

# GAY

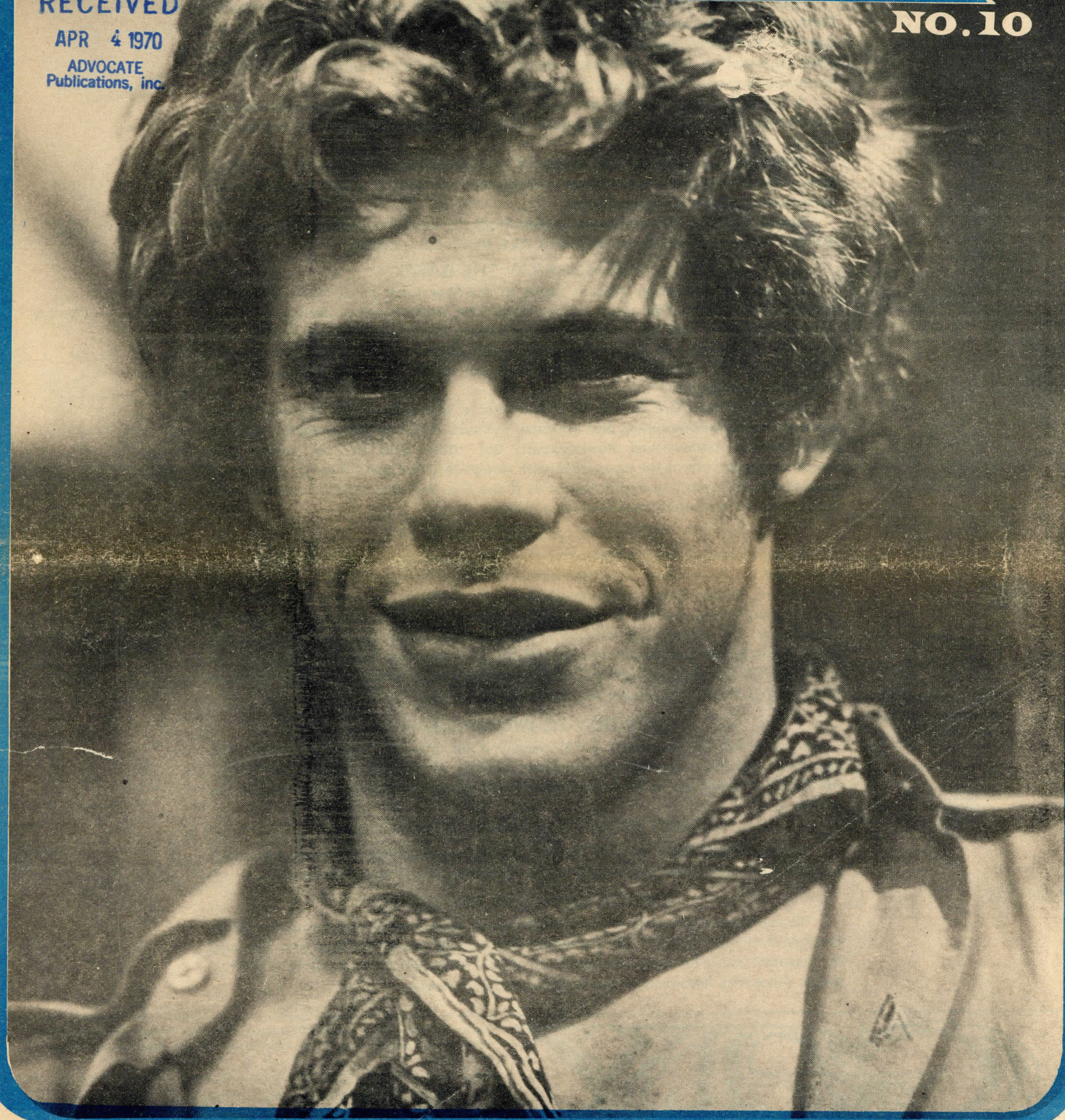
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**POLICE RAIDS IN NEW  
YORK PGS. 3-13-16 THE  
BORES IN THE BAND P.17**

Robert La Tourneaux stars in the National General Pictures release of "The Boys in the Band".



## 500 ANGRY HOMOSEXUALS PROTEST RAID

New York, N.Y. — Outraged and horrified by the bizarre events connected with a pre-dawn raid on a well-known gay bar, approximately 500 homosexual men and women surged through the streets of Greenwich Village in a massive show of strength on the night of March 8. As they moved, shouts and chants of GAY POWER! filled the air.

Leading the unprecedented gay demonstration were angry and anguished officers of the Gay Activists Alliance, the initiating group that had, within the previous three hours, swamped the gay community with leaflets telling them of the events surrounding the police action.

