

The Sensual Side of Yoga P.4 New York Nightlife P.12

GAY

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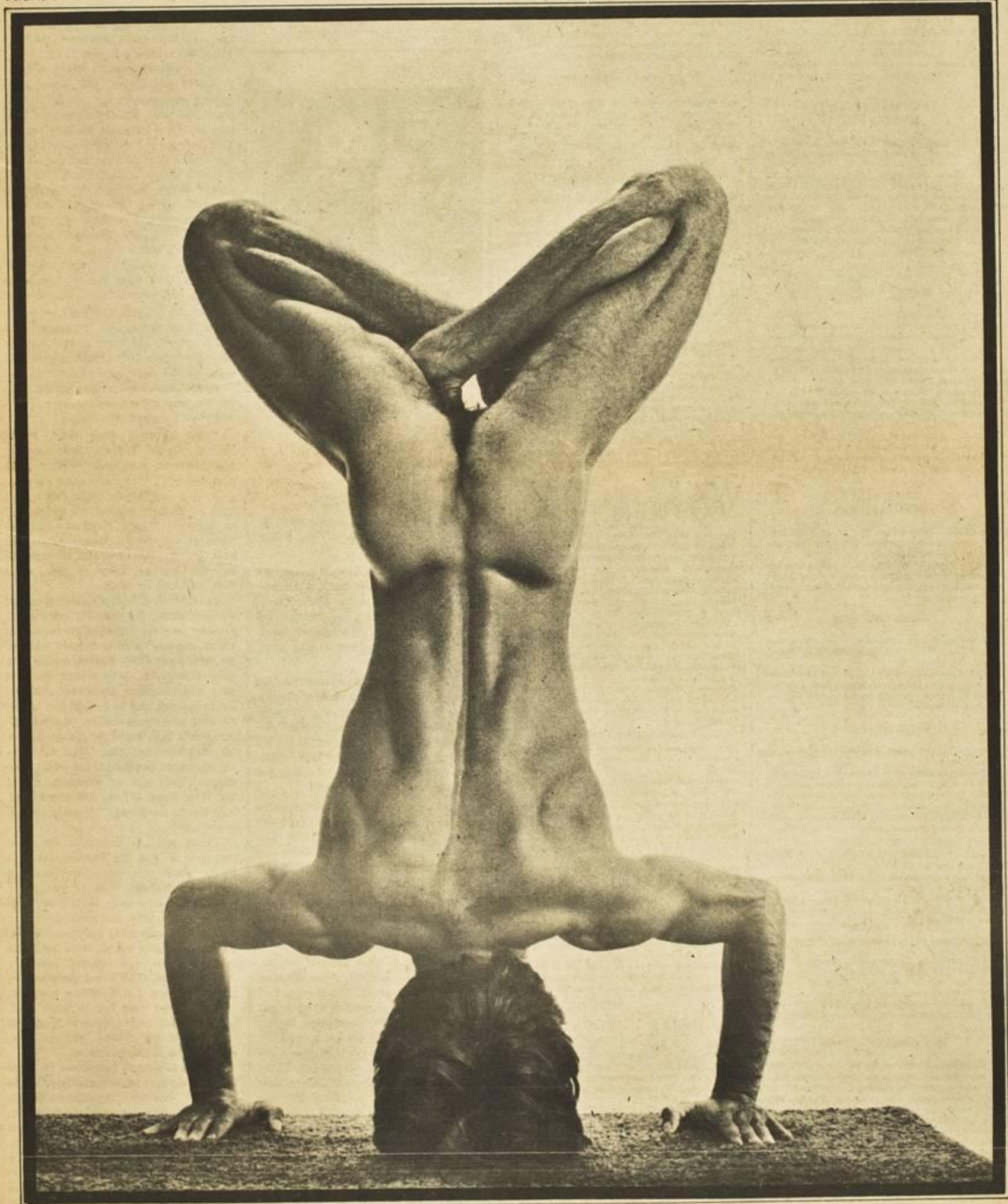


PHOTO BY ROY BLAKEY

LIGE CLARKE: A DIFFERENT SIDE TO GAY'S CO-EDITOR

WHERE WIL 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), 370 Hudson St. Jammed every 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 humby 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)
Blind Gaze (475-9734), 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 (687-0322), 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 50th 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 meals, 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 (586-9882), 315 W. 48th St. Lots of gypies from the nearby shows. Some Beatles. Good time. (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 longest open. (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, swingingest bath/cabaret/gym/fun-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 9th Ave. and 28th St. Rev. Roy Birchard, 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), 59 Christopher St. This venerable gay lib organization has serviced the New York community for years! 5000 is and visit the fine offices on Sheridan Square. Apartment listings, social services, travel assistance, legal advice and counseling. Evenings.

Saturday afternoons.
West Side Discussion Group, 37 9th Ave. (at 14th St.). Since 1956, every Wednesday night at 8 p.m. over 100 non-political, non-activist men and women gather to socialize, rap and dance. Go and enjoy! (Women or Men)

Brooklyn

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

GAY ORGANIZATION

Gay Alliance of Brooklyn (256-0249). Dances every other Saturday night at 9 p.m. in the Hotel Bossert, 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. Meals. Rooms. Cabins. Reasonable rates. Open all year. (Men and Women)

New Jersey

Gay Activists Alliance of New Jersey (201) 343-6402. Large meetings every Friday evening at 8:30 p.m. at the Central Unitarian Church, 156 Forest Avenue, Paramus, N.J. After the meeting there's a dance, refreshments and socializing in a comfortable, congenial atmosphere. Mailing address: P.O. Box 1734, South Hackensack, N.J. 07666.

New Jersey Gay Switchboard Information for the state of New Jersey on organizations, bars, medical referrals, legal difficulties, etc. (609) 921-2565 and (201) 238-9390.

Washington, D.C.

The Pier Nine (488-7966), 1824 Half St., S.W. You've heard of superstars? Well, this is a SUPERBAR! One of the largest, swingingest, most astonishing nights—gay or straight—in America. Bring your I.D. (Men and Women)
Lost & Found (488-1200), 56 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 (544-6831), 525 8th 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 (363-3881), P.O. Box 1032, Washington, D.C. 20013.
Metropolitan Community Church (547-2773), 705 7th St., S.E. Services Sundays 2 p.m.
Gay Activists Alliance of Washington, D.C. (544-1826) An active gay liberation group with meetings on Tuesday evenings. Call for information or write P.O. Box 2554, Washington, D.C. 20013.

Philadelphia

Allegro (KI 9-9933), 1412 Spruce St. Open daily 4 p.m. til 2 a.m. Three floors, Philadelphia's largest and most well-known nightclub. A real blast for everyone! (Men)
Penrose Club (546-2650), 1415 Locust St., 2nd fl. Considered an afterhours club. 11 p.m. til ... Dancing, liquor, beer. A pool table. (Men)

Miami

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

MIAMI BEACH

Ambassadors III (538-9967), 427 22nd St. Large club-like atmosphere. Dancing. Not unlike a Manhattan bar. (Men)
Bachons 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)

Lige & Jack



Photo: Eric Stephen Jacobs

"ADIEU, DEAR FRIENDS, WE SEND YOU OUR TEARS FROM MOSCOW!"

BY LIGE CLARKE AND JACK NICHOLS

Yes, we're resigning. Many of our reasons for doing so are incorporated in Jack's article in this issue: "An Editor Says Goodbye."

We're going just in time, it seems. The recent Supreme Court decision on pornography should not affect GAY—directly—but SCREW, GAY's companion-in-office (and in typesetting machines, bookkeepers, and art departments) may be affected in no small way.

GAY will continue to be published on a monthly basis until October, when it will go bi-weekly again. Sales on all magazines are slow in the summer. Interim editors will be Pete Dvackas, SCREW's managing editor. Subscribers will continue to receive the number of issues for which they originally subscribed.

We would take this last opportunity to thank all of those persons who have given so generously of their time and of their hearts to make GAY—as it has developed over the past four years—a labor of love in our community.

Thank you, Dr. George Weinberg, for being our mentor. Your enthusiasm and encouragement have confirmed us in new perspectives.

Thanks too to Dick Leitch, for elevated discourses, and to Angelo d'Arcangelo, for elegant prose. Thank you, Lilli Vincenz, for your homespun warmth, and Thane Hampton for combining an extraordinary wit with wisdom and ingenious writing. We'll always remember Sorel David's unique independence and Kathy Braun's loving sensitivities. Cheers, dear Gregory. Hopefully this issue will not contain the last "Last Estate." Can we be thankful enough for the steady loyalty of such professionals as John LeRoy? Has it been just luck that GAY has been blessed with the down-to-earth honesty of Jerry Fitzpatrick? Vito Russo, thanks to you for your breezy tone that blows dust

from dark closets, and thank you, John Paul Hudson (known to many as John Francis Hunter) for bringing color of language and the romance of show biz to GAY's pages. Oh, Leo Skir! You'll not be soon forgotten. Your writing is, we think, first-rate impressionism. And Vicki Richmond? A fine mind, and a writer of great talent. Randy Wicker—thank you for providing GAY with your ability to write engrossing reports, and Alice, thanks for your direct and thoughtful pieces. We salute Dr. Leo Louis Martello, the Gay Witch, who once provided GAY readers with a sensible curse: "I wish you upon yourself," and Stefan Verk, whose long-gone column helped a few. To Ian and Michael, we send our best—wherever they may be. How fortunate we have been to have enjoyed the companionship of Marco Vassi, a spiritual explorer, and of Bob Amiel, a racy wit. Mickie Burns, who has moved to the mid-west, is still remembered for giving this paper a touch of southern genius.

Thank you, Eric Stephen Jacobs, a young man with a future, for capturing spirits on paper as GAY's photographer in residence. And Rich Wandel, thanks to you too, for your courage. Who else has the guts to run into the thick of police brutality to photograph the action? Kay Tobin's work has been greatly appreciated. Her news stories, photographs, and plugs for the paper in her book *The Gay Crusaders* have been a real assistance to us. We have appreciated the support too of Betye Lane and Roy Blakely.

News reporters Cade Ware, Ferrin Shaffer, Gerald Hansen, Erik Larsson, Juan Martinez, and Donald Warman have provided GAY with many a fine story. Among gay liberationists who have been particularly helpful, we cannot fail to mention Morty Manford, Franklin Kameny, Jim Owles, Morris Kight, Barbara Gittings, Don Goodwin, Michael Miller, Bill Bricker, Jerry Purpura, John Gish, and Alan Roskoff.

In advertising, Stefani Lyon has earned our long-lasting gratitude for her loyalty, patience, and for the dignified manner in which she has handled delicate matters. We remember Polly Holden fondly. Michael Giammetta, believe it or not, was once an enthusiastic advertising salesman for this paper, and he pushed our understanding of business dealings to more realistic levels. Ron Taylor, an Advocate cast-off, was once our West Coast sales rep. We remember the excitement of his long-distance calls and the establishment of our West Coast offices. Oh—thank you, too, Marcia Blackman ("Moose") wherever you are.

Thank you, Al Goldstein, for never censoring us, and Jim Buckley, for your kindly—albeit somewhat fuzzy—concern for GAY. Without both of you, GAY would never have been born. Now, with both of you, it may, alas, never die. The Art Department deserves mention. We will not name names, since the artists involved use pseudonyms and are "straight." But GAY's first art directors, Larry Brill and Les Waldstein were also "straight" and were fun to work with. Larry, in fact, comes close to being one of the most self-assured "straight" men we've known in this business.

Thanks to Joseph Braccante for copy editing the paper in the early days, and to Barry too. And we'll never forget the patience, the quick eyes, and the enormous assistance we've gotten from Ruth and from Peter, the GAY/SCREW typesetters. Finally, thank you, Walter Brett, for having been the most honest, hard-working, and loyal distributor of a newspaper ever had.

THE EDITORS SPEAK

In our final editorial we've decided to step aside and to borrow a few words from the sayings and writings of men and women who've been favorite teachers:

Now understand me well—it is provided in the essence of things that from any fruition of success, no matter what, shall come forth something to make a greater struggle necessary.

—WALT WHITMAN

I would not call a man a liar simply because he's a bishop. It's bad enough to call a man a bishop.

ROBERT INGERSOLL

*Far'well bottom-land, with all the garden truck!
Allus told you hillside's the only place for luck!*

ANN COBB

Your clothes conceal much of your beauty, yet they hide not the unbeautiful And though you seek in garments the freedom of privacy you may find in them a harness and a chain Would that you could meet the sun and the wind with more of your skin and less of your raiment, for the breath of life is in the sunlight and the hand of life is in the wind And when the unclean shall be no more, what were modesty but a fetter and a fouling of the mind? And forget not that the earth delights to feel your bare feet and the winds long to play with your hair.

KAHLIL GIBRAN

It is not what others do or do not do that is my concern. It is what I do or do not do: that is my concern.

GAUTAMA BUDDHA

The western world is filled with those who seek for "Masters," "Gurus" and other mysterious personages to lead them swiftly to the Goal. But there is no short cut to perfection, and the true Adepts will never help a student until, first, he has made all possible use of the materials at hand, and, secondly, he has by the purity of his life and aspiration shown himself worthy of their help. When that hour strikes, and not before, the Teacher will appear. Beware, then, of this craving for assistance, for it is born of laziness and conceit and is in turn the father of disappointment and delay.

