheridan Square to answer questions and talk with local gays on a Tuesday evening recently.

Dr. Henry Messer, neurosurgeon and member of Mattachine's Board of Directors, welcomed some 50 gays, all men, who had come to the "Meet a Policeman" forum, then introduced Patrolman Frank Hollywood.

"We were glad to be invited," Patrolman Hollywood, dressed in civilian clothing, commenced. "At our weekly meetings at the station house, we've been meeting some of you in small groups but there we always outnumbered you, were on our home grounds and sat around a small table. Tonight, at Don Goodwin's invitation, we've come to meet with you here on your home grounds to put ourselves on the firing line where you greatly outnumber us and to answer your questions."

Patrolman Hollywood then introduced Patrolmen Tony Richie and Les Carr who were seated next to him. Officers Richie and Carr were in full uniform.

"Our weekly rap sessions, which were

commenced in October, have been very fruitful," Hollywood ventured, then paused a moment. "Maybe that's the wrong word to use," he added. The audience laughed and applauded.

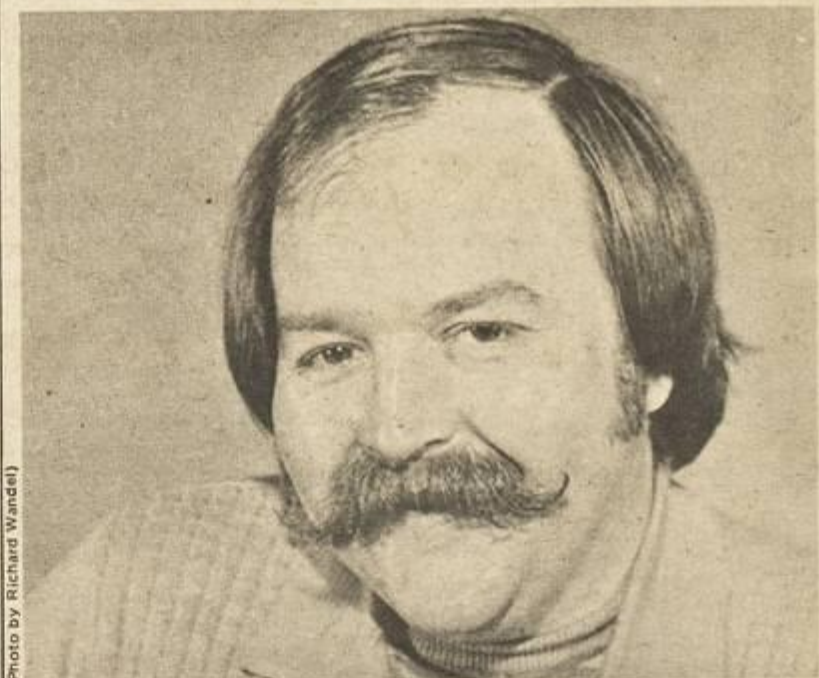
"Anyway, we have all gotten along quite well. Your representatives have handled themselves very well. As a matter of fact, this program will now be expanded so your people will be going over and getting involved in the training of the new incoming officers at the Police Academy."

"This came about through our department and the meetings we've been having with you people at the Sixth Precinct. Don and some of the other members requested we make this suggestion in a general report we filed with Commissioner Ward several weeks ago. We did so and they accepted our suggestion."

The floor was then thrown open for questions. Someone asked about the series of gay murders in the Village, what the police were doing to catch the culprit and why there had been a blackout on publicity and no notification of the gay community about them from the Sixth Precinct.

"That question is out of our jurisdiction," Hollywood responded. "That doesn't have to do with a patrolman's function. The murders are being investigated by specialists, detectives from the homicide squad, and are not being han-

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(Photo by Richard Wandel)

Don Goodwin is President of the N.Y. Mattachine Society which hosts meetings and dialogues between the gay community and the Village police precincts.

WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT?

A DIRECTORY FOR DISCRIMINATING DISPOSITIONS

Manhattan

WEST VILLAGE

Bonnie & Clyde's (GR 3-9304), 82 West 3rd St. Mostly women. Dancing. Free buffets on Sundays. Rock bands on weekends. A friendly spot. (Mostly women)
 The Roadhouse (CH 3-4214), 570 Hudson St. Jammed any night of the week. The "in" bar in Greenwich Village. (Men)

EAST VILLAGE

Club Baths (673-3283), 24 1st Ave. [1st Ave. & 1st St.]. Mr. Clean must work here! A humpy crowd in a lavish setting. One of the nation's finest baths. Reasonable room and locker rates. Half price for students. Don't miss it! Open 24 hours. (Men)

GRAMMERCY PARK & MURRAY HILL

Barn (473-9080), 232 Park Ave. South (19th St.). Lots of room in an atmospheric setting. (Men)

Bea's Gasts (475-9724), 239 3rd Ave. (20th St.). Top-notch food that's reasonably priced. Fresh salads. An exciting menu. A romantic atmosphere with a bar upstairs. One of gay Manhattan's finest eateries. (Men or Women)
 Uncle Charlie's South. Always jammed with three large rooms in which to wander. Nice folks go here. (Men)

MIDTOWN & MIDDLE EAST SIDE

Beacon Baths (647-0322), 227 E. 45th St., 11th fl. A well-run establishment with clean rooms, polite attendants, a good steam room. Don't miss the weekday matinees usually attended by lunchtime nibblers. Two large floors of fun. Reasonable rates. Open 24 hours. (Men)

Continental Sauna, 111 West 96th St. Not as grand as the "Mother Church" on 74th St., but interesting nevertheless, and well-run. Afternoon and lunchtime get-togethers are common. Open 24 hours. (Men)

Walter's Apartment (371-3374), 1068 2nd Ave. Fine meal, entertainment and the wild illusion of being in a penthouse overlooking NYC. This restaurant/bar is a winner! (Mostly men)

DANCE BELT & HELL'S KITCHEN

Big Spender (546-9682), 315 W. 48th St. Lots of gyms from the nearby shows. Some beautiful. Good times. (Men)
 Tijuana Cat, 350 W. 46th St. If you're wondering what it's like to spend a chic evening among Latinos, go. Fine entertainment. Lots of hoopla! (Men or Women)

UPPER EAST SIDE

Harry's Back East (249-6991), 1422 3rd Ave. (81st St.). One of the Upper East Side's long-lived spas. (Men)

New Jimmy's (860-4509), 1576 3rd Ave. (87th St.). First-class New York supper club. Exciting food and drink and the best in entertainment. (Men and Women)

UPPER WEST SIDE

Bike Stop (874-9014), 230 W. 75th St. A fun spot. (Men)

Continental Baths (799-2688), 230 W. 74th St. The largest, swiftest bath/cabaret/gym/tub-house in the world! Hundreds of private rooms, lockers, mini-lockers. First-class entertainment on Saturdays. Swimming pool. Cavernous steam room. Open 24 hours. (Men)

EROTIC FILMS (Male)

55th Street Playhouse (JU 6-4590), on 55th St. between 6th & 7th Aves.
 Jewel Theatre (260-1090), 3rd Ave. at 12th St.
 Park-Miller BR (9-3970), 43rd St. between 6th Ave. and Broadway.

METROPOLITAN COMMUNITY CHURCH

Metropolitan Community Church (212) 226-5137. Services on Sundays at 4 p.m. at 5th Ave. and 28th St. Rev. Roy Borchard, Pastor. The Manhattan congregation of a rapidly growing denomination which—nationwide—makes no secret of its appeal to the gay community.

GAY ORGANIZATIONS

GAA Firehouse (226-8572), 99 Wooster St. Get in early for Sat. Nite dances. Marvel at the Cabarets every other Fri. Lesbian dances last Fri. of each month. Sponsored by one of Manhattan's most active gay lib groups. (Women and Men)
 Gay Switchboard (924-6036). Call this number if you're new to New York and they'll tell you where to go! (Women or Men)
 Mattachine Society (691-1066), 39 Christopher St. This venerable gay lib organization has served the New York community for years! Stop in and visit the fine offices on Sheridan Square. Apartment listings, social services, travel assistance, legal advice and counseling. Evenings.

Brooklyn

Danny's Brooklyn Heights (625-8844), 108 Montague St. Two floors of fun and frolic. (Men)
 Man's Country Baths (624-1362), 53 Pierpoint St. Clean, well-run, top-notch bath. Olympic pool. Lockers, rooms reasonable rates. Dancing, gym, sauna, steam. Open 24 hours. (Men)

GAY ORGANIZATION

Gay Alliance of Brooklyn (256-0249). Dances every other Saturday night at 9 p.m. in the Hotel Bossart, 65 Remsen St. Brooklyn Heights. \$3 admission. G.A.B. is Brooklyn's largest gay lib organization.

NEW YORK STATE RESORT

Mister G's Round Hill Resort (914) 496-9845. A large Tara-like Hotel that's popular with New Yorkers seeking a country rendezvous. Pool in summer. 25 acres of good times with hills and woods in which to wander. Meats. Rooms. Cabins. Reasonable rates. Open all year. (Men and Women)

Washington, D.C.

The Pier Nine (488-7969), 1824 Half St., S.W. You've heard of superbars? Well, this is a SUPERBAR! One of the largest, swiftest, most astonishing nightspots—gay or straight—in America. Bring your I.D. (Men and Women)

Levi & Fauré (488-1200), 86 L St., S.E. Another superb! Restaurant, dancing, crowds galore! A classy, happy atmosphere. Bring your I.D. (Women or Men)

Georgetown Grill, 1329 Wisconsin Ave., N.W. In the heart of Old Georgetown and near "the block" where crowds take walks after 2 a.m.
 Phase One (544-8311), 525 9th St., S.E. Washington's bar for women.
 Club East II Baths (488-9731). Open daily 24 hours. \$5 membership required. May be purchased at door with I.D. Clean, comfortable. (Men)

GAY ORGANIZATIONS

The Mattachine Society of Washington (362-3881), P.O. Box 1032, Washington, D.C. 20013.
 Metropolitan Community Church (547-2773), 705 7th St., S.E. Services Sundays 2 p.m.

Philadelphia

Allegro (KI 5-9953), 1412 Spruce St. Open daily 4 p.m. till 2 a.m. Three floors. Philadelphia's oldest and most well-known nightspot. A real blast for everyone! (Men)
 Penrose Club (546-2690), 1415 Locust St., 2nd fl. Considered an afterhours club. 11 p.m. till ... Dancing, liquor, beer. A pool table. (Men)

Miami

Warehouse VIII (445-8713), 3600 S.W. 8th St., Coral Gables. 9 p.m. till 5 a.m. Dancing, liquor, beer, food. Three different bars upstairs and downstairs. Pool tables. Patios. (Men)

MIAMI BEACH

Ambassadors III (535-9967), 427 22nd St. Large club-like atmosphere. Dancing. Not unlike a Manhattan bar. (Men)

Bachelors II (446-9596), 2847 Coral Way. One of the best bets in the Miami area. (Men)
 Club Miami Baths (448-2214), 2991 Coral Way. A member in good standing of the Club Baths chain. Pool. Steam. Sauna. (Men)

GAY CHURCH

Metropolitan Community Church (576-0708), 3901 N.W. 2nd. Services Sunday 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.

Baltimore

Club East Baths (727-9320), 1105 Cathedral St. Open 24 hrs. Membership required. Can be purchased at door with I.D. This bath is one of the

finest in the famed Club Baths chain. (Men)
 Eddie's, 102 Water St. Daily 6 p.m. to 2 a.m. The oldest gay bar in Baltimore. (Men)

New York Spotlight

WALTER'S APARTMENT
 1068 2nd Avenue
 (371-3374)

Yes, this is Walter's home away from home. Where was his original dwelling? The Beacon Baths, natch. Yes, Walter is the very same stout stunt man—beloved by Chubby Chasers the world over—who gave you the good ol' Beacon, and now he's sharing his Apartment with you too. No more does Walter rumble down the halls of the Beacon late at night. Now, almost always, you can see him seated in the rear of his Apartment, eating, of course. Walter likes the food prepared by his clever chef and so it's hard to get him away.

Walter's Apartment (located at 56th Street on 2nd Avenue) boasts both a bar and a dining area. On weeknights it is still possible to find a free table, but on weekends, watch out! Maybe you'd better make a reservation.



Alaina Reed

The menu is small, but the meals offered are winners. Prices are reasonable (about \$4.25) and you can be sure that you're supporting the establishment of a man who has given generously through the years to employees in need, to gay liberation organizations, and to others who've demonstrated that they're in dire financial trouble. Walter Kent has demonstrated that he is a businessman with a heart and a real sense of responsibility to the community.

A look at the menu? Hmmm. Breast of Chicken Maryanne. Filet of Sole Almondine. Skewered Lamb. Pork Chops

with Fruit. Yes, Fruit.

Walter looks for the latest and the best in entertainment for his guests. This week, the incredible Alaina Reed is there (see Vito Russo's I'll Take Manhattan in GAY no. 98). Vito says of her: "I was utterly captivated by her style, her voice, her delivery and her cool cool presence; the presence of a star."

And on April 17th, guess who's coming??? None other than Steve Ostrow and Joanne King—lovers of opera—singers who've performed on many a stage and who, particularly in Steve's case, have provided other singers a famous stage of their own at the Continental Baths.

Go to Walter's Apartment and relax. You'll find yourself in the capable hands of Ted Hook and Joe Murphy who do a great deal of the organizing around the Apartment.

On the wall hangs a long picture of the Manhattan skyline. While you sit at your table, pretend that you're looking out onto New York rooftops. That's the illusion which the Apartment creates.

Yes, Walter's Apartment is New York dining in the finest East Side style. Don't miss it next time you feel hungry.

JERRY'S SPHERE



BY JERRY FITZPATRICK

WHEN YOU TRY TO GET EVIL: A few issues back, I commented on the fact that I had entered the "Humpty Number" contest at the BARN. I entered the contest, honestly, to break Neffy's hump. I had no intention of going through with it. Well, it got out of hand, and I ended up having to go through with it. (Tony Colorado went into the "Mr. Eagle" contest the preceding night coming in second. He and Doney had gotten together a clique from FRIZBY'S to cheer me on.) Now, last July at the Mr. David contest I tried to do an article on the contestants. I couldn't do it because I'd never been in such a contest myself. I have modeled and attempted acting but this is a whole different bag. I ran home from work that night and pulled out the weights. I puffed up my arms and chest as much as possible (which isn't much), dressed in Doney's chaps and belts, etc., had a joint, for courage, and took off. With my constant at my side, I entered the BARN. Tony came flying over to tell me that the guy who had beaten him the night before was in the contest. And... Wally from UNCEE CHARLIE'S NORTH was also in it. Well, my loves, I just about shit. They pulled me towards the dressing room and as the door opened, my eyes beheld a pair of the greatest looking pecs in show business. I didn't know what to do, so, I got hysterical with laughter. As I moved in, there was the Wally. The more I looked

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THE EDITORS SPEAK



GAY's editors celebrate the publication of the paper's 100th issue with Don Goodwin (center), the N.Y. Mattachine Society's President.

A LAME DUCK MAYOR?

Many of us may very well miss John V. Lindsay once he's out of office. It was Lindsay who voluntarily met with members of the Mattachine Society of New York shortly after he took office and who put forth a directive banning discrimination against homosexually-inclined people who work for the city. It was under Lindsay's administration that New York's gay community flowered, that bar raids—for the most part—ceased, and that meaningful contacts between the police department (such as those initiated by New York Mattachine's current leadership) and the gay community have begun.

John Marchi, the Staten Island stooge, may run on the Republican ticket in the next mayoral election. If he should win, he has already given us more than a few indications of the sort of city he will officiate over: one which bows before all of the tired moral clichés typical of the current Republican administration in Washington, D.C.

Since he announced that he will not run in the next mayoral contest, John V. Lindsay has become what the media call a "lame duck" mayor. His top-notch Police Commissioner, Patrick Murphy, may find it difficult to wield the kind of control over various precincts that he once did. New York's gay community could quite easily fall prey, as often happens in other locales, to the whims of sado-cops, and the gay institutions that have grown up in Manhattan during the past few years could easily find themselves at the mercy of politicians who delight in "vice clean-ups" to draw attention away from more pressing urban concerns.

DENVER, COLORADO

We were recently in both Boulder and Denver, Colorado. On Friday evening, March 16th, we addressed the Denver Gay Coalition, where over 100 activists were gathered to plan strategy to combat police harassment. The eight-member Denver vice squad had arrested over 100 gay men in the course of a week by driving about in a bus marked "The Johnny Cash Special," offering rides and propositions. When the propositions were accepted, vice squad officers hidden in the back of the bus would step forward and arrest the gay victims. The Chief of Police objected to the vice squad's tactics and was about to throw out all of the cases when his own nephew was arrested by the squad. All this in a state which has dropped its antiquated anti-homosexual laws!

The Denver experience is indicative of what could easily come about in New York or in any other city where our vigilance is not steady. Too many in Manhattan's gay community, unfortunately, are taking their freedoms for granted. It may not be long before we can no longer do so.

MEDIA MADNESS

On March 29th and March 30th, the *New York Post* and the *New York Times* respectively took a curious editorial stance which imitated decisions made by the *Village Voice* some weeks previously. The issue, presumably, is mistreatment of minors by homosexually-inclined pedophiles, an issue which enrages "straight" majorities.

The *Post's* article (which began on page 2) was titled "The Market in Boys" and was written by Jay Levin. The *Times'* article was called "A Police Crackdown Impedes Homosexuals' Search for Chickens" and by George Vecsey.