The G.A.A. leaflet that inspired the demonstration told the gruesome story concisely: "SNAKEPIT RAIDED, 167 ARRESTED, ONE BOY NEAR DEATH AT ST. VINCENT'S. Police raided the Snakepit at corner of Bleecker and West 10th last night. 167 were arrested and given summonses for disorderly conduct. One boy either fell or jumped out precinct window, landed and was impaled on a metal fence! Any way you look at it, that boy was PUSHED!! We are all being pushed! Fighting Gays and any of you who call yourselves HUMAN BEINGS with guts to stand up to this horror—gather at Sheridan Square tonight at 9 to march on the 6th precinct. Stop the Raids! Defend your Rights!"

The leaflet stated there would also be a death watch vigil at the hospital, an assumption based on dire reports of the condition of the individual who tried to leap to freedom. Six fourteen-inch iron prongs had pierced his body and leg, thigh, and pelvis. To avoid further injury, firemen had had to use a blowtorch to cut a section of the fence, and then he had been taken to the hospital operating room with the spikes still in his body. Surgeons had labored for hours that morning to save his life. Pictures of his impaled body were spread across the *Daily News*. As of this writing, nearly two weeks later, he is still listed as critical. During the demonstration he lay in a coma.

The G.A.A. demonstration picked up support from members of the Gay Liberation Front (who abandoned their Sunday night meeting and attended en masse and with a huge banner), the Homophile Youth Movement, Homosexuals Intransigent and many, many members of the gay community who are not affiliated with any organization. Village residents straight and gay emerged from their apartments and swelled the ranks of the crowd as it swept through the streets. Others gaped from their windows and doorways. Men who had been arrested in the raid also joined the demonstration. Father James Weeks of the Church of the Holy Apostles also marched.

Chants rang out. GAY AND PROUD, SAY IT LOUD, GAY AND PROUD, SAY IT LOUD! GAY POWER! GAY, GAY POWER TO THE GAY, GAY PEOPLE!

Then, at the police barricades spread before the 6th precinct house, the crowd angrily and insistently called for the police captain: "WE WANT SALMEIRI, WE WANT SALMEIRI!"

When this individual refused to appear, the chants changed again. "WHO GETS  
(continued on page 10)

## PATRONS TELL OF RAID FROM INSIDE

New York, N.Y. — What did the scores of men do when they were swept up in that pre-dawn raid on the Snake Pit? What were conditions like for those men in the bar, then in the station house at the 6th precinct? GAY got answers to these questions from two of those present in the Snake Pit raid.

Both men interviewed told GAY that the famous after-hours club was relatively quiet inside. (See Pine's remarks regarding the noise under the heading RESPONSIBLE COP COPS OUT.) A juke box played, but each reported that conditions were such that very little noise escaped from the basement establishment whose main room is located behind a long narrow corridor.

One of the men told GAY that he had walked past there many times and had never heard noises and never before knew that the bar was there. Friends had taken him there that night for the first time. "As I approached the area, I didn't know there was a bar there," he said.

Both men agreed that the bar was over-crowded, and one suggested this was due to the raids on two other bars shortly before this raid. Both said that no orgy or overt sexual conduct was apparent. Word suddenly went through the crowd that a raid was taking place. There was some disbelief until plainclothesmen from the First Division Morals Squad announced themselves and uniformed police from the 6th precinct entered.

Because of the large crowd, some were kept inside the bar for over an hour, one man said, while paddy wagons transported men in small groups to the 6th precinct house. The man who later jumped and impaled himself was among those held longest in the confines of the Snake Pit. "He was very nervous, very frightened," GAY was told.

At the station house, men were not informed at the outset of the charges against them and were not apprised of their rights, including the right to make a telephone call, according to the two men interviewed by GAY. The crowd was herded into one large room in the center of the station house, although some remained in the front entry hall. More were arriving over a period of time. Men milled about. "Things were terribly disorganized," one informant said.

The other informant told GAY, "Suddenly, I heard a sound, like something falling, then screams. The police were terribly excited. They couldn't get the lower floor window open to get to the man who fell. Someone screamed, 'Get a doctor!' Then someone else called, 'No, it's too late, get a priest!'"

The police had their attention on the fallen man, leaving guards only at station house exits. "What kept us calm, what kept us from panicking was talking to each other, to keep our spirits up. We tried to do whatever we could to keep our spirits up."

So they sang. They sang AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL. They sang WE SHALL OVERCOME. And then they chanted: Gay Power, Gay Power, Gay Power.

Police continued to labor outside over the impaled individual. A few men went outside to sit in the rear courtyard. Others began to make phone calls, including a call to G.A.A. that got the word out to the gay community and the demonstration plans under way.

Calls were being made from an office within the station, an office with two desks and more than one phone. It was the captain's office, GAY's informants assumed. They thought they remembered seeing letters there with his name on them. At least one man called a lawyer.

One of GAY's informants called the *New York Times* and the *New York Post* to tell them what was going on. "They were pretty cool about the whole thing and didn't seem really interested," he commented. At the *Daily News*, they seemed very interested. (*Daily News* coverage of the impalement was extensive.) An officer coming on duty for the new shift was "dumbfounded" at finding the men making calls from his office, and made the men leave.