CHRISTMAS HUMPHREYS

It always seemed a fine idea to me to build a showboat with just one big flat open deck on it, and to keep a play going continuously. The boat wouldn't be moored, but would drift up and down the river on the tide, and the audience would sit along both banks. They could catch whatever part of the plot happened to unfold as the boat floated past, and then they'd have to wait until the tide ran back again to catch another snatch of it, if they still happened to be sitting there. To fill in the gaps they'd have to use their imaginations, or ask more attentive neighbors, or hear the word passed along from upriver or downriver. Most times they wouldn't understand what was going on at all, or they'd think they knew when actually they didn't. Lots of times they'd be able to see the actors, but not hear them. I needn't explain that that's how much of life works

JOHN BARTH

I, for one, am not prepared to play a passive role in such controversy, letting others dispose of me as they see fit. I intend to play an active role in the determination of my own fate.

DR. FRANKLIN E. KAMENY

If we never assume importance, we never lose it.

LAO TZU

There are those who feel amid the manifestations of actual existence like a shipwrecked man who cannot keep his head above water. The tempo at which things move at present, the force and energy with which everything is done, cause anguish to the man of archaic mould, and this anguish is the measure of the difference between his pulse beats and the pulse beats of his time.

JOSE ORTEGA Y GASSET

. . . we find a man who, while possessing thoroughly masculine powers of mind and body, combines with them the tenderer and more emotional soul-nature of the woman—and sometimes to a remarkable degree. Such men, as said, are often muscular and well built, and not distinguishable in exterior structure and carriage of the body from others of their own sex, but emotionally they are extremely complex, tender, sensitive, pitiful and loving. "Full of storm and stress, of ferment and fluctuation" of the heart; the logical faculty may or may not, in their case, be well developed, but intuition is always strong . . . they read characters at a glance, and know, without knowing how, what is passing in the minds of others; for nursing and waiting on the needs of others they often have a peculiar gift; at bottom lies the artist nature, with the artist's sensibility and perception. Such a one is often a dreamer, of brooding, reserved habits, often a musician, or a man of culture, courted in society, which nevertheless does not understand him though sometimes a child of the people, without any culture, but almost always with a peculiar inborn refinement.

EDWARD CARPENTER

There are moments during life when a startling but marvelous experience leaps into mind as though coming from another world. The magic that calls it forth—as though someone had accidentally whispered the "open sesame" that rolls the stone back from the hidden treasure—is often so fleeting as to be forgotten in the joy of the experience. It may be a thin cadence of music: a skylark bursting into song, the plash of a wave, a flute played by moonlight. It may be a grand harmony of sound, peaceful or awe-inspiring: the murmurous voices of a summer's afternoon or the fateful shrieking and drumming of a mountain storm. It may be something seen: a lovely smile or the curve of an arm; a single gesture, form or hue of compelling beauty; a familiar scene transformed by an unusual quality of light; a majestic panorama of intertwining colours splashed across sea or sky; a cluster of rocks suggestive of enormous beings imbued with life. Or the spell may be wrought by a sudden exaltation springing directly from the mind and jerking it, so to speak, into an unknown dimension.

JOHN BLOFELD

GAY

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Previous years' issues of GAY are available in microform. Inquiries and orders should be directed to Research Publications, 3903 Amity Station, New Haven, Conn. 06525.

An Interview with Lige Clarke

The Sensual Side of Yoga

Yoga is fast becoming one of the nation's more popular methods of exercising and relaxing. City recreation departments include it on their weekly schedules, YM and YWCAs are introducing yoga classes for good Christians, and there is hardly a hip young man or woman extant in these United States who cannot sit for at least a minute in full lotus posture.

Lige Clarke, GAY's Co-Editor, has been teaching yoga both privately and publicly since he arrived in Manhattan nearly five years ago. During 1971-72, he conducted classes at the Continental Bath and Health Club, and for nearly a year he instructed whole office crews in Manhattan business locales offering the secrets of this ancient energy-giving art.

GAY is pleased to present the following in-depth conversation with Lige Clarke, centering around such subjects as yoga and sexuality, sensitivity, and relaxation. The following interview, we think, is a new link in the chain between yoga and sexuality.

GAY: Is yoga effective in improving one's sex life?

LIGE: It's mankind's most ancient and thoroughly tested form of mental and physical exercise. As an aid to greater sensitivity and physical awareness it's unsurpassed. Although it isn't generally advertised as an aid to sexual enjoyment, it is, nevertheless, one of the best methods for the improvement, or perhaps, for the rejuvenation of one's sex life.

GAY: Don't some schools of yoga de-emphasize sex?

LIGE: Sure. There are all sorts of yogis who think that the conservation of energy means no sex. I would tend toward the Buddhist "Middle Way" on such questions, however. There are, in fact, yogic schools which emphasize sex. Maithuna is one. I think that the healthiest view is this: yoga will help you to do whatever you want to do better.

GAY: Why is yoga preferable to other kinds of exercise?

LIGE: Because in yoga one's muscles, like a cat's, are stretched, and very little energy—little buffing and puffing—is required to attain the stretching. Cats enjoy their stretching, and so do humans who practice their yoga. It's the same sort of principle. Rather than expending energy, as required by other kinds of exercise, the yogi conserves his energy and keeps his muscles toned by stretching them. If he fails to stretch them over a period of a few days or more, he'll miss doing so. Thus, instead of being a chore, as are most exercises, yoga is a relaxation period that the adept looks forward to.

GAY: Does yoga have an effect on one's mental attitude toward sex?

LIGE: Of course! In the first place, when your muscles are loose, your body is in a much better position to perform sexually. Yoga makes you realize that the best sexual stimulation comes when the mind and body are relaxed. There are a number of postures which, if performed for several weeks, will completely relax the body, making it ready for an easy and flexible sexual performance.

GAY: Do you think that yoga reminds our bodies of things that they already know instinctively?

LIGE: That's it! Western man suffers from a peculiar division of the mind which haunts him day and night. This division, which is an illusion, causes him to concentrate too heavily on what he is doing with himself during, say, the sexual



act. One might say that he experiences himself with undue self-consciousness. As a result, he's overly self-conscious, and this is one of the greatest stumbling blocks to enjoyable sexual relations.

Like dancing, swimming and other activities requiring unconscious skill, sex is most enjoyable when one is not self-conscious about what one is doing. We Westerners label things too much. A joke is much funnier if we don't label it a "joke" before we tell it... when it contains an element of something spontaneous. Sex too is more enjoyable when it arises without our saying to ourselves "I am presently having sexual relations. I am preparing to have sexual intercourse. I am presently going to have an orgasm." Such self-conscious labeling takes the joy out of our experience. The yogi obliterates these mental registrations and his self-consciousness disappears. He plays! He loses himself in the joy of his experience, knowing that if he sits around like Aristotle and labels everything, the joy will disappear. He doesn't try to analyze the degree of his happiness.

GAY: It would seem then that yoga has something to say to the man or woman who believes himself or herself to be "over the hump," or "jaded," or who has trouble with impotence or frigidity.

LIGE: It depends on the yogi. I have a great deal to say. First, I'd ask such a person to have sexual relations often. Sex is improved by practice for such people and can be an integral part of one's life if proper habits are established. Those who find difficulty performing sexually are often those who've let their sexual lives slack, and who've convinced themselves they're not as interested in sex anymore. Many men who marry at an early age begin to feel this way by the time they're 25 or 30, and they allow their sexual impulses to subside, putting them into use infrequently.

Impotence can be caused, I think, by fear. A single sexual failure is allowed to expand in the mind all out of proportion to its real significance. A young man finds himself suddenly unable to complete the sexual act. He is fond of his partner. He wants to make him or her happy. He is inwardly horrified and he allows the failure to haunt him. "What if it should happen again?" he asks himself. The next time that he approaches his partner he's tense and over-anxious. He's hoping that he'll be able to perform with ease. Hence, he's self-conscious.

It is here that yoga offers a message of liberation. It says: "You don't have to be a slave to your own anxieties." It is anxiety that causes the failure. The young man is caught in a vicious circle.

GAY: You mean, I suppose, that he tries to get rid of his self-consciousness but finds himself more self-conscious than ever?

LIGE: Exactly. Yoga can help to break down the walls of this vicious circle. It helps him to feel the presence of his own body—to be aware in a way that brings pride and balance to his self-image. Instead of seeing himself as a clumsy and sexless being, he realizes that his body is full of pulsating life. He does breathing exercises according to yogic methods and a feeling of absolute soundness and health invades him. When he stands in the center of a room he knows that power and energy are flowing through his body.

GAY: Does the yogi take any mental steps to ease his mind?

"If one's attitude is freed from the fetters of specific aims and particular goals, and the mind is attuned to the flow and rhythm of life, sexual technique establishes itself automatically."

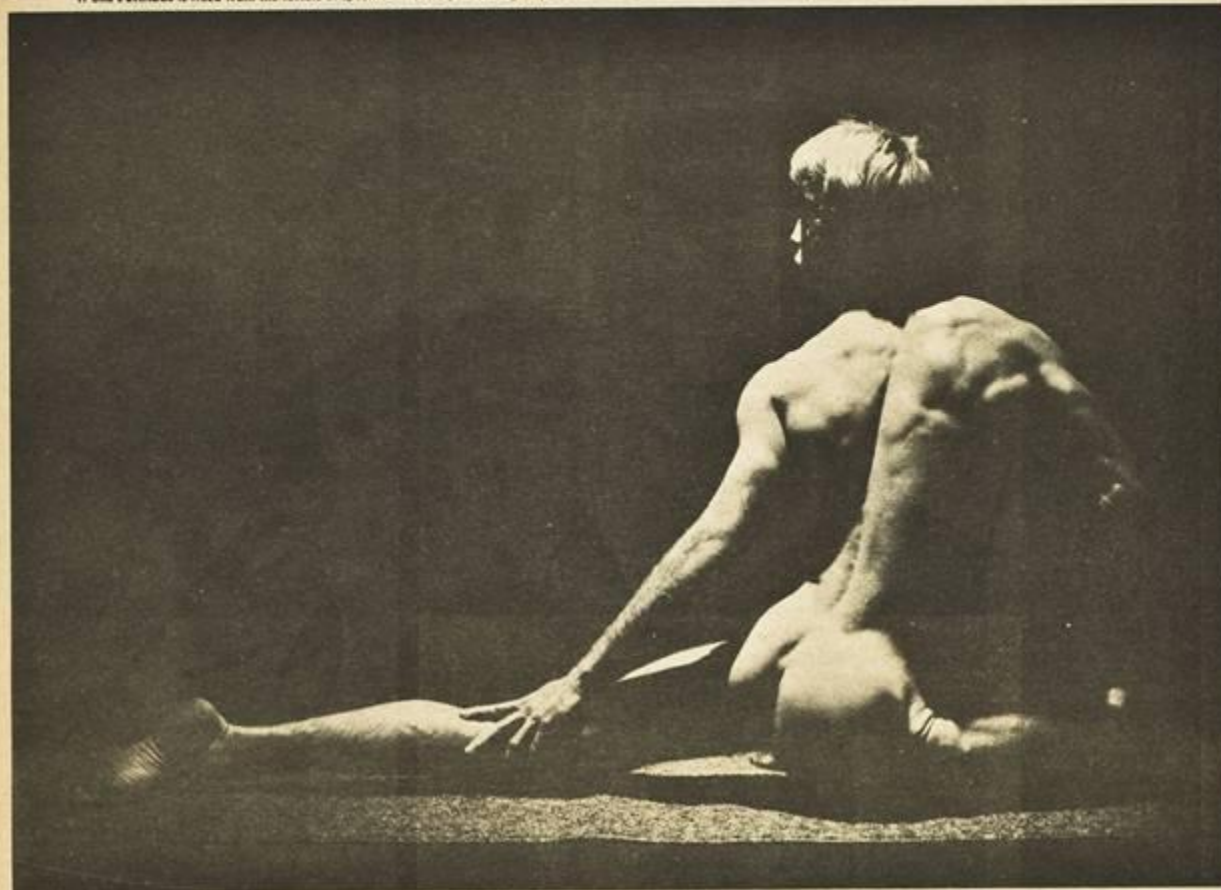


Photo by Roy Blaney

"YOGA HELPS THE ADEPT TO FEEL THE PRESENCE OF HIS OWN BODY — TO BE AWARE IN A WAY THAT BRINGS PRIDE AND BALANCE TO HIS SELF-IMAGE"



"Cats enjoy their stretching, and so do humans who practice their yoga."

Photo by Roy Blaney

LIGE: Yes. He realizes that he must stop worrying about maintaining high sexual performance standards. One of GAY's contributors, Mara Mills, was telling me the other day that she thought the sexual revolution had made many men overly nervous about performance. When they're in bed, she complained, they're always worrying about whether they're touching properly, whether they're "good" and the like. She seemed quite distressed by this development. I would say, as a yogi, "let your standards drop, and the level of your performance will rise." This easy formula reduces unnecessary anxiety.

The psychology of yoga, and of Zen in fact, teaches us to hold our minds in stillness, not allowing thoughts to wander. A most important point of the yogi's experience lies in his realization that *we are here, it is now*. Instead of *thinking* about doing (particularly when we're having sexual relations) we must simply *do*. When we stop spending time pondering, deliberating, considering and brooding, we can get on to the business of living. Our acts will be more direct, forceful and full of feeling.

It isn't in our speculations that hope for a good sexual experience lies, but in our actions. Our deeds tell the story behind our lives, and those who spend all of their time *thinking* about action instead of acting are sure to act less adequately.