The information contained in both articles hardly warranted the lengthy, simultaneous outcry which these papers have allowed. According to the *Post*, only one "pimp," a 40-year-old seaman, has been convicted. The *Times*, without naming anybody, says that two pimps have been convicted. Hardly a thriving "market" or a traffic in crime large enough to revive the old "child molestation" charges which are always used to trample on the gay community. Both papers utilize the questionable tactic of conversations with unnamed persons who purport to spill the beans on the whole matter of boy-buying. Both papers rely on the vacant remarks of Captain Kenneth Gussman of the Public Morals Division who has arrested 64 hustlers and pimps (only 13 pimps) since last June. One of the Captain's henchmen, Tony Mercaldi, has been so fascinated by his job that he is going to write a book about it, according to the *Post*. Big deal.

As we said in a previous editorial aimed at the *Village Voice*, nobody denies that a very small number of young boys (and a larger number of teen-agers who are 18-19) may sell themselves, but certainly not on the scale indicated in the *Voice*, the *Post* and the *Times*. Teen-aged hustlers of the San Juan variety are simply following customs that are prevalent in Puerto Rico.

In the case of the *Post*, we would prefer to think that the "boys" story has been simply a careless editorial blunder. The *Times*, always eager to castigate sexual "vices," followed suit the next day. It was the *Village Voice*, however, which inaugurated this whole sordid crusade, and did so, in fact, deliberately. Where, we repeat, are the heterosexual parents of these illusive youngsters?

We would urge GAY's readers to send letters of protest to all three of these major New York papers.

GAY IS 100

GAY is 100 issues old. When its first issue hit the stands on November 15, 1969, we wondered, in those days of collapsing publishing empires (*Look*, *Life*, *The Saturday Evening Post*), if GAY would survive for so long.

GAY's editors, in spite of dark signs of the times, are still enthusiastic about major steps that have taken place in our culture during the last three and a half years. Our optimism is reflected in this issue's article "Colorado Rocky Mountain High" on pages 4 and 5.

GAY

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Colorado Rocky Mountain High



The front yard literally faced great stone cliffs—entrances to the Rockies—whose tips were alternately bathed in sunshine, clouds and snow.



Lige and Jack

BY LIGE CLARKE
AND JACK NICHOLS

We saw *Lost Horizon* the other night; the new version. It was so bad it was funny. We'd heard that it was a musical, which in itself seemed absurd, but we were hardly prepared for the hatchet job Hollywood moguls had done on Shangri-La, that mythical land of sweetness and light where the best humanity can attain lies waiting to be found after all other hopes have been exhausted.

If we hadn't just recently been to Shangri-La ourselves—a real Shangri-La—we might have left the theatre at 45th and Broadway feeling altogether hopeless. Ross Hunter's Shangri-La was a phony. Phony mountains. Phony inhabitants (the director mixed Latins with Orientals and expected us to be naive enough not to notice). Phony flowers. *Newsweek* hit the nail when it described Hunter's Shangri-La as the Valley of the Jolly Green Giant, "a fitting showcase for a film that is so much spinach."

Only a day before we had returned

from the mountains of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado. The rocks in earth colored red. There, both of us discovered communities of people, majesties of nature and attitudes of mind that restored us to ourselves in such an extraordinary way we would use only one word to describe it: magic.

We Manhattanites must face the fact that we're provincial. While many things happen here first, there are only a few gardens in these parts where early sprouts have time or room to grow into maturity. Seeds germinate and pop up along Manhattan's cement rows, but it is out in the open air, in the incredible spaces that still give America an awesome beauty that miracles are commonplace. Walt Whitman was right when he said:

Now I see the secret of the making of the best persons.

It is to grow in the open air and to eat and sleep with the earth.

Here a great personal deed has room.

CONFERENCE ON WORLD AFFAIRS

We had been invited to Boulder by the University of Colorado which was having its 26th Annual Conference on World Affairs. The Boulder Conference is a revered institution and experts from many different fields are called from the far corners of the earth to lecture and converse with students, professors and Boulderites on a wide variety of current topics.

Our invitation had come about because the Gay Liberation Front at the University had engineered it. The University picked up the tab for our TWA Ambassador flight and found the best possible housing for us in the comfortable palace of an upstanding member of the community. Her home, which sat on the mountainside, overlooked the sparkling night lights of the city, and her front yard liter-

ally faced great stone cliffs—entrances to the Rockies—whose tips were alternately bathed in sunshine, clouds and snow.

Boulder—a city which, in spite of its proximity to snow-capped peaks—is blessed by warm sunshine on an average of 300 days each year; where 20,000 university students wander the downtown streets emitting a vibrancy, sensuality, and swing that few cities can equal.

PANELS AND SPEECHES

We were scheduled to speak on three panels and finally, on the last day of the five-day Conference, we would be prime speakers at one of the five Plenary Sessions with which each day of the Conference began. An honor indeed! And not only that, but our Plenary Session took place at 9 a.m. on March 16th—the morning of Jack's 35th birthday! We both agreed that no more glorious way to spend a birthday could be found.

The panels were fun and well-attended. The first was called *Sex With Whom?* and over 300 young men and women crowded into the huge classroom to listen to the rap. A jolly straight Irish newspaperman whose forte, fortunately, was speaking before he thought, provided our panel with a backdrop against which homosexual inclinations shone brightly. "I never met a fag I liked," he began. The audience booed him soundly. He hesitated and then said: "I mean fags are a pain in the ass!" Jack countered, "Now we know what you're afraid of!"

The second panel dealt with *Pornography as Therapy*. With us was psychiatrist Richard Green, an expert in the field of transsexualism at the University of California and author of *Sissies and Tomboys: Crossed Sex Identity in Children and Adults*, and Dr. Pepper Schwartz, a sociologist at the University of Washington and a Ph.D. in philosophy who co-authored *Women at Yale* and whose most

recent work *The Student's Guide to Sex on Campus* was published by Signet Books. Both of these gentle experts asked if they could join the panel on homosexuality and we were glad for their company when we realized they were in the vanguard of their profession, critical of old-fashioned theories on sexuality and comfortable in their brave blasts at anti-homosexual colleagues. Also with us were Enid Caldwell, a psychoanalyst, and Peter Mayer, editor and publisher of Avon Books. Boulder's only newspaper headlined our discussion: "Respectability Foreseen for Pornography."

The panel of six on homosexuality was packed by students, university officials, and members of the campus GLF. There was standing room only. Many sat on the floor. In the course of one day we spent over four hours answering questions. Never, perhaps, had we felt more welcome than these inquisitive, thoughtful people made us feel. Several heterosexually-inclined men and women stood up and told us of their own attempts to reach for closer physical and emotional ties with members of their own sex. More than a few once-closeted homosexually-inclined women and men spoke honestly—more honestly as members of one group than in any place we've ever listened—about their developing sexual awareness. All this in front of their fellow students!

On Friday morning, the morning of our big speech, we walked in the bright Colorado sunlight, accompanied by a bevy of students, to Mackey Auditorium. Jack spoke first, touting, as usual, his love for Walt Whitman, and suggesting that Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* might be seen by many as a fountainhead of prophecies, visions and attitudes that are at the very basis of gay liberation.

Lige delivered a parody of media's old-fashioned approaches to homosexuality entitled *Heterosexuality: Menace or Malfunction*. Lots of laughs.

THE VERY BEST PART

While we enjoyed the panels and our speeches, noticing that many of the same young faces appeared again and again in the audiences from one discussion group to the next, and while we felt that our pronounced presence at the University had not gone unnoticed by the Conference's officials, it was not, in fact, the Conference itself that actually commanded our attention or which brought us our private visions of Shangri-La. No. It was Boulder's gay community that enthralled us.

If ever we had hoped for proof positive that gay liberation was having an astounding healthy effect on young lives; if ever we'd hoped to see for ourselves such extraordinarily honest, buoyant, relaxed faces in a gay community, where the very cream of our young American civilization demonstrated (without arguments, without rhymes, without anything, in fact, except their presence) that wholeness of mind/body is possible, Boulder's gay community did just that for us. Never, in our combined experience (which added together amounts to 31 years out of the closet) had we ever seen a group of young men and women whose mental and physical beauty overwhelmed us so. Even those who were not blessed with culturally prescribed symmetry still seemed beautiful to us—as balanced and aware as anyone we could imagine.

Boulder's lesbians were not the sort of ideologists we're so accustomed to in New York. Instead, they were like jolly pioneer women who threw their arms around us and their gay brothers, who hugged and kissed us and laughed outrageously at the hundreds of silly stories we all swapped.

The men in the University's Gay Liberation Front were not oppression-conscious nitpickers, angry and outraged such as we sometimes find in Manhattan's gay lib organizations. They were men who cared about people rather than theories. They were close to the bone. Clear faced. Full of good humor and relaxed in a knowledgeable way that seemed to belie their youth.

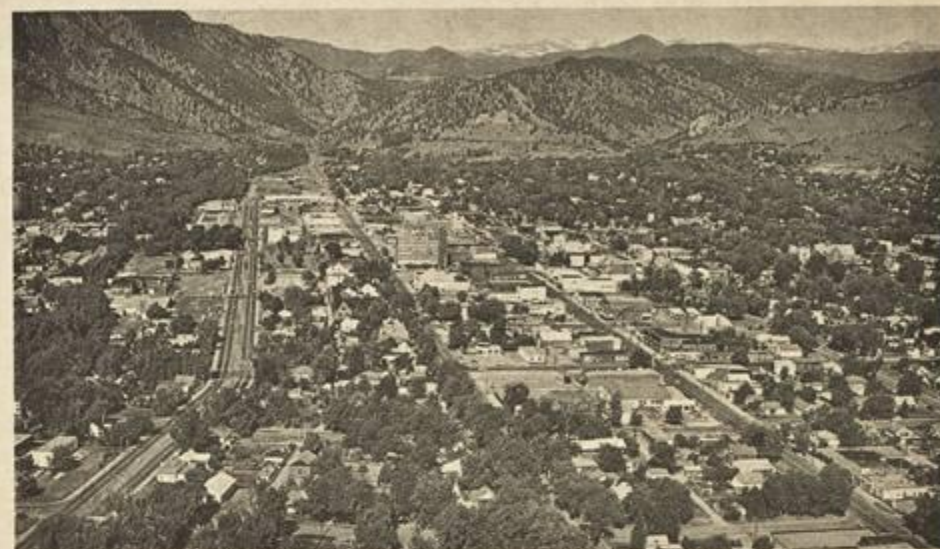
FACES AND NAMES

There was Manny. Handsome Manny with piercing eyes and long dark hair. Manny with a quick dry humor and an easy-going poise. He met us at the airport and we both knew at once that he was the sort of person whose friendship we could cherish for years to come.

There was Glynda, president of the University's GLF. Is there a more open face than yours, dear Glynda? You are certainly a pioneer woman, a pioneer in the wilds of honesty and warmth. A pioneer in the spreading of good cheer and wit. A hand whose firm grasp gave loving vibrations we'll never forget.

And Irene. After we listened to you on the gay panel we said to ourselves: you must represent America's gay communities on many nationally televised programs. The very movement of your hands, your expressions, your smile, tell us more about your integrity than a thousand words, and yet when you spoke you captivated us.

Jonathan. You're a talker, boy. And a bull-headed Taurus too! But you're the salt of the earth: dependable and very kind. You're the best of company. We're still laughing at the stories you told us, and we miss your dog Heidi. How she could run in those mountains! Perhaps you'll never be perfectly organized, Jonathan—although you did get us back to the airport just in time—but this is a reason,



Boulder, Colorado: where the sweetest vibrations and the best intentions are rapidly becoming realities.

among others, that we love you.

Christopher. Of course blonds have more fun! Your wide smile and your face in repose taught us about the good things that come to folks when they live their lives under azure skies near snow-capped peaks. Beautiful mountain man.

Darcy! Did you think we could forget you? Or Noel? Two of the sharpest women—gay or straight—we've had the pleasure of "associatin'" with? Not to mention what good dancers you both are. Thank you for being there.

Allen. Hip. Fun. Straightforward. Ain't nobody gonna put nuttin' over on you. Thanks for the night time ride with Manny to the mountaintop amphitheatre where the flag of Colorado was flapping in the breeze. Come visit us, hear?

Peter. You have all the right curves, young man, and a big smile too! Even if you don't know what you want to study at CU, these assets ought to get you a long way. You're a joy to behold.

Seth. Were you gay? It really doesn't matter. You radiated a gentle ease and it was fun spending those brief hours with you in the University's sauna and in the vegetarian restaurant.

Jayne. You needn't thank us. We should thank you. Thank you for teaching us such reassuring things about young people. Thank you for your concern, your appreciation, your excitement. Thank you for your warm touch and for taking off almost all of your clothes and wiggling your dancing muscles at us at that last swinging party. You've got the right kind of nerve, and we don't doubt but that you'll use it.

Gregg. The lid you got us was pure heaven, dear. Can't say when we've smoked a hornier joint. And the party you threw: divine. It truly whetted our appetites for dancing.

Gregg and Linda. Now you two hosted the best blast we've ever attended. Both of you are examples of something we've all been hoping is true: gay men and women can be the best of friends. But more than that, you are also adventurous, curious, and filled with a catchy kind of laughter—like that of Zen monks, maybe—a warm, well-rounded sort that remains in our ears. When will we see you again?

Byron and Nancy. Your party was a profound surprise. When the birthday cake with those 35 candles emerged from the kitchen and everyone (you expected only a few but over 100 came) sang hap-



Mackey Auditorium where Lige and Jack addressed the 26th Annual Conference on World Affairs.

py birthday to Jack at midnight, you'll never know how much we appreciated what you'd done. Your guests taught us about the romance that Boulder holds.

WHAT DID WE LEARN?

Robert Burns says that it's difficult to see ourselves as others see us. Sometimes when we hear what others think about us, it's a bit of a surprise. But quite truthfully, the young men and women we met in Boulder had one thing in common: they shared an appreciation for themselves and for their community that was well-justified. They seemed proud of themselves and of the idyllic spot in which they lived. When people feel beautiful, they act beautifully. A person's state of mind becomes apparent in his or her way of being present. We couldn't have asked for better states of mind than we found in this enchanting mountain city.

The kids took us into the great national parks. They loaned us boots so we

could climb with them through the woods and trudge through the snow. We shed our New York clothes and donned their Colorado duds. They opened up expansive vistas to us that'd never seen before. Giant peaks. Snow-capped majesty. "When I stopped going daily into the mountains for at least an hour," Manny told us, "I realized what a dreadful mistake I was making and got back into the right habits again."

What did these young men and women teach us? That there is a Shangri-La. That there are delightful places where extraordinary things are going full speed ahead in the minds and spirits of American youths. That the future is certainly filled with bright things. That the present is only dark if our present perspective makes it so. There is a place where life sings. For us it was Boulder. For others it may be some other pulsating locale. But wherever it is, it will tell us that the sweetest vibrations and the best intentions are moving ahead and that they are rapidly becoming realities.

The Wicker Report



Randy Wicker

BY RANDY WICKER

MAN KILLER INTO BOY KILLER? The stabbing and sexual mutilation of 10-year-old Luis Ortiz in a basement stairwell at 200 West 106th Street in early March brought several hundred parents out in front of the 24th Precinct at 151 West 100th Street to demand better protection for their kids.

Ortiz had been repeatedly stabbed in the neck, chest and back. A similar attack had taken place last April when another 10-year-old in the neighborhood was lured onto a rooftop, stabbed and mutilated. However, last April's victim survived.



Police sketch of murderer

While the police claimed 150 highly motivated detectives were working on the case (compared with 10 detectives seeking the Village murderer) and theorized that the murderer might have also committed a similar attack on a rooftop near 5th Avenue and 125th Street last October, no one suggested that the slayer of the 10-year-olds on Manhattan's Upper West Side might have been the same slayer who killed three Village gays in early January—also by repeated stab wounds, many of which were concentrated in the neck area.

Based on a description by the survivor of last year's attack and conversations with residents who saw a man talking to little Ortiz the evening of his slaying, police issued a composite sketch.

PRISONERS PUT IN ISOLATION FOR GAY LIB ORGANIZING: Two inmates of the U.S. Penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas have been put into isolation since January 15th for attempting to form a chapter of the National Gay Prisoners Coalition at that institution.

John A. Gibbs, who is on the board of the National Gay Prisoners Coalition, and

Ernest Valenzuela had been attempting to obtain recognition from the Department of Education for gays in Leavenworth.

Representatives from gay groups have been denied permission to visit him. Materials sent to the Supervisor of Education at the prison were returned without comment. The two inmates have reportedly been threatened with removal to another institution. Chapters of the National Gay Prisoner Coalition have been formed and approved in state prisons at Walla Walla, Washington and at the Minnesota Men's Reformatory.

The NGPC asks that protests be sent to congressmen and to Norman A. Carlson, Director, Bureau of Prisons, U.S. Department of Justice, Washington, D.C. 20537.

FRENCH PAMPHLET CAUSES STIR: Dr. Jean Carpenter, a Reich disciple, has penned a pamphlet which has been widely circulated in French high schools in recent months and caused quite a bit of controversy. Dr. Carpenter's pamphlet, entitled *Let Us Learn to Make Love*, urges adolescents to indulge in sexual intercourse or homosexual acts—and, if this is not feasible, masturbation—in defiance of what he terms "hypocritical moral authority."

