

GAY

50¢

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Number 96

POLICE/GAYS COOPERATE ON MURDER SEARCH

BY RANDY WICKER

New York, N.Y. — The manhunt for the murderer of three gays in Greenwich Village in early January has produced a multi-level series of unique contacts and interaction between detectives investigating the slayings and New York's multi-faceted gay community.

Ronald "Pepe" Cabo, a 29-year-old hairdresser, was the slayer's first victim. Cabo was found dead on a smoldering couch in his apartment at 234 Thompson Street, Thursday morning, January 4th.

He had been stabbed between ten and fifteen times.

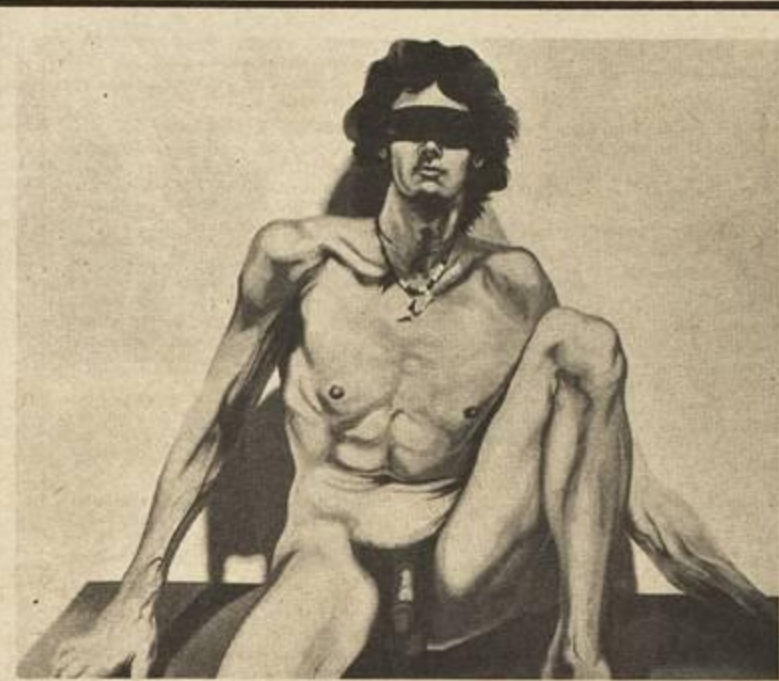
Cabo's slaying was followed five days later by a double homicide at 11 Varick Street. Socialite John Beardsley, 53, and Grey Advertising copyright researcher David MacNiven, 41, were found dead of multiple stab wounds in MacNiven's apartment, which had been set afire.

Since money was found on all the victims, robbery was not thought to be the motive. However, a stereo system had

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Scotland: A laddie in lassie's duds: Peter Keenan, 20, and heterosexually inclined, says he "pulls the chicks" by wearing stuff he buys in girls' boutiques. "What girl wouldn't envy my 34-24-34 figure?" he asks. Peter says, "So far I haven't worn any makeup. I'm beautiful enough without it!" Scottish newspapers report that unattached young men are looking a little lovelier each day, as anyone who follows Scottish trends will tell you.



The Male Nude is an exhibition opening February 14 and running through March 13, 1973 at the Visual Arts Gallery, 209 East 23rd Street (ORegon 9-7350). The Gallery is open Monday through Thursday 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. and 6:30 p.m. to 9 p.m. Closed on Saturdays and Sundays. Painting above by Lowell Nesbitt. (Photo by Dudley Gray)

LEGAL CLINIC ESTABLISHED



Attorney Michael Miller counsels persons with legal problems.

BY RANDY WICKER

New York, N.Y. — Attorney Michael Miller and another barrister who requests anonymity have established a free legal clinic, open to those seeking advice on problems on Monday evenings between 6:30 and 9:00 p.m. at the offices of New York's Mattachine Society, 59 Christopher Street just off Sheridan Square. A voluntary \$5 donation is requested, the proceeds of which goes toward expanding the legal section of Mattachine's library.

Miller, who is active with New York's Gay Legal Caucus, says he suggested the clinic to the caucus as a project but at this time it was an "independent undertaking" of his own. The clinic has no official ties with either the caucus or Mattachine, although that latter had volunteered use of its office space.

"Most of those seeking counseling," Miller elaborated, "want advice on everyday problems like how to deal with the draft or problems relating to immigration."

WHERE WIL YOU GO TONIGHT?

A DIRECTORY FOR DISCRIMINATING DISPOSITIONS

CODE
GM—Genital Males
GF—Genital Females
TV—Transvestites
INT—Integrated, gay & straight

BY JERRY FITZPATRICK

Because many of your letters have asked how I rate the bars in this column, I shall attempt to tell you. I try to be objective, but let's face it, we are all human and have our own favorites. I realize that what turns me off or on may not do the same for somebody else. If I find a bar pulling any kind of rip-off, I'll let you know immediately. Otherwise, I'll attempt to give you as complete a listing as I possibly can.

WEST VILLAGE

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

Bunk House, 551 Hudson St. (989-8520). The defunct Casa. Good luck. GM
Carr's, 204 W. 10th St. (255-9742). Neighborhood bar and crowd. One of the oldest. GM. Cave, Bank & Washington Sts. Young leather crowd. Cruisy. GM

Delaney's, 72 Grove St. Good food. Joey still behind the bar. Int.
Fedora's, 239 W. 4th St. (CH 2-9691). Jack and Larry on the floor to serve you. And Fedora herself making sure that you enjoy your meal. GM/some Int.

Finale, 48 Barrow St. (CH 3-7538). Old establishment under new management. We'll look for the changes. GM
Five Oaks, 49 Grove St. (673-9669). Village favorite off Sheridan Square. Int.

Four Eleven, 411 Bleeker St. (CH 2-2117). An old-time favorite. Int.
Friday's, 530 Hudson St. (255-9741). Intimate cocktail bar upstairs with a cozy dining room downstairs. My friend Teddy will see that you enjoy. Coverboy Tony Collado is on the stock. GM/GF

Gay Switchboard (924-4036) Gays servicing gays. New to town? Want to rpf? Call.
Goldbug, 83 W. 3rd St. (677-9874). Dancing to great sound. Shows during the week. Younger crowd. GM

Horns of Plenty, 353 Bleeker St. (242-0636). Delicious food and they have their liquor license. Int.
Jules Verne, W. 10th St. Jason's place and Jack is there. Fantastic time and food. Int.

Julius, 159 W. 10th St. Hamburgers are great. Drinks are good. Hap, Joey, et al will take care of your drinks. The crowd is pretty, but don't count on making out. They still stare off GM Katers. 284 West St. Granddad of the leather bars. Keeping up with the times. Pool and some humpy prospects. GM

Kookie's, 149 W. 14th St. (242-9226). The bar is clean but they don't encourage GMs. Kookie looks like a poor man's ZsaZsa. GF
Lumelight, 91 7th Ave. So. Another disco. Nice decor. GM

Mama's, 59 Grove St. (243-9323). John Michael heads the merriment. Bobby Spin is on days so there's always a good crowd. Try it. GM
Meat Rack, 500 W. 14th St. (989-2649). Big, roomy leather bar. Interesting cruising and types. GM

Mattachine, 59 Christopher St. (691-1066). The new offices are fantastic. Stop in and get an education. Among other services (legal and social) it boasts apartment listings for gays.
Mena's Royal Roast, 28 Cornelia St. (CH 2-9557). My Martyn has taken over in the kitchen and I suggest you call for a reservation. Joe and Bill still knocking them dead behind the bar with Ronnie White at the keyboard.

Music Circle, 130 W. 10th St. Turned disco. GM
One Petalio, 518 Hudson St. (691-6260). Frank has been made mgr. Beautiful Nancy Haskell during afternoons and my Bill and Peter will be there nights. GM/GF

Paula's, Greenwich Ave. and 7th Ave. So. The food is very good. Chris and Elaine tend bar while Paula supervises. GF, GM
Peter Rabbit, 305 W. 10th St. (929-9279). Wild mixture of folks, cruisy. Sexy Jimmy and George to tend your needs.

Ramrod, W. 10th St. Leather & western a la S.F. Sexiest Joe along with Carl and Don will see to libations. Coo is host. GM
Roadhouse, 570 Hudson St. (CH 3-4214). The IN bar in the Village. Jammed any night of the week. Go and have a good time. GM

Sammy's Potty, E. 13th St. near 5th Ave. (673-9840). Opulent piano bar. Leah is your host. GM
Soko Strawberry, Bleeker and B'way (254-7600). Huge disco. We'll see what happens with this one too. GM/GF

Sotara, 185 W. 10th St. (675-9477). Sotara is on the bar and that makes it worth the trip. GM
Ten, 21 Greenwich Ave. (255-1337). Snack shop, cruisy afternoons; find out what's happening all over the Village. GM/Int.

Ty's, 144 Christopher St. Right-on bar. San Francisco decor. Humpy Jim and Ed are there nights. Brother Doric during the day. GM
West Beach, Christopher St. If you are like me and like saloons once in a while, this is it.

Wild assortment of people. Int
West Side Discussion Group, W. 14th St. (across from the old Triangle). For over a decade, helping gays. Free VD tests. Just started a theatre group. Interesting people. Try it. GM/GF

EAST VILLAGE, WASHINGTON AND UNION SQUARES

Club Baths, 24 1st Ave. (673-3283). Mr. Clean must work here. Dynamite people in an opulent setting. You'll find someone here. Confidential VD test Thursdays, 5-9 p.m. Half price for students. GM
Eighty-Two Club, 82 E. 4th St. (GR 7-1046). Home of the female impersonators. Tourists. **Maserey's Ale House**, 15 E. 7th St. (477-9363). Was very cruisy when we were kids; I doubt if it's changed all that much even though Women's Lib got there too. Int.

St. Mark's Baths, 6 St. Marks Place (473-7929). Low prices because they wouldn't dare charge any higher. Run down. GM
Walter's Apartment, 1068 2nd Ave. (371-3374). Wild illusion of a penthouse overlooking NYC. The best manager in town, Tom, has added Bobby Marino to the staff. A definite winner. GM

Yukon, 140 E. 53rd St. (421-6122). Roy has given it a new image. Young and vital. Dancing. GM

GRAMERCY & MURRAY HILL

Barre, 232 Park Ave. So. (19th St.) (473-0808). Bringing leather to the east side. Lots of rooms. Reminds me of L.A. Neffy is your host, with Steve, Tiger and Sky doing the honors behind the bar. GM
Beau Geste, 239 3rd Ave. (475-9724). Very good food, reasonably priced, served by some of the best looking waiters in the city. Romantic atmosphere. Cruisy bar. Say hello to Thom and Jack nights, and Chuck and Gene days. GM

Leaf's Lion, 57 Lexington Ave. (886-9608). Nice, friendly atmosphere. Your host is David. Go and have a good time. GM
Uncle Charlie's, 581 3rd Ave. (684-2170). By gays for gays. Always jammed. Truly more of a club than a bar. Bob and Jerry deserve all the success they are attaining. GM

Eagle's Nest, 11th Ave. & 21st St. If you're not into leather (black) and/or western, don't bother. You won't get in and why hassle the management or yo-self. This is for leather people only. GM
Glenn's, 53 W. 19th St. If the girls are anything like Holly, Dee and Maria—Go! GF
Nine Plus Social Club, 149 W. 21st St. Exclusive after-hours club for the leather set. You must be sponsored by a member. Nice place.
Spikes, 120 11th Ave. (20th St.) Humpy studs come here to relax and groove. GM

SOHO
Gay Activists Alliance Firehouse, 99 Wooster St. Get there early for the S.A. dance. Marvel at the CABARET every other Fri. Lesbian dance last Fri. of the month. FANTASTIC!!! 7th Ave. 1RT to Houston; 8th Ave. IND (A/A/E) to Spring; 6th Ave. IND (D/F/B) to Broadway/Lafayette; BMT (RR) to Prince; Lex. Ave. 1RT to Spring. GO AND HAVE A BALL AND YOU MIGHT FIND A FEW OTHER THINGS OUT.

MIDTOWN & MIDDLE EAST SIDE
Beacon Baths, 227 E. 45th St. (987-0322). Take the elevator to the 11th floor. Fantastic for a matinee. Lots of humpy businessmen on the prowl. Free VD tests 1st and 3rd Wednesdays of the month—4pm to 8pm. GM
Candy Store, 44 W. 56th St. (581-4664). Spiral staircase that can turn you on. Some beauties. Jackets required. GM

Continental Sauna, 111 W. 56th St. Not as grand nor as expensive as the "Mother Church" on W. 74th St. Good for a businessman's bench(?) GM
Badmother, 309 E. 60th St. (832-9094). Sebastian is here and Puszy is with him. Dining. GM
Lib, 305 E. 45th St. (L.E. 2-0290). Girls' fantastic bar. The best of its kind. Say hello to Jim, Elie and Lois. GF/home GM

Mayfair, 964 1st Ave. (E.L. 9-2959). Good food at a good price. They're leading out of their closets. Int.
Regent of Tokyo, 251 E. 53rd St. Japanese restaurant. Int. GM
Ronnie's Supper Club, 324 E. 49th St. Another elegant eatery. Charles De Forest at the keyboard. Jackets are a must. GM

Roundtable, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310). First N.Y. disco. Bigger dance floor came with new decor. La Fleur are still here. GM/GF
Savva Baths, 300 W. 56th St. (PL 5-6880). A small place that closes at midnight. Busy during the late afternoons, tho. GM
Sebastians, 1068 1st Ave. (355-8052). My favorite Joey has been added. Along with John on the floor and Bill in the kitchen, Sebastian has a popular place. GM

Simples, 951 1st Ave. (486-9832). Johnny Vincent is your host. Fine food and a lot of fun. Say hello to Phyllis and Bobby. GM/GF
Sire's, 58 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-8059). Alan is the host. My man Sam along with Ralph will take care of your drinks. GM
Treadseur, 1078 1st Ave. (PL 3-1935). Humpy help and good food. Ken is here as your host. GM

Walter's Apartment, 1068 2nd Ave. (371-3374). Wild illusion of a penthouse overlooking NYC. The best manager in town, Tom, has added Bobby Marino to the staff. A definite winner. GM
Yukon, 140 E. 53rd St. (421-6122). Roy has given it a new image. Young and vital. Dancing. GM

DANCE BELT & HELL'S KITCHEN

Better Days, 716 W. 49th St. Disco dancing. GM.

why. GM
Big Spender, 215 W. 48th St. (586-9882). Lots of yuppies from the nearby shows. Some beauties. Good time. Eric tends to the libations.
Brothers and Sisters, 355 W. 46th St. (247-8840). Most of the sisters have left but some of the brothers are worth checking out. GM/some GF.

Dirty Edna's Scoreboard, 264 W. 46th St. (265-9077). Advertised as "The home of the Midnight Cowboys." Some of them look as if they missed the last roundup. GM
Gilded Grape, 719 8th Ave. New disco in this part of town. Some familiar faces and some wild bids on the dance floor. GM
Haymarket Pub, 772 8th Ave. (586-9360). They asked J.F.M. not to list them in "The Gay Insider U.S.A." But they are. Int.
Jimmy Ray's, 729 8th Ave. (582-9507). They won't admit to it either. But you might find what you're looking for here. Int.

Joe Allen, 326 W. 46th St. (581-6464). Gypsy, name-performer, etc. Gay is the word for the bar while the tables will be mixed. Int.
Leading Zone, 586 9th Ave. (563-8212). Some cowboys and lots of TV's. Would you believe GM(?)
Penny Lane, 220 W. 49th St. Reminded me of the old Kelly's. Some goodlooking kids. Say hello to Chop Chop. GM

Tijuana Cat, 250 W. 46th St. Lots of Latin latin hands in here. Don is the singing bartender. Ms. Dawn Hampton's vocalizing has to be heard. She gets better and better. A winner. GM
WASHINGTONVILLE, N.Y.
Mister O's Round Hill Resort, Rt. 208, Washingtonville (914 496-9845). 25 acres of good times. They will be open all year round. GM

UPPER EAST SIDE
Alibi, 1546 2nd Ave. (249-7026). Show nights are Mon. & Wed. with the sparkling Ms. Saunders. Dancing. GM/GF
Country Castein, 1313 3rd Ave. (879-6614). Drop in during the day and say hello to Mother Rice. Crowded dinner hour. Billy and Harry are on the bar. Your hosts: Ralph and Lou. GM, some GF
Forest, 1436 3rd Ave. (744-9873). Interesting decor. Frank is on days and Jerry nights. Disco. GM
Harry's Back East, 1422 3rd Ave. (249-6991). Cruise Haven. Say hello to Johnny and George. Grandma's there days. Your hostess is Judy. GM

Jack & Blue at Three, 314 E. 72nd St. (734-9303). New management has brought humpy Dennis back to take care of the bar. Dining in the rear, cruising in the front. GM, some GF
new Jimmy's, 1576 3rd Ave. (860-4509). First New York supper club. Exciting food and drink along with fine entertainment. GM/GF
Painted Peay, 1485 3rd Ave. (744-9580). How come can you say when you say GYPSY? An incredible talent. The beauty behind the bar is Eddie. GM
Piper's Lounge, 1201 Lexington Ave. (734-9305). Dancing & cruisy. Tony Black and Bill Laney are on the bar. Say hello to Mickey. GM

Uncle Charlie's, 1049 Lexington Ave. (861-6132). Cruisy help and cruisy patrons. Good crowds. GM

UPPER WEST SIDE
Bike Stop, 230 W. 75th St. (874-9014). New entry. Looks like fun. GM
Chipp's, Columbus Ave. bet. 66th & 67th Sts. Popular with Lincoln Center audiences. Int.
Continental Baths, 230 W. 74th St., west of B'way. (799-2688). More than a bath-house, it's a totally gay environment even down to a week-end cabaret. Expensive, but worth it. Students 1/2-price with I.D. cards. GM
Piccadilly Pub, 324 Amsterdam Ave. (874-8632). Good cruising and friendly. Try it. GM

Westside, 2160 Broadway (874-8013). Popular bar with humpy help. Bryan Murphy and the Westsiders provide the entertainment. GM

UPTOWN
Andre's, 125th & 8th Ave. Crowded bar. Black is beautiful and gay here. GM
Chrysalis Ballroom, 125th St. & 8th Ave. Another gay bar for this neighborhood. GM
Charade, 1800 2nd Ave. at 93rd. Where Black is Beautiful, the age is young, the food and music are soul and the dancing terrific. GMM
Gold Rail, 2850 Broadway (MO 2-4704). Restaurant and bar popular with uptown gays and Columbia students. Int.
MT. Morris Bath, 1944 Madison Ave. (534-8004). This has a black majority. GM
Pauline's, 2267 7th Ave. at 135th St. A Harlem landmark since before most of us were born. Int.

BROOKLYN
Danny's Brooklyn Heights, 108 Montague St. (625-8844). Two floors of fun and frolic provided over by Paul. Sal is your daytime host behind the bar with "dizzy" Duke and Bruce taking over at night. GM
Greene's Mansion, Henry & Clark Sts., Bklyn. High class, it's doing quite well. GM
Mar's Country, 53 Pierpont, Brooklyn Heights (624-1362). Masculine atmosphere for masculine GMS. A bath in Brooklyn complete with gym and an enormous pool. I think you'll like this one. GM
Mente's of Henry St. Bklyn. Hghts. Another new entry. GM
Piano Bar, 103 Montague St. Just found this one. Kitty Kelly is M.C. during the day and Mike takes over at night. GM.

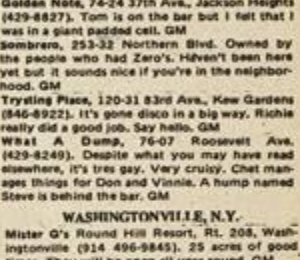
BRONX
Apartment, 505 Willis Ave. (So. Bronx). (429-8879). My baby, Greg, is behind the bar. GM
Chez Bippy, 2207 Boller Ave. (379-9407). Brand new. Catching on. My old friend Kathy is your hostess. Go and say hi. GM/GF
Face, Jerome Ave. at 179th St. Another one hard to believe the Bronx is coming out to.