But there were "all sorts of record books lying around in that office," one of our informants said. "So we kind of snuck them out and dumped them outside into a shaftway."

Were the men abused? Were they called names such as "faggot" by the police, as had been rumored? Not according to the two men interviewed by GAY. They claimed the police were very polite, often addressing them as "gentlemen."

Summonses for disorderly conduct were given out finally as men were released from the station house. For word on how these summonses are being handled by the court, see the news item entitled RESPONSIBLE COP COPS OUT.

# GAY NEWS

April 13, 1970, Volume 1, Number 10



Gay Activists attempt peaceful entrance to City Hall to present grievances.

Gay News Photo

## MATTACHINE DEFENDS DRAGS

Brooklyn, New York — Two men arrested for being dressed as women will be defended by the Mattachine Society of New York in a test of the constitutionality of the state's anti-drag statute.

The case arose from a raid on a Brooklyn club patronized predominately by heterosexuals but which welcomes drags. The police raided the club on March 7 and arrested five female impersonators—while allowing the others to go free. Three of the five pleaded "Guilty" and paid fines of twenty-five dollars each. The other two, as a matter of principle, want to test the law.

A Mattachine spokesman commented "Things have really gone too far when the

state starts deciding what clothes are pertinent to which sex. If a man is to be arrested for wearing a wig, make-up and a skirt, will the next step be to arrest women with short haircuts who wear pants suits?"

"Certainly," he continued, "most homosexuals have never donned drag and never will, and many, frankly, find it offensive. We've taken on this case on behalf of the minority of homosexuals who do dig drag, and because it's bad enough having the state legislate what adults may do in their bedrooms, but having Albany decide what kind of clothes we may wear is just too much."

The case will be heard on April 17th.

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

*I was born in the frustration of yesterday, live in the freedom of today, and await the promise of tomorrow. Whether my songs are sweet or bitter, gay or sad, I'll Sing For You — and you'll know it's for you.*

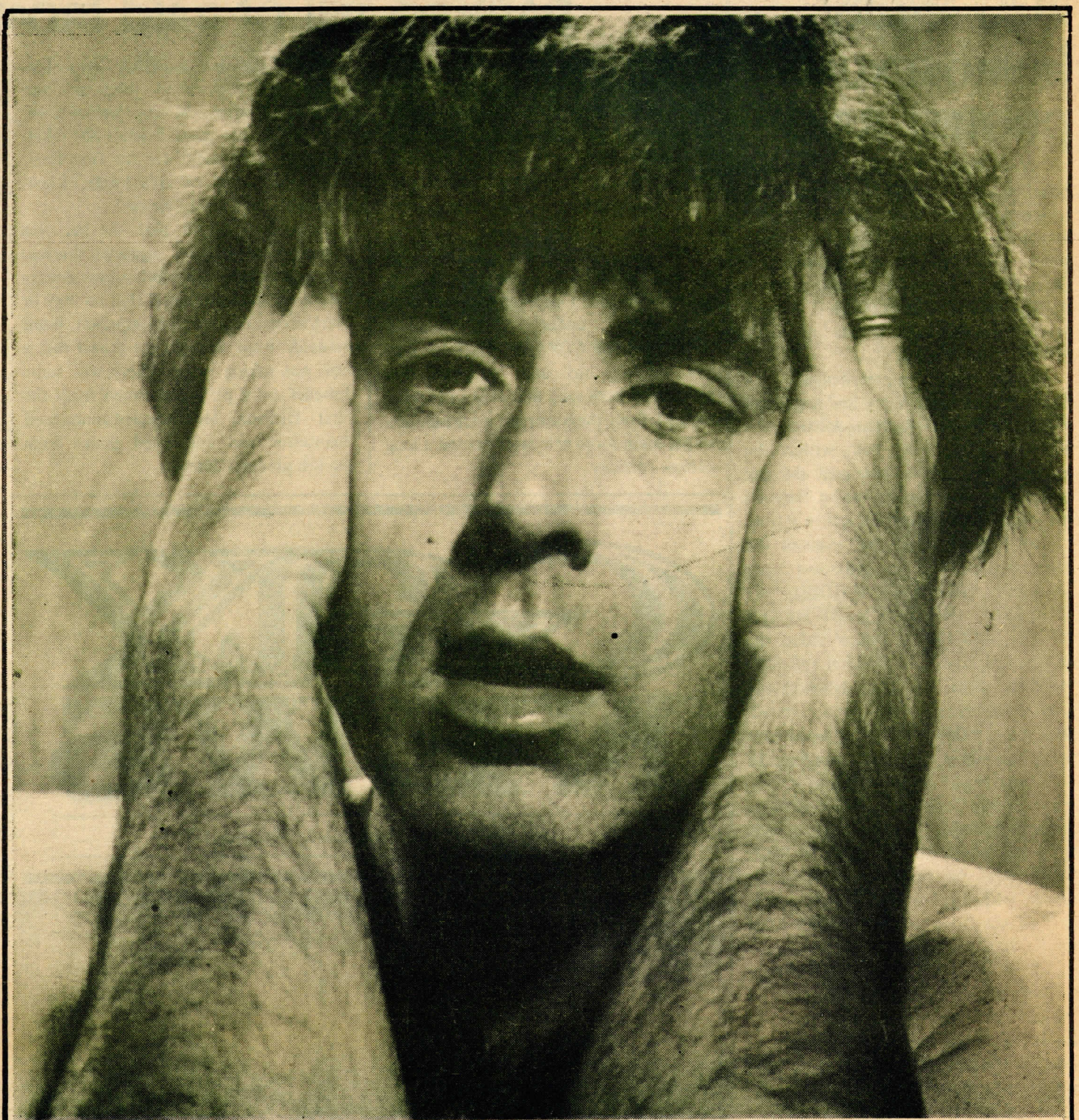
*Love, Zebedy*  
(From the jacket of Ecco's stereo LP *I'LL SING FOR YOU* presenting Zebedy Colt. Available through Libran Prod. Inc., Box 145, Stockton, N.J. 08559, \$5.15 per album, ppd.)