VILLAGE VOICE WARNS LESBIANS: An item ominously entitled "This is a Warning" in the *Village Voice* says that someone posing as Jack Newfield has been calling women active in lesbian organizations and asking to interview them regarding their sexual habits for an article he claims to be co-authoring with Gloria Steinem. The notice urges anyone contacted by "this imposter" to call the *Voice* or *Ms.* magazine for verification before agreeing to be interviewed.

SWEDISH GAY COPS RELAX: The Swedish Union for Sexual Equality reports that Swedish police authorities have assured them that there is no list of Swedish homosexuals in police archives and that there is no objection on their part for "a police officer to lead the sexual life he/she chooses so long as it is not against the law." The authorities maintain that a police officer's career is not affected by his/her homosexual inclination and that local police authorities are instructed not to discriminate against single police officers because of their sexual inclination.

"As the reply from the Police Authorities, in personal meetings and in writing, seems to be convincing," the SUSE newsletter observes, "this is a relief for several gay Swedish police officers, who have been reluctant to come out because of their job. Some of them are active within SUSE and now see greater chances for their work there."

S&M LIBERATION FRONT ISSUES NEWSPAPER: The *Eulenspiegel* Society, best described as a sado-masochist liberation front which has a 50-50 straight and gay membership, has beaten back an assortment of obstacles and now has its 20-page S&M newspaper headed for the presses.

The *Eulenspiegel* publication will be the first legitimate S&M publication in the Western hemisphere written by, for and about those intimately involved in sado-masochistic living.

The *Voice* forces the *Eulenspiegel* Society to advertise its weekly 6:00 p.m.

Sunday discussion and socials in the community hall adjacent to the Church of the Holy Apostles without mentioning sadism, masochism or the topic to be discussed.

Radical, collective-oriented typesetters who lease their space at low rates to all other front groups turned down *Eulenspiegel* after a hot debate among themselves on the subject.

The Church of the Holy Apostles "prefers" they don't mention the church while advertising their meetings which are held in the church's hall.

The paper and information about *Eulenspiegel* is available for \$1 from *Eulenspiegel* Society, Box 2783, Grand Central Station, NYC 10017.

NEW YORK'S STATE UNIVERSITY FACULTY DEMANDS GAY CONTRACT CLAUSE: The State University of New York Faculty passed two resolutions during its recent Buffalo meeting calling upon the Board of Trustees and the Faculty's negotiating agent to include protection of gays in the next contract.

The contract covers 72 state institutions in the SUNY system. The resolutions call for including "sexual orientation" in the categories for which there will be no discrimination in hiring, promotion and tenure.

Many faculty members in the SUNY system's larger institutions have "come out" actively in the gay movement without problems. However, the formal protection might have a greater impact on the smaller community colleges in the system.

Joseph Norton, the President of the Faculty Senate, has been active in Albany's gay liberation movement for some time. Norton and James Zais, a gay activist from the University Center Campus at Buffalo, worked together to steer the resolutions through the Faculty Senate.

BIG DADDY'S COMPANY STORE HARASSED BY N.Y. SLA: Big Daddy's Company Store turned gay this past December 1st. Before long, the Buffalo Police Department started harassing the bar, rushing in in response to alleged reports of fights going on.

Then the New York State Liquor Authority sent the bar a notice charging that "the licensee corporation suffered or permitted the licensed premises to become disorderly in violation of Section 106, subdivision 4, of the Alcoholic Beverage Control Law in that it permitted homosexuals, degenerates and/or undesirables to be and remain on the licensed premises... and conduct themselves in an offensive and indecent manner contrary to good morals."

Two other charges were that the bar owners had permitted two women to become engaged in a fight during early December and that alcohol was served to "a minor actually or apparently under the age of eighteen" on three occasions.

The bar's owner, Bob Learn, says he doesn't pay off and therefore gets harassed. He notes that no one is allowed in without picture-containing identification and says that there has never been a fight nor a minor served in the bar. He is fighting the case.

SPAIN PUTS HOMOSEXUALS IN CONCENTRATION CAMPS: The European gay press is filled with reports of concentration camps erected in Spain at Huelva

and Badajoz where, as a 1971 Spanish law prescribes, "persons involved in homosexual relations, or visiting places where homosexuals gather, or frequent people they know are homosexually inclined, will be sent to specially erected camps, lose their civil rights, be forbidden to stay or live in certain areas and be supervised."

Unfortunately, the most detailed report is in Italian in a gay publication originating in Rome and has not yet been translated into English for this reporter. Another article is in German in a publication coming from Hamburg.

The Swedish magazine *Revolit* carries an account of a Roumanian refugee who was placed in a similar camp in Roumania because of his homosexuality. The Roumanian camp reportedly contained even some youngsters aged 13 and 15 who were deemed to be homosexual.

WEST GERMANY BOY LOVERS ORGANIZE: A law proposed by the law reform commission of the West German Bundestag recommends lowering the age of consent from 21 to 18 years and eliminating the special section in German law which makes homosexual prostitution illegal. Meanwhile, all the German gay monthly publications were facing cases charging them with "endangering the young."

The German Gay Movement will have even more problems on its hands once DAB 175 starts getting some publicity. DAB 175 is Germany's first organization of "boy-lovers" founded in Berlin earlier this year. The letters DAB stand for "German action group" and 175 stands for the paragraph of German law which makes sex with minors illegal.

"The first international (West-European) meeting of paedophile groups and boy lovers from Holland, Belgium, Switzerland and Germany is scheduled at Breda, Holland in April," the German Gay News service reports.

ITEMS:

- * Rutgers University Homophile League will sponsor their 3rd Annual Conference on Gay Liberation and Culture at the Rutgers New Brunswick campus April 26th-29th. Information and registration forms available from Rutgers University Homophile League, R.P.O. 2901, Rutgers University, New Brunswick, N.J. 08903.
- * Troy Perry's MCC is bringing legal action to force prison officials to allow their ministers to enter prisons and tend to the spiritual needs of gay prisoners.
- * The monthly Bulletin of Gay People and Mental Health in Minneapolis, Minnesota reports that the Institute for Sexual Research, Indiana University, Morrison Hall 416, Bloomington, Indiana 47401 and the International Women's History Archive, 2325 Oak Street, Berkeley, Calif. 94708, are the best places to send copies of newsletters and other gay materials for preservation and study during future generations.
- * Lance Loud, in his own bitter words "homo of the year," is reportedly writing an autobiography called *Lance Loud's Love Life*.
- * Los Angeles's Gay Community Services Center has added John Prowert (also known as Rose Ann) to its staff to direct its Transvestite-Transsexual Counseling Program.

An Interview with Robert Wagner, Jr. Jr.

"I'm Sorry I Can't Tell You I'm Bi-sexual!"



Interviewer Leo Skir

BY LEO SKIR

The story so far: My friend John, age 48, is sitting in my room at the YMCA at 63rd Street, rapping about the bad old pre-lib days when New York City police were paid for entrapment.

A filthy tale: (this from a friend of his) The man had been picked up by a loving male couple and asked to sit between them as they drove merrily along in a car. So he did, going down on both, one after the other.

After which they revealed themselves as open-fly plainclothes men and arrested him.

But there's a jolly ending to this tale. The man who told it to John was one of those who don't like to eat the whole thing. He had spat two loads of cum into his hanky and when he saw his lawyer, gave the lawyer the hanky.

"We've got them!" the lawyer cried. And so he had. At the trial, John's story goes, the hanky was produced and scientific tests showed the sperm came from two of New York's finest.

Who lost their jobs. What profession the lads then entered is not known to us.

The name of the Mayor of that time is...

Robert Wagner, Jr.

The story continued.

On February 26th this year (1973) Robert Wagner, Jr., Jr., son of Robert Wagner, Jr., appeared at the New York Gay Activists Alliance Firehouse. He was campaigning in the Democratic primary for Councilperson-At-Large against Eldon Clingan and Arnie Segarra. They were warm and hot and he was huke-warm but very intellectually functioning. I liked him, found myself mouthing the line about Leo the Last (in the movie of that name): "Poor boy! Brought up to tell the truth but not to suffer from it!"

I wanted to hear him rap, asked him for his phone number, got it, got an appointment.

The story continued: Wednesday, March 21st, the posh Hotel Warwick, Room 907, Maggie Swendsweid, SCREW photographer and I waiting. Office helper, preg-



Robert Wagner, Jr., Jr., is interviewed by GAY's Leo Skir.

nant woman, gets me instant coffee, Tab for Maggie, they rapping about Cuba. In comes Robert Wagner, Jr., Jr. late, apologetic. Short, shy, determined, large soft eyes.

GAY: I'd really prefer to talk about your sex life than your politics. It's a pity candidates don't push their bodies a little more. I'd like a nice shot of you and Arnie Segarra and Eldon Clingan doing a thing in a swimming pool. You know, "Water Babies." Of course, all three of you would have to watch your weight—ROBERT WAGNER JR., JR.: I'm drinking Tab.

GAY: Joan Baez has come out as bisexual. I think that's really good politically, with half the population male and half female.

WAGNER: (looks at Maggie and looks at me) He didn't oppose it. He didn't oppose it. He didn't oppose it. He didn't oppose it.

GAY: You were asked if you would ask your father to support us by not coming to the dinner. Did you?

WAGNER: Yes. He was out of town that weekend.

GAY: What about 475? Did you discuss this with him?

WAGNER: He's said several times that he supports it. The last time was in front of an ADA group.

GAY: You stated at the Firehouse that the bill as it stood was not enough. What is deficient in it?

WAGNER: Enforcement powers. The Human Rights Council has good enforcement only in housing, not in employment. The City Council needs to use powers it has and hasn't used.

GAY: In housing, there is city housing and with the new Single Room Occupancy concern, both single gays and those in couple and "family" arrangements will be seeking city cooperation. In Holland, I think, and perhaps some of the Scandinavian countries, homosexual couples who can verify a certain period of common residence—I think it's five years in Holland—can get admission on the same basis as a heterosexual couple. Can you imagine or support something like that in New York City?

WAGNER: It seems perfectly reasonable. But the eligibility requirements for city housing have to meet certain federal requirements. But the city government can take the initiative, declare a couple eligible and then have a law settlement case with the federal government. That's probably the way it would be done.

GAY: But the gay lib movement hadn't begun when you graduated.

WAGNER: No.

GAY: You were with McGovern in the Florida convention, weren't you?

WAGNER: Yes.

GAY: And you did witness the debate on gay rights and the Cathleen Wilch state-

GAY: Do you think the decentralization of the schools proposed will aid gay teachers and gay students to secure their rights?

WAGNER: We need some form of decentralization to get rid of the bureaucracy. In other cities they spend 90 per cent of the money on education, 10 per cent on administration. In New York City, it is only 60 per cent on education. But we don't want parents to step in where the bureaucrats were. We want teachers and students to have power. The teachers and students have more in common than parents and students or parents and teachers.

GAY: Another city institution where I feel gay culture is not represented is the libraries. I'd like to see a Walt Whitman room at the 42nd Street library or a Hart Crane branch in the Village.

WAGNER: The libraries are funded by the government in part, but the government doesn't control its policies and I don't think I would like to see it begin to do this. Certainly a city official can support such a venture. It seems to me perfectly reasonable.

GAY: The city is now supporting open-house days for religious groups such as the Chassidim in Brooklyn and national groups such as the Irish and the Swedes to have days to invite the public in. Can you see this with gays?

WAGNER: I don't know how the program is coordinated, I'll find out. Yes, funds to allow group relations.

GAY: As a Catholic, has your religion influenced you in any way in the questions of abortion rights, birth control, homosexual rights?

WAGNER: No. I am a Catholic. I go to mass. I disagree with current Church policy on birth control, abortion and homosexuality. So do many in the laity. So do many clerics. And they remain within the Church.

GAY: The "rights" issue has become, in New York, often a "class" issue. As Kinsey pointed out, the police are in one class, the judge in another. And you are in the upper class.

WAGNER: I know. I've heard that, especially regarding Arnie Segarra. How can I, growing up in Gracie Mansion, know what it is to be poor? But lots of radical reformers like Jaffe Adams and Helen Hull came from the upper class. And the police exist and have a point of view and they are changing. At City College, there is a John Jay College where policemen are getting BA's. I was with police from the 34th Precinct who are working with inmates at Letchworth. People who have been in prison 40 or 50 years say that the police-workers are giving them a sense of personal importance. I think people—all people—are fundamentally decent and that it's the function of government to allow them to behave as well as they can. Don't you believe that people are essentially good?

GAY: (hesitates) I know from Mencius and from Jewish doctrine that the human is an image of the Divine. But the Evil Impulse often leads me to doubt and despair.

WAGNER: I believe that government can help people behave better. My grand-

father

father

father

father

(continued on page 16)

THE LAST ESTATE



55. Rt. Hon. Dr. Gregory Battcock, KCV, Rex Magnus (1946)
BY GREGORY BATTOCK, OF COURSE!

Back in November, while vacationing in Puerto Rico, I was approached by somebody who signs his name Professor Ernesto J. Ruiz de la Mata, Kt. Cmr. O.S.J., A.I.C.A. and claimed to be art critic for the San Juan Star. Professor de la Mata said he would like to interview me for the Sunday Magazine section of the Star and I consented.

Prof. de la Mata belongs to many international associations, is listed in numerous "biographical dictionaries" and holds some kind of title that he bought from the Government of Malta. The interview was a marvel of contradiction, misstatement and on occasion fact. In fact, I was so upset when I saw the thing that I was moved to write a letter to the distinguished professor. I sent a copy to Hendrick Ruitenbeek, who suggested I reprint it in this column:

Prof. Ernesto Ruiz de la Mata, Kt. Cmr., O.S.J., U.N.E.S.C.O., A.I.C.A. Rio Piedras, Puerto Rico

My Dear Professor de la Mata: We have just seen a copy of the "Sunday Magazine" from the San Juan Star of November

5, 1972 and have forwarded same to Mr. James Graham at Marshall, Bretter, Greene, Smith, Allison, Fenner and Tucker (420 Park Ave., New York City).

Mr. Graham has been instructed to draw up papers instituting civil court proceedings against both yourself as art critic for the San Juan Star and against Connie Underhill, editor and agent for the proprietors of San Juan Star Magazine of San Juan, Puerto Rico.

I doubt that this movement on our part will come as a surprise to you. Our grievance is explicit as you have caused irreparable and terrible harm to my career and reputation; the details are no secret either to you, to the millions of readers of the San Juan Star Magazine, or the editor of said publication.

Please understand, Professor de la Mata. It is not that we object to our name being used to sell copies of the newspaper. There are serious moral and professional issues that cannot be overlooked. Following are some of our specific claims that have provoked great anguish and impaired our good health:

Firstly I ask you: How does it look to have my "interview" appear AFTER a feature article on a 17-year-old child playwright? And why, wonder, does yet another feature on squatters in Florida (!) precede MY feature? And the final indignity is to discover that an article on that "beat generation" has been Seymour Krim in the SAME issue as my own interview.

And now we come to the "article" itself. Let's start at the introduction, shall we? Where in the world did you get the nerve to print that untruthful birth date of 1937? Do you know that once, in Hollywood, Walter Winchell was paid \$2,000,000 because he printed an incorrect birth date for a starlet? The starlet in question claimed she was 17 but Winchell, in his syndicated column, reported she was 39. Unfortunately for the starlet, Winchell didn't have to pay a dime because he was able to prove that the poor dear was actually 42. However, you have no proof whatsoever. In fact, since you are an admirer of International Biographical Directories, may I suggest you do a little research? In the Blue Book: Leaders of the English Speaking World (1970, 1972) (St. James Press, London and St. Martin's Press, N.Y.), my birth date is listed as 1941. In the 1960 edition of The Royal Blue Book (St. Martin's Press) edited by the Hon. Dr. Geoffrey-Hendley-Taylor, my birth date is recorded as July 2, 1939.

Several other publications confirm that date. Who's Who in American Art (The American Federation of Arts, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972), edited by Dorothy B. Gilbert and published in this country by Bowker and Company, offers a birth date of July 2, 1939. However, Who's Who in the East records the year 1940 as my

date of birth. I am not listed in any current editions of the Dictionary of International Biography (Hon. General Editor, Ernest Kay, D. Litt., published in England by the International Biographical Centre). However, in the 1974 edition my birth date will be recorded as having occurred on July 2, 1942.

I hate to go on about something so unimportant as a simple birth date so easily verifiable and about which there can be no argument whatsoever. Yet my devotion to scholarship and to the principles of historical accuracy demand that I strive to clear up any misunderstanding that may arise because of your carelessness in reporting an obviously incorrect, not to mention selicious, birth date.

You know, of course, the Directory of the American Film Institute? It contains the names and vital biographical data of all those Americans who have achieved distinction in the field of cinema, cinema criticism, education and scholarship. It is the official, recognized publication containing biographical information of distinguished Americans. It can be examined in any one of the great research libraries maintained by our most prestigious institutions of higher education. In that book my birth date is, in fact, 1944. According to my personal records and all reliable information, that is the correct date. Where you got the 1937 information remains a mystery. It could only have been invented out of jealousy and meanness. However, please be assured, Professor de la Mata, you will pay dearly for your indecency.

Let us now move to significant matters. What is this about a B.A. from Michigan State University? I have never been to Michigan, I will never go there, I do not attend public, state universities. In fact, I have been educated at private institutions in the East. Particularly, and a soon-to-be-published Encyclopedia of Important People in the Western World (edited by Hon. Sally Cuthbertson, Steptoe, O.B.E.) will bear this out. I received my undergraduate education at Princeton after doing college preparatory work at Choate. I also did some pre-college tutorials in advanced subjects at the Groton School at Hyde Park, New York.