GAY: How would you suggest that yoga makes a person more sensitive to sex?

LIGE: By making us supersensitive to our own bodies, yoga helps us to understand the meaning of the word "feeling." A yogi knows how to touch the ends of his fingers together, ever so lightly, but with delicacy and sensitivity. He knows how to bend, stretch and to feel each muscle throughout his body. He can put himself

in a state of complete relaxation by simply lying on the floor and telling each part of his body to relax. He comes out of this state greatly refreshed and invigorated. Without useless worries on his mind, he's ready to enjoy life and sex and they come to him.

GAY: What can two people do to increase their chances of sexual fulfillment after a yoga session?

LIGE: First, they shouldn't think of their sexual act as something apart from their general life... or from their yoga, for that matter. The sexual act, from a yogi's standpoint, is like a conversation, or is another part of a conversation. Two people relax in each other's company. They talk, and eventually their energized con-

versation is transformed into sensual forms. It expends itself as sexual contact. After the sexual encounter has taken place, the conversation is resumed, starting where it left off prior to the sex act.

Couples have been known to use yoga exercise periods as a natural step to sexual relations. Asanas, or postures as they're called in English, make it easier for folks to perform with ease and balance. Any one of a number of poses will make one or both partners vulnerable for sexual appreciation.

GAY: Does the practice of yoga add to a person's catalog of sexual techniques?

LIGE: The word "technique" frightens me. It ought to frighten any yogi. A West-

erner thinks in rigid patterns about the performance of the sexual act. He fails to allow either himself or his partner room for self-expression. He believes there are only a certain number of ways in which the sexual act can take place and if it falls out of these rigid patterns he becomes anxiety ridden.

The purpose of yoga is not specifically a sexual one, but a self-liberating one. It's a way of liberation. Self-liberation. It makes us free to enjoy ourselves and our partner. But joy is a product of a well-disciplined body and mind. Yoga will prepare a person to take love making as it comes, to meet it fully, not in a technique-oriented, grasping, clutching way, but with inner attitudes which give a man a feeling of true existence.

Sexual technique becomes a secondary matter while attitude is of primary importance. If one's attitude is freed from the fetters of specific aims and particular goals, and the mind is attuned to the flow and rhythm of life, technique establishes itself automatically.

I would liken sexual union to a dance. When the partners hold each other too closely, clutching and conscientiously *trying to step*, they are clumsy. Their dance lacks sensual pulsations and the partners appear to observers as uncomfortable with each other. But when the dance is not forced, and the partners give themselves to the musical beat without being conscious of each movement, they seem to take on the aura of rhythm and sensuality.

Sexuality, like the dance, can lift you to new heights of harmony. The practitioner of yoga knows that through many avenues, among them sex, he can touch the stars if he has first freed himself from conventional fetters.

PENPOINTS

Dear GAY:

I enjoy your newspaper very much; I find it informative, interesting and generally even very accurate, which is more than can be said for the *Encyclopaedia Americana*. However, in an article by Mr. Randy Wicker in your newspaper for April 9, 1973, I find several errors which require correction.

1. Oscar Wilde had three trials, the first being the libel trial against the Marquis of Queensberry, the latter two for offences contrary to the Criminal Amendment Act of 1887 (for being gay). In the last of the trials, he was convicted on 25 May, 1895 and, along with a gentleman named Alfred Taylor, received the maximum sentence of two years at hard labour. The judge, Mr. Justice Wills, considered the sentence entirely too lenient for the heinous crime involved!

2. The law under which Oscar Wilde was convicted had been on the books for only eight years and was due to the efforts of two rather moronic do-gooders named Stead and Labouchere. The effect that Oscar Wilde's conviction had on Victorian Society was that the heterosexuals were delighted, the more affluent and mobile gay gentlemen (and the Mary-Anns who were unable or unwilling to pass as heterosexuals) invaded the coastal resorts of France, out of season. (Middle and lower class gays retreated more securely into their closets and moralised over artists in general and Oscar Wilde in particular.) The after-effects of his trials were still very much in evidence in 1903 when General Sir Hector Macdonald shot himself in a Paris hotel to avoid Court-Marshal, and in 1914 when Robbie Ross issued a *solli protequi* in his libel trial against Lord Alfred Douglas (the son of the Marquis of Queensberry and former lover of Oscar Wilde!) to avoid finding himself in the position of his friend Oscar Wilde.

One might say that the heterosexual sentiments that caused his conviction are still very much with us.

3. Radclyffe Hall's novel was published seven years after an attempt by some members of Parliament to bring female gays under the Criminal Amendment Act. It failed, rather narrowly.

4. Considering the quite remarkable promiscuity of Victorian heterosexuals, both male and female, it would seem very probable that Edward Carpenter's opinions concerning Uranians were correct. Father John Gray and Andre Raffalovich were "married" for 40 years until Raffalovich's death in 1934 (John Gray at one time was a close friend of Oscar Wilde and himself a fairly good poet; he survived Raffalovich by less than two months). Lord Kitchener and Oswald Fitzgerald were together for 25 years until their deaths as the result of a confrontation with a U-boat in the Orkneys in 1916. Cardinal Newman was enamoured of an individual called Brother Ambrose for 20 years and was completely desolate (and

maudlin) when he died. Among promiscuous heterosexuals were Balzac, Dumas, Charles Dickens, De Maupassant, Rossetti, Whistler, Prime Ministers Disraeli and Gladstone and the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII. And indicating that not all Victorian ladies subscribed to the double standard were Lily Langtry, Sarah Bernhardt, Jenny Churchill, Ellen Terry and a very unpleasant woman, Lady Colin Campbell.

Oscar Wilde, though not precisely monogamous, was certainly a far more faithful individual than his father, his brother or the Marquis of Queensberry. Plato and most other ancient Greeks considered monogamy important in Uranian marriages (in principle at least). The revolt led by Harmodius and Aristogiton against Hippias was caused in part by Hippias' unwelcome advances to Harmodius (they succeeded only in killing Hippias, brother of Hippias, and it was left to other gay Athenians to finish the assassination).

5. Edward Carpenter and George Merrill lived in Surrey, not in Outer Mongolia; and Edward Carpenter knew quite a few homosexuals, most of whom had their posteriors pinched by George Merrill. I do agree with Mr. Wicker that it is rather insulting to earlier Gay Liberationists for newer gays to consider the movement only three years old. That I agree with Mr. Wicker on the age of the gay movement is obvious from the above encyclopaedic letter.

Sincerely and
with Uranian Love
Georgia Dorian Ford

Dear GAY:

I feel there has been too much speculation in GAY about my sexuality, and not enough action. Nevertheless, I want the opportunity to speculate about it as well. Hopefully this will not confuse my sexuality to the area of speculation only.

Because I have said that I have never felt any homosexual desire, some people have labeled me a "heterosexual transvestite." (I will deal with the transvestite accusation presently.) The fact is simply that I don't know what homosexuality is, and therefore, I cannot characterize any desire of mine as homosexual. It is equally true that I don't know what heterosexuality is. I know only what I feel, and I have been unable up to now to relate my feelings to the collective sexuality of a large body of other human beings.

We have a tendency to classify any human being as either one or the other; if you're not straight, you're gay. The liberation movement, unfortunately, has only reinforced this simplistic duality. "Get out of the closet," activists say; "if you're not on our side, you're on theirs." There are many people who reject heterosexuality without considering themselves homosexual, and the reverse is also true; why be limited by the arbitrary terminology of our time and place? If the time comes,

I will be able to truthfully tell my gay inquisitors that I have also never harbored any heterosexual urge, either latent or otherwise.

I do, however, fall in love. And to compensate for my lack of erotic interest in human genitalia of either gender, I fall painfully, tragically and (almost) irreversibly in love. I have been in love with four women and one drag queen in my life, but I have never loved a man. Like many women, I am suspicious and afraid of men; I believe they can never understand me and my desires, and that they want only to exploit me sexually. Unlike many women, however, I feel that the problem is basically mine, not theirs. I have been conditioned to an unrealistic stereotype of male brutality and insensitivity. I have been trying to widen my appreciation of the world, and lately I have happily made many gay male friends. Perhaps it will be possible for me one day to love a man. However, my strongest desire at the moment is for the love and companionship of other women.

I was raised during the fifties, when the only standard of beauty was feminine, when men were considered ugly beasts to be hidden under shapeless sack suits. To this day I cannot understand what heterosexual women and homosexual men see in the male body, although I am pleased that youngsters today are beginning to value beauty in the man as much as in the woman. Likewise I will never understand why radical feminists and political lesbians want to hide their beauty as men were forced to do a generation ago.

Since my strongest sensual feeling is narcissistic, I have always wanted to develop feminine beauty in myself, and I have admired it and envied it in others. I can fall in love with a woman (or with a man who has become a woman) if I see myself in her; I have never wanted to see myself in a man, and so I have never been in love with a man. But my narcissism is fed by the admiration and protection of men, and I am unliberated enough to enjoy such attention and to seek it in the company of gay men. Still I am proud that I support and care for myself as an independent woman, and I would view with contempt any male offer of marriage.

In lifestyle, therefore, I resemble a lesbian, and my love for other women is very real and intense. My sexuality, however, is more like that of a frigid straight woman. If my lesbianism is questioned, then perhaps my status as a fag hag will admit me into gay society.

The other allegation about me is that I am a transvestite. This, of course, is a matter of opinion. It is my belief, for what it's worth, that I'm a woman. Others may think what they will. In a free society everyone is entitled to an opinion, no matter how ridiculous it may be!

Sincerely,
(Ms.) Vicki Richman

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

Dear GAY:

Along with my change of address notice, preceding my periodic move back to Michigan, I want to let you know how much I have enjoyed your paper. It has improved very much during the time I have had the pleasure of subscribing to GAY. The feature articles have been getting much better in recent weeks, and the columns are very interesting.

One question comes to mind in the past two or three issues: the listings on page 2 have become much smaller, from almost a full page to less than a half. What happened—too many complaints from those listed? Or have they closed up all those places? Just interested: I haven't seen any explanation.

Best,
H.L.

ED. NOTE: Jerry Fitzpatrick, who inherited the bar listings from John Francis Hunter and Dick Leitsch, recently relinquished this somewhat tedious job. Perhaps the new editors of GAY will reinstate a full N.Y. listing again. In the meantime, our bar listing salutes famous watering spots in other East Coast cities, with only major listings in Manhattan.

Dear GAY:

We appreciated your interest in our group, the Gay Medical Student Alliance, which was described in the June issue of GAY. It was mentioned that we had been asked to write an article for the *NYU Newsletter*. This article was published in the student newspaper of NYU Medical School—*Dejo-Vue*.

Thank you,
Ron Hellman
Gay Medical Student Alliance

Dear GAY:

I want to congratulate you both for a great newspaper; it is a pleasure to read your most interesting and informative paper. Keep up the good work. I will continue to look forward to each issue.

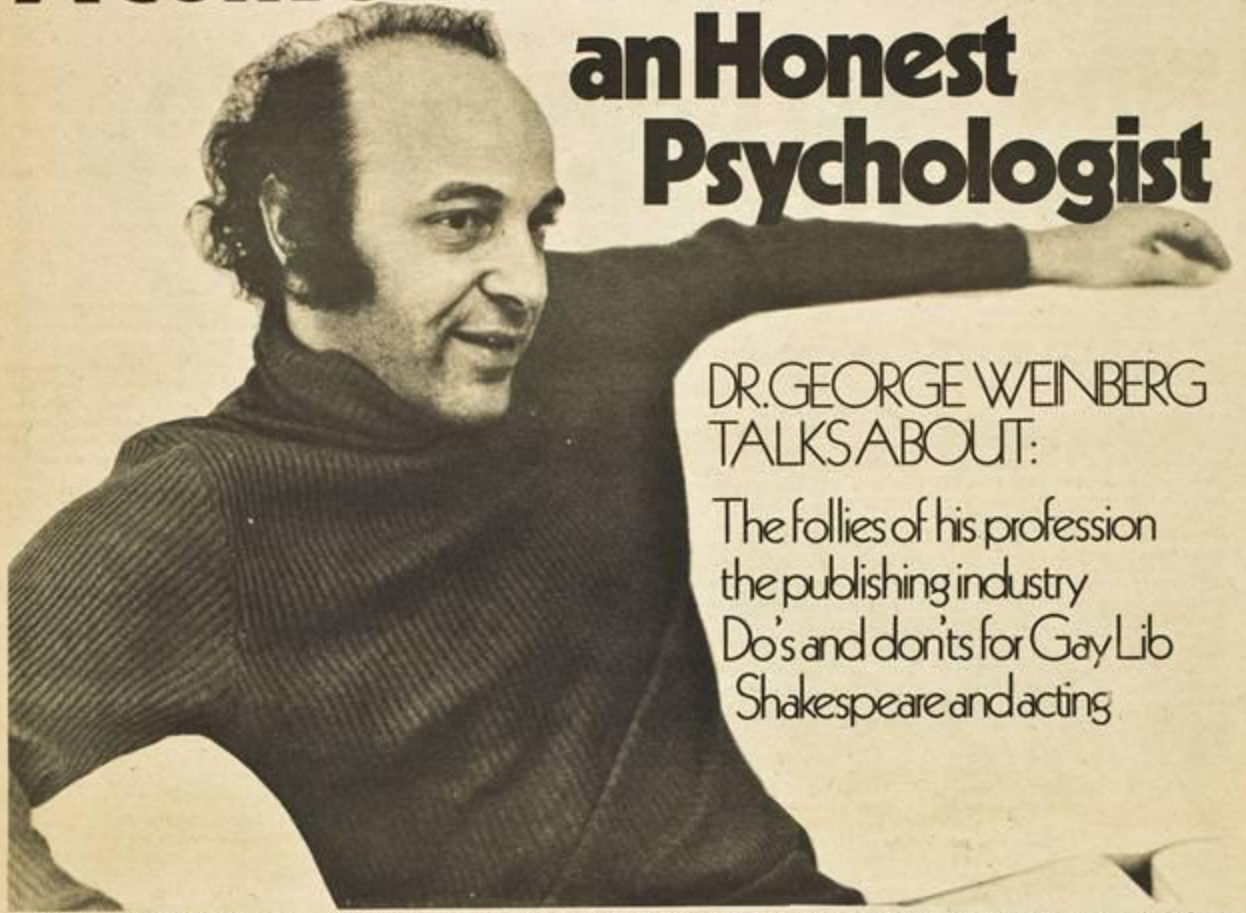
Gentlemen, can you assist me? Is there a gay publication (newspaper or magazine) that is circulated in Central and South American countries? If so, could you supply me the information needed to contact these organizations.