Dear Zebedy,

You just sang for me, and I love you. Don't tell my wife. I'm kidding about the wife, as he left me. I'm not kidding about loving you, though. Let me count the ways: Most importantly, you sing good, and I dig someone who sings with a melancholy resonance, intelligence, control and a style that sounds ever so much to be his own. It's impossible for any singer to be entirely innovative, but as long as I'm not insulted by a conscious, or even inadvertent, imitation, I'm not going to carp. I love you for being Zebedy Colt, Gay Super Star, a phenomenon of the great Sexual Revolution. You had the unmitigated gall, the audacity, the existential bravura to sing lyrics by revered (most of them) lyricists as those standards were written—with the masculine pronoun governing the predicate. Male singers have always scrupulously changed every "he" to "she," though mentally singing "he," as you so cannily figured out. The music goes round and round and it comes out ersatz—after hearing you do it your way. I used to buy *As Long As She Needs Me*, can you imagine? Until now the unadulterated insights, passions and sentiments of those songs have been the province of women. You declared publicly, putting your career on the line, what homosexual males have felt but seldom dared claim over the years. You sing for adults and like lyrics that require some living and sleeping around to write.

Also, my new love, (does that make you feel warm all over like "Dear Mr. Gable"?) you'll be scorned, laughed at and vilified, though I don't think you're the kind of guy to court such treatment out of self-loathing. You'll be pursued by creditors, too, if we don't get that record off the ground. At the forefront of the mob of your tormentors will be your brethren, particularly those in the industry, eager to disparage your talent ("His style is derivative, Bruce, he sounds like a cross between Newley and Sinatra"), to call you obsolete for selecting standards, your traditional orchestrations and your refusal to find a performing gimmick that obliges you to trick up something like "*Silent Night*", while at the same time damning you for a blatant honesty that discomfits and embarrasses them. Besides, you're hard to sell, and gay agents won't touch you. How can straight or gay flesh peddlers book you into club dates in the Catskills? As for the college concert circuit, forget it. They've got to field a team, and those fullbacks might see too much of themselves in you to get it up for their opposition after seeing you. Affluent Auntie Toms, too, can be a vicious lot, protecting the status quo in their posh gay ghettos with all the fierce tenacity



# No Sad Songs For Zebedy?

of any complacent establishment conformist or minority achiever who has made his way regardless of the odds. There aren't many Randy Wickers out there in Businessland. Americans applaud a first only when it happens to pique their collective chauvinistic pride. Homosexuals for the most part are not proud of their homosexuality; they are ashamed of it. They have grown comfortable with lying. Or numb. Having been called "queer," "sinner," "pervert," and other quaint soubriquettes so long, they believe them. They can only snigger at the snide gay barbs on *Laugh In* and at you for singing forthrightly *Someday he'll come along, the man I love*. They can't distinguish between the ally and the enemy, the patriot and the fifth columnist.

As you know, you'll also be stoned by those who resent your having thought of it before they did, Zebedy. They will be murmuring out of one side of their mouth. They don't resent that Stepandfetchit of the gay world, Tiny Tim, who represents the archetypal queer to the Silent Majority because he is ugly, androgynous, grotesque—albeit probably asexual. You are beautiful—if Sal Terracina's photos of you are accurate likenesses. Now the whole face may not be as stunning as those sliver glimpses, but who cares? I know you are beautiful. You've just sung for me.