By printing the falsehood that I attended a public "cow" college in the midwest you have drastically curtailed employment possibilities and have made it next to impossible for me ever to get a decent job. To make matters worse, you pretend that my M.A. came from Hunter College. That, of course, is ridiculous. All you had to do was obtain galley proofs of a soon-to-be-published biographical dictionary called Leading Creative and Artistic Personalities Who Have Vacationed on the French Riviera between 1959 and 1966 (Librairie Hachette, Paris, 1967) and you would have learned that, in fact, I possess an AM (Oxon) from Oxford Univer-

sity.

However, what I find especially painful is your aside claim that my Ph.D. is "In Progress" at NYU. Please, Professor de la Mata! I wouldn't set foot in NYU on a ten-foot pole. While I did purchase a number of advanced credits from that operation, I think you should consult another publication for accurate educational information. Obviously you have never read Biographical Index of the International Air Transport Association of Distinguished Passengers Flying First Class on Trans-Atlantic Flights More Than Ten Times Aboard Member Carriers in 1971-1972. There you will find me listed (and a birth date of 1946 is documented) as in possession of several honorary degrees. According to BIIATA-DPFECT-AFMITTAMC 1971-1972, I hold a Certificate of Accomplishment from Philathea College in Canada. And there is the Degree of Doctor of Laws from the Institute of Animal Husbandry of Manitoba. That's in Canada also. The directors of Hansom Books, publishers of Art and Artists magazine, awarded me the "Pratt and Whitney" award for having traveled more miles in the cause of art than any other living art critic. I also hold a Ph.D. in Art History from the University of Shanghai but there aren't any records of the degree because the University was bombed by the allies in the Sino-Japanese conflict.

In bringing this tedious explication to a close, I wish to point out several additional official documents that you may consult. For example, did you, in carrying out your research, scrutinize the Passenger List (Lista del Passenger) (Prima Classe) for the T/N Michelangelo for August 6, 1970? There you will discover it recognized my Service to the Vatican City by the letters KCV following my name which, of course, stands for Knights of the Vatican City.

The Lista del Passenger for the T/N Cristoforo Colombo Eastbound crossing of January 11, 1971 recognizes my royal title "Conte." And the passenger list (first class) for Cunard's "QE 2" acknowledges the title, and prefaces the whole thing with "Hon." (Hon. Dr. Gregory Battcock, Conte).

The First Class list for the Michelangelo (July 23, 1972) states:

"55 Rt. Hon. Dr. Gregory Battcock, KCV, REX MAGNUS."

What it means is His Holiness, Right Honorable Dr. Gregory Battcock, Knight of the Vatican City and Magnificent King. Only on the list for the Baltic Shipping Company flagship "MV Mikael Lermontov" do they print my entire credentials that, of course, include my elevation to the Holy College of Cardinals.

Sincerely yours,
Gregory Battcock



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PARENTS OF GAYS ORGANIZING

(continued from page 1)



Gay liberationist Morty Manford with mother Jeanne, sister Susy, and father, Dr. Jules Manford.

GAA. I got involved by listening to Charles Pitts on WBAI on Saturday nights. Friday night we gave out hundreds of pamphlets. So many gays took them and said they were going to bring their parents. I expected to see more parents here.

"At GAA this past Thursday night, a 16-year-old boy came in with tears in his eyes. His grandmother was kicking him out for being gay. Her sons were beating him up saying it would 'knock the gayness out of him.' He was black but he chose to talk with me, a white heterosexual woman. I guess I was some sort of mother figure.

"I think people should proselytize for homosexuality. I've gotten into fights with my family over it. My brother in Toronto won't let me visit his children because he feels I would be a bad influence. Now I know how homosexuals must feel. I've suffered it too."

"My son didn't say anything till he was 18. Now he's 25," another father volunteered. "It hurt me the minute he said it. He thought I'd kick him out but I accepted him. I don't see how anyone could kick out their kid for being gay."

Many of the parents seemed perplexed as to why their gay offspring were so intent on declaring their homosexuality publicly and asked the half-dozen gays present to explain why.

"I always feel compelled to tell people I'm gay," Barbara Love volunteered, "because if I don't, it is always assumed I am straight. If I let that continue, it puts me in a position of lying."

Another 31-year-old man explained that he had never told his parents. Because they kept pressing him about getting married, he had simply left home. The parents all criticized him sharply for not telling his family.

"What do you have to lose?" one man asked. "You're underestimating people's

intelligence, treating them as infants assuming they can't understand it, assigning them to a category of stupidity."

"Why should he tell his family?" the straight GAA woman interjected, "If you won't even tell your friends."

Another mother, who had come alone, told of confronting her 18-year-old son with her suspicion that he was homosexual. At first he denied it. The next day he came in "stoned on marijuana" and she confronted him again. This time he conceded she was right. She said he was "relieved that I had confronted him and the air was cleared between us. He had been telling me too many lies to hide what he was doing."

The group discussed methods of attracting more parents to the next meeting. They agreed that Mrs. Manford would be temporary coordinator and several volunteered to talk with members of the press doing features on the new group.

Several expressed the feeling that they should take the initiative of calling up other parents of gays if requested to do so. When asked about having gays present during their meetings, all said they'd prefer it and volunteered that they'd "learned a lot from these people." The gays sat quietly during the meeting answering questions when asked by the parents.

It was decided to establish a counseling referral list of parents of gays willing to talk with other parents in person or via phone. The next meeting was scheduled for 8:00 p.m., Tuesday evening, April 3rd, in the lounge of the United Methodist Church, 201 W. 13th St. Mrs. Manford's phone number is LE 9-2459. Interested parents or gays wishing to have parents of gays talk to their parents can reach her at that number or can contact Barbara Love and Morty Manford at 691-6431.

KISSING COUPLES SAVE A DOLLAR AT SCREW FILM

New York, N.Y. It Happened In Hollywood, SCREW's first movie, which has enjoyed a successful run at Manhattan's Orleans Theatre, is now moving (weekends only) to Greenwich Village's Bleeker Street Cinema, 144 Bleeker Street (212) OR 4-3210. Prices for single admission will be \$4 and for couples \$7. The publishers of SCREW have devised a unique way of admitting homosexually-inclined couples to the Bleeker Street Cinema. "If a gay couple will simply kiss each other in front of the ticket-seller at

the Bleeker," says SCREW publisher Jim Bockley, who produced Hollywood, "the ticket-seller will give them a couple rate."

Reviews of Hollywood have been laudatory. Playboy called it "the sexual revolution's Sound of Music." Variety said it is a "pornographic version of Laugh In," and Kevin Sanders (Eyewitness News ABC-TV) said, "It's zany! It's crude! It's sexy! It's funny!"

It Happened In Hollywood starts Fridays (5:45 p.m.) and runs through Saturdays each weekend.

VILLAGE POLICE RAP WITH GAYS AT MATTACHINE OFFICES

(continued from page 1)

died by the Sixth Precinct."

"Commanding Officer Kelley at the Sixth Precinct deserves a lot of credit for sending you people here to talk with us," a tall thin man in his early 40's commenced with a slight stutter, "but I'm afraid I have to ask some questions I didn't want to ask. First, I have to admit I have a hatred of cops. I want to know if, in working with Mattachine, have you had any feelings that homosexuals are human beings?"

"I treat each and every person as I find them," Patrolman Hollywood answered. "I know a lot of gay people I like. I like them as people."

"In this particular precinct, most police are good guys," Hollywood continued after being asked why many police didn't seem to reflect the same attitude. "They're cognizant you're here. I'm not saying 100%. You guys aren't 100% either. Some are pains in the ass."

The thin man, becoming increasingly emotional, said that he had come to the Village one night and had asked a TPF officer "What is the trouble?" during some Village disturbance and that the officer had subsequently "spit in my eye."

"A Weehawken cop also worked over my lover," he charged. "Now, I ask you, if a police officer was beaten up, would you expect me to come to his aid?"

"I would expect any citizen to come to the aid of a police officer in distress," Hollywood responded.

"Well, then why didn't a patrolman arrest Michael Maye?" the man concluded to some applause.

"I don't know the circumstances of that incident," Hollywood commenced. "I only know what I read in the newspapers and third and fourth hand accounts. I wasn't there. I gather Michael Maye was finally arrested, brought to trial and acquitted. I can't talk about something I didn't see and have no real familiarity with."

"I also can't answer your complaint about the TPF officer. I wasn't there. I don't know the circumstances. And I can hardly be held accountable for what an officer did in Weehawken. I can only talk about things I'm familiar with in the Village."

"There are 30,000 members of this force," Patrolman Tony Richie added. "Each one treats people differently. Out of the 30,000, maybe 1,000 dislike homosexuals. If a cop spit at you for no reason, you can go to the Civilian Complaint Review Board."

"That's like asking the fox to mind the chickens," another man protested, alluding to the fact that New York's Civilian Complaint Review Board is an internal committee controlled and staffed by the Police Department. "My friend got arrested for loitering and was shaken down for drugs. The cops assume you are on drugs if you are gay."

"Anyone arrested for anything," Hollywood explained, "is checked for narcotics. It is a standard procedure and is not specially applied to gays."

"I frequent the trucks," another questioner volunteered, "and I object to the hourly visits by your patrol cars flashing lights and chasing everyone. Why can't they just come back behind the trucks to make sure nobody is having their pockets picked or being robbed?"

"I'm one of the guys who chases you," Patrolman Richie replied. "I've been working this area for 12 years. We feel it's better if we put the light on and you leave. You could be locked up for trespassing. Instead, we put on the dome

light and they leave.

"We only go if someone calls us," he continued. "Some of the brass says why not lock everybody up. But if we did so, the judge would probably just put you out again."

"When your representatives meet with different policemen every week," Patrolman Hollywood interjected, "the trucks always come up. I don't think you people need to go down there. It's one of the things that hurts you people. Nobody cares what you do so long as you do it in private, but down there is open."

"A lot of calls come in," Hollywood continued, "making complaints about gay people at the trucks. You should try to find a place more private to do personal things."

"I didn't know you didn't arrest people in the trucks," one member of the audience exclaimed. "If I had known, I would have gone more frequently."

He asked about a supposed rule in the subways which, he believed, used to require two policemen to be present in order to make a sodomy arrest in a toilet, and whether that rule had now been modified because he'd heard of single officers making arrests.

"If you're doing anything you shouldn't do and an officer sees it," Patrolman Richie responded, "regardless whether it's a violation of the health code, whatever, that single policeman can take you in."

"I too had a dislike for cops," a young campy male volunteered, "until I started going out with a Transit policeman." Both officers and audience laughed.

The officers then said that they received training in the Police Academy on how to handle all types of people psychologically, how to approach a situation.

When a young man reported that he had been picked up near the trucks by a heavy-set older man who said he was a policeman, had a car radio, and then attempted to seduce him, Patrolman Hollywood declared: "That guy has been locked up. He wasn't a police officer. We've had problems like that for years, people pretending to be police officers as a guise for making out."

"A group of people from New Jersey had been pulling people into cars for sexual reasons," Don Goodwin interjected. Goodwin said later that the culprits had been apprehended after a member of GAA had witnessed someone being pulled into a car by a bogus policeman and had recorded the vehicle's license number believing the person was in fact being arrested.

"If someone shows you a shield," Hollywood advised, "ask to see their identification card with a picture on it." Patrolman Richie walked up and down the aisle displaying his red police identification card.

"Ask the cop for it," Officer Richie counseled. "If he won't show it, call a policeman. He's a phony." All three policemen were obviously irritated by such acts of impersonation.

Patrolman Hollywood ventured that the Police Department was "more honest today than it's ever been" and the best he'd seen it in the 20 years he'd served as an officer. "However," he allowed, "there'll always be a few guys in any large group who will do things they shouldn't."

"This election year we may get a new mayor, a new City Council, a new Police Commissioner," one questioner cried. "If we get a new mayor, will a lot of the ground we've gained be lost?"

"I don't think so," Patrolman Hollywood (continued on page 20)

That Hush Hush Problem:

"I'm So Nervous I Can't Piss!"

BY JOSEPH P. COHEN

Stricture is the inability to urinate, to make water, to piss in front of another person. Since it's psychological in nature, it must be rooted in one's early toilet training.

It must have started for me when my mother, a terribly Puritanical woman, scolded me for "making noise" whenever I urinated. Like most kids, I got a real bang around the age of five by aiming my stream and making designs, even bubbles and foam, while pissing.

But Mother, no doubt suffering from an acute case of penis envy or squat quilt, disapproved of my games and I was told to mute my natural functions by directing my stream silently to the inside of the porcelain bowl.

Being an only child helped me maintain my special esthetics. I was appalled by the urinals in grade school. How could people stand there and do their business publicly? As a decent person with some pride, I chose the booth.

In high school my crowd was different from other boys. Where the more ribald crowd would go out and urinate toward one another in a circle, making great games out of crossing their streams in mid air, my friends stood in a circle facing away from each other. Such are the subtle differences between straight intellectuals and straight jocks.

I learned to schedule my natural functions, visiting the men's room when no one else was there or entering a booth when someone was. However, I soon discovered that I became self-conscious standing in front of the bowl waiting for others to leave the room so I could obtain relief.

It was particularly pressing when a friend was in tow, especially when they'd wait just outside the booth. At that point, I'd have to fake it by simply flushing the toilet and leave as if everything was fine or drop my pants and sit down and tell them to go outside and I'd join them shortly.

That was always annoying to me. I couldn't confide in anyone. Yet I felt ridiculous sitting down to make my presence in the booth seem legitimate.

Father always chided Mother about not being able to relieve herself standing up. Every car trip sooner or later turned into a search for a suitable bathroom for Mother with a clean toilet.

Fact Magazine printed the only article on stricture that I know of. In it, a member of the English House of Lords told of his problems with stricture. His stricture was especially severe. Once, when he was hospitalized, his bladder swelled with urine almost to the breaking point and the physician had to give him relief with a catheter, a tube inserted up his penis to his bladder.

Stricture is a problem for anyone having it. No one knows the pain, the discomfort, the embarrassment it can cause. Yet, it can become a continuing challenge.

For instance, I've discovered that thinking of the number 9,250 helps me to urinate. If that fails, standing on one leg and leaning against a nearby wall usually works. Running water, an all-time favorite even with those not suffering from stricture, helps too, especially in situations where it covers any noise made in urination.



"I can't urinate if someone is outside waiting to get in!"

Now, let me explain the ins and outs of my urinary habits. I know you'll be fascinated. It's so scatological.

First off, I can never pass water in front of someone else. That is an almost ironclad rule of all strictures. If someone enters the room while I am urinating, my urine cuts off in mid-stream and I cannot continue. However, alcohol has a de-inhibiting effect and sometimes I can continue urinating if slightly intoxicated.

Nor can I urinate in a toilet without a lock on the door if there are a number of people, sometimes even just one, outside who are likely to walk in. I become anxiously stricken and simply have to give up and seek another outlet.

I can't urinate even in a locked toilet, say in a gas station, if while standing there I can hear the conversations of the people outside. This is a real problem and most trips by car find me scampering over hills and into bogs in zero degree weather two miles down the road from the gas station where I just filled my tank.

I can't urinate in a stall or locked toilet if there is someone outside waiting to get in and use the same facilities. Especially hopeless are those places like dances or bars where after 60 seconds those waiting in line start banging on the door. Most people totally lack etiquette.

I'm constantly going out and finding remote places, even in big cities, to relieve myself. I'll someday be shot or arrested as a prowler for slinking about factory buildings, parking lots and the like seeking only a few moments of privacy to do that most natural of acts.

Sometimes the entire course of an evening is changed as I think of how much I have to go and will return to my apartment instead of going out to a movie or dinner because I have to urinate and don't know if I could find a suitably private place if I went out on the town.

When I went for my army physical, they handed me a bottle and told me to urinate in it. I told them I couldn't and the fellow chided: "Well, you'll learn in the U.S. Army."

"I don't intend to be in the U.S. Army," I assured him as I went down the hallway to a toilet where he told me I could use a booth. While in the booth, the several other stalls were constantly

opening and shutting and you could hear the sound of urine passing into bottles. It was my coming out. I knew that I was not alone. It was a stricture world.

I've mentioned my difficulties to people from time to time and have found a large number of people have a similar problem to varying degrees. But no one talks about it. As the Fact article noted, "Convention seems to say that a male person who cannot piss whenever he wants to is, by some peculiar transference, sexually inferior."

I've felt chagrined to admit it to some sexual partners or boyfriends, especially to those who were somewhat feminine and thought of me as extremely "manly." Sometimes the absence of a really private place makes urination before sex impossible and sex much less pleasurable.

For that matter, a whole little game goes on in a courtship as the two of you become more intimately acquainted. At some point or the other, the gentleman is thrown down—"Go ahead and piss while I hop in the shower." And you're trapped into a confession. Unless you play intrigue and sneak relief while you shower and he shaves.

Sometimes there are interesting exceptions to your general stricture. For instance, I have no trouble urinating in a totally anonymous setting like a booth in the Port Authority bus terminal with a hundred people popping in and out on every side. But if someone is waiting for my booth, forget it.

Sometimes a fear of stricture will trigger a stricture. For instance, several friends are about to go out for the evening and you're going too. "Wait a minute," you say and run down the hall. The door is closed. You know they have their coats on and are waiting and are possibly thinking of you urinating. So, your stricture starts acting up. This is ridiculous. If I don't go now, I'll be miserable all evening. You say 9,250. You lean against the wall. You run the water so long that you suspect they all think you are getting chapped hands.