QUEENS
Alley, 7405 37th Ave., Jackson Hts. (429-8879). My baby, Greg, is behind the bar. GM
Betsy Ross Room, 73-13 37th Road, Jackson Heights (429-8605). Friendly dance bar. It really hops on weekends. Beautiful Jimmy, Big Vinny and Bobby will tend to your needs. GM/GF
Golden Note, 74-24 37th Ave., Jackson Heights (429-8827). Tom is on the bar but I feel that I was in a shirt padded cell. GM
Wrist A Damp, 76-07 Roosevelt Ave. (429-8249). Despite what you may have read elsewhere, it's tres gay. Very cruisy. Chat naps things for Don and Winnie. A hump named Steve is behind the bar. GM

WASHINGTONVILLE, N.Y.
Mister O's Round Hill Resort, Rt. 208, Washingtonville (914 496-9845). 25 acres of good times. They will be open all year round. GM

GAY CINEMA
David, 234 W. 55th St.
55th St. Playhouse, 55th St. between 6th & 7th Aves.
Jewett Theatre, 12th St. & 3rd Ave.
Park-Miller, 43rd St. betw. 6th Ave. & B'way (BR 9-2879)
Tomato Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St.

JERRY'S SPHERE



BY JERRY FITZPATRICK
THE INAUGURAL: The cold was bitter. The occasion somber and grim. Richard (he's dropped the Milhouse) Nixon was sworn in as president. Accordingly, it should be a time for a big Washingtonian bash. The dissenters at the Washington Monument equalled the celebrants along Pennsylvania Avenue. The ride back from Capitol Hill was marred by boogie. The president kept his cool, as did his icy first lady. An awful reminder of the times in which we are living, the first and second families sitting behind a bulletproof glass cage to watch the parade. Awful because I never thought any American official would have to take such apparent precautions to repel assassins and I don't mean only the president. Awful, too, that the monies had to be spent on such a horrible reminder of the grim times around us rather than being put to use to feed the hungry in the nation. Of course, Dick Nixon wouldn't have considered doing that anyway. There are no hungry people in his "New Majority." Most of them found out what they could do for themselves already.

THE SPEECH: Having clawed his way up from Whittier, California, to the White House, Mr. Nixon apparently feels that most Americans are not above making deals to further their own goals. Step on any underlings, have disdain for the laws of the land, send out spies to check on the opposition and promise anything to

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The Editors Speak

"THIS IS NOT AN ALFRED HITCHCOCK MOVIE"

The murderer is still loose. It is still wise to keep this unpleasant fact somewhat squarely in the center of your consciousness if you frequent Manhattan bars.

On the matter of this newspaper's record of police cooperation with the gay community, we have our own complaints. Reports have reached us from reliable sources that the police asked New York's major newspapers not to print the facts about the murders and that only the *New York Post* broke the silence, making it clear—as was proper—that the murderer was bent on eliminating members of the gay community. Perhaps the police, like President Nixon, feel that they can do a better job if nobody has any inkling of what is going on. Perhaps they hoped to sneak up and catch the murderer in a circumstance in which he thought nobody would be watching. But in the meantime, such a poorly spotlighted drama provides us with a stage on which any number of murders could take place, with New York's gay community left at the mercy of blindfolded time.

It has also been reported that there has been a string of murders—two of them occurring in Brooklyn. One, it seems, is not connected to the Manhattan slayings. But our source tells us that police surmise that there may very well have been as many as 15 gay murders in the last year. GAY calls on the New York City Police Department to let us know about murders—whenever there is evidence that a victim is gay—so that even if we do not print his name, we can at least alert our communities to the circumstances. In this case we were forced to depend upon our own internal "grapevines" which, happily, proved accurate, albeit in some cases exaggerated.

JIM OWLES' CAMPAIGN

Jim Owles, running for the City Council, is forging ahead with his campaign. Fund raising parties, including one held at the home of Dr. George Weinberg (author of *Society and the Healthy Homosexual*) and another at Uncle Charlie's South are only the beginning of a financial effort that needs as much support as we can muster. Owles is a fiery activist who has proven himself many times as a gay rights spokesman. (A chapter is devoted to Jim Owles in Kay Tobin and Randy Wicker's widely read paperback book, *The Gay Crusaders*—Paperback Library, \$1.25.)

If you can possibly do so, contribute to Jim Owles' campaign. Even if it is only a small amount, it will be welcomed and greatly appreciated.

Owles has made his staff appointments. Morty Manford, a political science major at Columbia University, is on leave from school to work on the Owles campaign. Morty Manford is best known for his involvement in a demonstration at the Inner Circle Dinner at the Hilton Hotel (April 1972) at which he was beaten into unconsciousness by Michael Maye, President of the Uniformed Firemen's Association. He was also coordinator of the National Coalition of Gay Organizations which organized a major thrust at the 1972 National Conventions, and he has organized gays in 13 states, including seven southern states and on many campuses, most notably Columbia University.

The campaign's political coordinator is Professor Kenneth Sherrill, a political scientist at Hunter College and at the Graduate Center of the City University. Professor Sherrill is the director of the Hunter College Political Data Center. He chairs the Academic Advisory Council of the New York City Democratic Committee, directs its internship program, and was a member of its Commission on Youth Affairs. He has also been on the executive committee of Political Scientists for McGovern-Shriver and is the author of many scholarly articles and reviews and the forthcoming book *American Democracy and Social Change*.

The Owles Press Secretary is Sheldon Ramsdell, who was a press aide and photographer for Senator Eugene McCarthy in his presidential campaigns. Ramsdell has produced television documentaries and is co-author of *What Does A Photographer Do?*

Jim Owles tells us that he is proud that his candidacy has brought together people of such distinction, skill and diverse backgrounds. We share his pride. Hopefully, you will too! Send your contributions to: Committee for an Effective City Council, c/o James F. Jacobs, Treasurer, 186 Spring Street, New York, N.Y. 10012.

PSYCHIATRIC REVIEW

Shrinks in a special committee of the American Psychiatric Association are re-thinking their stand on the whole question of homosexuality as a purported illness: a view which many are relinquishing, although orthodox psychoanalysts still cling to their dogmas. They have begun deliberations in closed meetings at Columbia University's Psychiatric Institute, and no doubt we'll get reports of their debates. In our opinion, these men are gathered together in a manner not unlike that in which priests, archbishops and cardinals gather to debate their silly doctrines. Thanks to gay libbers and the spirit of the times, they're finally "considering" a change in their absurd designation of our sexual orientations as a disease. Should we be thankful? Frankly, we editors are simply pised that they didn't get around to this talk much earlier. A great deal of unhappiness has gone under the bridge since these shrinks began spreading their "sickness" theories.

THE MOTHER CHURCH IN FLAMES

News reaches us from Troy Perry's Metropolitan Community Church in Los Angeles: it has burned and the damage is extensive.

We once quipped that if religion is a crutch, its gay variety, in the form of the Metropolitan Community Churches, is a brand new wheel chair. Perhaps the remark was too flippant. Our recent forays into Middle America have convinced us that the Metropolitan Community Church is bringing together many needy men and women who are bound in a healthier fellowship than they've ever known before. In Brevard County, Florida, for example, we met about twenty-five members of the gay church. An agnostic played the piano while southerners sang old hymns in a campy style. A friend explained that the agnostic—who was an MCC member—also bailed out members who ran up against entrapment-happy police. Before MCC existed in Brevard County, there was no such fellowship. Thus, when we heard of the "Mother Church" burning in Los Angeles we were, in spite of our distaste for organized religions, saddened. We hope that next time MCC will be housed in a brick church.



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POLICE/GAYS COOPERATE

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possibly been taken from Cabo's apartment.

Both MacNiven and Cabo were similar physical types: Both were 5'10" tall, weighed around 150 pounds and had long dark hair. Beardsley, the third victim, was 53 years old and weighed 200 pounds. However, police theorized that Beardsley was slain as he responded to MacNiven's cries for help.

MacNiven and Beardsley apparently lived together, having adjacent apartments at 11 Varick Street. Beardsley's apartment was elegantly furnished. The other apartment was simpler in decor and, in the words of one officer investigating the crime, "used mainly for sleeping."

The slayings triggered waves of wild rumors among New York gays about decapitations, castrations and other supposedly "unreported" slayings of other gays. However, investigation revealed that none of these rumors was founded. Photographs of the victims' corpses revealed only multiple stab wounds and underwear which had been set afire.

Initially, Det. Vuotto, one of those investigating the multiple slayings, was reluctant to release pictures of the victims to the gay press because the murders had gotten very little attention in the straight press up to that time, which had "pleased the families of the victims." However, when the major media began giving the gay-slayer wider attention, Lieutenant Skennion, commanding officer of the First District's Homicide and Assault Squad, made multiple photographs of all the victims available to all news media.

GAA's Bruce Voeller quickly attacked the police investigating the murders for not alerting the gay community and gay groups about the homicides sooner. Detectives investigating the slayings responded that the crimes had occurred in different districts and there was a few days' delay before they realized a pattern was developing.

GAA initiated a 24-hour hotline at 966-6963. Police established their own hotline at OR 4-0770. Mattachine urged those with information to call them at 691-1066.

Police say that tests revealed none of the victims had engaged in sexual activity before being slain. They further maintained that "nothing masochistic" was involved in the murders and that the victims "were not leather boys."

Cabo was reportedly seen the night of his death in Danny's on Christopher Street, Peter Rabbit's and possibly the Roadhouse. MacNiven also reportedly liked the bars of West Village and occasionally visited the trucks.

No drugs appeared involved in the killings, although both Cabo and MacNiven had considerable amounts of alcohol in their blood, indicating that both were possibly intoxicated when they picked up their slayer.

One of MacNiven's neighbors heard loud talking and scuffling and a voice with an accent "definitely not from New York."

The slayings produced endless theorizing. The *New York Post* noted that the murders resembled those which occurred in Gerald Walker's book *Cruising*, and suggested that that book might have given the murderer his incentive.

Meanwhile, GAA's hotline was receiving a torrent of crank and non-crank calls. GAA volunteers were taking down information relayed to them and passed what seemed valid on to the homicide squad.

A lack of familiarity caused some minor short-lived semantic misunderstandings between gays and investigating officers. One detective volunteered that the

victims were known to "pick up hustlers on Christopher Street" but, when pressed, disclosed he meant "tricks," pick-ups of a voluntary nature. None of the victims was known to patronize "hustlers," male prostitutes, and pay for sex.

A few gays were invited to police headquarters on East 21st Street after describing incidents and suspects which they felt could be the slayer.

Sammy Nojovitz, a 20-year-old accounting clerk, had been walking on Wooster Street in late December with a new acquaintance he had just met at GAA's weekly Saturday night dance, when a young man walking from the other direction without warning and for no apparent reason attacked Nojovitz and his "trick" with a broken bottle, repeatedly jamming it at his friend's face, cutting him so badly he had to be rushed to the hospital.

Nojovitz escaped uninjured and summoned help from passers-by. The attacker fled. The police had suggested that Nojovitz come down and see if he could identify the attacker from photographs.

Nojovitz, like most young gays, was not used to talking with police officers under such circumstances. He says he first spoke with one detective named O'Brien, who was not particularly friendly and who gave him "a look of disgust" when he said he didn't know his attacked friend's last name.

Next he spoke with a Detective Walsh, whom he described as "extremely nice and apparently very interested in the case." Det. Walsh, according to Nojovitz, described a couple of suspects they were looking for in connection with the case, and showed him mug shots of possible attackers, all of whom Nojovitz described as "looking like a rogue's gallery of 42nd Street hustlers."

Det. Walsh seemed very frustrated by the hesitancy he had encountered on the part of some gays to come forward with information, Nojovitz recalled. "He told me that they had talked with one person who said that another party was talking to one of the victims at the time he had picked up someone the night he died. But when the police approached the party concerned, he didn't want to get involved and insisted he knew nothing and had stayed home that evening."

"I don't know why you people won't come forward and help us catch this guy," Nojovitz reports the detective as chiding almost angrily. "You know this guy is going to kill again and he's not going to kill one of us, he's going to kill one of you." While waiting, Nojovitz had gone to the rest room at one point for a few seconds and upon returning down the hall, he overheard a dispatcher saying snidely to the others inside, "I can imagine what that kid is doing in the john."

Det. O'Reilly was meeting with several bar owners in the West Village apartment of Buddy Noro on Wednesday evening, January 24th.

That officer volunteered that the bar owners were very upset over a drastic drop in business since the slayings and the resultant publicity and had come there to vent their displeasure on the police, who they felt were somehow responsible for all the bad publicity.

However, a dialogue developed and those attending reportedly left the meeting with "more understanding, less hostility and some new approaches to working with the police to capture the killer."

Meanwhile, the Institute for Human Identity drafted a letter to the killer asking him to let them help him resist his homicidal urges.

The police say that they have descriptions of several people they would like to talk with concerning the killings. Descriptions of those so concerned range from a big blond to a seaman to a black to a muscular member of the leather set.

Since the slayings, a number of individuals have reported being brutalized in a manner similar to those slain. One par-

ticular person is being sought because of a pattern of attacks committed on other gays which resembles some elements of the slayings. However, Sgt. Harry O'Reilly described the person so sought as being a "candidate" to be a suspect, rather than a suspect at this time.

That person reportedly tied up his victims and then set fire to their underwear. However, cutting was not involved. That, plus the fact that the murder victims were not tied, adds to the likelihood that they are not related. However, if the "candidate" for a suspect is found, he may be charged with the other incidents of assault.

An example of the hesitancy of many gays to come forward was dramatized in this way: Someone called and told the police that "a friend of mine had something like that done to him last summer." He subsequently gave the police his friend's name and number. They investigated and the victim confirmed the story of his being tied up and set afire but volunteered he had "been too embarrassed to tell the police about it."

Other recurrent stories encountered by GAA's hotline, some from widely different sources, described some other possible "candidates for suspect," people who pulled knives on others or even showed one in a bar. Certain very similar descriptions of alleged knife-wielders came from apparently unconnected sources.

Rumors of other slayings persisted in New York's gay bars. Four new bodies raised suspicions that other gays had been slain.

The first was that of Robben Borrero, 23, whose body was fished out of the water at the Morton Street pier. However, an autopsy showed that Borrero, once vice-president of Homosexuals Intransigent, had died by drowning and investigating officers have determined that there was "definitely nothing homicidal" about his demise. He may have fallen or jumped into the water.

Another body was found floating in the Hudson River at 20th Street, but that death was apparently unrelated to the slayings taking place in the gay community.

On January 27th, two roommates were found slain in a four-room apartment on the 30th floor of a 375-unit co-op at 75 Henry Street, Brooklyn Heights. Nelson Roberts, 32, was a teacher at Public School 27 in the Red Hook section of Brooklyn. His hands were tied behind his back and he had died of multiple stab wounds.

An unidentified 23-year-old Queens College student was found in an adjacent bedroom with his hands tied behind his back and his neck broken. A small black pet toy poodle was found drowned in the bathroom sink.

The *New York Times* featured the story, latching on to the apparent absence of a robbery motive in the slayings, and implying links with the earlier deaths of homosexuals in the Village.

However, detectives conducting the investigation for Brooklyn's 11th District Homicide and Assault Squad claimed "there was no connection at all, these were different styles of killing." They added that they did not know the victims to be homosexual.

When asked if a pattern of violent deaths among homosexuals was a common occurrence in homicide investigations, a detective with Manhattan's First Homicide Squad said they were "relatively uncommon." Of over one hundred homicides which occurred in his district last year, only one had involved homosexuals.

Anyone having any information can reach those investigating the murders at OR 4-0770. GAA's hotline number is 966-6963 and Mattachine's is 691-1066.

REWARD OFFERED TO TRAP MURDERER

BY VICKI RICHMAN

New York, N.Y. — A private committee of seven well-known homosexual activists in New York City is attempting to assist the police in tracking down an alleged anti-gay murderer of at least three homosexuals. The recently formed Committee of Concerned Gay Citizens is offering a \$5,000 reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of a person who appears to be using the methods of Jack the Ripper against unwary homosexuals instead of female prostitutes.

However, Don Goodwin, president of the Mattachine Society and one of the organizers of the new committee, admits that money for the reward is not yet available. He and his fellow committee members are publicly touring gay bars and businesses throughout the metropolitan area to solicit financial donations from owners, employees, and customers. They say that the money will be used to lure anyone to come forward with information that may help end this apparent threat to gay security, and so they believe that it is in a homosexual's self-interest to contribute to the committee. They are putting up posters, speaking to the press, and otherwise actively publicizing their effort to bring the criminal to justice. The committee treasurers are Peter Fisher, author of *The Gay Mystique*, and his lover, Marc Rubin. Both helped found the New York Gay Activists Alliance, which has contributed \$100 toward the reward. Dr. Bruce Voeller, the president of GAA-NY, is another committee member, but he says his group is not an official part of the committee.

The committee believes that the murders were a result of fanatical hostility toward homosexuals, but some police sources deny this theory. Because some of the victims were known to frequent leather bars and the Manhattan waterfront area known as "the trucks," where aggressive impersonal homoeroticism is practiced, official investigators say the murders may have been a rite of a sadistic sex cult with which the victims had imprudently but voluntarily allied themselves. Committee members say that sadistic and masochistic eroticism involves only cooperative fantasy and dress fetishism; it is not meant to include enforced bodily injury, and certainly not death.

Therefore, unlike some policemen, the gay activists are convinced that a person is skillfully and methodically actualizing a psychopathic hatred of homosexuals, and they are exhorting the police to regard the murders as a program of terror against gays. Until the murderer is apprehended, the committee members warn, homosexuals should be wary of whom they encounter for sexual or social purposes.

Other members of the committee are: Jim Owles, a candidate for a seat in the New York City Council and a founder and former president of GAA-NY; Mike McPherson, a founder and former officer of GAA-NY; and Arthur Bell, a founder of GAA-NY and a gay journalist.

They are publicizing three phone numbers to assist the police investigation. Names of informants, they say, will be kept strictly confidential. People who believe they can implicate a suspect and thus qualify for the possible reward are invited to dial any of the following numbers: OR 4-0770, 966-6963, or 691-1066.

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DAY-LONG CONFERENCE ON "PARENTS" HELD

New York, N.Y. — A day-long conference on "Parents and Homosexuality" sponsored by the Homosexual Community Counseling Center at the Voorhees Campus of New York Community College, 450 West 41st Street, attracted nearly one hundred high school counselors, sex education instructors and others involved in the so-called "helping" professions.

Dr. Hendrik Ruitenbeek, author of *The Problem of Homosexuality in Modern Society and Sexuality and Identity* and a founding member of the Homosexual Community Counseling Center, gave the opening address.

"There's nothing wrong with having a homosexual child," Dr. Ruitenbeek declared. "It may be preferable. In a pluralistic society, everyone doesn't have to follow rigid social formulas. Parents should be glad their child has found a lifestyle that's satisfying and liberating..."

"In Holland some groups organize weekends for parents and their homosexual children. The parents discover that they had distorted ideas and usually find their homosexual children's friends socially acceptable. The homosexual children in turn didn't have to abandon their families since they were given an equal place in them..."

"Parents should accept their children's homosexuality and not see it as an obstacle or something bad," Ruitenbeek elaborated. "The process of education cannot progress if the idea that homosexuality is an unfortunate occurrence is accepted. Unfortunately we are still a long way from this."

"You in the helping professions must help make the homosexual child feel they have as much right to acceptance as everybody else. This will have to be done in the context of a predominantly heterosexual society..."

"During the last 20 or 30 years we've concentrated on the sexual aspects of homosexuality. In the next twenty years we must concentrate on the positive elements of homosexuality so we can make some progress. Unfortunately, the psychoanalytical professions have shown only a very few hopeful signs in this country. Freud had a most liberated attitude toward homosexuality which is ignored by the American establishment."

"A lasting homosexual relationship," Dr. Ruitenbeek ventured, "cannot be equated with heterosexual marriage. The two are entirely different. There is no institutional involvement in homosexual marriage. An executive with three kids and a house in the suburbs has a different relationship to his world than does a homosexual couple unburdened by these obligations. Homosexuals are free to pursue creative endeavors unhampered by the bringing up of kids."

"What about married heterosexuals without kids?" one young woman challenged.

"It has come as a revelation to heterosexuals that they don't have to have kids and can have time available for their own creative development," Dr. Ruitenbeek responded.

"Your argument that homosexuality is a preferable lifestyle might hurt your cause with some parents," another listener suggested.

"They must be convinced that there is nothing wrong with their offspring's homosexuality," Ruitenbeek replied. "Parents must learn that if they impose their expectations on their children they fail as parents. This change in attitude will not come about even in the next dec-

ade. It will be a long, slow process."