Show business—or the theatre, if you insist—is a complex ball of wax, and we'll never be able to ascertain why one makes it and another of equivalent talent and preparation does not. If you don't make

it, it may be due to the fact you're not doing acid rock in these days of acid and rock. Or that there is not a ready fortune behind you to promote either your excellence or your freakiness.

I have your letters to turn me on and help enlist me as a fan of Zebedy Colt in toto. I wrote you asking for an interview, again to thank you for your graciousness in answering the request (in detail, because I was out of town and couldn't conduct it face to face), and to order albums. You responded with the care and thoroughness of a giving artist. You do not hold back—either on record or on paper.

In answer to my question, "Where do you go from here, and are there any TV, Stock, or club appearances in the offing?" you replied:

"An off-Broadway musical has been written for me entitled *SAGITTARIUS RISING*, scheduled for production this Spring. The show is pretty frightening to people in its honesty and candor about 'us'. It is daring, and I wish I could talk more about it, but, like the album, it is going to be the biggest thing that has happened or a quiet fizzle like any other camp fad."

Another of my questions was, "Where is the present album selling best, and how do you account for it?" You answered:

"New York is the *only* major city that has distribution on the record. The country at large, thanks to Libran, is slowly finding out about my existence. It is still my own personal judgement that this album will sell a million records, when and if the public is ever AWARE that it exists. In the areas of awareness like Detroit and Dallas and Phoenix (many gay bars have received 45's nationally for their juke boxes), I have heard from people through Libran begging to know where they can buy the record."

You explored recent developments regarding distribution in your second letter, Zeb, and had this to say, which is of special interest to those of us involved in "avant garde" press:

"The *New York Times* refused our ad, because it billed me as a gay performer. Out of this (the producer's) frustrations came the *Village Voice* and *SCREW* ads, and that was that. . . ."

I note that you did not withdraw direct references to your being a gay performer, Zeb, and once again I get those prickly feelings about you!

"We sent a test pressing to Lige and Jack which resulted in the interview (*SCREW* no. 39) and the first major exposure. . . ."

But upon last hearing from you, Zebedy, your album was in record shops, book stores and gay bars in about five states, available in New York in such stores as the Oscar Wilde Memorial Bookshop and through Libran Productions, as mentioned at the top of this article. Mail orders covered seventeen states. I am most electrified by the end of your second letter which reads:

"... I am a man, not a head or a square or a queen or a drag or a sissy, just a MAN, and the object of my affection, my lustful desires, my frustrations, joys, hates, sorrows and ecstasies, is another man, not by social pressures, or disease, or a possessive mother, or physical or psychic instability, but by PREFERENCE. And to prove my point and strip away any and all excesses of theatrical nonconviction which has turned into social conformity, I chose to sing 'straight' songs usually associated with... heterosexuality. A simple statement made simply without bombastic or psychedelic contrivance."

"What other areas are left for pioneers these days? THE WILDERNESS WITHIN AND WITHOUT HAS BEEN CONQUERED OR LAID TO WASTE. TECHNOLOGY, CHEMISTRY AND NATURE ARE PRETTY MUCH EXHAUSTED. HUMAN TOLERANCE AND UNDERSTANDING ARE THE ONLY PRIMITIVE REGIONS LEFT. WELCOME, VOYAGER!"

So, Zebedy, you speak definitively for yourself whether in song, in letter, or in interview. What could I add to the

picture you yourself authoritatively present? Still, I am eager to see you act and to meet you in person. I do not contemplate holding you in my arms in the flesh, for I have had all these things to entertain me without that. The album might have been enough—as you would wish it to be—but after the letters I don't think it's going to be possible to treat you as "just another talented singer." You have elected to put everything on the line, you see, and we who are about to get there with you must extol *all* your virtues. We want to love the whole and not just the parts. Well, maybe I don't mean that either! Sing for me again sometime soon, and we'll see where my head is then.

Yours Gaily,  
John Francis Hunter



BY ZEBEDY COLT



Dear John,

This really is a Dear John letter, to you and all readers of *GAY*. You have heard from me for the last time. The death of Zebedy Colt is imminent as a public figure. One half of me was killed by the straight world we know, but the other half was wiped out by the gay world, the impossible, nomadic, psychologic imbalance that will continue to doom any semblance of a "gay community" to ever exist.

Since being gay is not an ethnic, religious, or physical condition, since it is a normal appetite suppressed by straights, flaunted by queens and indulged in by healthy red-blooded citizens of either sex, there is no way to get them to ever "stand up and be counted."

Yes, John, I told you I was, I hope, a pioneer. But I cannot and will not become a martyr. Where can I go from here? Regular press refused advertising because it was a gay album, not spoofy, but for real. Regular distributors turned off to it. Major labels refused to pick it up. Gay bars expressed interest in selling the album, but when contacted later there was no response. Copies were sent to all the major talk shows, and even those whose private lives are not even suspect in circles where they dabble in call boys, DARED not let me appear, because of the top brass of the networks. Even the original record producer cut the

statue of David at the groin because of "public opinion" and the song "David" was retitled "Michael" because of his fear that business associates might have thought he flipped and had swung over the line.