"Come on, Joe. We'll be late," someone calls three minutes later and you've met another defeat. All is hopeless. You zipper up and return to the room. As the evening progresses, if you can't find another place, you become increasingly uncomfortable to the point that each time you take a step it feels like an electric current runs up your leg.

Now all this might seem like nonsense to someone without this inhibition but let me tell you about the really gory time I really had a showdown with my stricture and lost a very bloody battle.

I had gone to a 42nd Street movie, a double feature. I had also made the mistake of having a cola before going. You learn not to drink anything, to let your self stay thirsty if you have a stricture and plan to go out that evening.

I went to the john. There in front of one of the dozen urinals was this big black fellow. I entered the booth the furthest away. He walked down to where he was in front of the booth and I felt self-conscious so I sat down.

He stood outside and commenced masturbating. Needless to say, I was in misery already. Ordinarily I never go to public toilets like that one, especially in a place like a 42nd Street theatre where I know I might encounter a john queen.

I finally realized that he wasn't going to leave. I wrote a note on a piece of toilet paper saying I just wanted to go to the bathroom but couldn't do so with him loitering there. Would he please leave?

He rushed over and took the note, then walked down to the far end of the room but didn't actually leave. Since there were only two of us there, I knew he was thinking of me. I couldn't urinate and my bladder was aching. I got angry with myself and determined that I would force myself to urinate if I had to bust my gut doing so.

Well, I strained and strained and pushed and pushed. My intestines hurt. I got an attack of hemorrhoids and commenced bleeding anally so much that when I finally did force the small squirts of urine, they were lost in the dark red pool of blood in the toilet.

I swear that if I had had a hatchet, I would have come out of that stall and split that man's head open. I finally forced out a little urine but in the process so wrecked my anal region from the pushing that I had to take a supplement to make it possible to defecate the next couple of weeks.

Not a very nice story but an ugly and a true one, and one which dramatically brought home to me just how much I am trapped by this psychological conditioning which prevents me from urinating in front of other people.

I once heard a talk by a psychologist about the way the Nazis broke the pride and stamina of their Jewish prisoners. One of the favorite methods was to allow each person just a minute or so daily on a public toilet up in front of everyone else. This public defecation reduced the pride in self and sense of individual dignity and helped tear down the psychological resistance of the Jewish prisoners.

I like to think, perhaps rationalize, that my stricture is just such a mechanism in reverse, that it is a highly developed—if irrational—esthetic sensibility. It may be one of the things which maintains my psychological strength as an individual.

Don't think we're freaks. There are more of us than you think there are. We say "Stricture Power!" Translated into the masculine vernacular, that means "Don't piss us off!"

I'LL TAKE MANHATTAN

Zeffirelli: Nice Asses and No Talent

BY VITO RUSSO

Francesco Zeffirelli has done it again. In his new film, *Brother Sun, Sister Moon*, he has "freely adapted" the life of St. Francis of Assisi and turned it into the Gospel According to Donovan. It combines the worst of *Romeo and Juliet* (quite a bit) with the best of *The Sound of Music* (very little) and what comes out is *Doctor Doolittle Tubes The Veil*.

According to Zeffirelli, Francesco was a shell-shocked POW who came home and started a hippie commune in the desert. He lies in state, recovering, for a few weeks, the gauze over his face making it look like Veronica's Veil (I actually heard someone in the theatre say "Get it?") and finally awakens to discover nature. Not just nature, mind you, but NATURE. From this we get the birds and the rabbits and the deer and the gurgling of the ol' brook. I must say that it is absolutely one of the most exquisitely photographed films I have ever seen. We get the feeling that Francesco fell in love with Zeffirelli's Tuscany and that if he'd been born in a Naples slum we'd have lost a good Saint.

Francesco rebels against the worldliness of the Church and walks naked into the desert to re-build an old church. One by one, the youths of Assisi follow him and by Spring he has created a community dedicated to simple faith and a life of poverty. The poor and the sick just huddle to the new church in droves. So many, in fact, that the magnificent church in town is quite lacking in local color now that all the lepers have gone over the hill to Francesco's place. This makes the Church fathers very angry and, spurred on by the State, they de-consecrate his little church, killing one of his followers in the process. Francesco is convinced he has done something wrong and decides to go to Rome to ask the Pope for some advice. In one of the most deliberately ostentatious sequences in motion picture history, Francesco denounces the Pope and his court for their obsession with material wealth and beseeches them to live as Christ did. Of course the Pope agrees with him, kisses his feet and sends him out to found the Franciscan Order.

According to the ads, this film is about "original innocence," a concept embodied by the soundtrack which consists of Donovan singing old madrigals over the action. They intrude to the point that after the film was over I was convinced that I'd just seen Donovan as St. Francis. The sequence in which Francesco's rebuilt church is opened is like High Mass at Woodstock. Even the ducks quack to the soundtrack. This is all very upsetting. Zeffirelli has taken a simple tale of blind faith and made it "relevant" to yesterday. The flower child movement is over. I'm not so sure it ever existed. I also resent being manipulated by false activism against the authority of the Church. We live in the age of the Berrigans. How dare he tell me that people get to be Saints by rejecting the Church's values?

Also a word about the homosexual sensibility prevalent in all his films. He populates them with young men with nice asses and no talent and has them wander around oblivious to each other.



Francesco rebels against the worldliness of the Church and walks naked into the desert.

Who's kidding whom? In the *New York Times Book Review* last week, Christopher Isherwood said in an interview, "Any sort of concealment that an artist puts up about his life injures him as an artist, just as it injures him as a man." Original innocence my ass.

I finally saw *Pete 'n' Tillie* at the Greenwich this week. Sorry about that. I can't believe that the screenplay was up for an Oscar. It is poorly conceived and poorly executed on all levels. It looks as if seventeen directors were all shouting different orders at once. It switches gears so many times that you never know whether or not it's being funny. Carol Burnett is a



Francesco: A modern St. Francis?

wonderful personality but she simply hasn't the range for a role like that. It was painfully obvious in the scene on the lawn when she curses God for taking her son. Just for the record, Geraldine Page gives the worst performance of her career, Oscar nomination or no.

The television adaptation of *Applause* last

month contained a few little surprises. One was Harvey Evans' very good un-stereotyped performance as Duane, the hairdresser. The other was the use of those letters on the wall in the gay bar scene. Some people didn't notice but they spelled out GAY POWER. Some of the people who failed to notice, until air time, were the CBS executives who found out as they were watching. Director Ron Field told me that it was his way of stating a quiet, subliminal message. Nice work, Ron. Here's hoping it will help other people in the business grow some balls.

I have shamefully neglected the GAA Cabaret lately so I decided to have a look last week. In spite of rumors about the show's going downhill, I found the evening both well-attended and very satisfying theatrically. First of all, the best possible thing has happened to the Cabaret: Jean DeVente is now the Ms. of Ceremonies. Anyone who has ever known Jean is aware that she is a rare and beautiful creature in the gay world. She is a warm, wise, witty woman who manages, against all odds, to continue to bridge the ever-widening gap between the men and the women in the community. In a word, she's a natural. She cajoles, tells jokes, hops around, and carries on as if she were born onstage. If by chance she manages to offend the women in the group with her tough, unsophisticated language and refers to sex it is only because they simply cannot see beyond the rhetoric into a heart of gold and pure good will towards others. She hasn't a hateful bone in her body.

The show was dynamite, actually, launched by Meryl Sheppard, a perennial favorite who gets better every time I hear her. Marty Becker was a knockout in his

boa, singing Bessie Smith's blues with gay abandon. Rick Rosenthal is a newcomer to the GAA Cabaret. He is simply marvelous. He got an ovation and did two encores. I hope he comes back next week because I will. So should you. The next Cabaret is on April 27th and you'll only have yourself to blame if you miss Terry Stoler, a funny lady who is a first class actress as well as an excellent comedienne. Get the hell out and enjoy yourself. \$2 and all the beer you want.

I went to Reno Sweeney's last week because I'd heard a lot about Baby Jane



Baby Jane Dexter

Dexter and she was on a bill with Joey Cord, always worth six trips every engagement. Baby Jane was more than a pleasant surprise. She not only had me from the minute she opened her mouth but she managed to raise my spirits after a particularly long and decidedly unexciting opening singer. She comes on like a house on fire with a favorite of mine, "Do Your Duty," a Bessie Smith song, and leads into "Don't Get Around Much Anymore" like an off-duty B-Girl. She also does a very funny Cinderella Story which I will allow you to discover on your own. If you like Red Hot Mamas, she's your girl.

Joey Cord was a surprise in two departments, one pleasant, one rather disheartening. I simply cannot believe how incredible his voice is these days. I liked him six months ago at Walter's Apartment but this time he was an absolute revelation. The range and power of his voice knocked me out. His rendition of the Garden of Gethsemane song from *Jesus Christ Superstar* transported all of



Joey Cord

I would be less than honest if I didn't say that I was saddened by his consistent use of the female pronoun in every song. He has heretofore been completely open about being gay so I saw no reason why it was necessary to sing to a woman, especially since the majority of the audience was gay. If any of you are curious as to when I'm going to stop all this petty nit-picking, the answer is never. I'm looking for the day when a performer will not be jeopardizing his career by singing to his own sex and that day will never come if I sit here and say nothing.

I have a very delicate situation to bring up. It isn't pleasant. It's even a little defeating. However, since the conditions around town have made silence impossible, here goes. A month ago I discovered a sign in the lobby of the Continental Baths. It reads:

A CONTINENTAL MESSAGE

The Continental has always presented a positive image to the community and the world at large. We ask that you continue that image, especially in the immediate neighborhood. In order to preserve our right to be what we want here, we must face reality and not impose unbecoming conduct on the public at large. Lewd and suggestive behavior on this block points directly to us and endangers everything we have achieved over four years.

CBI

OK, so I was furious. I wanted to know the definitions of "unbecoming conduct," "lewd and suggestive" behavior and most of all what is "the reality" of the situation? My first reaction was that perhaps there was community and/or police pressure being brought to bear on the Continental in light of the recent crack-downs on various operations in the city. I asked Steve Ostrow if this was the case and he assured me that no such pressure of any kind exists. The reason for the sign, he said, is two-fold. Firstly, because "we are citizens like everybody else and part of this community." The sign, he says, is not a reaction in that sense but an indication of thinking ahead and foresight; a positive measure. Secondly, there was an incident a while back in which two patrons leaving the Baths made an obscene gesture at a CBS executive and his little daughter. The sign, he says, is in direct reaction to incidents like this and has nothing whatsoever to do with gay behavior. Mr. Ostrow pointed out to me that he has consistently been a champion



Brother Sun and Sister Moon: A shell-shocked P.O.W. comes home.

of gay rights both in print and on the radio. The sign in no way means that he does not approve of holding hands or showing affection in public.

OK, now I have a few thoughts on this. Firstly, I agree that things like giving the kid the finger, making noise under people's windows and smoking grass outside someone's place of business is definitely in bad form. I fail to see, however, how Mr. Ostrow or any other businessman can be held responsible for the behavior of their patrons once they are outside. It occurs to me that if a straight couple were leaving the Waldorf Astoria, both drunk or stoned, and they made obscene gestures at a child (or anyone) and the father of that child went inside (very unlikely) and complained, the manager would almost certainly say "Hey, listen, mister, I don't own those people—I can't tell them how to behave on the street." In any case he certainly wouldn't put up a Waldorf Astoria Message on the wall. Secondly, if I may be so bold, I submit that the effect of that sign is not to tell patrons (who are obviously unaware of the aforementioned incident) not to expose themselves in public, but to tell them to "face reality" when they go outside. I would be willing to bet that a large percentage of the clientele of the Continental Baths thinks that sign says "Be gay in here but butch it up when you go outside." I would also submit that the patrons of the Continental Baths are the "community and the world at large," in case anybody's forgotten that little fact. As far as "preserving our right to be what we want" while at the Baths, I would gently remind everyone that we have, for a number of years now, been engaged in a battle to secure the right to be what we want anywhere—it happens to be a civil right, remember?

Lastly, I'm not so sure I like having to pay \$16 (which Jesus Christ himself couldn't convince me is a necessary price due to slackening off during the week as they say) in order to be told how to behave when I leave. While I'm at it I might as well say that the Saturday night shows are getting to be more like a straight club which tolerates gays than the other way around. All that new equipment and decor is to build up the club and I'll bet that's also part of the reason for the prices.

Actually I believe Steve Ostrow about the intention of his sign. It's just that I'm

aware of its actual effect. I also believe that he put that nightclub in to bring straight and gay people together to some extent. I'm afraid I disagree with that concept also. It reminds me of when the residents of Sayville come over to Cherry Grove on the boat to watch the queens dance. I don't have to pay money to be a freak for the jet-set, thank you.

So what it really comes down to is that gay people, because they are gay people, have to be more careful than straight people. I was recently told that I shouldn't be surprised if I see signs like that in the bars this summer. It seems that the laws which are not very often enforced with straight establishments are enforced in gay ones. Do you know that a bar can still get a violation if a patron is not facing the bar (solicitation) or if the

[Editor's Note: We agree that a bath patron's activities outside of the bath are of no concern to the bath's management. We would praise the Continental Baths, however, for taking courageous steps in the integration of gays and straights and for establishing itself openly as a viable institution in Manhattan. By doing so, we think, it enhances its chances for survival in dark times, while offering much needed alternative styles to the "straight" community.

top buttons on his shirt are open? This is very defeating. It means that we shouldn't attack the bar owners, especially our friends, the legitimate gay businessmen, because they can actually lose their licenses. We certainly shouldn't attack gay people for behaving the way they see fit. It's the laws, my friends. They are used against us. You know what I think? I think people are scared. I think they're worried about the next administration in this city and the political climate it will create. So what do we do as gay people? Fold our petals and quietly sink away? Do we defy signs in bars and baths and endanger the licenses of decent gay businessmen, leaving them open to a public ready to pounce on them for the slightest infraction of outdated laws which are used to keep us in our place? Do you see the position the law puts us in? It turns us against our own people. It puts us in the position of hiding or closing our own establishments by coming out.

My dear friends. Never have I loved my community so very much. I love to walk around and watch the faces of the

people on the street and see smiles and open affection where there was only fear a few years ago. I can't go back to that now. This is no time for folding petals or turning against our bar people. This is the time to get together with them and turn on the laws. When we are together we are a voting bloc, a community of concerned taxpaying citizens, a force in this city composed of waiters, bartenders, doctors, lawyers, teachers, students, mothers and fathers and priests and construction workers. We must find a way to remain a visible part of this society—this general "public and world at large." In the coming weeks, I'll be talking to gay businessmen to see if instead of erecting some signs, we can't tear some down. Join me.

After all that, I'm not in a frivolous mood, but would I leave you without a laugh?

Still Shots: Jonathan Katz's *Coming Out* is being produced Off-Broadway this summer... Table-for-twoing it at Reno Sweeney's, Arthur Bell and Michael Giammetta (any dirt boys?)... There is a gay radio station in Boston which would like to air as much work by gay artists as possible. Contact Andy Kopking at WBCN, 312 Stuart Street, Boston, Mass. (617) 482-6410... anybody with information leading to a room or a house on Fire Island for the month of July, please let me know—I've finally got a month off and I'll be writing from there for a while... I do venetian blinds, floors and windows on Tues. & Thurs... Go see Doric Wilson at Ty's weekday afternoons, he's my bote for Bartender of the Month... which is not to slight Mrs. Jerry-Fitzpatrick to you, who shines and does other things at Frisby's... Well, you'll just die... Candy Darling told me that Sylvia Miles (who bitches and means about everything) arrived in L.A. and was put up in the Hollywood Hotel instead of the Beverly Wilshire because of space problems. She ran around yelling "Is this a good hotel?" "Are you sure this is a good hotel?" Well, it seems that *Hollywood Reporter* columnist Radie Harris had a heart attack in the lobby and there was a crowd around her. So Sylvia goes over to see what all the commotion is about and spots Radie. She says, "Oh, Radie, it's you!" and bends down and whispers, "Radie, is this a good hotel?" I give up. See you in two weeks.

In Defence of Castration

BY TIMMIE THORNTON

In recent weeks, GAY has presented two articles which—through implication, distortion, and sensationalism—have tended to bring the validity of the human condition known as transsexualism into question. The first, purportedly a "news item" reporting on a Swedish woman who had simply decided to return to female status rather than have the hysterectomy which is considered routine in sex reassignment, was obviously slanted in an attempt to show the undesirability of a female trying to become physically male. "On the Day of His Castration" (GAY no. 98) by Randy Wicker filled two pages with an admixture of the lurid and irrelevant—along with some questionable hearsay data on "suicide rates." While I imagine that some sadists may have been entranced by the castration description, I think Mr. Wicker could have attained a level of journalism a little above that of *The National Enquirer* by noting the social irony in Liz Eden's having to have a bank robbed to obtain her operation, when sex reassignment is subsidized—and controlled—by national health programs in Canada and England. In addition, a book review by Thane Hampten, printed several months ago, approvingly quoted some derisive remarks by Parker Tyler which insisted on projecting male homosexual perceptions into the transsexual's mind, and sought to characterize transsexualism by its depiction in the unfortunate film *The Christine Jorgensen Story*. (No comment on the critically acclaimed *I Want What I Want* has ever appeared in GAY, however.) [ED. NOTE: While GAY did review *The Christine Jorgensen Story* and, in fact, interviewed Christine herself in two successive issues, GAY cannot effectively cover each transsexual event.]