"Many American high school and college students suffer from a confused sexual identity," Dr. Ruitenbeek noted later. "This problem has been promoted by the mental professionals who tell these young people that they have a choice at 16 when their sexuality has already been determined at a very early age."

"How can you define an eight-year-old homosexual?" one listener asked somewhat sarcastically.

"He or she will tell you that they are attracted to the same sex. Sexual fantasies and acting out start even earlier in a permissive environment if the child is introduced to the notion that such behavior is OK."

"Isn't it common for all eight-year-olds to have feelings about the same sex?" the antagonist continued. "Heterosexual children by and large don't have same-sex fantasies," Dr. Ruitenbeek declared.

Ruitenbeek concluded his talk on the note that the Homosexual Community Counseling Center worked with parents to accept their gay children. He said that it was his feeling that most children should tell their parents of their homosexuality because it was psychologically bad for the gay youngster "to assume a false identity by hiding his homosexuality from his parents."

Ruitenbeek added that such revelations by gay children could stir up unresolved sexual conflicts in their parents and that some parents would possibly have to go into psychoanalysis because they were products of "bad sexual environments and probably also have insecurities about the success and sexuality of their own marriages."

Dr. Ruitenbeek's keynote address was followed by a panel discussion between three gay males and one gay female who told of their relationships with their parents.

A second panel composed of parents of gays was presented next. Participating were Mrs. Manford, Mr. and Mrs. Acanfora, and Mrs. Johnson. All have gay male children. Dr. Blair apologized for not having parents of a lesbian or parents of black or Puerto Rican gays included, saying that several parents had backed out at the last moment.

Mrs. Manford, who marched with her son in the Christopher Street Liberation Day parade and appears on television and radio programs with him, said she had been surprised to find herself on a novelty "Revolutionary Calendar" since she was just a typical "middle-class school-teacher and mother."

"When my son told me," Mrs. Johnson recalled, "I told him, 'Don't tell your father. We have to get a doctor and get rid of this thing.' I'm still terribly upset about it and terribly nervous about talking about it here today."

"I loved my son before I knew and I still love him after knowing about it," Mrs. Acanfora declared. Mrs. Acanfora's son fought a highly publicized court battle to get a teaching license from the State of Pennsylvania and was then restricted by his school to clerical, non-classroom duties.

"If you love your son and you want to keep him," Mrs. Manford declared, "you have to join him. When I was asked to go on TV the first time, I was glad it was in Boston. I teach school and was glad my co-workers and friends wouldn't see it. But things have moved over a lot since that first coming out. A doctor was giving a lecture at my school on sexuality. He gave some good answers on homosexuality and then turned to me and asked if my son would come speak at another school."

"Our friends and family are behind us," Mrs. Acanfora emphasized. "I gave no thought of having my son go to a psychiatrist because all they do is try to

(continued on page 8)

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SNIFFING OUT THE TRUTH ABOUT POPPERS



Popper Keith Wicker

BY RANDY WICKER

The risk you take when you sniff a popper during sex was the best kept secret in blow business. After three years, yours truly, Randy Wicker, has finally learned the nitty-gritty truth.

It wasn't easy. First I asked my doctor about poppers during a VD check-up. "Just a harmless kick," he reassured me, "but I don't write prescriptions for them."

Next I blew two bucks on a worthless issue of another gay publication, only to be enraged by several pages of pious, opinionated non-information, easily summarized into—"Don't use poppers. They have such an effect they must be dangerous."

Next came a hot-to-trot physician who invited me to one of his lavish cocktail parties. Being enamored of more feminine youthful types, I found even the good doctor's immense charm just didn't get to me sexually. As I was about to leave, Doc popped out his Vicks inhaler and offered me a farewell sniff, no doubt hoping that amyl would succeed where he had failed. "Are poppers dangerous?" I cried, seizing the opportunity to have my questions answered once and for all.

"Goodness, I hope not." He chuckled, taking a healthy sniff as he tried to pull me into his arms. "I really don't know." Poppers were everywhere. Walking down the hallways of local saunas, a few devotees invariably wave their inhalers as you pass, while hiding their bodies beneath the sheets.

I tricked with a couple of employees of the neighborhood baths. No, they assured me, no one had ever croaked from poppers on them. And, they added, they often swept up dozens of used ampules in the old days when you could buy them without a prescription at any drug store.

Some acquaintances claimed to have heard of someone who "got hung up on poppers" and after using a dozen or so daily for months ended up in the hospital. But such greedy unfortunates were always a "friend of a friend." No one ever knew their exact name, address or phone number. "A dozen poppers a day?" Now there was Excedrin headache number one.

A caller on a WBAI-FM talk show fretted over his habit of using poppers whenever he masturbated. It was such a charge seeing those porno stills come to life and wiggle after taking a good sniff, masturbation without poppers just wouldn't do anymore.

Well, when poppers appeared on the black market, I resolved to go directly to the source. I called the popper factory.

At Newton Industries, Inc. in Newton, New Jersey, I talked with Al Davidson,

who operated the machine which put the amyl nitrite liquid into the gauze-covered glass ampules.

"Not much has been published on the effects of amyl nitrite," he volunteered. "The stuff breaks down after a day or two, tries to go back to its original state. I think it's made by a reaction between amyl alcohol and nitrous oxide but don't hold me to that. I don't formulate it. The manufacturer does that. We just package it here.

"Amyl nitrite is like anything else, it isn't dangerous if it's used for what it's formulated for."

"And what about those stories that poppers would soon stop being manufactured because new medicines could do

tific journal which revealed that amyl nitrite was the only known antidote for cyanide poisoning, and volunteered, "It would be the only thing that could keep you going in the gas chamber."

He knew nothing of the growing black market consumption but recalled amyl nitrite ceased to be an over-the-counter non-prescription item in 1967 or 1968 after it had become a fad among teenagers. At that time a box of a dozen ampules sold for a little over \$2. Now, on the black market, a box brings between \$7 and \$10.

"It's like anything else," Davidson declared. "It's to be used, not abused. Take aspirin. That's abused by quite a lot of people and now some researchers are



Reaching for the Poppers: They're not for angina pectoris.

more for the faint hearted?"

Davidson said he was sure that amyl nitrite would continue to be manufactured, that no other substance was as effective in treating angina pectoris. Besides, it was used in the chemical processing of other things, especially in some of the plastics industries.

"It relaxes the arteries," Davidson ventured. "The blood flows more freely and the blood pressure drops. The heart notices the change and it speeds up. The only people I know who shouldn't use it are people with extremely low blood pressure.

"After one stops using it," he continued, "everything should return to normal. We put it up in ampules and we use a respirator here because some of it leaks out in the process and if you breathe this stuff, after a period of time it gives you a headache, a bad headache, which is no fun to have all day long."

Davidson said that the instructions on the box say "Keep in a cool place" because the ampules build up pressure when the liquid inside evaporates even at moderate temperatures and the ampules sometimes burst if they aren't kept refrigerated. The liquid and ampules were "very flammable, almost like gasoline," he added, and should be kept away from fire.

Davidson knew of no fatalities caused by poppers but theorized, "If someone was doing amphetamines, which raises your blood pressure, and does amyl at the same time, I would guess your heart wouldn't know which way to go. But I have no medical background. In any event, I don't advocate use of this for other than what it's intended for."

Davidson had read an article in a sci-

nitrite is to smooth muscle," it noted, "and is not blocked by a pharmacologic inhibitor of any type.

"When amyl nitrite is used, the blood flow becomes very sensitive to gravitational influences. The central venous pressure is decreased and may fall to negative values. Cardiac output falls.

"An occasional individual shows marked sensitivity to the hypotensive effects of nitrite," the book warned, "and severe hypotensive responses can occur even with the usual therapeutic dosage—nausea, vomiting, weakness, cold sweat and collapse."

There's a sharp fall in heart rate before loss of consciousness, although "no direct action of nitrite on the heart has been proved." As Davidson had reported, the heart responds to the lower blood pressure which comes about when the arteries and other muscles relax.

"Disturbances in mental function and sensory modalities are not uncommon," the authors continued, "but these effects are related to the effect on the circulation."

The only "therapy" recommended for people having bad reactions was to place them horizontally, move their legs and have them breathe deeply. Some patients reportedly develop headaches which can continue for weeks.

The substance is dangerous in patients with pernicious anemia since the "nitrite ion oxidizes hemoglobin to methemoglobin both *in vitro* and *in vivo* and formation of large amounts of methemoglobin can seriously impair the oxygen-carrying capacity of the blood."

Those using amyl nitrite regularly develop a tolerance in a few days but that tolerance disappears after ten days' abstinence. Users develop a tolerance against the headaches more quickly than they develop a tolerance against the relaxant effects of the nitrite.

"Occasionally, cases of sudden death occur among those working with nitrites," the authors reported. "This usually happens after workers return to their jobs after a vacation or other absence. Collapse and death occur suddenly with clinical features similar to that of a 'heart attack' but no cause can be found in post mortem examinations."

Well, after wading through all that heavy scientific fact, an article by Dr. Guy M. Everett in *Medical Aspects of Sexuality* was light reading indeed.

Dr. Everett's article, entitled "Effects of Amyl Nitrite (Poppers) on Sexual Experience," noted that "although the drug is a powerful agent, its short duration of action is a built-in safety factor."

Dr. Everett reported that one letter writer complained of adverse side effects accompanying his chronic popper use: "increased ocular pressure with pain about the eyes and intense headache" which fortunately disappeared a few days after he discontinued their use.

Dr. Everett's research had been conducted in the drug subculture of San Francisco. He found that "the subjective reports as to the effect achieved are quite consistent, and include increased awareness and intensified orgasm or a sense of prolonged orgasm and increased sense of excitement or involvement."

He added that while some women found poppers "a new experience," both heterosexual and homosexual women seemed less inclined to use them than did males.

Dr. Everett charged that poppers were

(continued on page 16)

BY MARCO VASSI (MADDAU)

I sometimes think that wisdom is learning to understand ideas at ever more profound levels of meaning, opening continually to the depth of language, until one arrives at the very limits of the word and comes face to face with the naked fact of existence. Of all the mysteries of creation, perhaps language itself is the most enigmatic, for its only purpose seems to be to cancel itself out.

Wittgenstein has noted that our relationship is to facts, and I wonder whether the course of my life is anything more than a constant re-evaluation of my thinking, which is, of course, my language. Recently, I had an encounter with the word *gay* in a context which presented the term in a radically new light for me. I have been changing in relation to my own gayness, but—and perhaps this is because I am a writer—the changes did not crystallize in a definite attitude until I had met the word on new terms.

The word *gay* has a long history and its connotations are many. It may refer to a kind of hysterical hyper-activity, or to a sort of glib humor. It has overtones of decadence, conjuring up images of detached arch-homosexuals flitting disdainfully among the ruins of the crumbling empire. And with the birth of gay liberation, of course, the word has taken on a whole new brace of meanings. It is with these latter that I had my confrontation, reminding me again that while in some respects I am ahead of my time, in others I am a member of the *derriere garde*, always four or five years behind any given moment.

I was presented with the new semantic power of the word a week ago. I had, prior to that night, met a man at a party and, much to my surprise, fallen in love, right on the spot. Although I have had countless sexual encounters with men on one hand, and loved men with whom I couldn't have sex on the other, this was the first time the two came together, and I did all the traditional things. My heart beat faster and my eyes shone and in general I felt and behaved like a teenager in the throes of his first infatuation. The meeting must have been destined, for he reciprocated, and suddenly we were swept up in the exhilarating rush of mutual discovery. We danced, we held hands, we looked much into one another's eyes, and did all the things that lovers do. And then we took ourselves to a private spot, and made a feast of our bodies.

The weekend flew by. We were in Woodstock and it seemed that all nature conspired to support our blossoming friendship. It had been many many years since my heart had been touched, and I found myself weeping spontaneously with the sheer joy of having been blessed with love once more. But this was a man, and I had never loved a man before in this way, so totally, so freely. To love a woman is one thing, and while it is a virtue to those who are so constituted, none of my affairs with women had the single quality which made me sing with unabashed happiness since meeting Timothy: with him, there was no sense of boundary, there was no limit, I could grow and fly as fully and as far as I is in me to do, and never be constrained by him. For the first time in my life, I knew love without fear.

Then, of course, the contingencies intervened, and we returned from the eternity of love to the matrix of time and place. He had to return to the city and I accompanied him. He returned to his routine of work and friends and roommate, and I hid off to my business, to see editors and publishers, to commune with my typewriter. The transition was abrupt, but not harsh, and I was glad to observe that we could swing in and out of exaltation together and not lose touch, that love grew quiescent when civilization made its demands, but it did not disap-

I'M IN LOVE AND I'M GAY AGAIN!



Marco Vassi: one of America's most adventurous sexual writers/explorers.

pear, and often during the day, when busy at a task, I would suddenly feel him and my heart would fill with warmth.

Now, sophistication is a strange thing, for it does little more than to allow me to realize how ordinary one is. And when he and I examined our situation, we found that on a pragmatic level, we had but two choices: we could either move in together and enter that dance called coupling, or we could remain at a distance and let time guide us in our movements. We both agreed that the latter was by far the wiser course at this time. Laughingly, we declared ourselves engaged, and speculated that the engagement might last at least ten or twenty years.

If you have read any of my books or essays, you know something of the tortuous route to self-discovery I have traveled, and the feedback I have received tells me that I am in no way unique, that I merely articulate what is a widely common experience. Like so many others, I tried every ruse and dodge to keep from making the final admission, and so my embraces were always cold, a way of hiding as well as revealing. And through it all, the fierce ghost of self-hatred donning ever more subtle disguises as I came closer and closer to getting free of a prejudice against gayness that I understood intellectually, but could not see was imbedded in my brain.

But with Timothy, all the games fell away. That is to say, for the first time, I could play all the games openly. We could be all things to one another, and have no shame. We were men, we were women; we manifested the child, the teenager; I could see him as a Greek god and as a promiscuous hustler and as a grotesque. Whatever we did, it was not for effect, but because that was what was flowing out of us at the time. So we were free to be silent, or to be screamingly outrageous; we enjoyed one another's dignity, and yet could go camping through the

melodramatic, but that's a product of my Italian blood.

I went, for no reason I could name, to the Ninth Circle. Perhaps I hoped that I would be cheered up somehow. But, as I might have expected, the opposite occurred. The place was jammed, and before my eyes was a full spectrum of every type of man imaginable. But I could not see any of them as individuals, because I was filled with him, with my lover. Being overwhelmed by the fact that I felt utterly alone amidst so many people, coupled with the intellectual doubts that had been eating at me, on top of the chaotic workshop I had just attended, I succumbed to one of the worst cases of self-pity I have known in quite some time. And for an hour I enacted a traditional number, sitting at a bar, sipping beer, looking at myself in the mirror, and sinking deeper and deeper into destructive melancholy. My vibes must have been atrocious because, as crowded as the place was, the bar was empty for three feet on either side of me.

Finally I decided to leave, and went to get my coat. I was on the verge of emotional recklessness, of killing the feelings that surged inside me. I wanted to banish the pain and turmoil, but to do so would mean banishing Timothy from my heart as well. And I knew that. The neurotic temptation to yield to loss came close to succeeding.

But sitting behind the counter in the coat room was someone who must have been sent from heaven. A pleasant man with blonde hair and a drooping mustache, he glanced at me once as I stared dourly down at my shoes, and said, "Wow, you look like you have lover problems."

I both wanted and didn't want to be drawn out, and I replied, "It's not really a problem."

He pressed on. "Did you have a fight?" "No," I said, "nothing like that."

"Then what's the matter?" he said.

Until that moment I hadn't had the exact word to describe my condition, but as I went to answer his question, it came to my lips, and like any self-revelation, it freed me. "I'm afraid," I said. "I fell in love and now I'm afraid." I thought back to a few days earlier when I was feeling how glorious it was to know love so strongly there was no room for fear, and realized that I had did into the bottom of an old trap. And by doing so I had betrayed myself, betrayed Timothy, and betrayed the gift of love that had been given me.

"I'm afraid," I repeated, growing stronger with each articulation of the word.

He watched me for a long moment as I went through my changes, and then he smiled warmly, and said, "Love is in your heart. Even if you part from him, love goes on." My eyes stung with the threat of tears, and he added, "I know how painful it can be to face that."

All around us was the din and smoke and conversation and dancing and drinking of that extraordinary bar, and here we were, two strangers, talking of love and fear. Some block in me melted, and the cloud began to lift, and I could see clearly again.

He stood up, leaned over the counter, kissed me lightly, and said, "Be gay, brother."

And then the deeper significance of the word struck me. For he was not saying, "Be frivolous, be superficially cheerful." When he said gay, he meant, "Be strong, be brave, be beautiful within yourself."

I looked around the bar again, and everything seemed to have been charged with a different vibration, but I realized that it was I who had changed. In this place were hundreds like me who were learning, at all the many levels of experience, what that word meant. Some were there for their first trembling encounter

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DAY-LONG CONFERENCE ON "PARENTS" HELD

(continued from page 5)
convert you. I say if you can't be yourself why go on living?
"Psychiatrists say you're sick and they make you sick. People come to my home who can't accept their homosexuality. I thought I was nervous but when I see them trembling, I realize how tragic it is. Something has to be done about this persecution of homosexuals."
"If anybody among our family or friends," Mr. Acanfora added, "if he opened his mouth and made wisecracks, he's find five fingers in it."

WBAI-FM OFFICIAL SAYS "BULLSHIT" TO COMPLAINTS

BY LEO SKIR
New York, N.Y. — "This show will not go on," said Israel Fishman.
He had taken over the mike in Studio C of WBAI at 9 p.m. on January 27th. A live broadcast of "free jazz" was about to go on.
His announcement was part of a takeover, a "love-in" at the station by the AHC/FTS (Ad Hoc Committee to Fuck

This Shit) formed for the occasion by representatives of New York's GAA, the Bronx United Gays and the Gay People of Northern New Jersey. Dr. Fishman of Upsala College in New Jersey represented the latter organization.

After the announcement had been made the management of the station stopped the broadcast and listened to the protest made by the gay demonstrators.

The occasion of the protest had been the removal of announcer Charles Pitts from a Saturday midnight-to-7 a.m. slot for his show "Out of the Slough."

The management of the station told the protesters that they would be allowed a 10-minute period in which to present their case, that this period would be aired, taped, and replayed over the station. In return for this the protesters agreed to allow the jazz performers to resume their work at the end of the protest.

The 10-minute period went into over 20 minutes as speakers from the various organizations spoke and two gay members of the staff of WBAI entered their opinions. The protesting speakers were Bruce Voeller, president of GAA-NY, John Vouriotis of Gay Youth, Morty Manford and Joe Kennedy of GAA and Claude Wynne of Third World Gays. The station was represented by two lesbian speakers, Martha Shelley and Manya Zuba.

GAY contacted WBAI and obtained a statement. Ms. Nanette Rainone informed GAY that (a) Charles Pitts has not been removed and is still a member on full salary; (b) that the recasting of his Saturday night hours was part of a whole recasting where every night's schedule had been changed; (c) "Some people think Charles is boring"; (d) there had been objections within the gay community that he failed to represent such factions as the "faggot effeminists" and favored his own private S&M and youth-loving careers, narrowing the scope of the program; (e) the station

has two other exclusively homosexual programs, "Gay Pride" and "Lesbian Nation"; (f) he has been offered other hours on Saturday afternoon or some other night; (g) in the light of these she cannot but regard the accusations of anti-homosexual prejudice as a factor in removing "Out of the Slough" from the midnight-to-7 a.m. time as "bullshit."

Homosexual members of the staff were divided about the station's stand. Gary Fried said there did exist a "very subtle" sexism as well as anti-S&M and anti-pederast sentiment on the part of the station executive. Martha Shelley said she was glad the demonstration occurred. Manya Zuba said that she had liked Charles Pitts' good programming but did not feel the station had as its "sole reason" for the rescheduling "pure sexism."

WBAI continues to be the only New York station with regular gay programming. It also has commentators running regular shows, which are not "gay" but have gay content since the commentators are gay and openly so.

The protesters, faced with the protest of WBAI, informed GAY that the Saturday night hours were a vital time in which to reach many youths in suburbia who might otherwise be isolated from the gay community.