Thanking you for any assistance you can offer,

B.H.
N.Y.C.

ED. NOTE: There are no organizations or publications flourishing openly in South or Central America that we know of at the present time. Latins are notoriously repressive about public displays of "such matters" on account of *machismo*, perhaps, and also because of other cultural deficiencies, such as the Roman Church.

A Conversation with an Honest Psychologist



DR. GEORGE WEINBERG
TALKS ABOUT:

The follies of his profession
the publishing industry
Do's and don'ts for Gay Lib
Shakespeare and acting

INTERVIEW BY JACK NICHOLS

Dr. George Weinberg, a well-known New York psychologist, has written books which have sent major tremors through colleagues in his field. He is the co-author of *An Intuitive Approach to Statistics*, a textbook which has sold over 100,000 copies. His second book, *The Action Approach*, was published by World in hardback and by Signet in paperback. His latest book, *Society and the Healthy Homosexual* (hardback: St. Martin's Press; paperback: Doubleday-Anchor Books), is considered by many to be the finest statement by a professional psychologist on the questions it covers. GAY's editors are pleased to present the following interview with Dr. Weinberg:

GAY: First, tell us about your latest book, the one you're working on right now.

WEINBERG: This is a book called *Self Creation* in which I try to show how, by proper application of consciousness and use of voluntary acts, we can, if we know how to do it, alter long-standing attitudes. For instance, just as a person can learn to get rid of prejudices against others, a person can get rid of prejudices within himself—against himself, and *Self Creation* is intended to show that we are re-infecting ourselves with attitudes and beliefs that are unwarranted and we are reproducing ourselves. Our personality is not fixed and frozen; it is rather like a tissue that is constantly replaced by the same behavior which goes on unconsidered.

GAY: What do you feel is your field of expertise?

WEINBERG: I consider myself an expert on the subject of how people deprive

themselves of freedom, pollute their learning experiences and live like slaves in a world where they could be masters. This includes not just many homosexuals but also people who settle for too little in everyday life arrangements and who feel that the very things they want are taboo and who don't have a sense of ethic which would give them a chance to fulfill themselves. And I think that this includes most of mankind.

GAY: What do you see as the main stumbling blocks facing your profession?

WEINBERG: The main stumbling blocks facing the profession of psychology are these: first of all—is psychology a system which will be used by the state to make people what the state thinks they ought to be? In other words, are psychologists going to continue enforcing the attitudes which are expected of them? Homosexuals being considered criminals by the state are considered neurotic or disturbed by the professionals and not until the state takes a different attitude will psychologists take a different attitude. This is the danger. Psychologists cannot be expected to be leaders. The chief stumbling block is their dependence upon social norms.

GAY: In other words, they're following the social norms instead of pointing out that these social norms are not necessities and that these very norms may, in fact, turn people upside down?

WEINBERG: Right. The very fact that a person comes for help suggests that he's tripping, making a mess out of his life in some way; and this becomes the cue of the "expert" to criticize the person's total behavior and to decide what in his behavior is faulty. The truth of the matter is that psychology should be going in the direction of giving people insights which they can use to turn themselves into whatever they want to be, whether it's

healthy bisexuals, heterosexuals, homosexuals or asexuals; but instead, psychology works at developing principles which can enforce behavior. The true psychology should be a gift to people. It should give them principles which teach them how to learn to enjoy painting or sculpture or a new form of sexuality. I myself feel enraged sometimes at my inability to enjoy homosexual experiences. I got a strong dose of taboo and a feeling of embarrassment so that when I was 16 years old it never occurred to me that I or any other male was beautiful. I'd never look into the face of one of my fellow baseball players going on the subway down Courtland Park and if I did, it might have embarrassed me. Now I find that my total sexual response is to a woman even though I have a great love of men as comrades and friends, and I've been deprived. Psychology ought to provide me with the kind of insights I could use to widen my own sexual preference rather than simply tell me that what I'm doing is right or wrong... to give me the means to become other than what I am.

GAY: Do you see evidence of the psychological profession moving in such directions?

WEINBERG: Absolutely not. If anything, psychology is becoming more impersonal. Much as I loathed the old Viennese analysts who predominated when I started, I think the modern group of therapists is much worse. There tends to be much less culture, much less time, much less subtlety in therapy now. It (therapy) used to be a delicate hour stolen from life to re-examine oneself and to feel glorious in the process even if there was a lot of whimpering. Now it's like going into the subway, especially since most of it is group.

GAY: Could this come from having so

many people in practice who look upon psychology as lucrative and who graduate from schools and colleges en masse? WEINBERG: Definitely. I think that's a good point. And not just that, but there are all sorts of people who feel especially qualified to help others since they feel uncomfortable most of their lives except when giving advice... advice they feel is good for all concerned.

GAY: In other words, you feel that psychology can be spoiled by passionate do-gooders.

WEINBERG: I do. The ultimate ideal of psychology can't be spoiled but most people in practice are a disappointment. Freud was wise to set down the tenet that the analyst should keep his own personal life a secret because if most people knew, for instance, that Freud himself gave up his sex life in his early 40's—willingly gave it up—or that he took cocaine, they might not have gone to him or might have wondered about his own compensations. There is a definite double standard that always has operated in psychology. It's been the subject of a lot of humor.

GAY: You told me earlier about a student of yours who was learning to be an analyst under your guidance. While you were charging him \$15 an hour, he boasted to you that he was getting as much as \$25 from his newly acquired patients.

WEINBERG: That was some years ago. And that was his measure of success. As a matter of fact, he decided that I was incompetent partly because of the low amount I charged him. Certain psychoanalysts, like Karl Menniger, advise you to make your fees high to get respect.

GAY: What do you think of the inkblot test?

WEINBERG: The inkblot test, like most psychological tests, has had validity in the

(continued on page 14)

THE NEW
GAY
ON SALE AUG. 2

According to Eve

What Ever Happened to Cain and Abel?

BY LEO SKIR

According to Eve, choreography by John Butler, music by George Crumb. Ancient Voices of Children (Nonesuch Records H71255).

Alvin Ailey's company has been doing a John Butler version of the Cain/Abel legend. According to Eve, first performed November 1972 in New York City, has become a male-produced feminist classic. Its thesis, one of the feminist clichés, put forth by such people as Euripides in *The Trojan Women*: war is a man's macho hangup.

two explosive elements in this ballet, the sexual-love-of-sons-for-their-mother and the sex-love-of-brothers-for-each-other, it is the second which has been emphasized. Eve is able to accept both sons. She can live with both together. Her costuming, minimizing her sexuality, makes her role not that of the woman-as-being-the-attractive-one but as woman-being-the-one-who-can-accept. She can exist alone. She can exist with one man. She can exist with two. It is the men who cannot exist alone; cannot exist with a brother; cannot exist with brother-and-mother. If we exist in a fallen state, far from grace, according to Eve it is Cain who has caused...

continues. And also tell us that we must and should struggle onwards and upwards—such things are vital.

A word on this production. This reviewer saw only the Jamison/Oka/Chaya presentation. Judith Jamison muted her performance which is usually overpowering to make herself, quite obviously, an "equal" to the two male dancers, as much sister and lover to each as mother. The two male dancers, Michihiko Oka and Masazumi Chaya, both handsome and agile, were presented abstractly so that neither emerged as a personality much different from the other. Even their exactly similar but differently colored loin-cloths made one think of twins whose mother gave them different colors to tell them apart. Their dancing seemed deft

and adequate but lacked uniqueness until the duet where, almost comically, they formed the positions used in classical ballet to connote male-female relations. It is to be noted that on the night this reviewer saw it, the actions brought titters from the audience. It is one thing to wear a button saying "Make Love Not War" and another matter to have the dimensions of the challenge presented.

Works like these will continue, rolling back the initial shock, proceeding to lay the ground for a new dimension to our humanity.

"Why Can't a Woman Be More Like a Man?" is a popular song lyric. According to Eve inverts the question.

Seriously.



According to Eve: Sara Yarborough, Hector Mercado and Clover Mathis

The Alvin Ailey production has a modernistic-strings-in-space set by Rouben Ter Arutunian, making the setting non-Biblical and abstract. There are two casts: an Eve/Cain/Abel played by Sara Yarborough/ Hector Mercado/ Freddy Romero; and a second: Judith Jamison/ Michihiko Oka/ Masazumi Chaya. The costumes, also by Rouben Ter Arutunian, form a sexless-spiritual Eve and a sensual-sexual Cain and Abel. The Eve costume is a form-reducing bodystocking de-emphasizing the breasts. The Cain/Abel costumes are abstractions of Japanese wrestlers' loin-straps.

The actions: a woman rises to consciousness. She is alone. Without Adam. She rises. Two men, equals with herself, each reach for her hand. She dances with each. She indicates she is willing to be equal partners with both—together. They cannot agree. They test each other, balance, attempt to over-throw each other. Eve attempts to balance the two. She cannot. She departs. The two men dance together. Their dance develops into a sexual stance, whereupon one, Cain, rejects the sexual mode and reverts to the war mode. He falls Abel. Eve reappears. She laments the fallen Abel and then goes to the distraught Cain and comforts him.

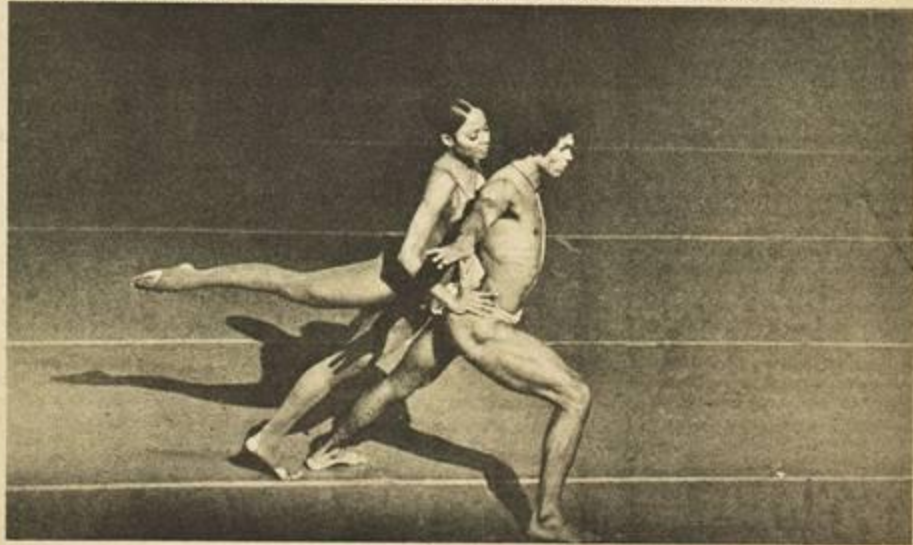
Throughout the piece we hear the sound of a woman's voice lamenting. What she says is not important. In fact, the lyrics are in Spanish and no translation is provided in the program. What is important is that the audience thinks knows that the story of "man" is as much according-to-Eve as it is to Adam, and to remember also that the story of Cain and Abel is the story of a failed love. Of the

fall, not Eve.

Pacifism, Women's Liberation, Gay Liberation are facile newspaper words. The word "homosexuality" is a Greek-Latin bastard word from a German doctor's tome. But the love for mother and brother, the memory of our descent into the insanity of war, are real and deep. Works of art such as these tell us of the eternity in which our conflict begins and



She departs and the two men dance together. Their dance develops into a sexual stance.



Sara Yarborough and Hector Mercado: Eve goes to the distraught Cain and comforts him.