In themselves, these articles would merit nothing more than an irritated note to the editors. I am much more concerned with what I believe can be found underlying these pieces: the ignorance, intolerance, and provincialism which account for their ever being written and printed in such form. While I don't mean to imply that homosexuals have any monopoly on this kind of "tunnel vision," it does seem to me that gay people have the most difficulty in empathizing with the transsexual. I am writing this simply in the hope of promoting a little understanding.

First, let's look at some of the hard data on transsexualism developed by the many distinguished students of this phenomenon. The "suicide rate" of 30 per cent quoted in Randy Wicker's article is simply false. As was rightly pointed out, transsexuals are for Dr. Rish a lucrative "sideline," and he is not actively engaged in follow-up on his patients. Then again, this figure may reflect the mental make-up of his particular clientele. My own physician, Dr. Leo Wollman, is impressively credentialed in gynecology, psychiatry, and hypnosis; transsexualism is his specialty—not a peripheral concern—and he has assembled case histories on more than 500 operated transsexuals, whom he often has occasion to see long after their surgery. Dr. Wollman estimates that about 2,500 U.S. citizens have undergone sex reassignment, with a success rate of 90 per cent. (Considered separately, the female transsexuals approach 100 per cent in good adjustment; in those few



"How about a date after my sex-change operation, handsome?"

cases where there is dissatisfaction, a return to the female role is possible.) "Success," of course, means various degrees of improvement in social, sexual, and personal fulfillment, not unending euphoria. In the same way, "failure" rarely indicates traumatic disaster. These statistics are supported by separate reports from Dr. Harry Benjamin (the American pioneer in this field); the noted sexologist and co-author of the Kinsey Reports, Wardell Pomeroy; and Dr. John Randall, a psychiatrist at the Charing Cross Hospital in London.

Judging from several sources, orgasmic capacity seems to be present in about 60 per cent of operated male transsexuals. This is in spite of the fact that the prevalent operative procedure retains no erectile tissue at all. (A technique recently introduced in Canada, which preserved penile tissue as a clitoris, may help improve sexual responsiveness.) Of those who are anorgasmic, most express contentment with the pleasurable sensations they experience in intercourse. Others—the "asexual" type of transsexual—simply don't care. Orgasm, after all, is hardly a necessity of life, and is wholly overshadowed by the achievement of a body image and identity that one finds aesthetically and emotionally satisfying. Taken together, these aspects of sexuality are one of the several factors which make it extremely difficult to view transsexuals as being in any way homoerotic.

While the uncomfortable fact is that there is no diagnostic tool which can infallibly identify those who will benefit from surgery, it is clearly unfair to deny conversion to nine potential "successes" because it may not help a tenth. Still, it is certain that many of the failures could be avoided. Dr. Benjamin warned that surgery is to be recommended only for those with the most completely transsexual psychologies:

Sometimes, I believe, a homosexual with a special preference for heterosexual men requests surgery in order to serve such a male partner as a woman. Under such circumstances the operation may later be regretted.

Partly in order to "screen out" such individuals, Dr. Wollman insists on the administration of the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory (which is sensitive to both gender and mental illnesses), 12 to 18 months of hormone therapy, and a lengthy period of living in the gender of choice before he will endorse surgery. Unfortunately, not all physicians adhere to such exacting standards. It is said that Dr. Georges Burou of Casablanca will operate on anyone who can deposit \$4,000 in a Swiss bank, and I have heard of tragic results.

Another major cause of the inability to adjust to a new gender is general mental instability. Understandably, many transsexuals allow themselves to become obsessed with the hardship and emptiness of their lives; chronic anxiety and depression, alcoholism, drug use, paranoia, delusion systems, and other extremes of behavior are far from uncommon. The indications are that suicide attempts are much more frequent before surgery than after. Of 43 Swedish transsexuals reported on by Dr. Jan Walinder, 20 per cent stated they had tried to kill themselves prior to entering therapy. Only God knows how many others may have succeeded. It seems, though that "reactive" neuroses can sometimes be autonomous, and persist after surgery. What we should draw from this, I believe, is that the responsibility for any transsexual suicide—pre- or postoperative—belongs only to the society which, lacking the simple wisdom of the most primitive cultures, provides no place for the transsexually-inclined. And when I say "society," I don't mean to exempt the gay portion thereof. I find

it significant that Randy Wicker's article records that Liz Eden's landlord has told her she must move out after her operation, thus denying her the support of surroundings to which she is accustomed. This is to say nothing about the prevailing attitudes toward transvestites in general.

I regret that I don't have the space here to refute all of the "philosophical" objections to sex reassignment I've encountered in reading and conversation, or to examine the unconscious motivations—primarily castration anxiety—which I think may be camouflaged by such arguments. I also wish I could present in some detail the relevant data from animal studies, anthropology, and other fields, indicating that transsexualism is a part of the normal spectrum of human behavior. For this, I'll have to direct the interested reader to the brief list of books I've appended here. I can at least note that "male women"—sometimes together with their female counterparts—have been observed among the Yuma, Mojave, Cocopa, and Navaho of North America; the Chukchee of Siberia; Lango of Uganda; Tanals of Madagascar; and other tribes. In all these cases, the transsexual had displayed strongly "effeminate" behavior from early childhood, and voluntarily assumed the dress and role of the female. It may be of some special interest that transsexualism has coexisted with homosexuality in cultures that Wainwright Churchill has called "sex-positive"—notably Polynesia, and ancient Greece and Rome. We have this description of some Grecian transsexuals from Philo of Alexandria.

Expend every possible care on their outward adornment, they are not ashamed even to employ every device to change artificially their nature as men into women. . . . Some of them . . . craving a complete transformation into women, they have amputated their generative members.

Actually, though, there is no need to try to write a doctoral thesis here when it can simply be said that if there is any justification for a decided homo- or heterosexual preference, there must be at least as much validity in a choice of personal gender "image" and function. Similar kinds of "imprinting," possibly in the presence of a neurological predisposition, are probably causative of both of these variables. Gender identity is usually complete at about age three, and indeed, some boys as young as three stomp around in Mother's shoes and insist that they are girls. Others (like myself) are more capable of repression and accommodation; but in any case, gender seems to be an immutable component of human nature. No psychiatrist has ever claimed a "cure" of a transsexual. Why, then, should surgery be any less desirable for transsexuals than for genetic females with micromastitis or congenital absence of the vagina?

In *Homosexual: Oppression and Liberation*, Dennis Altman asserts that transsexuals are "so conditioned into the male/female role dichotomy that the only way they can accept their own homosexuality is by denying their bodies." First of all, I must insist that my homosexuality extends only to women; but if we paraphrase this charge to read, "Homosexuals are so conditioned into the male/female dichotomy that the only way they can completely accept their sexuality is by denying its inherent ambivalence," it should become apparent that

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The Club Baths' Anniversary Party

Mr. Club's Last Name is "Baths"



Entrance to the Club Baths.

BY JOHN P. LeROY

It's been two years since The Club Baths at 24 First Avenue in Manhattan first opened its doors, and, except for one or two threadbare spots on its stairway carpeting, it looks as if it opened yesterday. Everything is just as spanking new and elegant as it was in March, 1971. To celebrate its second anniversary, a champagne party was given on March 13 and about 400 people milled in and out of the elegantly furnished lounge, patio, and corridors, consumed 35 cases of champagne and countless hors d'oeuvres, picked a Mr. Club and received free passes.

Even though it was a week night, the Club was sold out three times during the course of the evening, and lines formed along First Avenue. Everyone eventually got in. Celebrities of the gay movement were there in abundance. Jim Owsley and Chuck Chost, both candidates for the City Council, were on hand, but Jim, plagued with laryngitis, did little speaking. Both received \$50 cash contributions toward their campaigns. Also on hand were such luminaries as John Francis Hunter, Jerry Fitzpatrick, Randy Wicker, Ian Tree, Lige Clarke, Vito Russo, Roy Blakey, Mike Giammetta, the Club's owners and managers, and Brandy Alexander, who officiated at the proceedings wearing a different drag outfit every half hour, each one more resplendent than the last.

Bob Kohler, a former leader in the GLF and now one of the managers, started things off. He introduced us to Brandy, and Brandy summoned all six contestants for the Mr. Club contest to the podium. The finalists were Eddie Fuentes, Randy Price, Jason Friedman, Major Christopher, Errol Saxton, and Dennis Walsh. Each marvelous specimen of muscular masculinity took a bow, and everyone was invited to vote for his favorite by giving the clerk his key number. While the balloting was taking place, Brandy made a change in costume, and ordered the drawing of door prizes. There were four lucky patrons in all. One received a \$25 gift certificate to the Horn-of-Plenty Restaurant,



Mr. Club: Dennis Walsh

2nd Place: Errol Saxton

another got one to Rich Originals Boutique, and a third was entitled to \$25 worth of merchandise at the Pleasure Chest, and a fourth got the grand prize. More champagne flowed. Towel-clad patrons intermingled with guests wearing street clothes. The time for the drawing of the grand prize and the naming of the winner of the Mr. Club contest drew near. Brandy, after a fifth change, came on the podium. The winner by a landslide was Dennis Walsh, a professional masseur, art student, and former employee. He graciously stepped forward to receive his trophy from among the other contestants. The runner up, Errol Saxton, a professional model, did likewise.

The grand prize, a round trip to Miami with Mr. Club, was won by a contractor, but it wasn't announced when the happy pair will be making it down to Florida. Bill McNeely, one of the owners of the Club, and who footed the \$3,000 bill for the party, took a bow. So did Jack Campbell and Charles Fleck, two of the originators of the Club chain which now has bath houses in 22 cities. New ones in Phoenix and Miami have just opened. Also noted were Jerry Batel of Cleveland and Bob Battenberg of Detroit, both of whom are running superb Clubs in the midwest.



Brandy Alexander

Brandy Alexander bid everyone have a good time and the party went on far into the night. You might have seen Brandy at the Jewel Box Revue, in *Midnight Cowboy*, or in the play *Triple Play* which ran at the Cherry Lane Theatre. By the time

you read this, Brandy will be carrying on in Old San Juan, and if you plan to be in Puerto Rico soon, don't miss his show "Who's No Lady" at the Cabaret.

When I asked Bill McNeely about his future plans for The Club, he told me there'll be the opening of the patio as soon as the weather gets warm enough, and the expansion into a new building which will make the Club twice as large. An architect and workmen will be busy on it through the spring in hope of opening before the hot weather comes. Bill also told of a convention recently held in Miami where owners of all Club Baths met, exchanged ideas, and took the initial steps in streamlining the operation of the nationwide chain. A membership card will be issued (price to be announced) that will get a patron into any Club Baths anywhere, no hassles or questions asked.

A central office in Miami was set up having a direct line to each bath to facilitate intercity communications. To date, Bill estimated that there are now close to a half million card-carrying members, making the Club Baths the largest national gay organization anywhere, and that's gay power! The idea of giving Vietnam veterans discounts was rejected because it was feared it would discriminate against Korean War veterans, or even old soldiers who fought in the Spanish American War. With the enlarging of facilities, Bill mentioned that it may be economically feasible to lower the prices of all accommodations at the Club, but gave me no definite commitment. In any event, prices will not go up in the foreseeable future. Customers will receive the same courteous service, clean facilities and elegant ambience that have made The Club one of the best things that ever happened to the East Village.

Handling The Club's public relations will be Rex Pickering, who painted the beautiful wall painting that hangs above the entrance to the basement. Rex was born in England, studied art at Cambridge, came to America where he did fantasy sketches for such muscle magazines as *Man Alive*, *Scan* and *Him*. He is also the painter of a famous nude portrait of Nureyev. The painting that hangs at The Club was a special gift and was conceived as an expression of joy and sensual pleasure, designed to glorify sensuality and fun. Two boys in a loving pose against an abstract background with lots of blues, violets and reds are seen to be symbolic of the seventies. Although he doesn't know what to call it, Rex admits that one of the boys who modeled for the picture was once his lover but is now the guru of a witches' coven in California. The life-size drawings that appear by the staircases on the second and third floors, together with the abstracts that decorate the walls of the rooms, are also Rex's work. As The Club expands, you may be seeing a lot more of it.

Having had so much champagne as the evening wore on, I tried in vain to trick with some of the objets d'art, and failed. Fortunately, the place was full of live males so the frustration was only momentary. But there's no denying that there will be a considerable amount of prime male pulchritude at The Club for weeks, months and years to come.

Jerry's Sphere

(continued from page 2)

around the room the harder I laughed. Looking back on it now it's a wonder they didn't take me away. Leroy from THE TINDER BOX handed me my number. It was no. 9. I looked around the room counting nine bodies, including my own, and once more got hysterical. I've heard of central casting but no. 9 out of 9 was a bit much. The others regarded me as somewhat of a kook, I imagine. They were all very calm, on the outside. The first go 'round was dressed (?) in whatever you wanted to wear. When I heard my number called I went numb. I would have tried flinching but I felt I was letting my friends down enough by just appearing in that condition. (I have heard that Neftly said, "You've lost before you start." But I didn't hear it myself.) As I said earlier I've done a considerable amount of modeling. And, in a fashion show, I've twirled with the best of them. But this wasn't a fashion show. I was up there as a humpy number. I planned to play it for camp. I couldn't even do that. When I hit the spot I thought that my legs would give way. My mind totally blanked out on me. David handed me a beer and Tony handed me a drink. I staggered back to the dressing room where the others were preparing for the bathing suit competition. Have you ever seen a grown man cry? There were these GORGEOUS bodies standing in a row. The guy who'd bettered Collado (and you all know what a bod he's got) was oiling his body. Those pecs were glistening. Wally was putting on his suit. I didn't know whether to cruise or what, so, I began laughing again. One kind soul asked me if I needed anything. I responded, "a new body." You couldn't believe it. And, what is even harder to believe, I actually wanted to win!!!! I will never be able to explain that feeling. Perhaps it could best be described as a masochistic kamikaze pilot. I KNEW I didn't have a chance in hell, but I still went out there in a bathing suit!!! Hurt me, hurt me. (Oh, I forgot, Wally had to help me out of the chaps. I didn't know how.) The biggest cattle call in modeling and/or acting had never thrown me that much. Instead of breaking Neftly's chops, I broke my own. I was very repentant. So, when Neftly announced Wally as the winner and the fact that he would be going to the ADVOCATE contest in California, I tried to help by telling him that the ADVOCATE contest was finished and suggested the DAVID contest. Neftly, dear that he is, countered with, "You were finished a long time ago." Allies that I never knew that I had plus Mike, J.F.H., Tony, et al, rushed to my side in defense. Stanley Franks (BEAU GESTE) who had left his dinner to come over to cheer me on, was livid. Lewis Baby was ready for war. I felt very loved. I decided that was better than being "humpy" and went out to get LOADED!!! And, I do so declare, no matter what, I shall never intentionally try to break somebody's chops again.

NEGRO SURGICAL NURSE??? A letter in the last issue (Pen Points) asked why I'd used the term "negro surgical nurse." Help! I didn't. It was a typo and what I'd written was "neuro surgical nurse." OK? OK.

POLITICS, POLITICS: As I predicted after the national elections, the bars are indeed getting very political in the mayoral race here in New York. I must admit with very good reason. Rockefeller had

decided he'd like to see Bob Wagner as mayor. For those youngsters out there who don't remember, the Wagner administration condoned entrapment and closed practically every gay bar in the city of New York. There wasn't much Gay Pride then. (I remember one night at the MYSTIQUE when a bouncer hit a kid over the head with a black jack for spilling a drink. Crazy that I am, I jumped the bouncer. Have you ever been punched and kicked down two flights of stairs by four very outraged torpedoes?) People didn't know the meaning of GAY POWER. I am sure that a number of movement people will get their noses pushed out of shape by the emergence of political power flexed by the bars. I wouldn't get too outraged. It has long been my contention that the bars could be a great ally in the fight for our rights. I don't give a damn what the motivation is as long as they get the job done. There are a lot of people in the bars who have never experienced the camaraderie of the movement. People in the movement have had a theory that the bar people were another separate breed, and well they might be. But there are a lot of talented, hard-working gays in the bars and we need solidarity as never before right now. May I suggest that all differences be forgotten during this election year and that we get out the vote and let the governor and everybody else know that we are, indeed, a major political force to be reckoned with?

MORE ON SOLIDARITY: CHRISTOPHER STREET LIBERATION DAY PARADE COMMITTEE is, hopefully, going to pave the way in a show of solidarity for the upcoming parade (June 24th). We realize the importance of having this parade be the biggest in the history of the movement. We hope to squelch any and all personal differences and ideological differences within the committee in order to present a united front on this one day at least. Please, God, we shall be able to have a huge and successful parade.