BANKROBBER MOVIE IN THE MAKING

Hollywood, Calif. — Warner Brothers has contracted with producer Martin Elfand to lens *Boys in the Bank*, a feature-length film to be based on the attempted robbery of a Brooklyn bank last August by John Wojtowicz to pay for a sex-change operation for his male "wife" Ernest Aron.

Wojtowicz reportedly received \$7,500

for movie releases from family members. He will receive 2% of the net profits of the film.

Wojtowicz, known in gay circles as "Littlejohn Basso," was a member of Gay Alliance of Brooklyn and at one time was active in New York's GAA. Those groups issued press releases saying they would "monitor" his trial for anti-gay prejudice but made no financial contribution to his defense.

\$5,000 of the money from the film company has been reserved in a legal defense fund by Wojtowicz's court-appointed attorney, Mark Landsman.

Wojtowicz faces multiple charges in connection with the attempted robbery and a process of plea bargaining is now going on to see if an agreement can be reached whereby he will plead guilty to lesser charges and allow the prosecution to forego the rigors of a trial. He could receive life imprisonment on kidnapping charges related to the hostages held during the robbery.

Sal Naturile, one of Wojtowicz's accomplices, was slain at JFK Airport as he and Wojtowicz were preparing to board, with the hostages, a plane which had been readied for them.

Robert Arthur Westenberg, another young gay, faces charges which could bring him 25 years. Westenberg entered the bank with Wojtowicz and Naturile, then decided he didn't want to go through with the robbery and left before it commenced.

Wojtowicz directed his attorney to give the \$2,500 remaining in his account to Ernest Aron to finance the sex change operation which was the purpose of the attempted hold-up. Aron has reportedly undergone the first of two operations in the procedure.

Randy Wicker, a reporter for the gay press, helped negotiate the deal between the Wojtowicz family and Warner Brothers.

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THE LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

Nixon's holiday bombing did not go unnoticed in Italy: posters all over the place proclaimed "Fuoco su Nixon," "Via Gli Americani dal Vietnam," "Tutti in Piazza Duomo per il Vietnam," and "Capodanno di Solidarietà con il Vietnam in Piazza Duomo." The posters were, mostly, put up by the Communist Party, thus indicating yet again that the conscience of modern man survives most consistently in Communism.

In Italy, during this nasty and infuriating example of American criminality, one gets the feeling that some sanity, some balance survives. Leave it to the Italians to represent Western civilization, once again, at its best. The great cultural phenomena of our century, i.e., the fascist American foreign policies, the American military and the American industrial powers persist in legitimized slaughter on a typically super-American scale.

Italian trains, while not the world's most comfortable, are surely the most beautiful. The dreary "F S" painted on the side of the dreary brown coaches is, when you think of airplanes, the most exciting thing there is. (Except, of course, for the blue and gold *Grand Compagnie della Carrozza con Letti et des Grands Express Europeen* cars of the Wagons-lits company.) The noon *directissimo* from Milan to Rome is an old one. The mirrored and curtained compartments are all polished brass and dust. The uncomfortable seats have the texture of old carpeting, the toilets remarkably primitive, the ancient dining car all blackened wood and narrow wooden chairs



The gourmet's smile: a pose is a pose is a pose.

and tables. Lunch began with fettuccini, followed by a veal dish, salad and several cognacs to go with the green winter landscape of the Veneto.

Next was the pleasure of riding the Italian-Osterreich Express in a cozy wooden *Wagon-Letti* compartment, a wide bed, a fluffy plaid blanket. There also was a door which this unsophisticated traveler took to be a W.C. if anything. One had to force it open, only to discover two people sleeping in there; it wasn't the W.C. but the next compartment. Then the door wouldn't close properly because I had broken it. All night it kept swinging open.

Another nice train, Italy's most famous, is the *Settebello* express between Rome and Milan. One minute it's sum-

mer, then you go through a little tunnel and suddenly everything is knee deep in snow and everybody in the dining car "oohs and aahs," then another tunnel and it's all green again.

Lunch on the *Settebello* is on the pleasant side, depending on whom you have to sit with. I changed my seat once too often and ended up not in the frying pan but, of course, in the fire with a coy aged Signora who sat there disgustingly smoking like a house on fire and, to add insult, had THREE (3) delicious helpings of Zuppa Inglese for dessert. I made up for it by drinking myself silly; a failing that blossoms on trains. (The wine was a potable if nondescript Valpolicella Valpantena that, if nothing else, drowned out the taste of La Signora's cigarettes.) Lunch began with lobster, shredded celery and mayonnaise, went through several lovely pastas, chicken (capon) of some kind, etc., etc., and lasted, in this land of rushed meals, a generous two hours.

No doubt the reader will want to know of some restaurants we stumbled into. Our arrival, on the lovely T/N Cristoforo Colombo at Venice, coincided with Christmas Eve. Curiously they chose to ignore Christmas entirely on the boat which was, as far as I'm concerned, yet another example of superior taste on the part of the Italians. There were no blinking colored lights and tinny decorations or even, praise the lord, Christmas songs. There was, in fact, nothing. (Exception: Miss Denise, the ship's drunk, who has spent the past four years happily sailing back and forth, hardly getting off. She travels with her own tree set up in her inside First Class cabin. Miss Denise, who is far from a Catholic, attends mass every afternoon in ship's chapel. Frequently she is the only passenger to appear, which infuriates Ship's Chaplain, who has to go through the whole thing just for her. The Big Wave struck during one of these

(continued on page 20)

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GAY Raps with Lance Loud: SON OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

BY LEO SKIR

Thursdays at 9 p.m. WNET/13 brings *An American Family* into your living room (if you have one). Just plain folks, showing how it is, but Stephanie Harrington, writing in the Sunday drama section of the *New York Times*, noted something missing:

You watch *Fat* visit her eldest son Lance (who, as a teenager, dyed his hair silver in adoration of Andy Warhol) at the Chelsea Hotel in New York, see her meet his friends (some, like Holly Woodlawn, in drag), watch mother and son acting like a boy and a girl on a date, and wonder at the fact that not once do they utter the word "homosexual."

I phoned WNET/13. The *American Family* people told me Lance was still in New York but out of the Chelsea. They gave me a phone number.

I kept phoning. Sometimes the phone was busy. Other times there was no answer. Finally, Sunday night, January 14th, at six, someone answered. A languid voice told me Lance was out, took down my name and phone number, quickly excused itself saying someone was at the door.

I phoned again at 10 p.m. Lance was there. He hadn't gotten my message. We discussed Stephanie Harrington's article. "She lied about me," he said. "I started dyeing my hair at seventeen. I began with blue-green, then jet-black, brown, mousey, summer-blond and now it's red with the blood of virgins."

I asked if I could come down for a GAY interview.

"Yes," he said, "but it's so embarrassing. This friend that I keep—I mean, I pay the rent and he's supposed to clean the place and it's a mess, but I can't blame him. He's trying to hustle and he's a failure. Look, can you bring down a grape drink?"

"Yes."
"But hurry. I might go under. I might say to myself, 'Why did I say that? Why did I let myself in for that?'"

"You mean, saying you're gay?"
"No," he said. "I'm proud to be a homosexual in 1971."

"This is 1973," I said.
"1973," he said.
"I'll be right down," I said. "Now, 1973."

I dropped into the subway and zipped down to 14th Street. He had given 229 W. 15th St. as his address. It was an old walk-up brownstone. I buzzed and after a while there was a buzz back. As I walked up the stairs a voice called, "The door's open."

It was. Inside the apartment the colors were weird-worn seashell greens and purples. On a mattress on the floor stretched a big tall lanky American boy with reddish hair, a bathrobe, dirty feet. He was rapping on the phone. He had red make-up around his eyes.

He finished his phone call and I introduced myself and said it was a nice apartment. "It costs \$145 a month," Lance said. "My father pays the rent. We may lose it because he may not pay the rent next month."



"America brings out the roots of tradition and exposes them to the public for scrutiny."

"That's too bad," I said.
"I don't hold it against him," he said.
"Can you get work?" I asked. "What can you do?"
"I can type. But I'd want to act. I'd even do specialty numbers."
"What's a specialty number?" I asked.
"It's when you can't do your own thing and you have to do what they want you to do."

"Oh," I said.
"But if people saw me, I mean, after seeing the TV series, they would say, 'I knew he would come to that.'"
"What's that?" I asked.
"Faded. They'd say I looked faded. And poor."

"Lots of people your age are poor."
"No," he said. "I don't mean not being rich. I wouldn't mind being impoverished if I could just be in the movies. I'd love to be in commercials. My whole aim in life is to be on the cover of *TV Guide*. If I could be on the cover of *TV Guide*, the day after I would slash my wrists."

Here he sang: "New York's a go-go town/Where everything tastes fine."
"What's that from?" I asked.
"It's from a David Bowie 45, 'Jean Genie,' one of the Dolls concerts. I love the Dolls. I have some pictures I took of them with an Instamatic. I have to use an Instamatic. I'm not very smart. Tell your friends to see the TV series, especially numbers 11 and 12."

"Have you been down to GAA?"
"Yes. I think so. Twice. But I get mad at people yelling. I'm very self-centered. I want to be happy. And then I'll do things to help other people. But I guess that's a line everybody uses. Then when they're rich they just turn aside and don't notice the poor... You know, all the boys in the country have been calling me. I got a call from New Orleans. He said he had to talk to someone. He was straight. But he knew being gay was what he wanted. He wanted to call me to thank me for what I'd done. I didn't know what I'd done. I asked him to call me back collect and he did. I told him hot details about my life. It figured it was what he wanted. I know if I called I'd want someone to give me some recognition of my own humanity..."

He had strips of small photos on the bed, some of them of himself, some of his

friends. They were the four-for-a-quarter type you get at Woolworth's and in the subway. He explained that this was his hobby.
He showed me a photo which looked like a San Francisco hip kid. "That's me when I was tan and slip, the type of person I want to have sex with and never do, a hip cool kid. I was trying to sound and act normal then..."

He showed another picture that looked like a middle-aged woman making a face. "That's me a month later, the day I came in with white powder on my face..."

I mentioned Stephanie Harrington's article, her feeling that the lack of mention of homosexuality when Lance was talking with his mother showed a lack of communication.
"That's a lie," Lance said. "My mother and I really get along. There was no need to mention it. And my father and I are the best of friends. I took him to The Pleasure Chest when he was in town. He bought French ticklers and the Night Finger. That's a specialty of The Pleasure Chest."

"Would your father tell you if he had had any gay experiences when he was young?"
"No, and I don't think I'd want to know."

He looked down silently, reaching for something he wanted to say. Then: "America is so anti-tradition. America is shining a blazing sun that's going to shrivel... Wait. Freedom is something with honor. What America is it brings out the roots of tradition and exposes them to the public for scrutiny. Yes, that's the word, and the scrutinization—that under scrutinization anything will shrink. And that's one of the sad things that this film does."

Noting that his father couldn't send him any money this month, he said: "I allow him that. I've applied for UIB."
"Do you have any drug problem?" I asked.
"No," he said. "I wish I did. It would make everything simpler."

"Were you ever religious?" I asked.
"Brought up Catholic?"
"My parents were brought up religiously," he said, "and they promised each other they wouldn't bring the children up strictly. But I was baptized... that time at the Chelsea Hotel. That woman writer was wrong. My mother and I had never been closer."

"But you didn't mention your gay life."
"I knew it would hurt her for me to proclaim it. She knew it. It was all there all the time. My father can take everything. My mother can take everything but that. Why hurt her?"

"You said you were proud to be a homosexual. Did you ever think of yourself as bi-sexual?"
"I don't like women's breasts because they're so big. I like hard, firm breasts. I've never had sex with people I've desired..."

The phone rang. He talked into it for a while, then hung up.
"That's Alonzo. He's real cute. He's been living with us. He disappeared. Because he works for the American Ballet Theatre. One of his friends stole my scarf. I feel like I'm living a comic book existence."

"What do you mean by that?"
"Everything is real frantic but nothing comes up. I feel that my whole life could be rolled up in a paper ball and burnt and there wouldn't be anything but burnt ashes."

"Do you feel other people's lives aren't like that?"
"Yes."
"Did you finish high school?"
"Yes and the first year of college. Santa Barbara. I majored in English..."

The phone rang. He picked it up. "Yours in Jesus Christ. Lance Loud speaking. I'm using chapstick, it's the latest lubricant. Oh, really? The phone company has shut off our phone line. Now we can only get calls in. The bill was \$136. Now I charge the phone calls to NET. I feel they deserve it. Is it true that the Y sizzles? Really? I can't imagine you having sex. Really? Kisses all the time? Honey, is he nice? Is that the 63rd Street Y? Really? It's nice to see frolicsome guys... I don't think the Upper West Side is the place for you. One Negro boy was there and he didn't like it at all. He was ripped off. Look, call me tomorrow."
"You were in college—" I said.
"Yes," said Lance. "I was in college and there were so many pretty boys. But—California. I hate California. The entire state of California has sexual and intellectual nasal congestion. Everybody is so cool, like 'Yeah man, I guess that's your scene.' I prefer people to yell at me. I left California at 18 with Soren Agenoux, that means 'on my knees.' He said he wanted to die on his knees because he had brought so many people to theirs. He's a swindler. When we left the Chelsea—I didn't know this—but we owed \$500. He sold fake Warhol prints to everyone including my mother. He was 36, an ex-Warholite."

they should get you a tape recorder."

The phone rang.
"Oh, the phone! I love getting calls! Hello! Yours in Jesus Christ, Lance Loud speaking. Oh, He's not in. Are you that black guy? He's been hot to see you. You received a 4-star rating. He's working as a call boy now and he got a call but he was rejected. OK doll. Hello? ... OK ... OK ... bye love, that's OK, bye-bye..."

I to Lance: "You were leaving California to get to New York. How did you get the money to go?"

"Soren paid. We were going to edit a magazine. Warhol's *InterView* hadn't appeared in a while so Soren was going to start a magazine called *Stardom*, but it didn't turn out. So I went to Europe with a conceptual artist. He was sort of like my love, but it never really got around to sex. I was trying to save my image. I felt I was a mindless little middle-class who felt he was real cool. I knew that that wasn't the truth. I knew I could fit into the stereotype I'd built for myself but I didn't want to. I have a tremendous sex drive. I'd love to have a real relationship with someone. I have a real heart. I'd like to have a romantic relationship."

"Have you been to the baths?"
"I've been to the Continental and Club Baths. I didn't like them. I was having sex with people I didn't really like. I've done hard-core stuff at the trucks but I felt ridiculous doing it. I felt, 'What if a light flashed and a camera took all this in? It would be so ridiculous!'"

The phone rang.
"Hello. Yours in Christ, Lance Loud speaking. Oh? Six people? Six gays murdered in the Village? And he's still loose!" (Note: Lance looked wild-eyed at me, sitting on his bed, pen in hand. He finished the call and hung up. I told him I was not the mad gay-killer.)

"Why did you go to Europe?" I asked.
"To cool off," he said. "To give everything up for art."
"What art?" I said. "Which?"
"That's what I went to Europe to find out," he said.

"Did you find an art?" I asked.
"No," he said. "Because I couldn't leave myself behind."
It was midnight. I suggested we go out and eat. He began to dress, modestly slipping on his pants under his robe. He went into the next room and turned on the light. The walls were baby-shit green. The large closet he opened was full of thrift shop clothes. He sang the line about New York being a go-go town where everything tastes fine and half-danced. I noticed then that no radio or phonograph had been playing while we had been talking.

"Do you like dancing at places like the Continentals?" I asked.
"No," he said. "They have soul music and I hate soul music. I'm not a Negro."
"It's a lot of San Francisco head music too," I said.
"I don't like that either," he said. "I like English sound."
"But English sound is derived from black," I said.

"I know," he said.
He put on a coat with mock-leopard trim and green-rimmed dark sunglasses.
"I have to leave the door open," Lance explained. "I lost my key. I lost the mailbox key too."
He began to go down the stairs.
"You remember that picture of me looking like a San Francisco hippie? I got more guys that way! I showed them the picture! That's my main means of communication, to show four-for-a-quarter pictures. Scott baby!!!"

He ran and hugged a young blond man at the bottom of the stairs. "Oh, Scott baby, I'm so excited. There's a murderer loose and he's killed six gays!"
"OHIIIIIIII!" said Scott and hugged him back.
"This is a reporter interviewing me."



"I feel that my whole life could be rolled up in a paper ball."

"We're going out to eat. Come with us," said Lance.

"I have to get another coat," said Scott. He went upstairs.

Lance sang: "New York's a go-go town..."

Someone inside a nearby apartment said: "Shhhhhh!"

Lance made a gesture of kicking the door.

"The man has to sleep to work tomorrow," I said.

"Well, I have to get to the Unemployment Office at 8:30!"

Scott came down with a thrift shop fur coat and we left.

Most of the restaurants on 8th Street were closed. We went into Colonel Saunders. Lance went to the counter and ordered a special with two breasts.

"I like breasts!" he told the woman behind the counter.

"That's 30 cents extra," the woman said.

"The article said you worshipped Warhol. Did you ever get to meet him?"

"No, and I wouldn't try it now. I would be so dumb to mouse up to him. Especially now."

"What sort of work did you do after you came to the city?"

"I edited the film for NET for \$75 a week."

"About your brothers... how did they react to your gayness?"

"Oh, they like it. I gave them cock rings for Christmas. They giggled."



"What I wear is what I wear."

"How old are they?"
"Nineteen and twenty."

"Do you use cock rings?"
"No, they're not the cream in my coffee. But I thought for a boy who is straight and wants to keep fucking his girl they'd be just grand. It would be very amusing if I went straight. Not that there's much chance of it..."

"Did you take any school courses in New York?"

"Yes, I took a course at the New School. 'Towards Self-Understanding.' It was for people over 35, from Scarsdale and Jewish. I went four times. I didn't feel I wanted to expose myself to the people there."

"Have you ever been to the Metropolitan Community Church or the West Side Discussion Group?"

"No. I felt when I got there everyone would be so goodlooking there would be no one left for me."

"Did you convey this, your feeling that things weren't going to work out—in the TV series?"

"No. In the Chelsea Hotel interview, Soren was there, behind the camera. I came off like a lesbian vampire, very self-assured. I'm-going-to-do-everything-because-I'm-young and really, in real life, I'm a troll... from now on I want to be open to everything... I want the world to look at us."

"Don't you feel the NET series does this?"

"No. I don't really look that way."

Craig [note: the director] did faggy imitations of me behind my back."

"How did you find this out?"

"In those months everyone got to know everyone and everything about everybody. They play up a very suburban view of fagginess. Nothing to show I was a real human being. I almost helped them. I would know when the film was going slow and they were disappointed. I would try to put some zest in it. I talked a lot. I would give searching looks. I was sad during a lot of it. I didn't have anyone. Now I have Scott. We don't frisk. We're just friends."

Scott told Lance: "I found just the thing for you. Silk screen powder. One of the boys wore it tonight. His whole face was luminescent silver plate."

Lance gasped.

"Did you ever get into full drag?" I asked Lance.

"No," he said. "What I wear is what I wear."

We walked outside. Lance mentioned the fact that he would like a drink but had no money.

"I'll get you one drink each," I said.

"I'll order a double!" said Scott.

We went into a bar. I had a coke, Lance had a sloe-gin fizz, Scott had a sherry.

"When I was at the Chelsea this big gay star called me a fat-assed opportunist," said Lance.

"Oh no!" said Scott.

"He was angry with me because I wouldn't make it with him. He tried to make me in the hall. I didn't want him. He has a stomach. I want someone who is thin and handsome and intelligent..."

"And rich," I said. "who will also clean and do the housework. And the dishes. All of them."

Lance giggled.

We had finished the drinks and were walking up to 15th Street.

"Is Scott eligible for Welfare?" asked Lance. "He isn't earning anything and his parents won't give him any money."

"He sounds eligible. Do you have a social security card, Scott?"

"I have a passport," said Scott. "What do you think I should wear when I go down?"

"Perhaps a fur coat is a trifle immodest," I said. "Something simple. Look at Sylvia Sidney's wardrobe in the movies of the 30's."

"They wouldn't ask him to work, would they?" asked Lance.

"I could go to Hong Kong," said Scott. "I have contacts with the tailors there. I could make contracts for suits."

"My father wanted me to work as a hairdresser," said Lance.

"Did you do your own hair?" I said.

"Yes," he said. "Ten hours of henna. It's natural."

"It was the rage in L.A. when I was there," I said. "In 1945, several years before you were born."

"My father's ashamed to walk down the street with me," said Lance. "No, don't write ashamed. Write amused."