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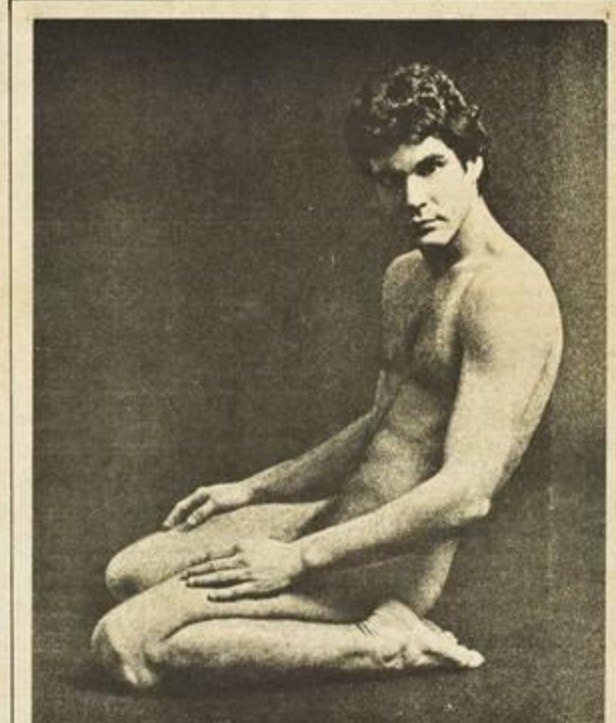
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EVENINGS AND WEEKENDS

Books in a New Dimension



New Ideas in Art Education—A Critical Anthology Edited by Gregory Battcock, E.P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 1973. (A Dutton Paperback Original, \$2.95)

Gregory Battcock, author of *The Last Estate*, a long-time feature column in GAY, has compiled several notable anthologies of criticism in the fine arts, including *The New Art*, *Minimal Art*, *The New American Cinema* and *The New Music*. Battcock is Special Correspondent for *Arts Magazine* and New York Correspondent for *Arts and Artists*. His critical essays on art have appeared in *Art in America*, *Domus* and *The Art Journal*. He is also editor of the Dutton series called "Documents in Modern Art Criticism" and an art professor at William Patterson College.

Gregory Battcock is a scholar with a far-reaching grasp of theoretical dimensions. In his latest collection of essays, *New Ideas in Art Education*, Battcock introduces art criticism which puts him squarely in the forefront of the nation's finest perceivers. *New Ideas* also includes his own biting essay entitled "An Experiment With Art in Education." In his introduction, Battcock puts the central concerns of his field on the line. He says: "Within the past several years, a new way of thinking about design has emerged; in a broad sense, the new philosophy seems to be unconcerned with the appearance of things. What may be more important than the usual pictorial elements such as style and beautification are considerations that lean toward placement, relationships between objects, and relationships between objects and people. As one contributor to this book notes, 'we need the enchantment of spaces charmingly defined on the human scale.' In short, what has become of paramount importance in design today is the idea and the theory of visual phenomena and relationships, and added to this is their effect upon one's behavior and spirit."

VD Blues Presented by Educational Broadcasting Corp. An Acon Paperback, 95¢, 1973

In late 1972, the editors of GAY, along with GAY contributor John Francis Hunter, appeared on *VD Blues*, a special TV broadcast which won not only acclaim from the press, but a special citation for journalistic endeavors from

otherwise staid bigwigs of the American Medical Association.

The *Saturday Review* hailed the program as "one of the more significant events in the history of television as a medium of education, enlightenment and raised consciousness." *Newsweek* magazine said that *VD Blues* was one of "the most daring experiments yet in broadcasting" and *The National Observer* called it "a new trail in imaginative programming . . . which seems to have jumped the nation's morality gap."



Now, the entire script of this program, including the full texts of Lige Clarke's, Jack Nichols' and John Francis Hunter's comments, is available in printed form. *Time* magazine congratulated *VD Blues* by saying that it was "outspoken even by the more liberal standards of public television." Almost every conceivable question about venereal disease is answered by this book. A special appendix lists sources for information on venereal disease and local treatment facilities in each state, as well as booklets (free and inexpensive) which give informational materials on venereal disease.

The Natural Mind: A New Way of Looking at Drugs and the Higher Consciousness by Andrew Weil. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, 1973, \$2.95.

This classic is now available in paperback form. Its subject is not drugs only, but ways of thinking which certain drugs circumvent, allowing users to bypass westernized "logic" and conceptual thought which have inhibited access to a wider perspective. Weil is today's most powerful/respected spokesman for the tradition initiated by Aldous Huxley, Timothy Leary and others whose messages were lost in the din which accompanied the noisy rise and fall of flower power and the psychedelic movement of the late sixties. His thesis enjoys the extra weight of his medical credentials, and Alan Watts praises Weil's "deep understanding of the dynamics and principles of consciousness."

Daily Life as Spiritual Exercise: The Way of Transformation by Karlfried, Graf von Dürckheim. Translated by Ruth Lewinnek and P.L. Travers. Perennial Library, Harper & Row, Publishers, 1972, \$1.45.

In the midst of urban scrambles, it



would seem that daily life is an obstacle to spiritual growth. But this is only true, Karlfried tells us, if one does not know how to use one's daily life.

Daily Life as Spiritual Exercise steps over dogmatic and credal barriers, offering genuine insights to people of all religious or non-religious persuasions. Of particular interest is the attention which this book directs to our bodies, emphasizing in a truly unique manner how we reflect ourselves spiritually in posture, movement and in the degree of tension or relaxation apparent to the knowing observer.



Christopher and Gay: A Partisan's View of the Greenwich Village Homosexual Scene by Wallace Hamilton. *Saturday Review Press*, 1973, \$6.95.

The title of this book refers, of course, to two intersecting streets in Greenwich Village, streets which are clogged at almost any hour of the day with pedestrians who have at least one thing in common—if nothing else—their sexual inclinations.

The author, Wallace Hamilton, has given us interesting vignettes based on his experiences as a man who became "overtly" gay at the age of 52 and who left his home in Baltimore to live a gayer life-style. Merle Miller applauds *Christopher and Gay* as a book "that surely will do light" and Greenwich Villagers and those who trot along Christopher Street on

safaris from their Upper East Side and Upper West Side haunts will surely benefit by reading Hamilton's spicy, image-ridden, warm and thoughtful accounts.



The Best Little Boy in the World by John Reid. G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1973, \$7.95.

John Reid uses a pseudonym in order to protect his status with his parents as "The Best Little Boy in the World." But it is no matter. This book, which describes his maturation, is one of the funniest, most engaging, honest, warm and exciting pieces of writing to emerge from the closet. It might well be thought of as the gay *Portnoy's Complaint* and no reader—gay or straight—will fail to be captivated—right from the start—by Reid's marvelous humor. This is a book you can give, with ease, to your mother or your boss. It is a milestone in the gay publishing field.

THE NEW GAY
ONSALE
AUG. 2

THE LAST ESTATE



Gregory in his private wine cellar.

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

Boxing, I used to think, is another very boring sport. When Prof. Martin invited me to go with him to the Felt Forum for the "Choo Choo Maleve/Lampkin" match last weekend, I took the precaution of bringing some reading material.

Everybody cheered for Choo Choo who, of course, lost. Then everybody cheered Lampkin, the winner. I read *The Times*. A fight broke out in the audience, near the back, but Prof. Martin advised me not to look. The audience was mostly male, wearing tight, "pop" clothes, shirts open. The beer man got swamped each time he came through the exit door, so people in the back had to go get their own.

The sweats, in white suits, white hats and white shoes, sat up front, ringside. It certainly is very undemanding entertainment.

Overheard one hot morning on East 74th Street near Third Ave., dowager and dog chatting with door man: "On hot mornings I don't make coffee. I take a big glass, see, and fill it with ice. Then I put in one jigger of vodka. And pour in tonic. Then I pour in some more vodka. It's cooling." Doorman: "Yeah."

After the "fights" we enjoyed a late supper at *Cafe des Sports* on West 51st Street. A horde of extraordinarily attractive *maitrots* provided additional decor. With only a little effort one could imagine one was in France. The French sailors ate like pigs; the place was noisy; the food good and French. For wine a new red Hermitage comes reasonably priced.

I've been into wines for about ten years. My first serious purchase was a case of 1962 Bran Cantezac and a case of 1962 Figeac which cost around \$35.00 each case. Today the 1962 Bran Cantezac is offered at D. Sokolin for \$138.00 the case. Fortunately I drank up these wines during the difficult years past, otherwise they would be too expensive to drink comfortably today. All you could do is look at them.

Everybody complains about inflation in wine prices. However there are plenty of good wines around at surprisingly cheap prices. In fact wines in New York are, qualitatively, cheaper than Paris or London. In fact food here is, in general, cheaper than London, Paris, Hamburg, Milan, etc., which always causes me to wonder why everybody is always complaining about food prices. I suppose you have to consider the inferior quality of

American food products.

In buying wines you have to shop around. One merchant will charge 100 per cent more than another. The best buys are on the East Side, in the sixties and fifties where prices are considerably less than the West Side, the Village and Soho. Cheating on wine labels in New York is rare. In England it is rampant because the law allows for bulk buying (to encourage cheaper prices) but that means local bottling and nobody snooping around to check, so a lot of things get mixed up and buying good wines is risky. In the U.S., buying wines outside New York is impossible.

I never travel in America without bringing along a couple of bottles of something simple: a few fairly recent vintages (no sediment to get shook up) in my suitcase. On airplanes I bring my own wine, cheese and a banana or something. A corkscrew is just as important an item in my toilet bag as toothbrush and poppers.

At school I keep a simple bottle or two in my file cabinet, along with a corkscrew and some proper wine glasses. Al Goldstein keeps vintage, very rare wines in his office, and is the only person I have ever known who has 1929 and 1935 Bordeaux's lying around a business place. While he has never offered to open any of these rarities in my presence, he has offered me real Cuban cigars.

Wine prices in New York restaurants are, with some exceptions, robbery. (One exception is *Cafe des Sports*.) At *Lutece*, New York's most expensive and chic-est restaurant (some say the best), wines in the \$100-a-bottle category are generally good buys. However, today a 1969 Chateau Loudenne at *Lutece* goes for \$12 the bottle. Recently we purchased a quantity of Loudenne (a better vintage) at a Manhattan shop for \$2.40 the bottle. At *Lutece* a 1969 Terrefort from Bordeaux costs \$8. Two months ago we purchased a

quantity from a merchant in Queens at \$2.50 the bottle. The Chateau Figeac (referred to above) goes for \$21 at *Lutece*, which means it is almost a steal—only double the liquor store price.

You get to learn certain things, after buying lots of wines. Avoid Pomard because it is too popular and dreadfully overpriced everywhere. Never trust a wine merchant. Don't buy without tasting. Don't buy Beaujolais. Buy in large quantities, after having tasted the wine. Bordeaux's are, as a rule, overpriced at this time. Good buys are Macons and wines from the Cote du Rhone. Whites that are cheap and good are Muscadets, and wines from Sancerre and from the Loire. If you don't know what you are doing, don't buy champagne. If you do you might as well go out and get mugged. However, good buys are available, if you're smart.

Soviet (U.S.S.R.) wines, brandies and "Champagnes" (real champagne comes only from Champagne, France, of course) are to be "introduced" to the New York market soon. We can't wait to try these goodies, and have booked passage on the *MS Mikhail Lermontov* for Leningrad. In fact, by the time you read this, we will be in Leningrad.

We are taking the very first voyage of the *Lermontov*—the very first voyage of any passenger ship from New York to Russia. Friends and acquaintances, to a man, are unenthusiastic. "You'll be a prisoner on that boat." "A Russian ship? You'll hate it." "It's not your style. Stick to Italian Line." Of course all these comments come from people who have never crossed the ocean on a boat, and never will. I, for one, would find crossing the Atlantic in a life jacket a stimulating experience. You don't have to fly to be high.

Cheers,
Gregory

I have more fun with you than anybody
—Lige Clarke and Jack Nichols

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 straight—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 Homosexuality.
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

Dig 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 permeates the book.
GO 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 . . . 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

\$5.95 at all bookstores
St. Martin's Press
175 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010

AN EDITOR SAYS GOODBYE

JACK NICHOLS LOOKS AT: Gay newspaper: past and future His own plans Manhattan nightlife Gay liberation

BY JACK NICHOLS

Resigning from GAY is the best step for Lige and for me. We've been editing the paper for nearly four years, and for a year prior to its founding, I was SCREW's first managing editor. Five years in one spot or in one business is really long enough. Lige and I have many interests and although GAY has been a "sweet song" in our lives, it isn't a direct reflection of us. We're looking to do creative work in which we're more personally involved. Editing is like hosting a gathering of others.

When I say that GAY isn't a direct reflection of us, I feel some explanation is due. When we started GAY it was innovative. Nothing quite like it had been done before and our long-time association with gay liberation (since 1961) gave us a background on which to draw for ideas. We didn't want to push gay lib explicitly in the paper, but to make it implicit. This is something that writers, who also have come from gay lib backgrounds, have often failed to grasp.

There have been hundreds of feature articles we've published that I've been very proud of. GAY's writers, at many points in their work, have given us their very best, and we've loved them for it. Many of the articles have had real soul. I think that if a history of underground papers is ever attempted that GAY will stand as one of the finest collections of essays ever gathered over a certain time span in a single publication.

But during the last year we've been telling writers that we're bored to death with homosexuality as a topic of constant concern. For the most part, this revelation on our part has drawn only blank stares. We've tried to find new writers who are going in directions similar to our own, but it's very hard to do, especially since the paper pays only \$35 for an article.

The solution to our own dilemma, we finally decided, was simply to express ourselves by ourselves. In my case, I think, that means more writing, and in Lige's case, more teaching. He knows a great deal about yoga, about centering, and about care for the body. He is the sort of person who picks up on tones instead of on what precisely is being said. He has taught me a great deal about what men and women are saying when they present their bodies unconsciously as part of language. As for myself, I'm quite excited by similar discoveries I'm making through absorbing Walt Whitman's poems.