ODDS 'N' ENDS: Emilio and Danny, Mike's two best friends, came up to visit from Miami. Danny is a poet whose work should be published. Emilio should have been in the contest at the BARN. Half of New York fell for him, the other half didn't meet him. I haven't seen Mike so happy and giggly in a long time. Makes me feel kind of guilty. We took them to hear Joey Cord at RENO SWEENEY'S. Mr. Cord will have to be a SUPERSTAR of the seventies!!! He gets better and better with each hearing. His version of "Christ's Lament" from SUPERSTAR had Danny close to tears. He is one hell of a talent... One word about SWEENEY'S, it is a great room and I can't really object to the minimum, but \$2.25 per drink was a bit much. A bit, when I got the check I freaked!!!! Juanita Fleming ending a seven-week engagement at RONNIE'S SUPPER CLUB. Another of Gotham's big talents... Richard Stack at WALTER'S APARTMENT very sexy and engaging... Celebrated six months of living together with dinner at FRIZBY'S. The food was EXCELLENT and very reasonable. I was very proud when Mike, who knows food, was so complimentary... You've got to see Stanley Franks (BEAU GESTE) palm tree. It sits on the dining room floor and the branches come up to the bar floor. It's a beautiful work of nature... Jack surprised us with a quick visit from the south... Congratulations to David and the staff of the ONE POTATO on his second anniversary... Marvin (DAVID'S PLACE) in for the Tony awards... Mad, George Sardi ter-

rorizing Puerto Rico on a well-earned vacation... Sorry to report that the fund raising bash at FRIZBY'S for Councilperson candidate Jim Owles did not do much better than the one at UNCLE CHARLIE'S SOUTH. What's the story??? Look for some big happenings in Brooklyn Heights. Hope to have some more details soon... Condolences to Holly (GIANNI'S) on the loss of her mother. Ditto, Ted's wife Hercia on the loss of her father... If we could all only realize that it's a short trip and we should make it a pleasant one for those next to us and near to us. Think how nice it'd be if we treated each other the way we'd like others to treat us... This will be a good month to see whether or not the two gay candidates can start pulling some support from the community. Personally, I think Chuck Choset had a better chance until he came out with the controversial "Vote for me because I'm Gay" poster. A lot of conservatives were turned off, unfortunately... May I put in a plug for Eldon Clingan? He is a man who has supported us. NOW we must support him.

I've got to run now. Danny and Emilio have to leave and I want to spend some time with them.

Love and Peace,

Jerry
P.S. Dantaneila y Raquelita, vaya con Dios, mis hermanos.

Bi-Sexual

(continued from page 7)

father, Robert F. Wagner in the U.S. Senate, introduced the first anti-lynching bill since Reconstruction. That was in 1938 when there had been a wave of lynchings. GAY: And after it was passed, were they able to enforce it?
WAGNER: It wasn't passed. It was defeated.
GAY: By essentially good people?
WAGNER: (looking uncomfortable) It was defeated by a small margin.

I get up to go, note down the new address of the storefront office which is to open: 144 E. 57th Street.

As he shakes hands goodbye, I note again in his eyes particles of light. I am reminded of Plato's image of the men in the caves, most of whom see shadows and some of whom turn and see the light. He is not a Public Man. I cannot help but ask him—

GAY: Do you intend to stay in politics?
WAGNER: I intend to stay in public service.

And in the room where the spirit of Tammany should dwell, I feel, oddly, the fall of a sandaled St. Francis foot.

Born to tell the truth but not taught how to endure the suffering from it.

I am more used to interviewing entertainers, people who know just how to please. They know how to smile and how to laugh.

This man is ill at ease. His smile is shy and ironic. His laugh is quick and a nervous catch (Eleanor Roosevelt had this) catches it so that it is not complete.

I liked him.

Castration

(continued from page 14)

transsexuals are no more "guilty" than the vast majority of human beings. A couple of years ago, I could usually count on receiving a superfluity of attention if I went to a bar in boy drag—and be just as sure that if I went to the same place the next week in the girl drag I prefer, I'd be

universally ignored. Further, every gay male I've ever been intimate with has initially waxed enthusiastic about my personal beauty, and (though each had been warned) lost interest upon encountering my female chest and limited potency. Further still, I've been approached by many gay women, who disappeared as soon as they found out that I lack a vulva. Of the few lovely lesbians I've been fortunate enough to sleep with, the last told me I was superior in almost every way—including a natural "feel" for love-making—to any woman she was likely to meet in the bars. A little wistfully, she said she wished she had \$2,000 she could give me—and I haven't seen her since. I'm not trying to suggest that homosexuality is trivial, but I do get tired of hearing people give phony reasons for their preferences. Sexual orientation, certainly, is an attraction to a *Gestalt* of gender-related traits, of which the physical aspects (especially the genitals) are simply the most critical. And I'm afraid that all of us—even the most freely swinging bisexuals—are culpable of believing that there really are two basic *Gestalten*, i.e., two sexes.

I grow weary also of a certain kind of self-satisfied theosophy, like that expressed by a woman I once chatted with in an East Side bar. She claimed that by applying the principals of a book titled (as I recall) *The Mystic Path*, she had been able to transcend the idea of gender—and urged me to do the same.

"But," I protested, "that's like my saying you could learn to turn on to men."
"Yes, I could—if I wanted to... But I don't want to."
"Well, I don't want to be male."
It's really just that simple.

RECOMMENDED READING

- Harry Benjamin,
Harry Benjamin, The Transsexual Phenomenon, Julian Press. Ace paper.
Richard Green and John Money, eds. Transsexualism and Sex Reassignment, Johns Hopkins Press.
Edward M. Brecher, The Sex Researchers, Signet.
Anke Erhardt and John Money, Boy and Girl: Man and Woman, Johns Hopkins Press.

The Gay Christian

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PENPOINTS

Dear GAY:
I want to express appreciation for your courageously helpful editorial of March 26th GAY.

I've been conducting a group counseling series for troubled pedophiles or "BLs" and I know that the myths which you two countered from Blum's Voice article are too frequently believed by these young men themselves. Gays have usually been reluctant to speak out against the myth which abounds at the expense of pedophiles and your editorial has set a very good example in the community.

Cordially yours,
Dr. Ralph Blair,
Director

The Homosexual Community
Counseling Center, Inc.
921 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y.

Dear GAY:

There is a situation going on in the men's room at Grand Central Station that I'm sure is quite unique. Gays (and straights) who use this bathroom are being persecuted and vilified (in the daytime, at least) by two elderly black wash-room attendants. These bitter old men despise whites and particularly gays. Recently, they have taken to roping off over half of the usable urinals to force the men to use the pay toilets (from which they receive a percentage of the \$5); and standing directly behind the men who are using the urinals, calling them "faggots," "fairies" and "freaks" with impunity! They have found a safe way to release their pent-up hatred of whites and we are their scapegoats. What can we do about

it?

A Midtown Worker

ED. NOTE: Yours is a profound problem indeed! It needs remedying immediately. We suggest you form The Caucasian T-Room Cruiser's Activist Alliance.

Dear GAY:

Since most gay people are forced to come into contact with straights professionally, there are numerous regular psychic wounds which are more or less unavoidable in the course of daily activities because it is very difficult or totally impossible to completely separate oneself emotionally from these people. A prominent example of these is fag jokes, usually ending with the word "queer." The responses to these vary, but even the best response, calling for the denunciation of the teller of the alleged joke, would not alleviate the (at best) slight pain that would result from the harsh confrontation with the bigoted, sickening condemnation implied in the spreading and acceptance of such a "joke."

The pain arising from these confrontations with thoughtless, stereotypical venality directed at one's people is faced even more often by black gay people, who encounter infinitely more and subtler variations on this theme every day from straight whites, straight blacks and gay whites (not all gay whites, of course, but I'll get to that in a moment). We face the above-mentioned harassment from straights (all kinds). From gay whites we receive blatant racist assaults (such as a local gay bar which would not serve blacks until the GLF picketed them) and more subtle, damaging ones.

One example of the latter is that GAY

has not any visible black contributors. (You've tried to find some, right?) Subtle things like this, in GAY's case, chip away at the genuine exposure and help that has been given black gays, making it, though of great use, difficult to appreciate. So we accept the racism by omission we find in GAY. Accept it, that is, until we run across a quote like this in Jerry Fitzpatrick's column of March 12: "(EBONY, a full-time negro surgical nurse!)"

Cut it out, fellows. Please???

Sincerely,
Warren

Houston, Texas

ED. NOTE: First, Jerry Fitzpatrick's comment about a full-time "negro surgical nurse" was not, in fact, what he wrote. He had written full-time "neuro surgeon" and GAY's proofreader failed to catch it. Secondly, GAY has had through most of its publishing history, a black contributor in the person of Ian J. Tree, whose photograph appeared on the cover of Issue 14 and who was also pictured in a special two-page spread with his white lover, Robin. We reprint one of those pictures to remind you. Presently, we have no black contributors, but we do not seek out writers on account of their color, but because of their attitudes and talents.



Ian and Robin

PLEASE SEND ALL CORRESPONDENCE to: LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, GAY, P.O. Box 432, Old Chelsea Sta., NYC, NY 10011.

Dear GAY:
A friend told me that your editors (Lige and Jack) are hosting a tour of gay Europe. If so, I'd like to know more about it.
When is the tour taking off? How long will those who take it be gone? What European cities will it be visiting?
Last year I visited three countries (Belgium, Switzerland and Sweden) but since I was alone and didn't really know where to go, I had a tough time finding the action. I did have some fun in Switzerland, but it was pure chance. A gay tour of Europe sounds like a good idea. I look forward to your answers.

Sincerely,
Kari Taskman

Washington, D.C.

ED. NOTE: There will be two tours in the middle of the summer. Each will be two weeks long. We'll be visiting Copenhagen, Amsterdam, Hamburg and London. If you're interested and would like to receive a brochure, call or write Garick Travel Ltd., 226 West 47th Street, New York, N.Y. 10036, (212) 265-7950.

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"STRAIGHT TO HELL," fantastic new newsletter, puts straight & narrow guys where they put us—down. Covers mess they've made in sex, war, arts, politics, sports. Penpals column. 1st three issues \$1. Box 982, Radio City Sta., NYC 10019.

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UP & COMING New York photographer is looking for models in exchange for free photographs. Write (include a photo): Occupant, Dept. G, Box 431, Old Chelsea Sta., NYC 10011.

WANTON ADS

HELP! Grand Rapids, Mich. & Traverse City area: handsome, uninhibited guys wanted to model (fashion or nude), no experience necessary. Top NY fashion photographer will be in your vicinity this spring & summer on special assignment & would like to meet you. Write now with all particulars, if possible, & don't forget a photo. to: Lew Williams Productions, 240 E. 46th St., NY, NY 10017. (Complete discretion assured.)

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MALE SLAVE WANTED! Tattooed biker wants very obedient slave. Send photo & detailed letter to: C.E.P., PO Box 230, East Rockaway, NY 11518.

CHICKEN NIGHT at MAN'S COUNTRY 18-23 \$1.00 Admission All Night Long Friday, Saturday & Sunday Brooklyn Heights

Hi, MY NAME'S LOUIS, I'm 31, 6'4", 200, long brown hair, eyes & moustache, average looks, masculine, hair-less & white. Like some sports; like music, museums, concerts, movies, theater, bicycling, etc. I'm realistic, sensitive, loyal, very lonely, compassionate, humorous, Catholic, non-smoker, considerate, affectionate, an individualist, imaginative, an inventor, independent, relaxed, a Scorpio & adventuresome. Like to learn tennis & golf. Mod clothes. Been called groovy; don't dance. I'm strong-willed, German-Italian descent. Love kids, wk/nd trips, art, photography & electronics. Very sincere, kind & tender. I'm a self-learner in all ways. Bi-sexual, 75-80% gay, 69% aggressive in French. No Greek, WS, S&M, discipline, etc. Maybe some bondage? Why the ad? Surely I could have any right? to a degree yes. Well now, it's time to tell you my big hangup. I have false teeth. I guess it's indeed better to try & fail than not to try at all. I'm tired of all the baths & bars, etc. I'm looking for a lover to share an apartment in White Plains with, so we could spend each day with one another & not wait to the wk/nd to have fun. I'm tired of looking for a different guy each week. I'd love to have someone for a permanent lover, so we could spend the wk/ends traveling & enjoying each other as well as the views. I'm looking for a lover interested in more than sex. I want someone who won't go eye-cruising everytime we go out. If you can give deep love & true loyalty, I think that's priceless & would love you have ever your looks, hair or eye-color. Please be 18-33, over 5'8", 120-180 lbs., long (hopefully anyway) haired, slim or masculine, hairless & also circumcized. Please write with photo to: Louis Lawrence Bach, 950 Mamaroneck Ave., White Plains, NY 10605.

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TWO W/M (20s) seek men, good times for all (18-45). One or two OK. W/exchange pix. Write: Cliff Kurtz, 906 Summit Ave., Jersey City, NJ 07307.

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THE MIAMI NEWS

A strong statement for living one's life as one wants, and will cheer the straight and gay alike.

CHOICE, October '72

It allows the reader to share a part of the lives of two interesting people... There is no homosexual agonizing here, no hankering after causes, no apologies, few regrets. More than this, the memoir demonstrates that sexuality—gay or straight—guarantees nothing: living creatively is in no sense defined or limited by sexual orientation.

LIBRARY JOURNAL, August '72

Nichols and Clarke represent what many have called the New Homosexual.

THE FOUNTAIN, June '72

The memoirs of two young men, in love with life, with each other, and with values such as generosity, loyalty and friendship... light-hearted... written with humor and, in the fullest extension of the word, with gaiety... It is easy to finish this book with a good feeling about it and the authors... these authors have made a valuable contribution to this literature... candid... honest... deserves to be read and discussed.

THE MINNEAPOLIS TRIBUNE

Full of zest for life and appreciation for its finer values.

PUBLISHER'S WEEKLY

... contained a great deal of human warmth and love.

GAY SUNSHINE

Do read it—not only for its fun but for its philosophy.

SCOTTISH MINORITIES GROUP NEWS

It fairly leaps with joy, with insight, with honesty, with freedom... great breaths of fresh air, vast amounts of level-headed observation, and a strong undercurrent of love, tenderness, and charity, not as much for each other as for Everyman—surely a sign of some maturity and no little wisdom... And yet rarely does the word "love" appear. It doesn't have to. It's inherent in every sentence, it's intrinsic to every thought; it pervades the book...

QQ Magazine, February '73

A fast-paced account of two self-fulfilled gays who are making it... The homosexual position fails to unbalance their total perspective. Jack and Lige find many other creative avenues in their lives. I HAVE MORE FUN WITH YOU THAN ANYBODY can launch a trend toward healthy images for young gays to follow. Perhaps the next generation will be a different one.

VECTOR Magazine, September '72

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St. Martin's Press
175 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011

VILLAGE POLICE RAP WITH GAYS

(continued from page 10)

wood answered. "You've made a point. The police department will function as it has been functioning. The Community Relations area has become their forte, they think it is perhaps their most important part."

"There will always be open doors at the police department. A few years ago you couldn't get in to see the captain of any precinct. Now he is available to almost anyone who wants to see him."

"How much individual freedom does a captain have in setting policy?" someone else quizzed.

"The Precinct Captain can set policy within the framework of the law," Hollywood replied. "But you can't ask for anything illegal and get approval."

"For instance, on the trucks. We could run in and lock all you people up. We can get a complainant. The owner will sign the complaint. We've asked him to put up signs like Don asked us to."

"We haven't raided the trucks and arrested everyone because the owner hasn't complied with our request to post signs. They don't want this thing to explode and give them tremendous problems."

"We're doing it the easy way," Patrolman Richie added. "It's the policy of the Commanding Officer of the precinct. Before we initiated these discussions, he was thinking of going down every night, loading them up and locking them up."

After the meeting, several of those in the audience gathered around the officers and informal, free-swinging discussions ensued.

"Have you ever made it with a girl?" one officer asked a young gay.

When another young man volunteered that he liked going to the trucks, the officers asked "Why?"

"Because I like quick, impersonal sex," the young man responded. "I like to get a blowjob before I go out to the bars so I won't be so hot, nervous and horny while I'm cruising there."

"Do you blow them too?" one of the officers pressed.

"No, I don't like to do that," the young man responded.

"Tell me," one of the officers asked, talking more lowly in a semi-confidential tone to another gay who said he frequented the trucks, "would you have sex with a black guy if he had a cock down to here (placing his hand just above his knee)?"

"No, I don't like Negroes," the young man responded.

"You guys do yourself no good going there," one officer reiterated, only to be challenged by another bystander who volunteered that as a gay person he found the trucks to be "disgusting, a public outrage" and thought "just one or two people who are actually caught in the act of doing something there would be arrested to discourage all the others."

"He just hates himself," another gay truck fancier suggested to the officers. "Don't pay any attention to him."

"I have a great business idea," one officer commented jocularly, "we'll take over the old Sixth Precinct Station House. The cells on the top floor we'd turn into rooms, rent them out, and let anybody do anything up there they wanted to. And on the second floor we'd show films. We'd be sure to clean up."

approved Gay Students Union, will accord it access to ASB facilities on an equal basis with other campus organizations. "I intend to make all facilities available as long as they're available to others," said the student officer. He added that attempts to block use by the gay groups could mean "other groups won't be afforded access to facilities." College trustee Angus Marchbanks, who clashed with the student leader earlier during the meeting, was visibly angered by Rosen's parting remarks.

A poll conducted by a Sociology 1 class shows that 66 per cent of the respondents oppose allowing gays to organize on campus. The most frequent reason given was that "it might cause trouble with those who cannot tolerate homosexuals." Others cited religion and morality. The class professor, David Rhea, concluded among other things that, "... Bakersfield College and the community are very intolerant of homosexuals and will never allow any recognition of public behavior for them." This writer, when in college, conducted polls for a campus newspaper. Responses differed considerably among those sitting in the library and those milling around the student lounge. Anyone so inclined could manipulate a non-scientific poll depending on where and whom is questioned. A pollster would encounter a wide difference in opinion between students majoring in sociology, for example, and those majoring in police science.

Even if the poll is an accurate reflection of campus opinion, it reveals that many college students are not as enlightened as some people have been led or would like to believe. Barbara A. McNutt, in a letter to the B.C. newspaper, wrote, "In the index of my King James version of the Bible, under the heading of Sexual Perversion, there are listed the following subheadings: ..." one of which was homosexuality. She then went on to quote all the verses usually used against gays. Miss McNutt concluded, "... I just wonder how proud your parents are of you and how comforted they will be when you die! ... I for one do not want

my son to fall in love with the boy-next-door type. After all, gays have stayed in the minority because nature is better."