I wrote amused.

"Have you ever tripped?" I asked.

"Yes, but LSD gives me goose pimples. Look, you've got to make me out to be semi-good."

"Has someone made you out anything else?" I asked.

"TV Guide had an article by Margaret Mead last week—"

"Did she say anything bad about you?"

"Oh, she's a friend of Craig's. But if in 1971 the *New York Times* had come out and said I was homosexual I would have been hurt."

It was 15th Street. We stopped at the corner.

Lance and Scott looked around for the murderer who had killed six gays, but no one was in the street but us.

We said good night.

They went on alone.

YOU'RE INVITED TO A GAY WOMAN'S OPEN HOUSE!

BY LILLI VINCENZ

The ad in the *Gay Blade* reads: "Gay Women's Open House, every Wednesday, 7:30 to 11:30 p.m. Call 671-3762 for address. Women only."

Many women who have attended the Gay Women's Open House in Arlington, Va. have come in response to the above announcement, originally carried by the *Quicksilver Times*, a now defunct underground paper of Washington, D.C. Others have been referred by the Mattachine Society of Washington, Gay Activists Alliance, gay student groups of local universities, hotlines, the Women's Center, the *Gay Blade* (a local information sheet for gays), Gay Switchboard, the D.C. and Northern Virginia newsletters of the National Organization for Women, and personal recommendation.

What is the open house? It's a weekly, informal get-together for lesbians—and for those who think they might be—held in a private home. In March 1971, my friend and I opened our house to gay women every Wednesday. Since then, not a single week has gone by without an open house, and by the time this article is published, we will have passed the 100-week mark. When we left for vacation for three weeks in 1971, we arranged for substitute hostesses to be present—a procedure adopted whenever one of us cannot be there.

Wednesday nights are not structured. There is no agenda or discussion topic, for it's an open house, not a meeting. The purpose is to provide companionship, and the atmosphere is friendly, not crazy. It's a place where people meet people and where newcomers to gay life can relax in a protected social atmosphere.

Some women who call have never dared to express their gay inclinations to anyone before and are talking to a lesbian for the first time. We have seen one married woman in her early thirties undergo a radical change over a period of several months. At first a suspicious, silent, unhappy individual who had internalized society's prejudices against homosexuals, she became a friendly, warm person. Now at ease with gay people (whom she mistrusted at first), she can thoroughly enjoy herself in their company and even ventures forth into gay bars.

Work associated with holding the open house is minimal. Preparations for the event include the following: doing a little cleaning up; buying refreshments—about \$8 worth of wine, soft drinks and pretzels—paid for out of the refreshment kitty (two coffee cans that sit around inconspicuously in the hope that they will be noticed); laying out gay and women's literature for free distribution; and setting up the bulletin board of "Gay Events and Services." The board carries a calendar of gay functions, advertises meetings, lists phone numbers of gay and women's organizations and publicizes the services and needs of individual women (requests for transportation to open house, wanting to buy or sell this or that, and offering guitar lessons or house painting skills). Women interested in joining a gay women's consciousness-raising group can sign up on the bulletin board.

There is also a telephone referral service (not to be confused with a dating service). Over the months we have collected the names of those willing to help others out, like talking to them on the phone or giving advice of one sort or another. Married callers (and there are more and more married women coming out of the closet)



Marcette, Lilli and Plum wait for friends to attend "Open House."

can contact other married women and discuss the special problems they have in common. Some women have offered their services as speakers for schools and the media. They have visited college classes or participated on panels to talk about lesbianism, and they have appeared on radio and television. Increasingly, lesbians are declaring themselves ready to acknowledge their lesbianism in public.

One woman, who had lived in the Washington area for over a year and knew no gay women, found a roommate and friends within a few weeks after coming to open house. Her former shyness is gone and she has been on two television programs already. Putting her government job on the line (which, fortunately, she did not lose), she succinctly stated her position: "The time has come to say 'I am a lesbian and this is a fine thing to be'—and I'm not worried about my job."

Our first functions were attended by fewer than ten. Sometimes conversations didn't arise spontaneously, but in a few weeks the awkwardness vanished, as more people got to know each other and as more attended. Between 15 and 20 women drop in every week and we have accommodated as many as 50 (on the night that a well-known guitarist performed). There is usually at least one new person every time, but there have been as many as 11 new arrivals. A larger crowd makes it possible for individuals to talk among themselves without having to react to the entire group. However, spontaneous discussions involving everyone present sometimes do develop.

What helps sustain the relaxed atmosphere is that people keep coming back. Not all return, of course, but there is a substantial number of women who pop in from time to time and others that attend regularly. These old-timers do their part to make the newcomers feel at ease, thus relieving the hostesses.

There is, needless to say, no expectation placed on the individual to visit regularly. When she doesn't, it's a good sign and probably means that she has found friends and has no need to return. After all, the prime purpose of open house is to

provide a terminal for people to meet and to gather useful information.

We want to help equip the person to live a happy gay life. Crucial to that endeavor is the formation of a harmonious social circle. Women do not have the social opportunities available to men and are often severely limited in their choice of gay friends and lovers. At open house they are exposed to more people and thus have a wider selection of potential companions. But it's not just the quantity that counts—the number of acquaintances—but the quality. And the quality of the people that have attended and do attend the open house is A-1. Pardon my bragging, but we've met some fantastic, wonderful women, who have enriched our friendship circles tremendously!

Often there are more singles present than couples, but not always. Couples find other couples and thus expand their social circles as well. Interaction is amiable and supportive; people help each other in giving rides back home to those who had to come by bus. An atmosphere of generosity prevails and it's very reassuring to those new in gay life.

One Wednesday night, an eighteen-year-old woman opened the door and asked if someone could offer her a ride home. If not, she couldn't stay, since her mother had driven her over to this "women's liberation meeting" and needed a guarantee that her daughter would get home safely. Someone promised transportation and she went to tell her mother. Shortly she returned and asked if her mother could use the bathroom. We quickly put away the bulletin board and gay literature and then watched as a cheerful blonde woman bounced in the door, discreetly eased us, and disappeared upstairs. She later commented to her daughter that the bathroom was clean and that this was a good sign (of what I wondered).

Well, mother left and daughter stayed and got really attached to our group. She attended regularly, often hitchhiking to get here. Finally she was denied permission to attend any longer—her parents had gotten suspicious. Daughter retaliated

by inviting us all over to a party. "If I can't come here, then you're going to come to my house!" Her parents, who had guessed she was gay but never actually knew for sure, were impressed with our guts to accept the invitation. The party was in the basement and there were almost twenty of us—all women except for one gay man (dear Tony!). We were dancing when mother came downstairs to visit. Displaying great presence of mind, our woman immediately grabbed the mother and started dancing with her. It was a jittersbug and mother was delighted because she hadn't fast-danced in years! Father just watched; he declined the invitation to dance and soon after, the parents went to bed. They were probably confused because we were such nice people...

Although our group consists mainly of women in their twenties and thirties with a liberal political outlook, women from every walk of life, of every age and political persuasion, mix amiably. Ideological differences don't seem to matter much in our group and sisterhood prevails. Whether you are a lesbian under twenty-one or over fifty, whether you are radical or reactionary, a drop-out or a professional, daughter or a mother, single or in a gay straight marriage, you are welcome as are invited to make yourself at home.

One of our guests had this to say: "New to gay world/life. Became acculturated via Open House. Circle of friends sociologically broadening; academical stimulating; professionally accomplished psychologically stabilizing; trustworthily comradeship."

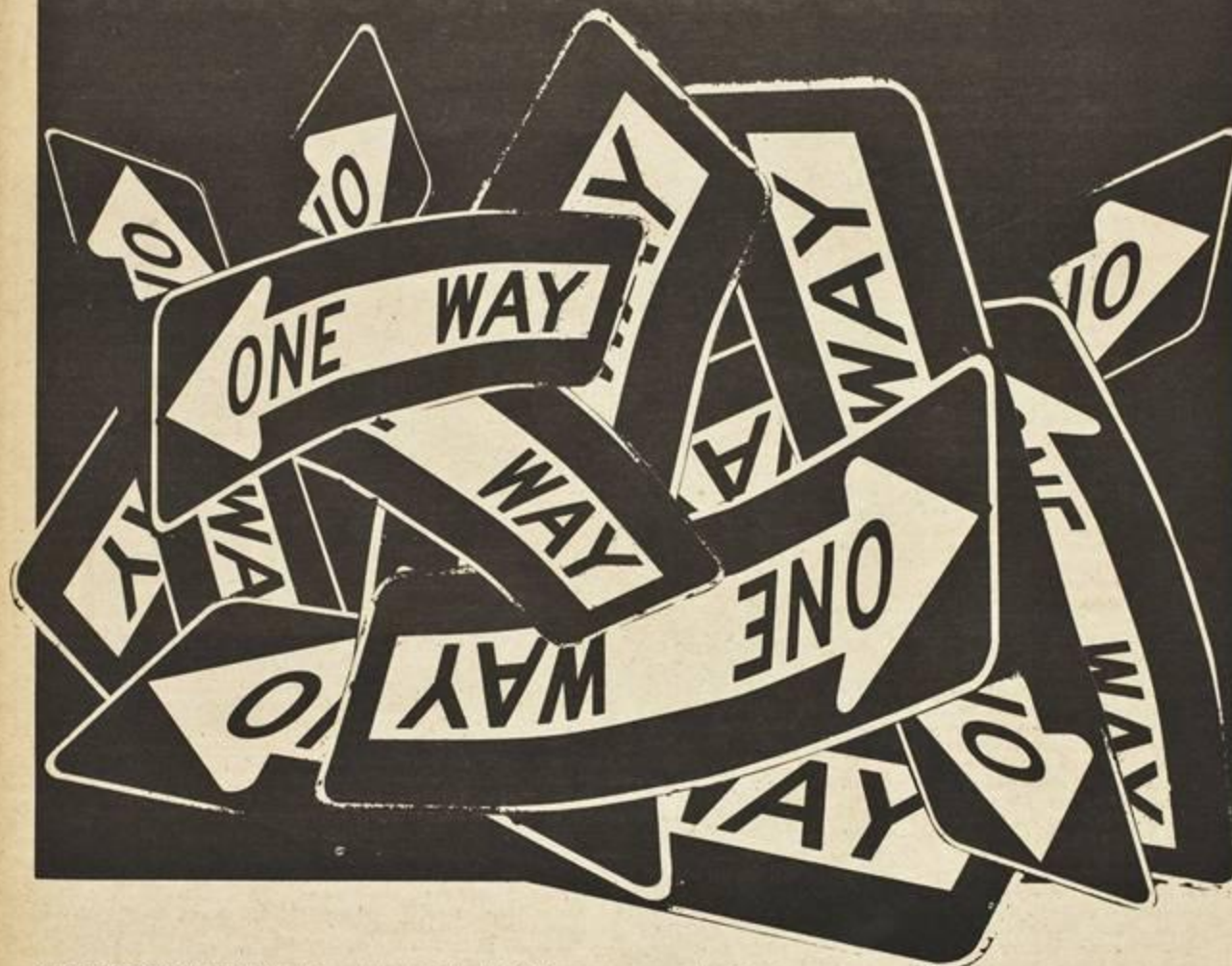
Whether we have an attendance of 7-47, Wednesday nights seem to fill a need I think other cities would benefit from the resource of a gay women's open house. You, dear lesbian reader, you also start one. It's an important alternative to offer gay women, especially if no lesbian organization presently exists in your area. (Washington, D.C. has none.) Many women are intimidated by the gay bars or don't care to attend public meetings of lesbian, gay liberation or women's liberation groups. Or they need to shun any kind of exposure whatsoever in public (women in the service, for example). A social setting in a private home is attractive because it is safe, intimate and relaxing.

If there are no gay organizations with which you can advertise, contact underground papers, women's groups, university newspapers and organizations, free clinics, radical groups—any source that might be expected to be tolerant. In order to insure anonymity, you need not give your name, only the phone number. Or you might consider taking a post office box and asking women to leave their numbers so that you can contact them.

The question of crank calls is often raised in this regard. When we first advertised in the *Quicksilver Times*, we were apprehensive about receiving nuisance calls. But they have turned out to be almost nonexistent. Some men do call up and want the address "for a friend of mine," but they are politely advised to have their friends call personally. The address is given out only to gay women—not to men or heterosexual women. There has never been any trouble and no unwanted guests have ever shown up.

Why not try an open house in your city? Your guests will be happy about it—and so will you. As one of our visitors commented, "Groovy! It's a good, cozy, relaxed atmosphere to meet other gay women and rap. Far out!"

ALL SHRINKS AREN'T FINKS



BY DR. FREDERICK BERENSTEIN

Psychotherapy has a bad reputation in the gay community. This is not surprising to anyone who is even peripherally acquainted with the dichotomy between gay philosophy and orthodox psychiatry. It is no secret that to the vast majority of therapists homosexuality is a disorder which when properly worked through is repressed in favor of a heterosexual lifestyle.

Gay activists, militants, and especially ex-patients have all stepped forward and damned this point of view. In my opinion this is as it should be. An unfortunate consequence of this, however, has been the blackening of therapy as a practice.

Therapy has its denouncers in the straight community too, of course, all the way from fanatics to sophisticates (e.g. H.J. Eysenck), but stigma and all, straight persons will more easily go for therapy than gay persons. No heterosexual, whatever his presenting problem, ever feels that the therapist is going to ask him to become homosexual. However, homosexuals are properly afraid that regardless of the problem the therapist will ask them to become heterosexual.

Unfortunately this is so, but it might not be in the future. To my mind the gay community is somewhat to be taken to task for not having done more to educate the professional audience.

In the first place it should be recognized that it is necessary to be represented in the literature. Voicing one's opinion in GAY (as I am doing), while admirable, will not hack it in Noyes and Kolb (the primary psychiatric textbook for medical students). In this text homosexuality is defined in a generally orthodox psychiatric manner. It will also not change the status of homosexuality in the Diagnostic Manual of the American Psychiatric Association (DSM-II), where it appears as mental disorder 302.0 in a list that includes fetishism 302.1, transvestism 302.3, sadism 302.6, masochism 302.7, and other sexual deviation 302.8.

Changing the opinion of the orthodox community will be slow and hard, but, I think, worthwhile. Healthy, happy gay persons have to get research going which will support what they say, and get that research published where it can be seen. It is not enough to rely on one or two past pieces of research; they are simply not enough. It gets tiring to keep on citing Evelyn Hooker's classic studies, not because they are not brilliant but because they are only a few counter-examples in the voluminous psychiatric literature on homosexuality. In 1968, following a seminar on homosexuality led by Dr. Irving Bieber, I approached and asked him what he thought of Dr. Hooker's studies. He replied, "What about them?" Clearly more has to be done.

In the second place gay people ought

to question their entire negative stance regarding therapy. Peer counseling, which I feel is a welcome addition to the community, is an obvious boon to those in need of help in coming out, learning about the gay community and gay lifestyle. But for those who have serious problems, peers are often too well-meaning to be objective. There is a need, I feel, for gay peer counselors to talk with sympathetic professionals and become more informed on how to work with others. It is only with this information that one can honestly know whether or not one can really help the person sitting across the desk or on the phone. The well-trained therapist knows that if he honestly answers the questions "Am I competent to work with this person?" and "Can I (as a person) work with this person?" he will be much more likely to help and not harm. But the therapist must be informed, self-aware and insightful to do this.

It is essential in terms of the well-being of the other to have the perspicacity to know if one can help and the wisdom to keep silence when one's help is of no avail.

In the third place the gay community ought to become acquainted with the sympathetic therapists in the community. I think that there is a small but growing group of therapists who believe that gay people have problems which, like those of heterosexuals, have nothing to do with sex. They are trained to work out these

problems and can do this without placing sexual lifestyle in the focus or change in this area as a condition of "cure" or termination. Dr. Clara Thompson, who analyzed the late Harry Stack Sullivan, notes that, "An overt homosexual way of life can play a constructive... role in the personality. It may be the best type of human relation of which a person is capable and as such is better than isolation." This goes far for an orthodox analyst, but not far enough for someone who analyzed Sullivan and should have known better. Going beyond, I think that it is the case that homosexuals who have no disturbance in the sexual sphere may have problems in other spheres.

One may ask why gay people should do all this. Who cares what the textbooks say or what the medical schools teach? There is no hope in changing the established opinion of the psychiatric community.

To me such reasoning suggests isolationism and separatism. It is important that the straight community learn and understand. There will be no acceptance without understanding. There is need for confrontation on all levels.

St. Paul says, "Videmus nume per speculum in enigmate." "We see now through a mirror in enigmas. Later we will see face to face." Perhaps this ought to be the motto guiding the drive for understanding and acceptance. It is mine in my office.

SCREW'S FIRST FILM IT HAPPENED IN HOLLYWOOD

BY JOHN P. LeROY

If you haven't been reading SCREW lately, you may have missed out on one of the most stupendous incidents of emasculation ever to happen to a pornographer—Al Goldstein broke his Peter-Meter, and is now in a state of abject impotence. The pornographic film industry will never again be the same, for it has no doubt been depending on Al's penis for quality control the way a distiller depends upon its most expert tasters.

You see, Al and his cohort, the notorious Jim Buckley, not content with giving us some of the best coverage and criticism of erotic films for the past four or five years, must have decided not too long ago to make a movie of their own. The result, *It Happened In Hollywood*, opened a couple of weeks ago at the Orleans Theatre on 47th Street between Broadway and Eighth Avenue, and Al broke his Peter-Meter over it, giving it a 101 per cent rating and calling it "staggeringly superior... the greatest sex film ever made," etc. Was it the fact that Al put up some of the \$30,000 it cost to make the film, or the fact that he made his screen debut playing a Philistine priest to the hilt (or should I say shaft?), that shattered his Peter-Meter like a broken thermometer? Or was the film really that good? The only way to find out was to go see it, which I did on opening night because it was the only night I had free.

Well, once all the beautiful "in" people of the erotic counterculture found seats, and the floodlights and flashbulbs of the publicity photographers stopped blinding everyone, what came over the screen of the Orleans Theatre was a peculiar genre of filmmaking that all but defies categorization. It's not pure pornography, even though scarcely five minutes go without some sucking or fucking going on. And it's not pure slapstick farce. It's what you would get if you tried to crossbreed the two. It makes you laugh while you want to jerk off.

There is a plot of sorts, having to do with an ambitious budding actress (Felicity Split) whose sole ambition is to become a star of sex films, and launches upon her career by blowing everyone, on-camera or off, with some fucking thrown in for good measure. She starts with her boyfriend who gives her a bidet with a magic tongue inside, and sucks her way to the top as Delilah, aping Hedy Lamarr. All through it, the sex and the gags pour forth, one on top of the other until, after an hour and ten minutes, when you're ready to say "enough is enough," the film ends, leaving you somewhat horny and exhausted.

Though not quite up to the level of a major studio product, the principals seem to be having such a good time, you feel like walking into the screen and joining them in the zany festivities. Enough technical expertise was mustered, though, to keep the camera in focus, the color vivid enough, the pace moving, and the editing sufficiently competent. There are take-offs on Mae West, Tom Jones (the eating scene), *Satyricon*, and Cecil B. DeMille. Some of the gags include a hard-boiled



Catherine the Great chases her horse in a scene depicting one of history's most famous love trysts.



The emphasis is always on men.

egg popping out of the girl's twat, a telephone receiver having an orgasm, an extraordinary scene of sexual acrobatics in which a male trapeze artist with a huge dildo fucks the girl in mid-air to the crashing of cymbals, and a suck-and-fuck bicycle contraption that no liberated woman should be without!

I don't know if they intended it, but the SCREW people have made, in effect, a gay film with men and women. One beautiful guy with big meat is blown right after another until Al Goldstein makes his appearance, rolls up his robe, and gets sucked off in a sacrificial stupor. The emphasis is always on men. They are consistently better looking than the women. And oral-genital relations are given more play than straight fucking. If you like to see big, beautiful cock, there's plenty of it.

A huge flying penis replaces the traditional Oscar, and James Buckley as master of ceremonies presents "the award." The only non-sexual scene is per-ups the funniest of all—Liz Torres, who started her career at the Continental Baths, plays

a molested lesbian who singlehandedly knocks the hell out of several hurly-burly construction workers in speeded up action, and then has a good cry on the shoulders of a duck-faced sugar daddy. Otherwise, cocksucking and pussy-eating reign supreme, and homophobes and heterophobes everywhere will hate it. Each time an orgasm was reached, a round of applause went up in the audience.