It was my decision to make a listen-to album, not another freak show. The psychology behind it was simple: New York and San Francisco, and in some respects, Los Angeles, are islands in orbit all by themselves. Most gay guys thought the country blanche at even thinking about the kind of "freedom" most homosexuals think they enjoy in these areas. But face the dilemma: In areas other than these, I could not get exposure, so the majority did not know I existed. The loud voices heard in these areas are primarily the Gay Power Liberation, Mattachine, Bilitis, Stonewall Transvestite Unite, jokers who gather little else but shrugs, or public masochistic exhibitionism that invites derision or sympathy but little else.

The Sexual Revolution is a nice phrase, but given the time for the cute wave of titillation to pass, it will be swept under the rug by the Nixon-Agnew

regime, and kept there by the upper crust economists who have had the freedom all along, and the money to support their appetites without getting lip service for it.

So, since the voices of critics have labeled me a square (my correspondence with Amsel of Milky Way Prod., which I started as a gag, and he took seriously, and which ended in a bitch fight, points up exactly the kind of abuse you predicted. If *that* ever got published, one would find out just how silly and sophomoric most of gay disagreements can be. To you, Bobby, I digress and say, I don't care what you think of my singing, and my disappearance is only a Pyrrhic victory for you. Hang on tight to your Dickie darling, for your demise will come soon too), one set of producers dropped the option on the show (for fear of being THOUGHT gay) and the impending production feels safer with a performer whom we can GUESS about (how big a joke was the guessing game about actors in *Boys*, *Puppy* and *Fortune*, yet it gives them a semblance of respectability), I will happily step down, because what the show has to say about gay life to straight people is MORE IMPORTANT than any ego of appearance. When will all of you learn in your lemming-like attitude of public recognition, acceptance is a personal and PRIVATE thing. Suck what you will, smoke what you want, but you can't wear it like a badge, unless you want to be surrounded by the kind of faggots that were lit at St. Joan's feet.

The Continental Baths should be a giant lesson. You elected Mayor Lindsay? Guess again. You got used. Picket ABC? For Christ sake, ABC is said to have a higher percentage of gay employees than any other major network, but most of them are smart enough to keep their mouths shut. Figures in business, sports, politics, theatre? I've been around long enough, and in the RIGHT circles, to have had a Who's Who circuit of sexual jollies, and some of the names I could drop would cause more slander and libel suits and interest shit coverage in the press, but to what avail? I have enjoyed their bodies, and they now have the money to protect their reputations.

I took a big chance. I hoped that queens everywhere would stand up for

their own. To date they haven't (in sufficient numbers) to keep me from economic disaster. If every reader of *GAY* had bought a copy of the album, if only out of curiosity, the thing would have *broken even*, not made me a millionaire, thank you, simply recouped the investment.

Unfortunately, maybe it is still the era of acid rock, but too bad most little pinkie liiters don't know that Rock is Dead. You've been used. You've been had, and you're too asleep to know it. Someday soon, someone hopefully will follow my lead, but not admit to being a cocksucker. He'll get outside economic backing, and the Machine (there are many, but the right one, let's hope) will pick him up, thinking it's a fun gag, and make him a Super Star. When music is IN, all the "critics" will latch on to him, drooling over the "possibility" that he MIGHT be gay, pray to get interviews with him and swoon preciously at his feet.

I am not bitter, John, I am just broke. Now I must retreat into the silent majority once more, and hope that I can live down the mistake of thinking that the world, if not the gay community at least, was ready for a little honesty.

D.L. tried to raise money for a gay show a few years back, but was frustrated to failure. Was that an attempt to promote his lover's shortlived theatrical ambitions? (You MUST know who I'm talking about, but let's not let the public in on these little indiscretions, or a whole organization might be discredited by its own nepotism). Nearly every successful gay show has happily produced a NEGATIVE and loathsome picture of gay life. They had to succeed. Painting a positive picture aside from pretty young things in provocative poses to titillate repressed intellectuals who need jerk-off material, is still in a Neanderthal era. I wish it were not so. If it were not so, rock or Welk, square or swinging, the FACT that it was a POSITIVE statement of gay love, should have gained favor and support for the album.

BUT, offering the PROFITS of the record to homophile groups, if they would help to promote the sales of the record have FAILED. Are they all that financially secure; or that mentally retarded? I really couldn't care less, right now, John. I have my lover, I have my own beliefs in what I tried to do, and I don't regret it one bit. If anyone still wants a curiosity, and what may become now a camp collector's item, they can still purchase the album through Libran. Perhaps, word will spread, and still a renaissance of honesty may come. My own position now is becoming one of amused silence. I am stepping out of the vanguard (what else can I do, I have to eat and try to bail out my indebtedness for this venture) and I will let the banner be picked up by less cool heads. Get swept under that Conservative carpet fellas. I am not the martyr type. I enjoy my gay life too much to allow it to become too public, for a public that doubts the reality of it. It came from decisions, not pot. Living it, not howling for it. AND acceptance from family and friends who admired my talents, my intelligence and my honesty. I no longer wish to allow ANYONE to try to denigrate any of those qualities, because they cannot share them, or equal them.