Currently, Lige and I are working on our second book, to be published in hardback by St. Martin's Press next Spring. The title, probably, will be *Letters to Lige and Jack* and the book will sort of wrap up the work we've been doing for the last ten years or so. In it will be letters from all over the country—letters from a community of isolates, really, people who need answers and for whom we've tried to supply answers. Many of the letters are really absorbing. We've

been in a unique position, actually, receiving letters from all kinds of people about every conceivable topic.

Another reason we're resigning is that we want to get around the world a bit before we're too old and cranky to enjoy the trip. If it means that we've got to rough it in certain places we want to be able to do just that. We wouldn't want to travel to far-away spots if we had to take castor oil and prune juice with us. We want to go now, while we're still perfectly coordinated and healthy.

One friend has accused me of having the soul of a tramp. He's right, really. I'm entering a whole new phase of life: assuming a new non-identity. Although I've been responsible by certain people's standards, I often think to myself that I'm no more responsible inside myself today than I was when I was fifteen years old.

GAY, in case its readers and subscribers are worried, will continue to be published, probably on a monthly basis until October when it'll go bi-weekly again. Sales for all magazines are slow in the summertime. Al Goldstein and Jim Buckley, the publishers of SCREW, own the paper's name. I think that they're planning to ask SCREW's managing editor, Pete Dvarackas, to take over GAY in the interim. Their plans call for more nudity, probably, and the paper may become, from their standpoint, more racy. Subscribers will continue to receive the number of copies of GAY that they originally subscribed for.

Friends have asked us about our relationship with Goldstein and Buckley. I suppose that one might say our relationship has been "good." It hasn't been close, quite frankly, during the past three years. Goldstein and Buckley are very involved with SCREW, with their movies, and with an entirely different world than ours. They've seldom read GAY. In fact, I doubt that Goldstein has ever read more than three or four issues of GAY from cover to cover. It doesn't interest him, he says, and he loves his own baby, SCREW. You can't blame him for that. Lige and I lost interest in SCREW ourselves quite some time ago. In the beginning, we thought, it too was innovative. To remain so, it needs whole new directions, new infusions, just as GAY does.

I've discovered that colorful writers who are into gay liberation are not necessarily experts in other areas, no matter how smart they seem on the gay lib front. Even though they may be honest on many levels, their ability to act as critics on others is not quite what they see it to be. There are singers, for example, whose work has been lauded in GAY, and whom I've seen at some later date and whose so-called "talent" has appalled me.

Some singers have orchestrated their "rise" in the same phony fashion that President Nixon orchestrated his. Getting into all of the right magazines at the right time. Appearing at the "in" spots in "spectacular" shows with all the trimmings. I prefer a singer who doesn't need

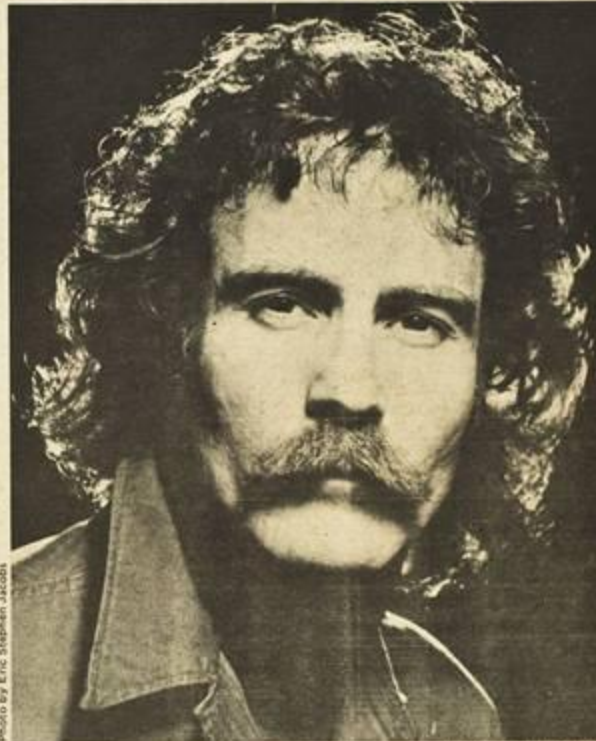


Photo by Eric Stephen Jacoby

fanfare and makeup, just a simple person who gets up and sings. The other variety is for the likes of *After Dark*, and is seen at all the smartest affairs again and again and again. But a really good singer tells us with nothing but himself or herself that he or she is alive. Some of the singers GAY has pushed may have been OK for cocktail lounges, but there are few who should ever have been touted as big stars. One such person, I recall, couldn't sing as well as I can.

If I'd been a stricter director with a variety of utensils at my disposal, I'd have preferred that GAY's writers concentrate more on exploring, pioneering, and offering brand new ideas in such areas as consciousness expansion, body awareness, relationships, coupling, and the like. When several GAY writers praised one particular skinflick—a popular one that came out over a year ago—I felt very isolated. Lige and I went to see that flick and hated it. The only guy in the movie who had contact with his own body, who seemed relaxed or at ease while he was fucking, was a Black man. The others, while paragons of socially acceptable good looks, were clods when it came to expressing themselves in body language. It was then that I realized that a GAY writer who might be terribly bright, still went to the skinflicks with a sexual outlook, or a sense of sensuality determined by the shape, posture,

and perspective of his own body... by his own experiences and by a host of attitudes that may have arisen as far back as the fifties. When two men in a skinflick concentrate on nothing but fellatio, kneeling, respectively, in front of each other while giving blowjobs, staring at each other's cocks like sick birds, it's fifties stuff to me. The old groping, clutching, "may I please suck your cock, sir" stuff. To some writers, the lack of involvement of the whole body and its missing mobility were not obvious. The body, I think, should be able to move with abandon—like a fish flapping out of water. When human beings relate this way in a skinflick, I believe, they're teaching us something. They've left their self-consciousness behind and have become a part of life's surging flow.

It may interest some readers to know what I think of New York's gay nightlife. Frankly, before I arrived in New York I'd already developed certain attitudes about the gay bars here, based on weekend visits from my hometown, Washington, D.C. I found New York bars, for example, dark, cold, not very friendly, and filled with some very drawn-looking, somewhat skuffy pasty-faced types. With so many people here on welfare, on drugs, not working, and living in dingy little apartments, I thought that the bars were

hardly the best places to meet a companion with likes comparable to my own. When I got here, most of my weekend observations were confirmed. I can't really say that I like any New York bars. I get the feeling, somehow, that really groovy New Yorkers don't spend much time in them.

There are some gay restaurants I can't abide either. One, in particular, seems more oppressive to me on each visit. I've only been there three times, and I'm mentioning the restaurant only to draw attention to the simple fact that a restaurant's being gay is no guarantee that it's a hip spot.

As for restaurants I like, they're not necessarily gay ones. I think that the gay press, and I include not only GAY, but all of the other mags, has made a dreadful mistake by touting only eateries that have a gay clientele. I've enjoyed meals at the *Beau Geste*, and I used to like the *Horn of Plenty* in Greenwich Village. This latter spot serves cornbread that's outside. My favorite restaurants, though, are *The Calderon*, on East 6th Street, *Ratner's* on Second Avenue next door to the old Fillmore East, and *The Beautiful Way*, also on Second Avenue between 9th and 10th Streets. The Beautiful Way is a Seventh Day Adventist restaurant—vegetarian. The food isn't too expensive, and it is fresh! The waiters are a bit on the slow side, and it seems to tax their mentalities somewhat to add up the checks on the cash register. Perhaps they're more interested in the Second Coming than in money. But I don't mind slowpokes in Manhattan. It's the rushing ones that bug me.

Ratner's is a gas. It has the grumpiest waiters in New York—all out of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. But it has really fine food and is the only decent spot in lower midtown Manhattan that's open after midnight. The hamburger joint on Christopher Street? Forget it. It's nice once or twice, maybe, but it's not comfortable.

The baths? Well, those which gave



Photo by Eric Stephen Jacoby

promise of invention have become a bit tacky and cha-cha-in now. Too much glitter and clutter. Phonyland appearance. No nature vibes. Just plastic. Others are OK for men who've been at the same jobs for 12 or 20 years. They're clean, although far too dark, and too functional for my taste.

One of the major baths had a good reputation last year for striking men. For a while I suppose, the reputation was deserved. Lots of out-of-towners from Philly, Boston, and New Jersey are now on the premises reguarly. But I feel, after experiencing most of New York's baths, that they're very much like bars. I think baths have their positive place in a sexually uptight nation, but one thing that bugs me about them is the fact that New Yorkers—particularly single New Yorkers—use baths on a scheduled basis, like on pay-

day. Sex on a schedule. I remember when I was a kid in high school, one of my classmates told me that he went downtown every Tuesday and had sex with a man at 9 p.m., sharp. I laughed at him and asked him how in the world he'd arranged himself with such precision. Now, I see, thousands of New Yorkers are scheduling themselves in the same way. For some reason, I think, it isn't the best thing for interpersonal relations.

I'm aware that some baths cater to young people with special rates and a degree of fanfare. One bath recently announced "chicken night" every Tuesday. This sort of emphasis is exceedingly tacky, I think, and bypasses good things that life should be teaching us, particularly on sexual levels, and among such things I would say: age is only as important as we make it.

I've been satisfied by GAY's political stances. The paper's interview with would-be Congressman Rao was a gem. Bella isn't really such a bad battle-axe. We desire pattern of a few—a minority, that is. I view sexuality, in contrast to exclusive heterosexual or homosexual distinction, as an adventure that jumps boundaries and is wide-flowing, intensely curious and almost lushly undifferentiated in its pursuit of beings to love. Homosexual feelings, I think, are a potential joy latent—waiting to be discovered—in all people on various levels. They are a natural or, in fact, a principal human propensity in myself and in Everyman. This perspective goes beyond genitals and into the most fundamental depths of the touch, the caress and an unstructured feeling and appreciation for life's pulsating variety. Whitman asked: "What is less or more than a touch?"

The gay liberation organizations who fail to move in such directions, I'm afraid, will wither away. They'll become like Lions Clubs or Veterans Associations. I get pissed when I hear today's GAA-ers screaming "2-4-6-8, Gay is Twice as Good as Straight." There is no need to compare or to overstate unless one feels inferior.

As for the current leadership of GAA-New York, I can't help but think that Whitman's line, "There is never any more inception than there is now," is not true of them. I would not, for a moment, rob anyone of the good intent that says they are dedicated to the well-being of all humankind. And, most importantly, GAA in the past has done magnificent work. But I am concerned by the great

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New Yorkers as a rule are not as "movement" oriented as they were only a couple of years ago. Instead, I think, gay liberation is becoming a very personal thing, and the noisy political rah-rah "3-5-7-9, Lesbians are Mighty Fine" approach sounds corny to me now and the other slogans sound weak and lack their one-time power and joy. I'll tell exactly what Lige and I feel about gay liberation: it is not an organization. It is not a "movement." It is not any particular magazine, or person, or newspaper. It's a feeling, an attitude. It's a personal attitude toward oneself and toward life that's affirmative. Gay liberation can be the soul property of anybody, no matter what his or her sexual orientation. At its basis, I think, is what Walt Whitman called "the institution of the dear love of comrades," something much wider and much more expansive than those who would confine it to exclusively homosexual interests would make it. I'd like to see gay lib moving in directions that view sexuality as multi-dimensional, but from what I hear from the current "movement" lines, I don't think that's the way it is headed right now. My own perspective on sexuality is closer to the old hippie slogan, "If it moves, fondle it. If it's still, paint it." Walt Whitman characterized himself as "the caresser of life, wherever moving." I like that attitude for a starter. To categorize, label, pigeonhole and catch ourselves in only one form of sexual expression makes us static, one-dimensional. Homo-



Photo by Rich Warden

sexual inclinations are the birthright of every man and not the distinct, isolated desire pattern of a few—a minority, that is. I view sexuality, in contrast to exclusive heterosexual or homosexual distinction, as an adventure that jumps boundaries and is wide-flowing, intensely curious and almost lushly undifferentiated in its pursuit of beings to love. Homosexual feelings, I think, are a potential joy latent—waiting to be discovered—in all people on various levels. They are a natural or, in fact, a principal human propensity in myself and in Everyman. This perspective goes beyond genitals and into the most fundamental depths of the touch, the caress and an unstructured feeling and appreciation for life's pulsating variety. Whitman asked: "What is less or more than a touch?"

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Photo by Eric Stephen Jacoby

"Gay Liberation can be the soul property of anybody, no matter what his or her sexual orientation."

(continued from page 7)

sense that it has made money for the people who have used it over a time period. Psychology has used tests of different kinds and gotten rid of them only when new tests came along. So that when one questions their devices of 10 years ago, psychologists say: "Oh, we don't use that anymore. We're past that." The only thing that has had a continuous success is the very name of psychological testing, even though none of the tests has survived. The field of testing keeps growing. GAY: Do you think that tests have any validity at all?

WEINBERG: There are certain kinds of aptitude and interest tests that have value. Most intelligence tests have very vague value, but nearly any kind of personal trait test is a waste of time. Even to define a word like *anxious* is beyond the power of psychology right now. Some people are anxious and sleep well and it's hard to say that the fact that a person wakes up at night means he's anxious. It's hard to find any single item or any set of items that go with anxiety.

GAY: Then there are lots of ordinary words that we use indiscriminately that are the subject of debate within the psychological profession?

WEINBERG: You see, you're optimistic when you imagine that the profession is debating. It's simply that an anxiety scale, for example, will be created. There's the Taylor Anxiety Scale. Later another scale will be devised to define anxiety differently. Homosexuality might be defined differently from one decade to the next. And *health* is defined differently. So it's tough to be condemned.