And now I know why Al Goldstein's Peter-Meter is fractured beyond repair. *It Happened In Hollywood* proves that you can't review movies with your cock anymore, as Al has so nobly tried to do since the inception of SCREW. From here on in, straight pornography will cease to be appropriate in movie theatres, for now, audiences can be made to demand a movie that not only shows you genitals, but entertains you as well. Pornography will become instead a conversation piece in up-to-date living rooms and bedrooms, an aid to masturbation, or a device for stimulating tricks, lovers, and wives. Videotape or 8mm films will be projected onto your walls or ceilings. Bath houses will order them for their orgy rooms, and massage parlors will use them to accompany rubdowns.

If *Deep Throat* wins acquittal, then a precedent will be set to assure the legitimacy of *It Happened In Hollywood*. And if pure sucking and fucking becomes as acceptable as shoot-outs in saloons, then it won't be long before we'll get a look at Doris Day's pussy, Peter O'Toole's cock, or Barbra Streisand's nipples. And if and when the American public accepts the fact that even superstars like these do indeed have sex organs, and do indeed use them much like everybody else, what then will become of puritanism in American culture?

The question is too shattering for serious contemplation by the Nixon Administration, most of the Supreme Court, and Congress. Better to squelch it with more

laws and more arrests. The only trouble is that nobody knows what laws to write because nobody can spell out explicitly what is or is not obscene. And so long as socially redeeming value can be gleaned, current community standards remain variable, and people's prurient interests continue to be as diverse as they are, any skilled attorney should be able to win acquittal by any fairminded judge for even the most inept product. And I understand that, should a bust come, Al and Jim now have nine lawyers who are already sharpening their claws. Since a busted film means an increase in public curiosity (to see why it was busted), box office receipts should be overwhelmingly larger than the \$37,000 gross of *It Happened In Hollywood* for its first week. And if the major studios see how lucrative an entertaining movie with explicit sex as an integral part can be, then braless rockettes, orgies at the OK corral, and the blowing of the godfather will become revered American institutions. And it all will have started when Al Goldstein broke his Peter-Meter.



Samsom! Either cut his hair or...



Vito: "All is not lost!"

BY VITO RUSSO

This is the week that you can finally do something about the plight of gay people in this city. Two more gay men have been murdered, this time in Brooklyn Heights. The police deny that they have any connection with the Village murders. This, of course, is totally irrelevant. Gay people are being attacked, beaten, robbed and murdered but most of all, TOTALLY IGNORED by the media and the police. What's a dead faggot or two when decent, honest, godfearing cops are being picked off in Bed-Sty? It's a little difficult for me to get any fury worked up over the murder of people who are refusing to protect us. It's all right for the 6th Precinct to say that everything in their power is being done to apprehend the murderer but without the support of the Police Commissioner and the Mayor's office, we're going to continue to get excuses instead of action. Write to the Mayor's Office and DEMAND that he meet with members of the gay community to solve these murders. Write to Police Commissioner Murphy and DEMAND that he arrange a meeting with the Gay Rights Committee of the Village Independent Democrats so that adequate protection of gay citizens can be secured.

There are also a few other people you can write to this week. You can write to The Editor of the *Toronto Star*, One Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada. Why? The following is a quote from an article they published last week by Professor Daniel Cappon:

Here they are, the true victims of emotional sickness in the family and in society, casualties of their environments, wanting to turn their aberration into a right if not actually a virtue. To hear them talk (and they talk a lot because this is a feature of homosexuality, especially in a physically deprived, fearful or cowardly male) you'd think that this disorder is a valuable asset... a touch of homosexuality corrupts a little and absolute homosexuality corrupts absolutely. It is not possible to suffer from a deviance of such magnitude and not have every other mental function become skewed at the same time.

If you would like to see the whole article, send me a self-addressed envelope at this paper and I'll send you a copy. The Toronto Gay Liberation Group, *The Body Politic*, is furious and is contemplating action against the paper which refuses to publish an opposing view.

i'll TAKE MANHATTAN IT'S POISON PEN TIME KIDDIES



A scene from Christopher Larkin's film-in-the-making, "For As Long As Possible."

If there's still some ink in your poison pen, you might want to sit down and write to the following people: Cardinal Cooke, asking him how he can oppose abortion when he supported it retroactively in Vietnam for all these years. You might also point out to him that instead of hiring gangsters to recover the wealth of the Catholic Church so that it can be put in the bank, he might try feeding some of those "unfortunates" he keeps talking about with that money. *Richard Crenna* (in care of the William Morris Agency), asking him why he felt it necessary to repeat the following joke at the Golden Globe Awards after *That Certain Summer* won the award for the Best Movie made for television, over Truman Capote's *Glass House*: "As long as we're going to have sexual perversion on television, it's nice to know that the kids can watch it in the safety of their own homes." Remind him of some of his Hollywood friends who might disagree with that. *Carol Greitzer*, asking her why she refuses, even now, to sign petitions for Intro 475, the gay civil rights bill, and why she is so anti-lesbian and refers to herself as Councilman. You can reach her at the Village Independent Democrats on West 4th Street. That should keep you busy for a while.

Last week I got a call from Christopher Larkin who is making a film called *For As Long As Possible*, the first full-length 35mm color feature film about homosexuals who take their sexual orientation for granted. The film is in progress but is also in trouble. Mr. Larkin needs money to complete it. I went to a screening of a 12-minute pilot segment which was very

promising indeed. Mr. Larkin qualified the segment, explaining that it was a scene from the romantic section of the film which, in counterpoint to the other sections, portrays the beginnings of a relationship seen through heavily rose colored glasses. It is totally charming, funny, real, and very well acted. It's a sort of parody (albeit gentle) on *Love Story* gay-style. The film will progress through a breakup and re-evaluation of the relationship, zeroing in on almost all aspects of gay existence and the problems of maintaining a human relationship in a gay society. This newspaper carries an ad and a Classified piece on the film and anyone wanting to further a good, worthwhile project in any way possible, please answer it or contact Mr. Larkin through me as soon as possible. This looks like a film that should be made at all costs. We can't abandon our own artists.

It seems that we're not only going to have to get our felt-tipped pens out but our picket signs and our torches for the latest in a long line of recent horrors. The new club *When We Win* at One Sheridan Square is being royally harassed by the Sheridan Square Block Association. At first it looked like they didn't want the club to open because they were genuinely concerned about its ownership in the future and the type of crowd it might get. After it became apparent, however, that the club is being proposed and financed by "clean" money from legitimate gay businessmen and community leaders, they went after it with a fury, threatening to sue the city if it was allowed to open its doors. This is the clearest case of bigotry I've seen in years and years. The Block Association has seen that the City

Agencies involved in issuing building permits have been threatened with lawsuits and community action if they allow the club to open. This would be the first club of its kind in the Village, probably in the city, combining theatre, cabaret and films at prices people can afford. It would also be a place for free community forums on all topics of interest, provided for by the club's owners as an attempt to create a better understanding between the gay and straight community in this city. The owners of the club went to the block association in order to propose that they work together to make this project a collective effort in improving the Village. Instead, the block association turned on them with a vengeance and is trying to destroy one of the first visible fruits of the labors of the gay community in this city. If we allow them to stop this club from opening, we'll never have a chance to foster openly gay, legitimate businesses in this city again. The Buildings Department will use this case as a test against future possibilities. Write to Ed Koch; write to Bella Abzug, write to the Block Association. Better still, write to the Buildings Department and demand that they grant the necessary permits. Remind them that the Block Association does NOT represent a neighborhood composed of mostly gay people—they represent only themselves. YOU ARE PART OF THIS COMMUNITY TOO—YOU HAVE A RIGHT TO DECIDE WHAT'S TO BE DONE WITH YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD. Don't let them take away your rights again!

The last horror story of the week concerns the Carnegie Hall Cinema. As you might have noticed, the Cinema has been showing *Left Handed* and *American Cream*, two gay porno films. That theatre has made it a policy in the past of showing straight porno and an occasional bomb like *The Great Waltz*. The interesting thing is that the two gay films have been doing very well at the Carnegie, probably because the theatre lends an air of "respectability" which the Eros I doesn't seem to exude. But that's not the point. Put aside your feelings about pornography and look for a moment at the plain facts. Last week, the lights and other electrical power went dead in the theatre. They are trying to close up the film because they are ashamed of having gay films shown in their theatre. Carnegie Hall Cinema is owned by Carnegie Hall, which is owned by the City. We're living in very bad times.

Still Shots: Al Pacino is being tested for the part of the gay bankrobber in the upcoming film version of the now-famous case. This is what we have to do to get on the screen... Carol Greitzer infuriated the VID membership and the gay visitors last week by totally blowing her cool and raving against gay people... There was a fight at the baths on Saturday night between a transvestite and a straight woman who insulted him. It was bound to happen sooner or later. I told you so (that feels so good to say). By the way, the transvestite won, ripping her dress off her back so she'd have to go looking for a towel... Lots of films and plays opening this week so next issue we can get back to unreality... I'll STILL take Manhattan!

JERRY'S SPHERE

(continued from page 2)

those with the dough who will help you get what you want. It's the American Dream. If you have the rotten luck to be born in a slum, fight a little bit harder. (I would imagine that youths caught in the act of robbing, murdering and pillaging will have a new defense. "I was just doing what the president said to do.") I am not now, nor have I ever been, a Kennedy fan, but the paraphrasing of his "ask not..." phrase must have him spinning in his grave.

THE BALL: A group of us watched Nixon at the balls with unbelieving eyes and ears. Was it our imagination or was the president a little stoned? As he went from ball to ball his speech became more incoherent. At the "young people's ball" he told the television people to turn off the cameras, "this is just for our friends here." He then, danced with ten, count them, ten young girls. Each one, of course, was previously hand-picked. I also noticed that about 80% of the crowd were blue-eyed blondes. ("ALL MY CHILDREN") Further along the night at the western ball came the statement that threw me the most. "California isn't the only western state here. We have Cuba here too." Cuba???? When the hell did Cuba move west and become a state??? Or was that a slip? At each and every ball there was the same schtick. They took Mamie out of mothballs and paraded her around town. Hope they gave her a few shots first. Julie looking like an ad for Ivory. Pat looking sure and confident, until Dick's speech slurred. I must admit, Tricia looked as if she was trying to put a little spark into the proceedings in that flame red dress. But it seemed as if the pres. and first lady were a little miffed at that. The TV cameras kept focusing on Julie and panned to Tricia only when they had to. DULL, DULL, DULL.

PEACE IS ANNOUNCED: Locked in my elephant's memory is the day, as a small child, that I was boosted onto my father's shoulders to watch the parade of returning GI's from World War II. A short time later, I remember the happy shouts of relief that the war in Korea had been ended. Last Tuesday the president went on national radio and television to announce the imminent signing of a cease fire in Vietnam. As it happened, I was filling in for Thom at the BEAU GESTE that night. There was no whoop and holler.



A.J. Sunshine at the Beau Geste.

There was no dance of joy, there was just a numbed silence. One young man exclaimed to another, "Did you hear that the war is over?" He was answered with a bored, "Yeah, what else is new?" I am sure that the lack of enthusiasm was not from hope that the war would continue. It was a numbness that has enveloped the American people over the war. It is a wariness that has come over us regarding "peace is at hand" speeches. It is the

knowledge of the people of North Vietnam who endured the biggest saturation bombing in history. The president talked about his vow of "peace with honor." It was then that the biggest (?) zaps went up in the bar. Where is honor in the killing and maiming of civilians? Where is the honor in proving that we are "the toughest kid on the block"? Go tell my sister who just a fiancée at the tender age of 20 that we have achieved an "honorable end to the war." Tell my aunt who lost a son at the tender age of 19 that we have achieved a "peace with honor." Tell all of the mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, wives, children, lovers and families that have lost a man in this "honorable war" that we have peace. Erase the memories of the smiling faces of youths in their prime. Tell the orphans in this safe country (don't even think of the kids in Vietnam) that we have "peace with honor." All I see is that the North and South is still divided physically and ideologically. Thousands have died. Billions were spent. The war is over. I still have yet to hear the first HURRAH!

IN MEMORIAM: Lyndon Baines Johnson is dead. He was the president who escalated the war. Somehow I can't see him as the ogre he was painted to be. While he was guilty of the final decision to escalate, he at least consulted others who urged him to make that decision. He listened, perhaps not wisely. (Here is where he differs from Nixon. Nixon listens to Nixon. The world be damned. He'll have his place in history no matter.) While the war did get out of hand, Johnson at least was conscious of what was happening in the United States. He fought for reforms in civil rights never before attempted. And what's more, he got them through Congress. He was more attuned to the people. I'm sure that he would have liked to have run for a second term. But he felt the people did not want that. He refused to run. I wonder where Nixon will go from here? R.L.P.

LOCAL SCENE: Jim Owles, two-term president of GAA, is an announced candidate for New York City Council. Jim is running as a man who can do the job. Yes, he is the city's first gay candidate, but he is hoping to win on his ability. He is a very able man and has a lot of good ideas on improving the Council and its workings. I firmly believe that he has a very good chance as he is right for the job. (J.F.H., Humanness is first. Gay is part of the whole-man.)

A FEW ISSUES BACK, I asked gays to boycott any store selling J.F.H.'s book. In a news story two issues back, John was quoted as believing that I meant Mike Umbers' stores only. With all due respect to John that IS NOT what I meant. Mike Umbers has had more than enough charges leveled against him for his gay exploitation. I did indeed mean ALL stores hoping that the homophobic publisher and others like him would get the message. Alas, it seems that most gays are like Eve. The forbidden fruit is always tastiest. Just by writing about it I'm afraid that I've helped sales rather than deterred them. The publisher is making a bundle and a brother who took such pains to present a truly composite look at the gay lifestyle isn't receiving a penny. What more can I say?

IN THE LAST ISSUE, I once more called on the "bar people" to help themselves. Once more I have received absolutely NO RESPONSE! I did hear rumors that I was just a "hell raiser." Apparently, hell is easier to raise than the apathetic "bar people." Too bad.

SNIPERS IN N.Y. have been ambushing police radio cars. A group calling themselves the Black Revolutionary Army has been taking responsibility for these despicable outrages. Yeah, I know a lot of

cops should be more into their jobs. But there are a lot of damn good cops. I hope and pray that the perpetrators are apprehended as soon as possible. Ambushing policemen is attacking the very society those men have sworn to protect. We may have some faults but as I see it, we've got the best thing going in the world. If these people are so set against the U.S. let them go to wherever they want to go. American society needs healers, not killers.

ANOTHER BIG N.Y. PROBLEM doesn't hit you until you visit another city. I just returned from Chicago. It was my first trip to the Windy City. Having heard so much about it I figured it to be a smaller New York. They're really going to town there. Some beautiful new buildings and plans being made for the Lake front. BUT the biggest surprise to these eyes was the fact that Chicago was SO CLEAN. INCREDIBLE!!! Mayor Lindsay and the N.Y. Sanitation Department please take note: I was ashamed of the difference.

FINAL VOLLEYS: As I reported in my last column, Doug Stormes came to me before his death to start something new in the formation of an agency to help the bars. As I shall be adding another year to my life in two weeks, I've decided to go ahead with the agency. We will be handling advertising, explaining to management when, where, why and how to advertise. We will be doing promotions for certain bars. We will be booking shows for show bars. (Sexton & Sexton, Joey Cord, and the revue, "Gay Society") will be the first packages going to the south and southwest. We hope to be the answer for a lot of people seeking an alternative... I have to mention two of my favorite bartenders. From DAVID'S PLACE, Tim, a very gracious and very sexy bartender, and Pat, a boy who kept a lot of heads swinging in the show room. Two beauties in a beautiful setting are always an asset... Is it true that a very prominent Ms. is going to do the New York company of "Gay Society"???? Alberta Peaches making the brunch scene at NEW JIMMY'S talking about his new venture at the GILDED GRAPE. Stop by and say hello... Saw Sam Palmer at PENNY LANE and I hope to have an announcement from him very soon... Got to run. If you get a chance, stop a minute and say a prayer that we will have peace in the world, at least, for a short time. It would be a novelty.

God help us all.

POPPERS

(continued from page 6)

most widely used by homosexual males, particularly the S/M crowd who claimed poppers reduced pain levels and made sexual activities more easily achieved by reducing fear and increasing arousal. Those who didn't like poppers generally complained of headaches and disliked the strange feeling, the racing heartbeat and the drug's smell.

He theorized that some of the cardiovascular effects of the drug on the users are probably minimized by their reclining positions and thought the headaches and aching eyes reported by some users were warning signs of possible serious side effects.

"All powerful drugs have side effects," Dr. Everett declared, "and the lack of control of dosage, impure preparation, and various drug combinations will probably lead to side effects turning up from time to time in medical clinics."

In Dr. Everett's opinion, aggressive types might use poppers more often than their more passive sexual partners. He expressed surprise that popper use was not limited to the young but occurred even among geriatric patients for sexual stimulation during orgies.

Two other doctors offered lengthy commentaries after Dr. Everett's article.

Dr. Donald B. Louria, Professor and Chairman, Department of Preventive Medicine and Community Health, College of Medicine and Dentistry of New Jersey at Newark, took issue with the assertion that amyl nitrite increased the user's capacity to be sexually aroused or to have intercourse more frequently in a given time period.

"It does delay ejaculation and prolong the duration of orgasm," Dr. Louria conceded. "Taken just prior to orgasm it can produce a very pleasurable intensification of the sexual experience. In this sense it is a true aphrodisiac."

Dr. Louria said that the necessity for sniffing a popper just prior to orgasm made it a less than ideal aphrodisiac, predicted severe adverse cardiovascular effects if poppers became popular with the 40-and-over set, and said that his experience in the New York area indicated there "has been no major increase in the last five years in amyl nitrite use."

Dr. Louria said the problem of concomitant multiple use of drugs for pleasurable purposes was particularly knotty. "A user of amyl nitrite who simultaneously uses atropine-like drugs, LSD, or other vasoactive agents," he concluded, "could experience disastrous physiological effects."

Dr. David E. Smith, Founder and Medical Director, Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic, San Francisco, California, observed that very few doctors had heard of the sexual use of amyl nitrite. In his experience, the primary drug amyl nitrite was used with marijuana. However, he recalled some exceptions.

"For example," Dr. Smith reported, "in the psychedelic community, one combination is the use of poppers during an LSD experience, while having sexual relations. Apparently the vivid perceptual alterations and the geometric color patterns are allowed to reach a peak, facilitated by the act of sexual intercourse and then one or both partners pop the amyl nitrite, producing a shattering effect on the vivid colored imagery. One young man described this to me as the ultimate sexual experience—'coming in color.'"

Both Drs. Smith and Louria agreed that women found poppers less desirable and were frequently repelled by the sniffing interruptions of their male partners during sexual activity.

And this, dear reader, is some of what you're truly, Randy Wicker, has sniffed out about poppers.

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GAYAGAIN

(continued from page 7)

with that urge which society has labelled perverse; some were there to act out inner dramas; some were there to find an evening of pleasurable sexual companionship; some were there to dance; some were there to find another human being to talk to; some had come to drink steadily and peer into their thoughts; and some had come for no reason except that it was a nice place to go. For a brief instant the bar took on the guise of a monastery, or a school, where the members of the brotherhood might repair to expand into a fuller awareness of life; and for a fleeting instant, given the state of the rest of civilization, it was something like an ark.

I was able to go home, and my meditative mind returned, and I could find my center once more, and then could let my center dissolve. As I lay in bed, drifting towards sleep, love entered me like a lover, and this time it was a force that flowed eternally as well as a set of feelings identified with a single person. Timothy resounded in my heart, in all his uniqueness, and I loved him for himself. And yet, I saw that my love for him was also a mirror which reflected the face of universal love, the "force that moves the sun and other stars."

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THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF CONFRONTATION TACTICS

PART 2 THE POLITICAL FUNCTION OF ZAPS

BY MORTY MANFORD AND ARTHUR EVANS

The following is Part II of Morty Manford and Arthur Evans' thesis, "The Theory and Practice of Confrontation Tactics in the Gay Liberation Movement." The final installment of their thesis will appear in the next issue of GAY.

Besides getting sensational publicity for the Gay Liberation Movement, confrontation tactics have another purpose: causing political change in specific instances.