Goodbye,  
Zebedy Colt

BY ROBERT AMSEL



I have never been to California, and although I am going this summer, I am afraid. In my innocence, I cannot help but be impressed by the signs of gay life filtering in to us on this secluded island. Is California really the home of fruits and nuts? Or am I being deluded? Is the life depicted in those mushy gay movies accurate—sort of a visually extended Rod McKuen poem? Is the romanticism of the Victorians caving in on us without any of the meat?

I suppose Pat Rocco was the first of the gay film makers to get me worried and apprehensive. Watching his strange brand of sentiment cherished and praised by my gay brethren on the Coast, I viewed the products of his labor with a sensation akin to horror. I could easily forgive the tacky locales—the cheap Danish Modern furniture, the slightly off-color combinations, the vapid paintings of either paint-by-number still lifes or anatomically amateurish male bodies. But breaches of taste can easily be forgiven if the content of exploitative films can make up for it.

But instead I found scripts that sent me crashing back to the flatulent Eisenhower era. The maudlin tales of *coming out*, of anxieties, of thwarted romance made me suspect that Pat Rocco lived in a world of everlasting *True Confessions*. Was there some strange Los Angeles mystique that I was unable to grasp? Were the Pat Rocco people really as superstraight as they appeared? Did we homosexuals still shed tears for an eternity over the “boy who got away?”

I had the unusual pleasure of meeting Mr. Rocco in New York. I had previously been assured that his film creations outranked others by far. Perhaps, it is true. One thing in Pat Rocco's favor is his models. Some of them are lovely specimens of muscular manhood. In New York, our exploitative models seem to replace muscles with pimples, but at least they are not hesitant when it comes to sex. For New Yorkers, sex may be a camping matter, but certainly not a joking one. If we are guilty of vulgarity at times, we are innocent of fantasizing over every pale, eyebrowless blue-eyed blond in sight. We would much rather see a little sweat in a grimy hotel room than be stranded on some desert island for an eternity with a Roccoesque mindless wonder.

Ah, the long seablown sunsets, the artsy-fartsy close-ups, the miracles of nature would make Thoreau puke when seen through the Rocco lens. “If I use nudity,” declares Pat, “it is because it fits in in an integral way with my story line. I will not use nudity for its own sake.” Why not? I wondered, waiting to hear more.

“You see,” Pat smilingly continued, “I try to make movies which people can identify with. Everyone has certain problems, and I try to relate them to my films. I like a realistic approach.”

The artist speaks, and having spoken, rolls on to the accompaniment of lush Hollywood soundtracks such as *Peyton Place* and *Lolita*. With half the class of a Debra Paget epic, Pat's films realize the dreams of many male schoolgirls. And Pat Rocco seems to be a happy man fulfilling

# Southern California's



Pat Rocco's Fans: THE SOCIETY OF PAT ROCCO ENLIGHTENED ENTHUSIASTS (SPREE)

Photo by Pat Rocco

## MODERN LOOK

a labor of love and cashing in at the box office besides. He has even become an apparent inspiration to other California gay film makers who share the same warm, folksy, simplistic outlooks on life. Before I leave Pat Rocco, however, I am reminded of one of his films in particular in which handsome Gregg Lion discovers a washed-out looking blond named Voldemar (or something like that) adrift on the blue Pacific. Heroically, as Gregg saved the shipwrecked runt, I was thankful for one thing: It was a silent movie. Had it not been, the soundtrack would have been deafening. I could not help but recall a line from friend Angelo d'Arcangelo's book in which he spoke of *Finisterre*: “Giant black wave and reverberated on nearly every page until you tended to picture the characters shouting at one another in order to be heard over the mood.” It would not surprise me in the least to discover that Pat Rocco's favorite gay novel is the same *Finisterre*, written by the way, in the correct era—the 1950's.