GAY: What do these definitions depend upon? A vote of the psychologists at a meeting of the American Psychological Association?

WEINBERG: The definitions depend on a certain amount of pressure that has to do with them. For example, the gay group that is pushing the Psychiatric Nomenclature Committee of the American Psychiatric Association really does make a difference. That is, people aren't that sure, and definitions are very often compromises with people. When the women's movement shouts loudly enough, they will accomplish changes in language. Definitions are just matters of comfort.

GAY: You've written several books and have written articles for most of the nation's top-selling magazines. If you could call the changes, what would you do to make publishing a more receptive/effective industry?

WEINBERG: Most important—fewer books should be published. The books published should remain in the stores a lot longer.

GAY: Fewer books?

WEINBERG: Yes. Because the average hardcover book goes to the store for six weeks. If it doesn't sell, it's not re-ordered. Its career is practically over.

GAY: Is publishing simply moved by mass economic considerations?

WEINBERG: Well, I think it's that they're in a frenzy. Generally, if you liken a publishing company to a person—it's kind of a dumb hysterical person—the sort that wants as many irons in the fire as possible at all times. If a good book was left in the stores for a while, it might start to sell; and if the publishing company's salesman came back and mentioned the same book on three separate occasions to the store's buyer and more people read the book before it was dropped, everyone would be better off.

For one thing, the publisher would have lower expenses having put out fewer books. For another, if people liked the book, they could go back to the same store and get another copy. As it is, if you like a book and go back to the store, they probably don't have it anymore. This is generally recognized. Also, like everything else, the whole process is falling apart. The average clerk, if you call him up, won't look for a book. Who can blame him for what he's getting? The only way his job is tolerable is if he's stoned silly and if he's stoned, how can he look in that big book with the thin paper and the minuscule print and tell you who published your book and whether they have a copy. Why should he go downstairs and totter on a ladder when he can hardly stand up where he is? You can hardly blame him.

GAY: If you were writing a list of do's and don'ts for the gay liberation movement, what would you put at the top of your list of do's?

WEINBERG: You had a superb article in GAY on this, the finest I've ever seen, by Alice Ford—some time back. I'm sure I've been influenced by that. One of the big do's I would put on the list at this time is do encourage the belief that many heterosexuals are quite open and understanding and reasonable in their attitude toward homosexuals. Don't act as if every heterosexual is an enemy. Cite people on the other side who are models of decency. Speak about how chic, how avant garde, how thoughtful they are. Many heterosexuals, even if a minority, have reached that plane, so that the person who hates you out there will feel that he doesn't represent all heterosexuals. Don't polarize. Don't make it an antagonism.

GAY: What would be your don'ts for the gay lib movement?

WEINBERG: Don't assume that every worker in the movement is equally able to do everything. If a person is marvelous at knocking a door down with a battering ram, and at knocking a guard over, and that person may have value in getting you on a TV show, it does not follow that because he expended the most effort he should be the one to represent 15 million homosexuals and actually go on the show and verbalize for the multitude. Even the termites subdivide work. Some are drones. Some are soldiers, etc. Human beings must do this too.

GAY: In other words, you feel that spokesmen should be more carefully chosen. Is that what you're saying?

WEINBERG: Absolutely. I believe it's time now for a series of video taped interviews with spokesmen for the gay cause and a large vote which would be carried out, perhaps, at the Firehouse with 500 people deciding on who represents them best and who makes the best impression on the larger population. It mustn't be a question of the person with the bullhorn getting to do the talking. The person with the bullhorn is good for the rallying.

GAY: What are some of the qualities that you might list—qualities you'd like to see most in a major gay spokesman?

WEINBERG: A gay spokesman—and I believe the word "figure" should replace "man" and "woman" generally. It should be a "chairfigure," "spokesfigure...."

Very important should be a complete familiarity with the tactics used against gay people... a readiness, a planned readiness to cope with each tactic forcibly, but *sermily*, and most important a memorized sequence of statements that should be made congenially into the television screen—a set of statements which could be written by that person or by others qualified to do the writing, and which have a persuasive force. You can't



Dr. George Weinberg laughs with friends at his party for GAY's editors.

do better than to read Malcolm X's autobiography on the art of how to use television for a minority group. He won their hearts up at Harvard and everywhere else. GAY: What would you say about the anger and sated insults shown sometimes by gay spokesfigures on TV?

WEINBERG: Anger and outrage is, of course, a reaction that we all feel. I doubt that anyone was angrier than I was at the rejection of Intro 475, the gay rights bill. At the same time, I think anger is best expressed in language, not in growls, because one gets written off for looking primitive and out of control. So anger must be channeled. It must be translated into persuasive force. If anything, *uwmith* should be simulated so that some contact could be made and someone who's out of control, whose eyeballs are popping on television isn't going to do the job. We've had an ample supply of people NOT doing the job lately on the public media. I think that Lilli Vincenz and Barbara Gittings are the best gay spokesfigures I have ever seen. Marc Rubin is also superb.

GAY: You've just been to London again to see Shakespeare, right?

WEINBERG: I try to go to London because I find myself exhilarated by seeing Shakespeare plays over there. It really is a super experience. You can buy the best seats a day in advance. I just sit a few rows back and just learn about life listening to the characters. There really are great Shakespearean actors over there.

GAY: You like the English actors doing Shakespeare more than American actors?

WEINBERG: Well, for one thing, most American actors don't seem to understand the lines, so that it's hard for them to actually render them; whereas in Eng-

land I guess they're brought up on the language more. It isn't that they're more natively intelligent, but the language is less alien to them.

GAY: Do you think there may be a different understanding about acting among Englishmen?

WEINBERG: There's a lot less of the mystique about acting. The best actors in England (as in the Old Vic) make the equivalent of \$300-\$400 a week. Here, the tremendous amounts they make, make these actors utterly different—almost qualitatively different—from the rest of humankind. There it's a job, and one keeps working at it. You don't see actors upstaging each other, for instance, in England. It would be immediately recognized. The person would be booted out. Here, you find a much more comparative thing. Here I've sat with a patient (actor) and discussed for three hours how he could negotiate with the producer of a Broadway show to get his name in a box because he informed me that it was better to have a rectangular box around his name than not to. I mean, this kind of preoccupation with status—whether your name is fourth or fifth—is very destructive. Of course, a great number of people are not actors—and say they are for the sake of identity—and tend to clog up the field.

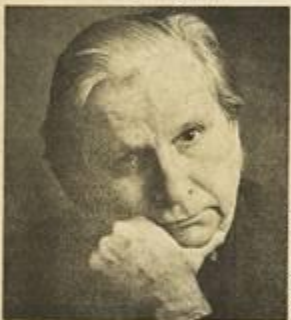
GAY: George, as you know, GAY's editors are resigning from the paper. We would like to thank you for your long-time support.

WEINBERG: I've always enjoyed writing for GAY, Jack, and when you and Lige surface again in the media, you know that you can count on me to continue that support.



Frank Kameny has a mind of his own.

number of men and women who've been "out" for only two years or less and who presume to speak as authorities on homosexuality to society at large. I fear that GAA or any democratic organization similarly constituted in the "movement" is subject to the perpetual rule of such newcomers. Many quit their jobs to work for the "movement" full time. These people earn my immediate suspicion. I prefer to see folks take care of their own personal lives first and to worry about saving the world as a secondary occupation.



Morris Kight is relaxed.

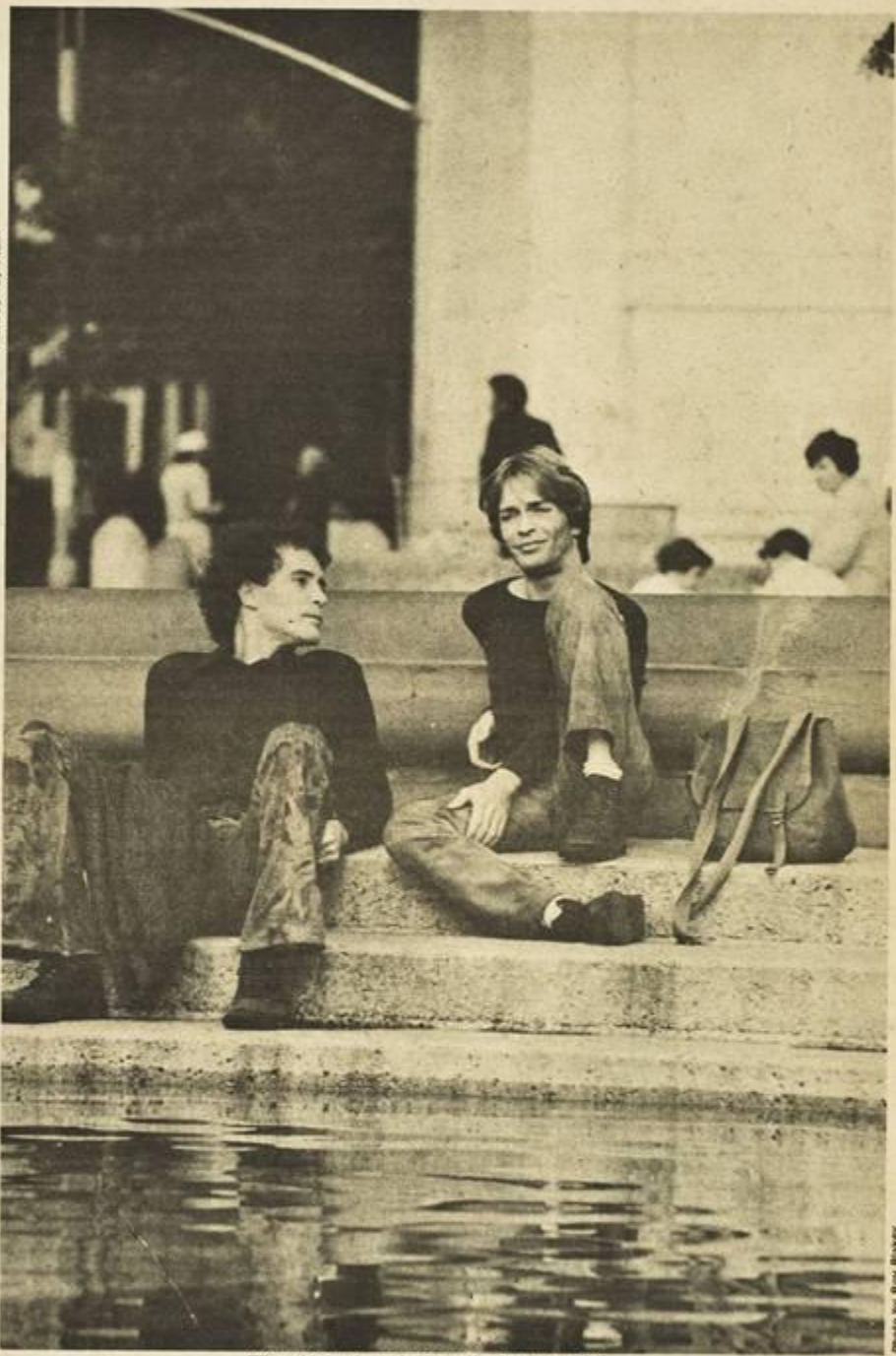
I think that some libbers are too angry and far too inexperienced. As a result, they're poor public spokesfigures. Some are too academic, too stuffy. Others, once they get to a helm, see themselves in grandiose "savior" spotlights. The present GAA-NY leadership worries me a lot. They're working with mass media and although I'm sure that they're sure that what they're doing is right, and that they're trying to help humanity, they have some representative-spokesfigures



Barbara Gittings radiates a gentle ease.

—who must surely be the people most unsuited available to work with media.

What has happened to gay lib has happened to all movements, however. Bright ideas fall out of the hands of innovators and pioneers into the laps of do-gooders, bureaucrats, academics and administrative plodders. Every organization, GAA-NY



"We want to travel around a bit even if we have to rough it."

included, has a life cycle. The Mattachine Society of New York had its life cycle too and is now getting a second cycle. Don Goodwin, Mattachine's president, is a man with a personal touch. He takes time to laugh. I trust a person like that.

In any case, I wonder if any person who has been "out" only a short while and who has spent most of that period in gay lib work is truly justified in assuming that he's liberated—that he has the perspective, experience or sense of self and self-awareness and comfort as a homosexual to represent 15 million diverse personalities. A person who is really comfortable with his homosexuality knows how to laugh. A belly laugh, I mean. I doubt that

some of the current GAA-New York leadership knows how even to giggle. Just as bad when it comes to *seriousness* and *dogmatic blindnesses* are some of New York's lesbian "liberators." Lesbians we've known do not behave like some of these "movement" women. Women in Boulder, Colorado, for example, were so friendly that they helped us to remove our shirts while we were dancing.

There are "spokesfigures" in gay liberation who have a sense of perspective and humor and I hope they'll continue to stay prominent in the field. Franklin Kameny in Washington, D.C., for example, or Barbara Gittings and Morris Kight in Philadelphia and Los Angeles, respectively,

come to mind. Anyone who can laugh, and who gives a radiant sense of being relaxed is good for the cause.