An example in 1970 involved the New York Police Force. Periodically in New York, for complicated reasons having to do with politics and criminal syndicates, there are waves of police repression against gay people. Effeminate men and transvestites on 42nd Street suddenly find themselves taunted, arrested or beaten. Gay bars are raided and closed down. Police begin abusing gays in public areas where gays regularly cruise.

To the chagrin of gay people, this pattern continued in 1970 under the administration of Mayor John Lindsay, who had been elected to a second term by a plurality of black and gay voters. Complaints were made to the Mayor's office and demonstrations were held—all to no avail.

As a result, GAA voted to zap Mayor Lindsay every time he appeared in public until he got the police off the necks of the gay community. The first zap occurred at the opening of the 1970 season of the Metropolitan Opera. Militants had learned that the Mayor and his wife would be present. So, disguised in suit-and-tie drag (some in tuxedos), the GAA members milled in the crowd in the huge lobby of the Metropolitan Opera building at Lincoln Center. When the Mayor and his wife entered, they were stopped in their tracks and surrounded by shouting gays, and the lobby (whose staircases were filled with "dignitaries") boomed with the sound of "END POLICE HARASSMENT!" and "GAY POWER!" The police were slow to act, since they were confused by the "well dressed" appearance of the militants.

A few days later, it was learned that the Mayor's wife was sponsoring a benefit of the play *Two By Two* on Broadway, and would attend a certain performance in person with her husband. Again GAA members milled in the lobby, "properly" attired and sipping drinks. When the Mayor and his wife entered, the scene repeated itself—except that Mrs. Lindsay lost her temper, and assaulted several of the demonstrators, kicking them in the legs and punching them in the chest. On finally entering the theatre, the Mayor was seen to lash out at his wife for her reaction. (Lindsay himself always has a plastic smile when he is getting zapped.)

In corresponding with Mrs. Lindsay concerning this incident, she indicated by letter that she was afraid of an assassination attempt on her husband. Whether this was the real reason or whether she was piqued at having a social affair spoiled, the fact remains that an abstract issue like *Gay Liberation* became a highly personal issue to the Lindsays, involving them in a family quarrel. Only after the



GAA zaps Mayor Lindsay at Radio City Music Hall.

latter development did action come on the gays' complaints.

Zaps can also cause political change in the legislative branch of government. Hearings of the City Council's General Welfare Committee on Intro 475 provide a good example.

As indicated previously, Saul Sharison, chairman of the committee, did not call hearings on the bill until he was zapped into it. When the committee finally met, the first day's session was characterized by Sharison's bullying; he did not allow any applause for right-on statements made by speakers to the committee, or any boos for those who made oppressive remarks. On the second day's hearings, the audience was far more vocal, and Sharison finally gave up warning people to be quiet.

At the third day's hearings, Sharison seemed to be in an irritable mood. At the very beginning of the session, someone called out from the balcony, and Sharison adjourned the meeting. When he and the other Council members got up to leave, about 50 of the 300 people in the audience (nearly all of whom were gay) rose as one person, ran to the front of the chamber, shouted "JUSTICE!" with their fists in the air, surrounded the departing Council members, and forced them back behind their desks. Police were called in and formed a blue phalanx between the Council and the militants. The committee was in a dilemma—either it had to escalate to a level of violence which would completely discredit its democratic pretensions or else it had to capitulate. After a conciliating speech by Eldon Clingan (chief sponsor of the bill), the hearings resumed.

TYPES OF ZAPS

There are three basic types of zaps: sit-ins, hit-and-run disruptions, and street actions. Each of these will be briefly discussed.

SIT-INS:

Sit-ins occur generally in either offices or in the personal residences of oppressors. An example of the former was the GAA zap of New York Republican Headquarters in Manhattan in June, 1970. The real target was Nelson Rockefeller, who had done absolutely nothing to help the gay civil-rights package in Albany. Unfortunately, Rockefeller had better security arrangements than even the President (and this was before the Attica massacre). GAA did not believe it had the resources to attempt a takeover of his offices; as a second best target, the state headquarters of his party was chosen.

found a small brass band playing martial music and waiting for the candidate.

A large, black hearse-like Cadillac pulled up and out stepped Goldberg. Bystanders on the corner (nearly all of whom were gay) surrounded him and asked questions such as, "If elected, will you work to repeal New York sodomy and solicitation laws?" "Will you support passage of a bill outlawing job discrimination against homosexuals?" "Will you conduct investigation of the New York State Liquor Authority, which is controlled by criminal syndicates and which oppresses gay bars?"

To each of these questions, Goldberg answered, "I have more important things to talk about." Finally, the patience of the gay crowd was exhausted. The oppressor was hemmed in, physically impeded from moving and drowned out with shouts of "GAY POWER!" Several syndicate-looking thugs jumped out of the hearse-like limousine and made an opening for him in the crowd. In a state of near panic, Goldberg jumped into the car, which people then surrounded. Militants banged on the windows with open hands and the limousine was rocked back and forth on its axes. With difficulty the driver was able to make his way out and the candidate disappeared down Broadway.

After this incident, Goldberg's appearances in New York City were few and far between. About three weeks before the election date, his campaign manager contacted GAA and offered to make a deal: Goldberg would issue a public statement strongly endorsing gay rights and the need for legislative reform if GAA would agree to allow him to speak in New York City. GAA agreed and the statement was issued.

Hit-and-run disruptions are particularly effective in television studios because they cause very costly time-loss and the oppressor is afraid to physically retaliate for fear of damaging expensive equipment.

One example is disruption of the taping of Mayor Lindsay's weekly television show in the latter part of 1970. For some time, GAA had been seeking to get Lindsay's public backing of Intro 475. Richard Aurelio, then the Deputy Mayor, kept repeating, "The Mayor has never been on the wrong side in a civil rights matter," but no statement was forthcoming from City Hall.

GAA members managed to obtain a large bloc of tickets to the Mayor's weekly television show. That particular evening he had Arthur Godfrey as a special guest and the subject was ecology.

After Godfrey was introduced, a militant ran in front of the cameras and accused Lindsay of dragging his feet on gay rights. The cameras were stopped and the disrupter was taken out and released. The taping was resumed, only to be disrupted again. Periodically a militant would stand up, shout something and be dragged out, thus interrupting the proceedings. When Godfrey remarked, "There is a law about blowing horns in New York City," a GAA member shouted, "In this state, it's illegal to blow anything."

The Mayor's television show did appear that night, but was heavily edited. Richard Aurelio subsequently reached

GAA and in return for GAA's agreement to stop zapping, the Mayor issued a public statement endorsing Intro 475.

Hit-and-run disruptions are particularly effective at public meetings—there are always people in the crowd who are bored to death by the speaker and enjoy an interlude of tense excitement. An example, in early 1970, involved Carol Greitzer, City Councilwoman from Greenwich Village.

GAA's first major project after its founding in December 1969 was to collect signatures on a petition urging legal reform and civil rights for homosexuals. The petition was addressed to City Council and after 5,000 signatures had been collected, it was presented to Councilwoman Carol Greitzer, as the representative of the city's largest gay ghetto. To everyone's great surprise, Councilwoman Greitzer refused to accept the petition.

Greitzer's chief power base in the Village is the local Reform Democratic Club called the Village Independent Democrats (V.I.D.), located right around the corner from one of New York City's major male cruising areas.

On Ms. Greitzer's next scheduled date to address V.I.D. constituents, GAA members filled the halls and stairways outside the main room, waiting for the Councilwoman's appearance.

When she entered the building, the militants suddenly stormed into the meeting room, took over the session and accused her of contempt for the liberation movement. Greitzer's first impulse was to turn and run, but Bob Eagen, V.I.D.'s president, convinced her to stay.

After about an hour of sharp verbal combat between the militants and Greitzer, she agreed to accept the petition and give more careful heed to her gay constituents. At that point the militants left as quickly as they had entered. Today, Greitzer is a supporter of Intro 475 in City Council.

Examples of the hit-and-run disruptions in offices were a series of incidents between GAA, police and the Suffolk County, L.I. district attorney.

For a number of reasons (*The Suffolk County Police had arrested a man for consensual sodomy in one of the gay ghettos on Fire Island. At a demonstration protesting this action at County Police Headquarters in Hauppauge, L.I., one of the gay demonstrators was attacked and beaten by the heterosexual police and several gay demonstrators were maced in the face. Shortly thereafter, two drunk members of the Suffolk County Police also raided a gay bar in Coram, L.I. and beat the manager.*), GAA New York and GAA Long Island had been trying for some time to pressure George Aspland, Suffolk County District Attorney, to investigate numerous abuses of gay people by criminal heterosexual Suffolk County police.

In September 1971, the militants seized control of the D.A.'s office in Riverhead, L.I. and were forcibly evicted (but with no arrests).

Angered by lack of response to their demands, GAA decided to zap the D.A.'s office in Hauppauge, L.I. and to attempt a citizen's arrest of the D.A. himself for malfeasance.

In late November 1971, GAA returned to Hauppauge—the ostensible reason being to present to the D.A. sworn copies of affidavits concerning heterosexual police brutality in Suffolk County.

About 20 militants rushed up the stairs into a reception room adjacent to the D.A.'s office which was locked. From behind a small open window, a policeman who identified himself as Lt. Calley (!) said he would take the affidavits. When they were given to him, he was ques-



Activists march in support of gay rights bill Intro 475.

tioned about the investigation of previous complaints against Suffolk County Police. He refused to answer and attempted to shut the window. At this point a GAA member prevented the window from closing with his hand and shouted, "DON'T SLAM THIS WINDOW IN OUR FACES! WE HAVE A RIGHT TO KNOW THE STATUS OF THE INVESTIGATION!"

Suddenly the door of the D.A.'s office opened and six or seven large plainclothes police jumped into the crowd with arms and blackjacks swinging. Gay women and men were beaten, knocked down and thrown out by the criminal police. Many of the demonstrators suffered cuts and bruises, two gay men had their noses broken, one gay woman had a broken rib which punctured her lung. Three demonstrators were arrested, one of whom was beaten in his cell and told that if he didn't stop "this Gay Lib business" he would be found dead and bearing a planted gun.

Fortunately, among those beaten were two observers from the Long Island branch of the American Civil Liberties Union, who witnessed and photographed the sequence of events. As a result of their experience, the Suffolk County A.C.L.U. sent a telegram to Washington asking for a federal investigation of the police by the F.B.I. and the Department of Justice.

By coincidence, the Suffolk County Legislature was in session in the same complex of buildings where the demonstrators were beaten. Faces bloodied, militants interrupted the legislature meeting and demanded action against the police and the D.A. Later that day, H.L. Dennison, the retiring County Executive, said the police commissioner had been lying to him about incidence of police brutality and that there would be an investigation.

After the demonstrators returned to New York, they began contacting members of the New York Congressional delegation, asking for a federal investigation and for a state investigation by the N.Y. attorney general.

GAA's legal committee has prepared a brief for federal court, asking for an injunction under federal civil rights laws. This legal effort is still in progress.

This series of events is interesting because it shows what happens when political oppressors refuse to capitulate to hit-and-run disruptions: they are forced to such levels of violence that they themselves cannot uphold the ideal of "law and order" to which they pretend.

Hence, hit-and-run disruptions are either immediately effective or provoke widespread disorder. If disorder occurs, government officials are revealed to the gay masses as a bunch of thugs. (Government is desanctified; it is no longer seen as an expression of popular will but as an arbitrary power which happens to control the police force.)

STREET ACTIONS:

The third type of zap is the street action. One instance is the action at Saul Sharon's apartment house already discussed. Another is an example conducted in the summer of 1971 against a gay bar in Greenwich Village, "Christopher's End," located at the westernmost end of Christopher Street.

After a routine raid on the premises because of drug use, the bar re-opened last year, displaying a large sign outside which said, "Open Again. Weirdo Sex Inside." Many gay people felt the display of such a sign was an offense to gay pride and said as much to Mike Umbers, the criminal-syndicate member who ran the

bar. Despite these protests, the sign remained.

When a group of independent gays (this was not a GAA action) demonstrated in front of the bar, a few of Umbers' employees brandished knives and threatened to take retaliatory action against GAA. Because of such threats and because criminal syndicates are capable of anything, an emergency meeting of GAA's Executive Committee was called and a zap was authorized on "Christopher's End" (on the theory that the best defense is a quick offense).

That night a regular Saturday evening GAA dance was scheduled. As in the Saul Sharon case, the music stopped at 1:30 a.m., and about 1,000 people streamed into the streets behind the GAA banner. By the time the marchers got to "Christopher's End," about 1,000 additional people had joined, since the line of march went down Christopher Street—the main gay cruising area in New York City.

The noisy throng that finally arrived at the bar was enormous and filled the whole street. After shouting for about half an hour, the demonstrators turned and visited the local police precinct (which is not too popular with gays). Many then returned to celebrate at GAA headquarters.

Many of the gays who patronize syndicate-controlled bars are terribly afraid of being exposed as homosexual. For this reason, most such bars are in out-of-the-way places. If any amount of publicity is given to such a bar, its clientele immediately fades, since publicity suggests possible exposure. For this reason, any large and noisy demonstration at a gay bar disrupts business and, if repeated, can lead to the death of the bar.

(To Be Continued—Next Issue:
Methods Used in Zapping)

THE RAINBOW CHASERS

BY RANDY WICKER

The *Rainbow Chasers*, the story of a strange quadrangle between two gay male lovers, a straight sexually-shy girl and her boyfriend, will premiere February 12th at Lolly's Theatre, 808 Lexington Avenue, at 63rd Street.

The production is the second major work by 20-year-old Jeff Hochhauser, who describes himself as "a supporter of GAA who was active in Gay Youth before it folded." Hochhauser wrote the musical *Graduation*, which was produced by the New York Theatre Ensemble last year and will be made into a film this June.



The play's author: Jeff Hochhauser

Cynthia, a quiet straight girl, and Justin, a somewhat campy gay would-be comedian, meet at the Morton Street pier where both have gone because they are depressed.

Justin discovers Cynthia is contemplating suicide. Cynthia discovers that Justin is "a homosexual," a type of sexual being she's never met before. Justin convinces Cynthia to forego suicide—"Being dead is probably boring"—and gives her his phone number.

Back at the apartment, Justin fights with his bisexual lover and gives him two



Janis Flynn, Mark Ambie and Raymond Wood

weeks in which to find another apartment. Cynthia calls. They meet the next day and Justin proposes she join his comedy routine.

For convenience, Cynthia moves in with Justin after they have become friends. Justin discovers she is a virgin, very frightened by sex. Cynthia's boyfriend is outraged that his girl is "living with a faggot."

Justin's spurned lover returns. Cynthia gets his bisexual juices flowing and he puts the make on her. From there on the plot thickens until it culminates in a rather strange conclusion.

Hochhauser says that he's not trying to say that "this is gay life," feeling no one has the right to make such a claim

about any work.

The dialogue moves briskly with flashes of humor, all set in a gay subculture frame of reference. "You're not masculine, you're just butch," Justin chides his lover during a quarrel. "The difference is one is terribly real, one is just performed."

When pressed on whether he'd tricked all night at the trucks, Justin first claims seven conquests and then relates he just had one—"a gorgeous gay Apache embalmer from Bensonhurst."

The Rainbow Chasers is being produced by R. Paul Evans, who hopes to use the Lolly's Theatre Showcase to raise some \$20,000 necessary to bring the play to Off-Broadway in April. The produc-

tion is being directed by Jerry Grant, who recently directed *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty* at the Equity Library Theatre.

Hochhauser says that the idea of the quiet straight girl rooming with a slightly flamboyant gay originated when a similar couple became the "talk of the building" among his neighbors in an East Village tenement.

Lolly's Theatre is a picturesque garden converted into a theatre with a glass ceiling. French metalwork decorates the balconies above. The theatre seats sixty-five.

The showcase will commence each evening from Monday, February 12 through Sunday, February 17, at 7:30 p.m. Tickets are \$3. Reservations can be made at 832-7404.

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

PENPOINTS

Dear GAY,

The art of Bette Midler—like that of Judy Garland or Barbra Streisand or any other great lady singer/performer—has nothing whatsoever to do with the politics of Gay Liberation, in general, nor those of John Francis Hunter/John Paul Hudson, in particular.

Like Arthur Bell and Leo Skir before him, he is confusing his own highly neurotic reactions to her head-on-collision magnificence with what he too vehemently insists is what she is sending out.

Personal self-confidence seeking and self-esteem identity problems are not external, for whatever their causes and root, they are internal.

If you have nothing but a glass through which to peer darkly, does that mean your vision is not distorted?

Bette Midler is a genius. The most exciting, stimulating and real talent to happen in years. Perhaps her most endearing and charming quality is her deliciously outrageous sense of humor. If it is based in an often gay or camp context, so what then? Does Mr. Hunter/Hudson imagine that gays are the only people who can—or are allowed to—camp? In all actuality, the term and the custom was invented in the 1890's by primarily heterosexual English Cockney street Busters. So, where does that leave us? . . .

I have never been even slightly offended by anything Bette has said. But, then, perhaps that is because I have always tried to keep an open, healthy attitude and have cultivated one of nature's greatest natural gifts—the ability to laugh at

myself.

I feel safe in saying the world will be laughing along with Bette Midler for some time to come. No one, I am sure, will ever know that Mr. Hunter/Hudson is not in any of those audiences—for he has the freedom of choice not to come.

There is a time and a place for everything. Laughter is, surely, the greatest gift of all. It is a shame to feel you must give it up to be "seriously politically involved." If that's the case, here's one fag who couldn't possibly give a tinker's damn!!

Long Live The Divine Miss M!!

As Sincerely as they come!
Chuck McAdams
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear GAY,

As I skim through a pamphlet, *Guide to Underground Newspapers in the Special Collections Department*, compiled by R. Siefer and J. Simmons in June 1971 for the Northwestern University Library in Evanston, Illinois, I find under the heading "Political Papers—Gay Liberation" *The Advocate, Come Out, Gay Power, Gay Sunshine*, but not your excellent publication. Nor is it listed under "Youth Culture Papers."

Since these papers are available not only to students at Northwestern University but may be ordered by librarians at other institutions, I think you should be included.

Sincerely,
Lucien Whitaker
Berkeley, Calif.

[Thank you. It is our understanding, after corresponding with Northwestern University's Library, that GAY is now available to students.—Ed.]

Dear GAY,

Will GAA recover from its illness commonly known as "ROBERT'S RULES OF ORDER"? Will it survive under a dogmatic leadership that approaches members during a meeting and destructively criticizes them for expressing, in their own unique way, their point of view?

Will the organization grow stronger under a leadership that intends to express to certain and definite people that they are no longer needed or wanted in GAA?

Is this the way to real liberation of gay people or is it the way for GAA to further alienate the gay community at large?

Only time can tell. My personal hope and dream for the entire gay community is UNITY through interpersonal relationships.

Robert Ruecker
Queens

[It seems that all organizations, gay or straight, seem to suffer under "Robert's Rules." Often, only a few people are temperamentally suited to using them. On the other hand, Robert's Rules of Order can save an organization from unstructured chaos if there are those who would use any opportunity to upset or infiltrate a stable group. We too hope that GAA and all similar groups prosper on the personal level.—Ed.]

GAY AGAIN

(continued from page 16)

The following morning, I knew that I would have to deal with the negative and weak aspects of my ego, my fear of losing, my instinct to clutch and run, for a long time to come. But to love is to be vulnerable to oneself as well as to another. I can love best by being myself most fully, for how else should I present to Timothy the only gift we can give one another, the perfected self?

In this affair, be it of a month or of a lifetime, I feel that I have something never available before, and that is the support of what I think must be called The Gay Sodality. And this Sodality appears to me as the invisible spirit within the gay movement at large, its esoteric center, the breath which sustains the clubs and political groups and publications and therapy centers and all the rest of formal gay society. The members of the Sodality are anyone who recognizes the humanity of another, and touches the other with compassion. It contains a single message as its entire constitution.

"Come," it says, "hold my hand, and love shall sustain us."

The word gay shall never be the same for me again, now that I have felt its deeper meaning, and taken it upon myself.

To my gay brothers, hello. At last.

BANKROBBER MOVIE IN THE MAKING

(continued from page 8)

Wicker told *Variety* that while he knew nothing of the casting plans for the film at this time, he had shown a videotape of Wojtowicz's wedding and news-casts concerning the robbery to Al (The Godfather) Pacino, who bears a striking physical resemblance to Wojtowicz.