The former President of Bakersfield College was a Mormon and is said to have favored Mormon teachers. Long hair has always been in the minority on campus with the "skin head" hair style still predominating. What few books on homosexuality are carried in the library are listed under the card catalogue heading "Sex Perversion." Kern County was one of the three counties in California that Barry Goldwater carried in 1964. Here, as elsewhere, fear prevails. Debbie Jadwin, a journalism student, was asked to take an opinion poll of various student and teacher reactions and opinions on the question of G.S.U. "What was surprising," she related, "were the reactions I got, or didn't get. Between Friday and Monday, I asked quite a few people, including teachers as well as students, their opinions. Many were willing to comment with one stipulation—that their names not be used."

Meanwhile, conservatives have succeeded in their drive to suppress the Students for Gay Liberation at the College of the Sequoias in Visalia. Glenn Corley, its organizer, said he will "move away from this town," adding, "Unless somebody else chooses to fight the issue, it's dead for all practical purposes." The American Civil Liberties Union had offered to intervene but Corley said "As far as I know right now, the briefs haven't been filed" in court. "I've tolerated all sorts of verbal harassment from the administration, some faculty members and area residents, but frankly I guess there's nothing left for me to do here," he concluded.

"I doubt anyone at C.O.S. now will pursue the issue because, from the students I've talked to, many fear their scholarships will be yanked away from them. And I'm equally positive that no teacher will fight for the issue for fear of losing their job."

At Bakersfield College, however, G.S.U. plans to take the issue to court "and we will win" said organizer Elaine Anderson.

ALL-OHIO GAY CONFERENCE SCHEDULED

Columbus, Ohio. Gays from throughout the country will gather in Columbus, Ohio May 4-6 for the All-Ohio Gay Conference.

Sponsored by the Ohio Gay Pride Committee, a coalition of gay groups and individuals from around the state, the conference will feature educational, social and political activities based on the theme "Gay Pride: New Horizons."

Del Martin and Phyllis Lyon, co-authors of *Lesbian/Woman*, are among the speakers scheduled for the event which will be held on the Ohio State University campus and in the campus community. Also highlighting the weekend activities will be workshops, an art exhibition, films and videotapes, a community-style dinner, a dance and an outdoor rock concert.

Conference activities will begin Friday afternoon with a mixer, followed by the dinner and presentations by the guest speakers. A gay variety show, featuring folk singers, poets, dancers and a lesbian band, will conclude the day.

Saturday's schedule includes a day-long series of workshops and a dance. Workshop topics include: legal reforms; community centers; small town gays; counseling; dealing with straight revolutionary groups; new research in the social and behavioral sciences; revolutionary song-writing and guerilla theatre; media:

internal and external; gay literature; gay students and the university system; religion and homosexuality; gay studies; and prison solidarity.

Sunday will open with a rally and march, followed by an outdoor rock concert. Summaries of the workshops and a critique on the weekend will also be presented.

As part of the presentation, a tabloid-sized newspaper, the *Lavender Starship*, and an anthology of poems will be published. The publications will be available at the conference along with souvenir buttons and T-shirts bearing the conference symbol—a blazing star with the slogan "Gay Pride!"

Registration fee for the weekend is \$3, which covers all scheduled activities, including the dinner, dance and Sunday concert.

Mail registrations are being accepted and should contain a check or money order made out to the Ohio Gay Pride Committee.

Persons registering by mail should indicate whether they will need housing and if they plan to attend the community dinner, Friday, May 4, 7-8:30 pm.

(FOR FURTHER DETAILS CONTACT: David M. Treadwell, Coordinator, Ohio Gay Pride Committee, Gay Activists Alliance, 1739 N. High St., Columbus, Ohio 43210 (614) 422-9212.)

FARM LABOR PARTY BACKS GAY RIGHTS

BY ERIK LARSSON
Midwest Correspondent

St. Paul, Minn. Four Republicans and a Democrat have introduced a bill in the Minnesota legislature to repeal the laws that prevent consenting unmarried adults over 18—including gay people—from doing what they want to in bed.

The bill is supported by the Gay Rights Legislative Committee whose lobbyist, Steven Edean of Minneapolis, has been told that Senate Majority Leader Nicholas Coleman will personally offer another measure, to include gay people under the Minnesota Human Rights Act.

The Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party endorsed both such bills in a sweeping gay rights platform adopted at its state convention last June, including same-sex marriages.

While some DFL leaders, including Sen. Walter Mondale and Gov. Wendell Anderson, were quick to repudiate "controversial" planks like legal marijuana, unconditional draft amnesty and gay marriages, the DFL managed to win control of the legislature last fall for the first time in Minnesota's history.

That, plus the heavily Republican authorship, makes the outlook favorable, at least for the consenting-adults bill.

Chief sponsor is liberal Republican State Rep. Gary Flakne, the GOP chairman in Minneapolis. Another sponsor is State Rep. Thomas Berg, a DFLer who was badgered about such a bill at a meeting with gay constituents a year ago—with no noticeable results until now.

Current law punishes oral or anal sex between people 18 and over by a \$1,000 fine or a year in jail. Flakne's bill would leave on the books laws against forcible sodomy or sex with minors.

It would also repeal, however, the fornication statute covering unmarried het-

eros and it would make the adultery law covering married women apply equally to married men.

"It's offensive to have on the books a law that tries to impose someone else's morality and ethics on everybody else," Flakne told newspaper reporters.

Senator Coleman, a St. Paul DFLer, said he will advance the anti-discrimination law in the Judiciary Committee as an amendment to a bill extending women's rights and adding the middle-aged and physically handicapped, as sought by the State Department of Human Rights.

Sam Richardson, commissioner of human rights, objected to including gay people on the original bill. Unlike his predecessor, gay rights champion Conrad Balfour, he has refused to speak up for Coleman's plans, saying he fears for his budget request in the legislature. Richardson accepted a gay complaint last year from two women ejected from a straight bar for dancing together—but the complaint has gathered dust in his files.

Coleman's amendment, not introduced as a separate bill, apparently is to cover only job and housing discrimination, not public accommodations—and not transvestites at all.

"What we want is a bill that will pass," said gay activist Jack Baker who has remained only on the sidelines of the legislative effort. "If we can include (transvestites) without losing everything else, fine."

Edean, 24, a former hotel desk clerk, estimates that close to \$1,000 has been raised to support the Gay Rights Legislative Committee, largely from individual gays' gifts he solicited himself.

The committee, organized before the November elections, has grown to include both DFL and Republican gays, and a smattering of sympathetic heteros. Sixty attended one meeting recently.

NORTH DAKOTA REPEALS OLD SEX LAWS

Bismarck, North Dakota. As part of the first over-all revision of its criminal code since statehood in 1889, the North Dakota Legislature voted to repeal its laws against sexual conduct in private between consenting adults over 18.

There was no lobbying on behalf of the repeal by gay people. There aren't even any gay bars in the grain, cattle and oil state of 600,000 people.

The only gay liberation group in the state, which existed only for social purposes in Grand Forks, folded after it held a couple of large private dances last spring.

The chief sponsor of the comprehensive law revision, Bismarck lawyer Myron Atkinson, took interest in the project at a federal law-enforcement conference in Chicago two and a half years ago.

In wiping the old 10-year maximum sentence for oral or anal intercourse off the books, North Dakota became the eighth state to legalize private, consensual sex for gay people. The others are Illinois, Connecticut, Colorado, Oregon, Hawaii, Delaware and, earlier this year, Ohio. New York has legalized such acts only for hetero couples.

Assuming that the sex laws would be controversial, Atkinson—the chairman of the N.D. House Judiciary Committee—said three laws were drafted to let the Legislature make a choice.

"The surprising thing was that it

wasn't controversial at all. First the Senate voted down the bill that would keep the laws pretty much as they are now, and then voted to reject the more radical bill, that would let teen-agers do the same thing," Atkinson said. "Finally they accepted the version that later passed the House, too."

The sex code as passed still forbids forcible sodomy (20 years or more); sexual acts in a public place, and adult sex with a same-sex minor (both one-year maximum); consensual sodomy between minors, and soliciting sexual acts in a public place (30 days each).

The sex provisions passed the Senate on January 26th by 46 to 4, and the House on February 27th by 87 to 9.

The new criminal code involves so many sweeping changes that the legislature decided not to have it go into effect until July 1, 1975, to give the 1975 session time to rethink it all.

This is one reason why Governor Arthur Link, a Democrat, was expected to sign the bills passed by the legislature, which Republicans control by a 3-to-1 margin.

"Actually, the only part in the entire package that was really controversial was whether to let teen-agers smoke (tobacco in public)," Atkinson said. "They debated that one for days, and finally decided not to let anyone smoke under 18, in public or in private."

Eighteen is the same age at which sex becomes legal, under the new code.

JACK BAKER TO RUN FOR MINNEAPOLIS CITY COUNCIL

BY ERIK LARSSON
Midwest Correspondent

Minneapolis, Minn. Gay activist Jack Baker is running for the Minneapolis City Council, he announced March 10th—his 31st birthday and the sixth anniversary of being with his lover, J. Michael McConnell.

Baker will seek the endorsement of the Democratic-Farmer-Labor party for alderman in the Second Ward, which is dominated by the University of Minnesota's 43,000-student campus. The endorsing convention is April 28, and Baker is by far the best-known of several candidates for the party's blessing in the officially nonpartisan race.

Two years ago Baker was elected student body president at the university, and last year was re-elected for a term ending next May 15. Whether he is still president, however, is not clear.

Baker graduated in December from the university's Law School. In January a student senator, running for the presidency in the spring elections, began a drive to oust Baker, on the grounds that he was no longer enrolled as a student.

On February 5 the student-faculty Committee on Student Affairs deposed Baker for having failed to enroll for the minimum of six credits before their January 28th deadline. Baker had registered January 28th but hadn't paid the \$85 in fees required to complete the procedure.

He immediately filed suit in U.S. District Court, contending that the university administration was meddling in student affairs—that the student government has its own recall procedure that is the only legal one.

On February 22, however, Baker learned that the university's General Ex-

clusion Division had granted him a full tuition scholarship for the unpaid \$85. "As far as I'm concerned, he's the president again," said Ed Siggeikow, the administrator who handled the ouster.

Baker, unwilling to act as president lest he jeopardize the status of his lawsuit—over a student-control of student government issue that he considers vital—is continuing to make his presidential decisions jointly with the vice-president, or acting president, the procedure the two agreed on after the ouster.

In his campaign for the City Council Baker is concentrating on neighborhood issues—bicycling paths, property taxes, zoning and the like. Well publicized as the man who "married his roommate" in 1971 in the midst of a lengthy legal battle for a marriage license, he is trying hard to avoid the "one-issue candidate" tag.

Baker tells gays, however, that he'll introduce a bill to include gay people under the city's anti-discrimination ordinance and work to improve the usually good gay relations with city police.

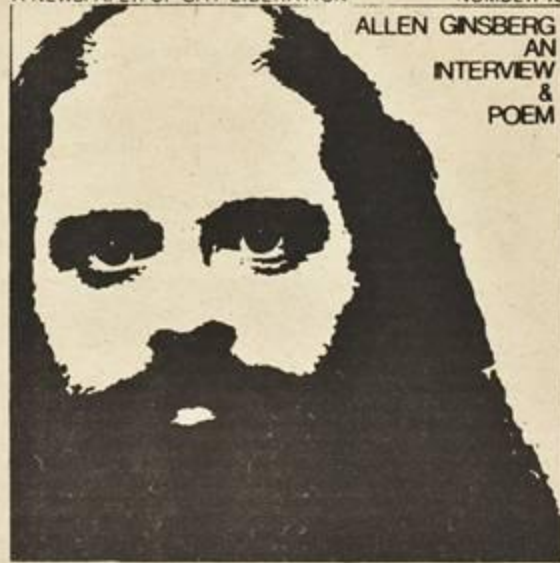
He is already soliciting delegate votes for the endorsement nearly full-time. His experienced campaign manager has raised over \$1,000 by letters and phone calls, and is shooting for \$5,000.

Baker's opponent in the November city election will be, if he decides to run again, two-term Alderman John Cairns, an anti-war Republican who is so liberal the DFL could find no one to run against him two years ago.

Cairns ran for the State Senate last fall and failed to win the endorsements he sought from both the university's campus newspaper and the Minnesota chapter of Americans for Democratic Action—at least partly because Cairns refused to champion gay rights as his DFL opponent did. The DFLer won both the endorsements and the election.

GAY SUNSHINE

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CALIFORNIA COLLEGE DEBATES GAY LIB

Bakersfield, Calif. Pros and cons on the merits of a gay liberation group are being debated on the pages of the campus newspaper at Bakersfield College following a struggle between the establishment and students.

B.C. president John Collins overturned approval by the Associated Student Body board which voted 11-1 for recognition of Gay Students Union. Vetoes cannot be overridden by student government.

This is the second such controversy to erupt in the agriculturally-rich San Joaquin Valley recently. Earlier, Students for Gay Liberation at College of the Sequoias in Visalia were also denied recognition by college president Ivan C. Crookshanks, (GAY, Issue 92)

Key factors in the Bakersfield dispute both differ and are similar to the Visalia fiasco. The two college presidents, for example, gave different reasons for denying recognition. Crookshanks said, "we can be the focal point for all queers between Los Angeles and San Francisco." Collins' ground was that "... it is impossible to separate the reason for being of such a group and the fact certain sexual acts are illegal. Public institutions should not recognize ... those who promote, encourage and condone activities that the larger part of society marks illegal." The laws, of course, were enacted only by legislators and the Governor a century ago. If such laws were removed, officials would no longer have them as an excuse to be used against gays. Club proponents say the organization's purpose is not to break the law but to help establish rapport between the gay community and remainder of the metropolitan Bakersfield community.

Gays charge that the Kern County establishment conspired to deprive them of their civil rights. Collins' decision was reached after discussion with the county counsel's staff. "On the basis of the facts known to me, (his) decision appears reasonable, lawful and defensible," stated assistant county counsel Dennis Reid later in a letter to the Kern Community College District. Reid acted despite previous court decisions forcing college recognition of gay groups. A dozen male and female club members appeared before the trustees to ask it to override Collins' decision. The board upheld the college president by unanimous vote. In Visalia, college trustees had also backed the president.

Collins alleged hypocrisy and selective bigotry was pointed out in a letter to *Renegade Rip*, the campus newspaper, by Manuel Fuentes, Jr. He noted that the Constitution of the Black Students Union states that "Any member of the student body of Bakersfield College who is preferably Black may join" and stated that "this seems to me to be a clear violation of Supreme Court rulings which prohibit discrimination because of race, color or creed. It also goes against the policy of the Office of the Chancellor, California State Community Colleges." The United Mexican Students also has similar wording. Its Constitution states that "Qualifications for membership shall consist of students of Spanish surname attending ... Bakersfield College." He added that the gays' Constitution contains no such "illegal" provision.

Dale Rosen, ASB vice president, said the board of representatives, by having

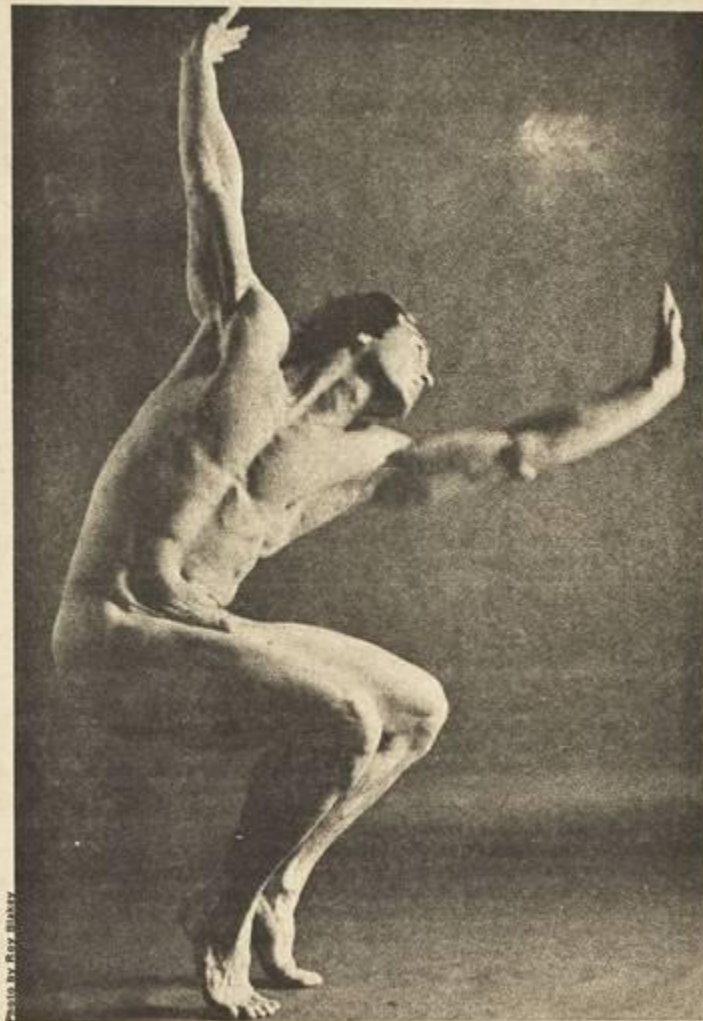


PHOTO BY BOB WILSON

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