GAA-New York's current leadership can't take criticism at all well. When GAY's editorial criticized a recent TV show, one leader reacted, we understand, by saying that Lige and I were jealous and wanted to be on the show ourselves. Tain't so. We've both been on scores of TV talk shows—nationally and locally—and one more appearance would make no difference to us. We've turned down appearances on the David Susskind Sunday Night Freak Show twice. We started making appearances as early as 1964. Frankly, I don't like to go on a show to argue. I

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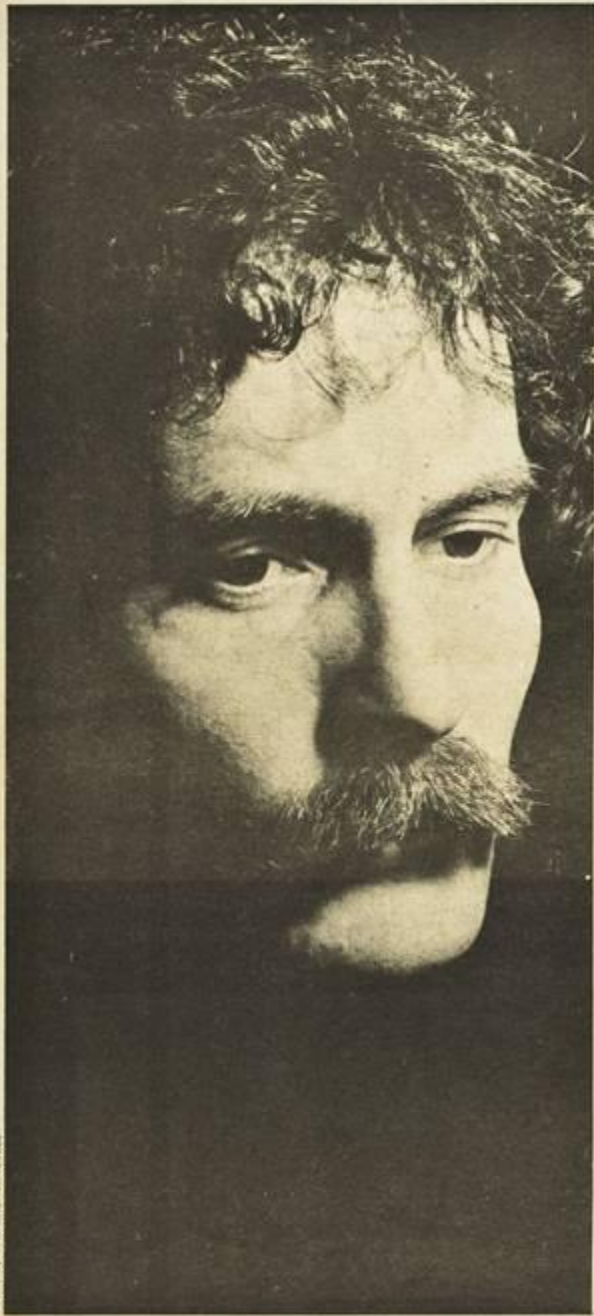
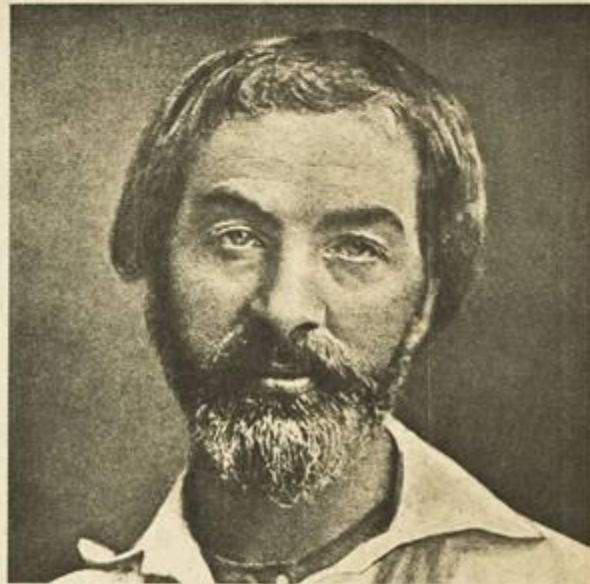


Photo by Eric Stephen Jacobs



Jack Nichols: "I read Whitman's LEAVES OF GRASS for its philosophy as well as its poetry."

used to debate shrinks in the old days, but today I hate simpleton-type arguments. If I go on TV today, it will be to be myself, not a spokesman who argues. A good laugh is better than ten arguments.

In spite of the fact that GAY has been pro-GAA-NY through most of its publishing history, we've noted that that organization has never sent us one letter of thanks. The Mattachine Society of New York, on the other hand, has done so. I think that this fact says something.

The editorial Lige and I penned in the last issue, entitled "Whither the Gay Liberation Movement?", tells something about what we feel are good directions nowadays for gay lib. At its basis, as I said in a recent speech (Conference on World Affairs at the University of Colo-

rado, Boulder), I would like to see books such as Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* which is, for those who get into it, a great uplifting experience. Whitman breathes a magnificent affirmative balance. His spirit incorporates itself into those who study him. He should be read, as Oscar Wilde puts it, for his philosophy as well as his poetry. In fact, let me quote a sentence or two from Wilde's review (1889) of *Leaves*:

Walt Whitman is at his best when he is analyzing his own work and making schemes for the poetry of the future. Literature, to him, has a distinctly social aim. He seeks to build up the masses by "building up grand individuals." And yet literature itself must be preceded by noble forms of life. . . . He is not to be placed with

the professional literateurs of his country. Boston novelists, New York poets and the like. . . . The chief value of his work is in its prophesy not in its performance. He has begun a prelude to larger themes. He is the herald to a new era. As a man he is the precursor of a fresh type. He is a factor in the heroic and spiritual evolution of the human being. If Poetry has passed him by, Philosophy will take note of him."

Walt Whitman had a huge hardon for life, and when you feel it, you get one too. It's as simple as that. Lige often reads Whitman to me late into the night. No one, I think, chants him more beautifully.

Will we return to New York, Lige and I? Perhaps. But we want to experience other places, other civilizations first.

We're going on a safari for air, for horizons, and we're very much looking forward to seeing the sky and all its clouds. We hope to live near mountains for a while such as those we saw in Boulder, Colorado and to sit under great trees. I don't pretend to be unusual in this respect, but I think that trees are a great spiritual resource for me that I sorely miss. But it's certain that we'll return to New York at least to conclude new publishing contracts.

New York is a grand city. I've learned a great deal here—fast. When I'm far away, I'm sure I'll recall Whitman's lines, "Ah what can ever be more stately and admirable to me than mast-hemmed Manhattan," and I'll shiver with a thousand memories.

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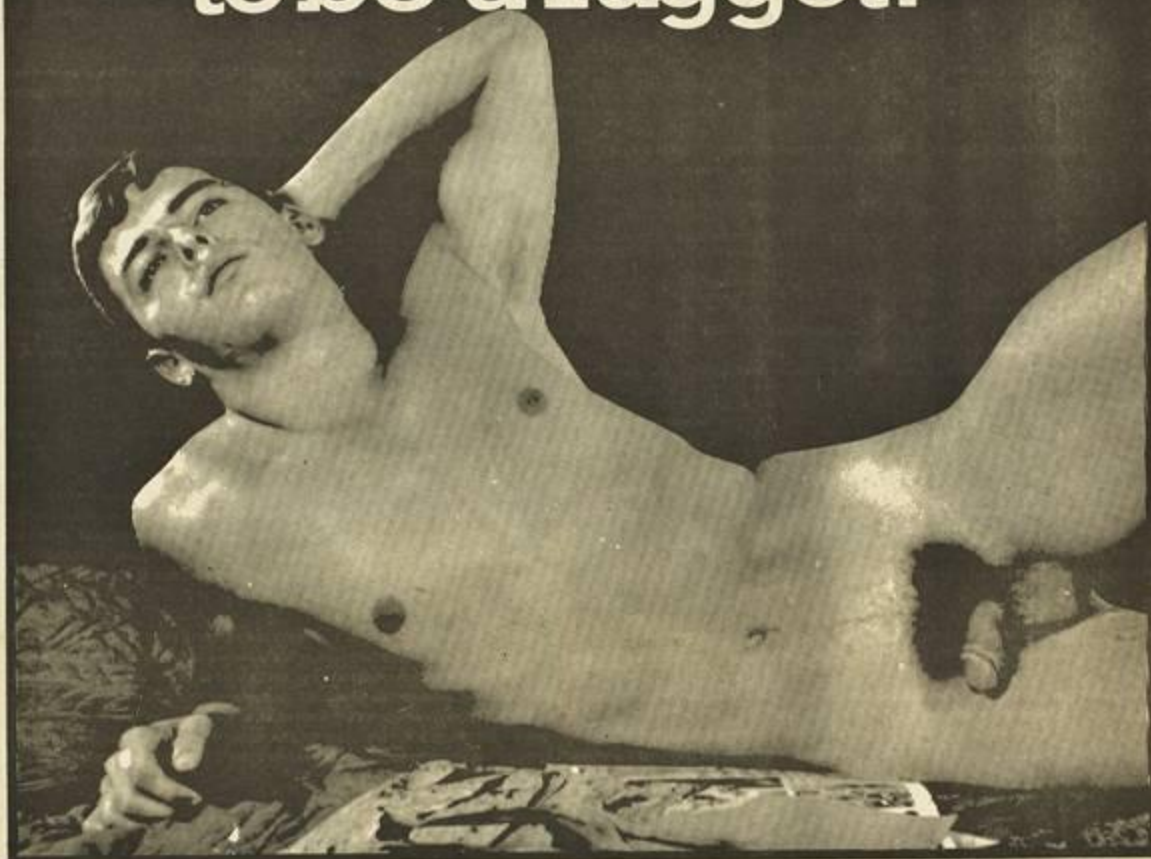
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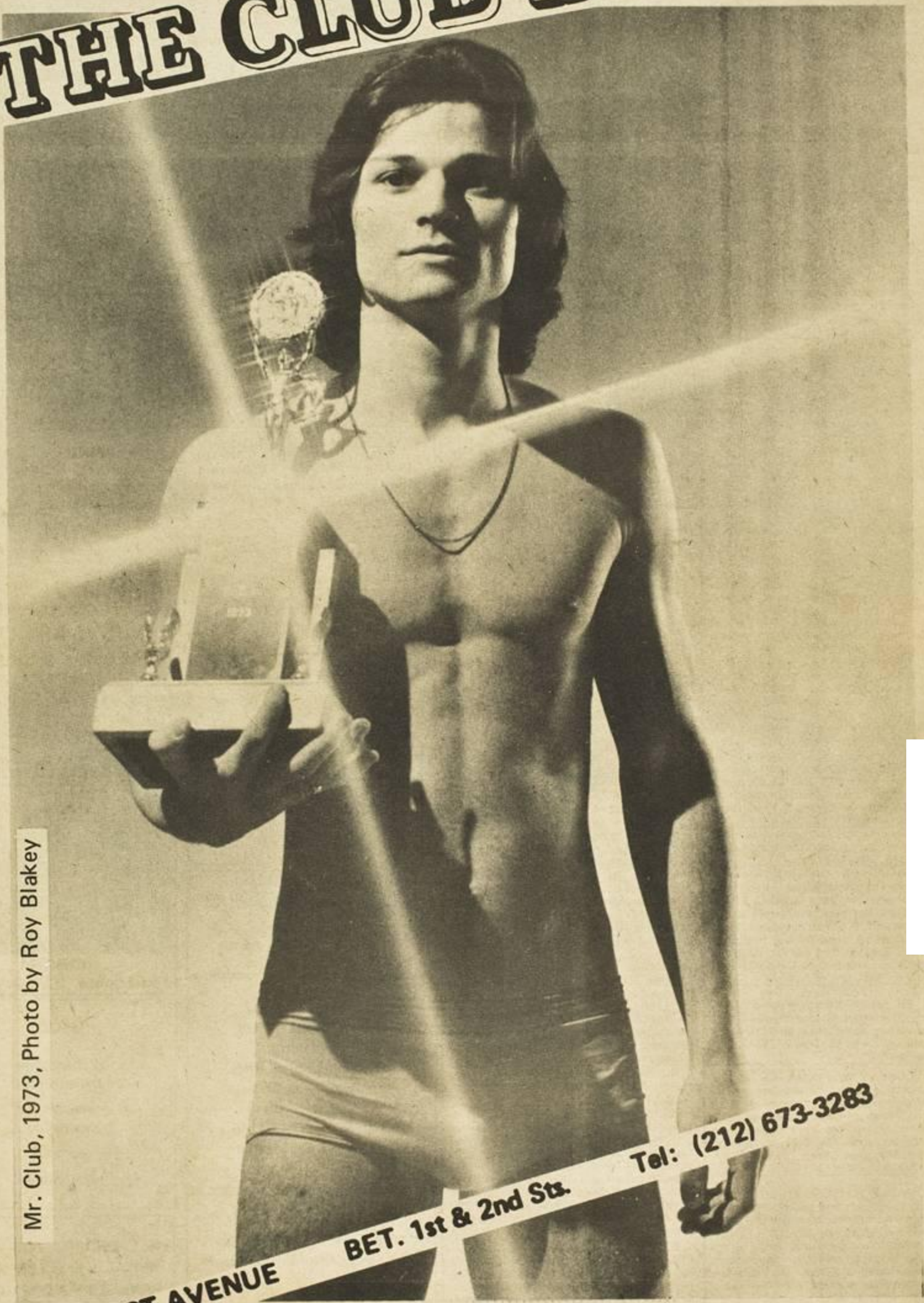
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