Elford has previously produced *Kansas City Bomber*, starring Raquel Welch. The film, whose working title was taken from a *Life* magazine feature bearing the same name, will be released some time in 1974.

NBC GOES TO UNCLE CHARLIES SOUTH

BY RANDY WICKER

New York, N.Y. NBC-TV's "New York Illustrated" started filming a documentary on New York gays December 17th. The program ran twenty-two minutes and was broadcast over Channel 4 Sunday evening at 10:30 p.m. on February 11th.

"We want to do a personalized story," Joan Konner, the program's writer and producer, told GAY during the filming. "We aren't going to focus on demonstrations and things like that, but hope to convey insight into the gay lifestyle. But we will also deal with some specific problems like discrimination, police harassment and civil rights and possibly cover some group activities."

When Ms. Konner told New York's Gay Activists Alliance that she wanted to film some unstaged, natural scenes in a local gay bar, they suggested she contact Bob Sloate who owns Uncle Charlie's South, a gay bar located at 581 Third Ave. on the corner of East 39th Street.

"It was our first request," Ms. Konner commented while her camera crew set up lights, microphones and cameras around the bar, "on the Monday evening in December around 9:00 p.m., and Mr. Sloate was very hospitable."

"Bob Sloate is a real pioneer in New York City," Michael Giannetta, publisher of *Michael's Thing*, volunteered as he mingled with the regular bar patrons and other gay journalists who had come to cover the event. "Bob opened the first gay-owned gay bar in New York City. He is a great believer in GAA and is willing to do things that no other bar does."

A sign posted inside the doorway read: "NBC-TV will be filming here tonight between 9:00 and 11:00 p.m. Your cooperation will be appreciated."

"Bob Sloate is really exceptional," Bob Reucker, one of New York GAA's more active members, enthused. "When he first opened here a couple of years ago, he worked the bar and donated all the Monday night tips to GAA. He did that regularly for some months."

"Every time we've asked to make an announcement here, he has been more than helpful. This past weekend I came in on Friday night to tell them about the free dance at the Firehouse the next night and how we were going to close it down and march on Saul Sharonson's place at 1:00 a.m. to force him to set a new date for another vote on Intro 475. I called Bob first and told him about it and said, 'Bob, I'll understand if you don't want us to make this announcement because advertising a free Saturday night dance could cut into your business.' He said, 'Don't worry about that,' and when I came in, they shut off the music and put me up on the center of the bar and I talked for about five minutes in Intro 475

and the necessity for zapping Sharonson the next evening.

"Bob has always been that way," Reucker elaborated. "We've leafleted in here dozens of times. There's no hospitality. There's an open arms policy to do it. Most other bars won't let us in the door."

"The crowd is a lot lighter tonight," the doorman counseled Joan Konner, who stood watching her camera crew attempt to adjust lights to illuminate the slowly filling bar counter. "I think the sign is scaring off a lot of people."

Gays entered the bar and upon seeing the NBC camera and the film crew positioning themselves, gave widely different reactions. The doorman told each newcomer that only those people right at the bar itself would be photographed and if they wished to avoid that area they could patronize the bars in the two adjacent rooms. Some stayed. Others grew pale and quickly disappeared beyond the columns into the other rooms.

Uncle Charlie's South has a varied, mainly Caucasian, middle-class clientele and is perhaps the most popular of the so-called "East Side" gay bars. Loud and flamboyant types are few and far between.

"Here I am," screamed the only tweezed-eyebrow, bleached blond out of the thirty patrons gathered at the front bar. He waved campily at the camera crew. "My name is Harry and my phone number is . . . Now get that again. The phone number is . . ."

"There's always one," one patron moaned audibly embarrassed, watching Harry leave his stool and swish over to the camera lens.

"I only want a brief interview. I don't want to be the main attraction," the blond declared to the grey-haired camera man who still had on his tan raincoat and wore a small hat with a miniature red feather in the rim. The filming had not yet commenced but the blond would not be put off.

"Oh, you're cute," he cooed at the cameraman's nattily dressed young assistant. "What's your name? You come here often?"

"Look, I'm amazed we have a relatively decent looking crowd at the bar," Sloate volunteered, noting the rest of the patrons were all reserved types. "I was afraid it'd be empty when they started putting up the lights or we'd just have a bunch of freaks."

Around 10:30 the bar was filled, much as usual. Sloate had his bartenders go up and down the bar informing those standing there that the filming would commence shortly and asking each to sign a release form.

Sloate, a muscular young businessman in his late twenties, was wired for sound, a microphone concealed under his sweater and a long 50-foot cord dangling out the back of his sweater and on down the bar to the sound engineer who stood with his Nagra checking the recording with his headphones. Sloate wandered almost unnoticed up and down the bar stopping at each group and striking up a conversation, at the end of which he told them it had been recorded.

A member of the NBC production crew said that coverage already taped or scheduled to be filmed during a five-day shooting schedule included a visit to Father Robert Clement's gay church service, a visit with the Lesbian Liberation Committee, interviews with Michael Miller of the Gay Legal Caucus, Lesbian-feminist Marsha Sloane, NYC Councilman Eldon Clingan, GAA President Elect Bruce Voelker and psychiatrist Lawrence Hatterer.

He said that the crew hoped to shoot a meeting of the gays and police at the Village Sixth Precinct, a meeting of GAA, a dance at the Firehouse and Bruce Voelker going to Central Park on a weekend afternoon with his two children.

He said the crew would put in a total of five shooting days filming four and a half hours worth of material which would

subsequently be edited down to a twenty-two-minute documentary with continuity being written by Ms. Konner.

Gays standing in the arcways and adjacent rooms joked about the filming. Some expressed unfounded fears that they had been secretly filmed coming in the front door. Others apologized for opting out of the "action," not because they were ashamed but simply because their "parents didn't know."

The crew left around midnight. Shortly thereafter, GAY's reporter Randy Wicker started out the door.

"Do you mind being photographed?" Bob Sloate asked somewhat as a formality but showing pride in, as he put it, "looking out for my patrons, all of them."

"Of course not," Wicker responded, having already signed releases and been one of those who had talked with Sloate as he wandered up and down the bar.

"OK then," Sloate explained. "When you step out that door, you're on television. Why don't you smile? This is a happy bar."

The door opened and blinding lights lit up the sidewalk. A light drizzle was falling. There in the gutter some ten feet away the NBC camera crew and Joan Konner were still working at nearly 1:00 a.m.

THE LAST ESTATE

(continued from page 8)

masses; Denise, who was sitting there with her glass of champagne, got down on her hands and knees to help pick up the Mass, all of which landed on the floor, candles, altar cloth, book and all. The priest fled to the safety of his First Class cabin.)

There are three classes of accommodations (and dining facilities) on the ship; however what really distinguishes the passengers is not really the class but the destination. There are only two destinations, those passengers who dribble on and off at Mediterranean ports between Venice and Lisbon, and those who go transatlantic. As far as the transatlantic passengers are concerned, the Mediterranean or "local" passengers are shit, and rightly so. The terrible storms, the freezing ocean spray and terrible fog, the squabbles and boredom of endless days out in the middle of nothing but weather, all distinguish our transatlantic passenger and permit him privileged status. The "local" passengers are sort of apologetic. They know, in their hearts, they are inferior, they are not worthy of the distinction claimed by the "old salts." Because the "local" people dribbling on and off tend NOT to be Americans they invariably are better dressed and more attractive; yet they are not "transatlantic." (What is always surprising is that people, once they get on, are always reluctant to get off. The most depressing day at sea is the last, before arrival in New York, when everybody HAS to get off. Otherwise passengers scheduled to disembark at Malaga invariably stay on until Trieste, and, in the other direction, people scheduled to get off at, say, Lisbon, run instead to the American consul and get visas so they can re-board the boat all the way to New York, though they promptly return with the ship and the tide.)

Meandering along from porto to porto our ship found itself docked at Naples where a movie studio crew awaited at water's edge with lights, trunks and the lot. They were filming the arrival and disembarkation of a transatlantic passenger liner and, since the Colombo is the last, it

was first choice. What really galled was that the movie company brought along their own passengers. In other words, we were not passenger enough for them and they started parading dozens of actor-passengers up and down the gangplank, dressed up to look like bush-tailed transatlantic passengers disembarking after weeks at sea. They marched them on and off in a variety of formations; when it came time to film the unloading of cars the company provided its own Pontiac convertible from 1959. The main difference between the actor-passengers and the real passengers was that real passengers keep their heads down watching step, hanging onto the rail to keep from tripping on the gangplank, while the actors kept their heads up which, of course, makes for better photography.

We promised a discussion of restaurants and winter menus. For now, a word or two about Milan. Next week a story about wild boar, pheasant, partridge and quail, or, in other words, ordinary fare in the game line at a typical Roman trattoria.

Don Lisander, in Milano, is a business-like place near the Piazza del Duomo. In the summer there is an elegant garden; winter an upstairs room and a few tables and counter downstairs. We sat, alone, downstairs because there we wouldn't miss anything. Lunch started with a handful of ravioli of the house that was fresh, tasty and as fine as one could ask for. Next was the *Bolito Misto*. What that is is a very big tray heaping with mounds of boiled meats including several kinds of sausages, tasty tongues, beefs, chickens and salamis. You point, they serve and the stuff is extraordinarily delicious; however I suppose that finicky or unimaginative palates would demur. At the next table they were having liver, thinly sliced and quickly grilled. The meat was, remarkably, still bloody inside and slightly burnt outside which is the way it should be. (Don Lisander, Via Manzoni, 12a.)

My favorite Milanese restaurant is Fiori Oscuri (Via Fiori Oscuri, 3) near La Scala and Brera gallery. It has the pleasure of entertaining several old friends at Fiori Oscuri for lunch—Jonny House from 99th Street, Lia Licitra, editor of *DOMUS* and Vincenzo Agnetti, Conceptual Artist. Lunch began with "Crepes Fiori Oscuri," a baked cannolini dish that is fragile, fine, a delight. However, the great contribution is the *Carpaccio*, raw beef with a mustard mayonnaise sauce.

There were several wines, several salads including a brilliant salad of boiled, cold vegetables in oil and vinegar, and a dessert that was, as far as I can remember, on the rich side.

A third Milanese restaurant, and what was at one time Milan's, if not all Italy's, most "celebrated," is Giannino. Also, the place was given the kiss of death in the form of two Michelin stars.

Ah, but who has a right to complain? The staff is charming, the place is lovely and the service and food are excellent. It's just that it doesn't seem CHIC, you know. Instead of a simple, scribbled menu, is a brochure with color pictures and signatures from famous diners and reproductions of awards yet! And that's the sort of thing that, no matter how tastefully done, is vulgar.

Dinner at Giannino's started with a fondue covered with slices of white winter tartuffi from Alba. It was a fine, exciting dish. Then, pieces of veal rolled up, stuffed with black truffles and cooked in butter. Yes, fine. And something or other for dessert: what cannot be overlooked was an unnecessarily long and overly complicated discussion of wine with the captain. Italian wines are not to be discussed; they are to be drunk. Discussions are, inevitably, a waste.

Poor Giannino's! Everything was perfect; but there was a dreariness that wasn't amusing or even old-fashioned. There was a tension, a "trying too hard to please" atmosphere that was BEYOND

(continued on page 22)

CLASSIFIED ADS

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VERY ATTRACTIVE masculine late thirties, friendly and discreet, seeks fun-loving masculine friend(s) who share a zest for French. Box 1242, FDR Sta., NYC, NY 10022.

I'M 43, WHITE, 6', 210, shy, inexperienced. Seek sincere, clean white guy to introduce me to gay friendship & pleasures. North Jersey-NYC area. Please write letter about yourself & include photo. No drugs. PO Box 203, Morris Plains, NJ 07950.

LEATHER TRAINED HOUSE SLAVE, W/M, old but slim, relocating to NY State, Schenectady, Troy, Albany area; seeks discreet, understanding, muscular master(s) for lasting relationship. Will share household expenses. B/D expected. Mild S if necessary. No dopes, drunks, fats or fems. Please, sir, write to set up interview to Neal Roberts, Box 7305, Long Beach, Calif. 90807.

WANTON ADS

WHITE GUY, 45, seeks attractive, clean white guy 18+ for friendship & companionship on expense-paid trips, vacations (1-21 days) by auto. No drugs, liquor. Write: 1. personal resume, 2. photos, 3. vacation ideas, where you'd like to go, do, etc. I'm 6', 210, Box 467, Cedar Knolls, NJ 07927.

YOUNG, STRUGGLING WRITER, 21 years of age, W/M, blue eyes, hazel brown hair, average height, slender proportion & very lonely & isolated in his work, who is seeking a companion of about equal age & description, understanding & intelligent enough to share in the intimacy of his private source of inspiration, hopefully able to express & overcome together with mutual love & encouragement the desperation & the despair not unlike that which demands upon one, an extremity of cause & action such as this. Write if you will please to: Thomas Nash, 411 Edmund Ave., Paterson, NJ 07502.

DETROIT MESSAGE, any style, by Robert, PO Box 525, Warren, Mich. 48090.

SEEK BLACK SLIM MALES. I'm white, bl, 26, handsome, excel body. Only with photos answered. Send photo no. Jack Douglas, 906 Summit Ave., Jersey City, NJ.

ATTRACTIVE WHITE MALE, 22, desires correspondence from guys, white, 18-22, attractive, cool personality. For fantastic relationship, letter/photo to: MJ Kaufman, Star Rts., Auburn, NY 13021.

JOCK LOVERS: my name is Art. Buy my sweaty stained jock for only \$10. For picture of me & my well-filled pouch wearing the jock you will receive, send \$2.50 more. Airmail add \$1.25. Hamilton, PO Box 447, Madison Sq. Sta., NY, NY 10010.

GDLKING GWM, 26, digs far-out sex, esp S/M. Seeks gdling guys for same. Send photo no. to: PO Box 1097, Peter Stuyvesant Sta., NYC 10002.

MALE SLAVE WANTED. Skilled tattooed bondage master (lite s/m only) seeks obedient male slave (any age) interested in relocating to Louisiana for full-time live-in servitude. No phones, dopes, fats, fems or sots. Only serious send qualifications, picture: Pat B, Box 355, Braux Bridge, La. 70517.

YOUTH LEADER; 7 years in black community, desires to meet black male for travel, theatre-going & general all-around good times. I am white, 36, 5'7", 168. Write: B.K., 76C Mencil Cir., Bridgeport, Conn. 06610.

PHOENIX, ARIZ. I'm white, lonely, 45, 5'5", 140 lbs. Want permanent relationship with lonely gay 18-36 who is small build, well endowed. Will give lots of love, affection. No drugs, alcoholic or S/M. Kim, PO Box 79, Wampsville, NY 13163.

ARE YOU YOUNG, muscular & butch with sexy bust? If so, I need you. Am 30, 6', 200. Send photo. Occupant, PO Box 115, Colvin Sta., Syracuse, NY 13205.

young black athlete

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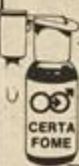
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THE LAST ESTATE

(continued from page 20)

professional and simply showy and pretentious. It was the kind of feeling you get in some three-star places in France, like Lasserre, or two-star Hotel de la Poste in Avallon.

Lastly is the remarkable Ristorante Gran S. Bernardo (Via G.A. Borghese, 14) that we would not have found had it not been for Craig Claiborne's newsletter. Dinner began with a typically Milanese *risotto* which was nothing less than fantastic. Then a flattened, butter-fried piece of veal that was white and fresh; kidneys in mushrooms and cream and not overcooked in the slightest. Lastly a soufflé of the house with a fine, black chocolate sauce. Wine was a house-bottled, slightly sparkling (though a bit on the light side) Barbera. A simple, high-ceilinged room, pleasant service, nice bar, glass-enclosed kitchen, and a foggy, residential district of Milan.

Next: a day at sea; eating nicely in Rome and Venice; a restaurant in Palermo; the day the Blessed Virgin cried!

Cheers,
Gregory



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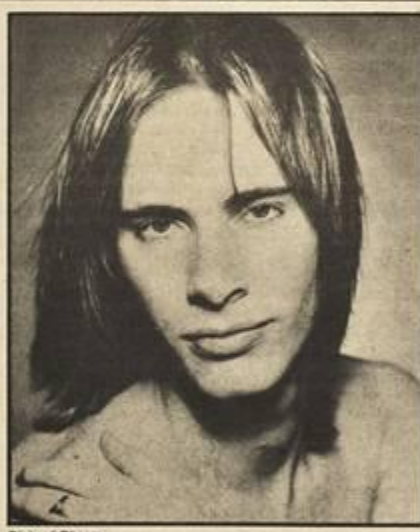
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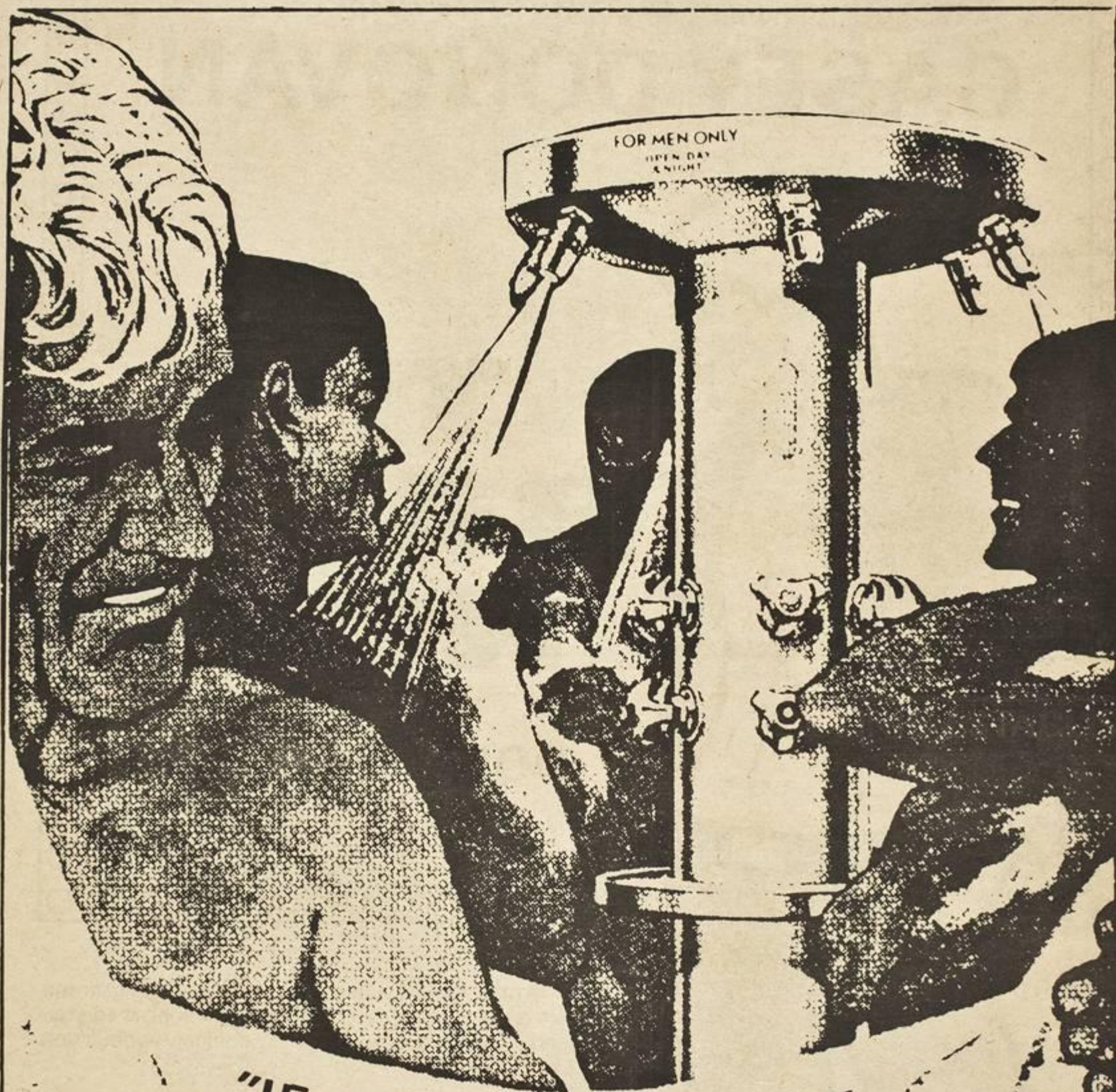
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