In the true Rocco tradition, two other Californians also created a minor masterpiece entitled *Happy Birthday, Davy*. Supposedly, this film (produced by Richard Fontaine and Chuck Roy) “explores honestly the hidden, gay world. It is sometimes shocking in its total frankness. But it's honesty will hopefully throw some light on the life on a homosexual as it actually is.” Having established the ground rules, let me repeat my *SCREW* column admission regarding the plot: “There is hardly a line, a look, a pause which isn't amazingly imbecilic. In short, this is a skinflick with

a message. The dialogue goes something like this: “See this man. He's a hard worker. He's just as normal as anybody else—except in one way—his sexual preferences. You see, this man is a homosexual. He is forced to live in shadows, hiding the truth from all those around him—his friends, his boss, his family...” And to prove how normal L.A. gay live can be, we are shown a typical gay bar whose inhabitants consist of either screaming queens or leather numbers. Our young hero Davy has just turned twenty-one and enters the bar for his very first drink. He apparently suffers from a severe case of astigmatism, because he doesn't notice the Colt drawings of naked twosomes plastering all the walls. Neither does he notice the less-than-subtle activity going on around him until these things are pointed out by a handsome number named Bob. Although somewhat nonplused, the little innocent decides to go home with Bob. After both boys have taken showers separately and are standing around in the nude, Davy is surprised when Bob makes a pass. But being a good sport, Davy decides to sacrifice his cherry. The next episode is entitled *Guilt, Guilt, and More Guilt* and has Davy trying to figure out if he's a little bit “funny” himself. And of course, Bob feels like a piece of shit for seducing and indoctrinating the poor child. Next, Davy decides to talk things over with his sister, Sis. She's a goodly sort and assures him that he's not “that way” at all, but when it becomes apparent that he may very well be as gay as a used tube of KY, she tells him that he's her brother and she loves him no

matter what kind of fag he may be. During a long walk on the beach in which Davy hears half of the movie's dialogue repeated (in case we missed something the first and second time around), Davy decides that he should talk things over with Bob, so once again the lovers are united and who knows what evil lurks in the minds and hearts of men? De Shadow do.”

Although this plot is worthy of a master like Pat Rocco, Messrs. Fontaine and Roy (also one of the stars) have taken it a step farther. Quite unintentionally and out of the “purist” of motives, they have created a sexploitation movie funnier, perhaps, than *Vixen*. The dialogue is so atrocious that it must be seen by all low camp followers. In *Happy Birthday, Davy*, mediocrity has reached the sublime. If Pat Rocco is hopping up and down in a jealous rage, he has good reason to. After all, *his* films are only ordinary examples of mediocrity. Poor Pat Rocco—beaten at his own game. But there are enough Pat Rocco fans to assure the “master” a comeback and films like *Happy Birthday, Davy*, don't come rattling along every day.

But getting back to my original statement, I am afraid of California. No, I do not fear Pat Rocco's revenge. He is too nice a guy to cut off my balls with a rusty razor as Zebedy Colt once promised to do. No, I am afraid of discovering that Southern California (and particularly Los Angeles) may be exactly like a Pat Rocco movie. Then I would have to eat my words and admit that Pat Rocco is a genius. This is what I fear. ■

# THE CLOSET IN THE CLASSROOM

## The Plight of the Gay Teacher

BY ARTHUR KAPUT



One of the stereotypes of the Old-Fashioned Homosexual was the academic closet queen, the timid teacher who realized that, while his sensitivity and love of mankind did much to help him to be a better educator, his sexual proclivities and desires for those of his own sex had to be hidden with the greatest care, lest he find himself right out on his ass. The fact that many homosexuals were engaged in teaching was obvious: he had only to look around the teachers' cafeteria or the faculty lounge. The fact that teaching was a hell of a dangerous profession for anyone gay was even more obvious.

A teacher at any level—grade school, high school, college, graduate school, law school, medical school, or whatever—had to be careful. Very careful. It was not only that in his classroom and laboratory he was under constant observation. His "private life" had to stay very private indeed, if he hoped to "get away with being gay." He sublimated, he took sex-release vacations where he was not known, he even got married in "self-defense."

But, as Dylan observed, "The times they are a changin'..."

Something new is in the air. Along with Black Power, Women's Liberation and other radical causes, there's a *Don't Keep Teacher After School* movement. So long as it does not affect his classroom performance, some people are asking, what the hell does it matter *what* he does in his spare time? Who cares if the track coach's roommate is a hairdresser? Who cares if that little old English prof with the tight mouth and the watch that pins onto her dress has been seen to smile a lot in the company of the ladies' volleyball instructor or the sweet, new French mistress?

There's a new attitude afoot in the country. As Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the famous British actress, is supposed to have said about Oscar Wilde's carryings-on with "Bosie": "So long as they don't do it in the street and frighten the horses."

The pogroms of teachers in Florida seem to be a thing of the past. The "obvious" homosexual now has a chance at a job in the school system here. (Just look at the clothes and the mannerisms of some of the Board of Education's recent appointees).

However, it's still far from safe to be a homosexual and a teacher. In New York, nobody's going to track you down—but,

on the other hand, if something "came out," they'd fire you. You'd lose your job. You might lose your license. You might lose your profession, just like that.

But out in California, where all our new life-styles seem to be coming from there is hope. "Westward look, the land is bright," or at least slowly getting brighter.

The American Sociological Society recently passed a resolution that one's private sex-life ought to have no bearing on one's professional career, that discrimination against gay people was a sickness in our society that ought to be rooted out.

Then the California Federation of Teachers, the teachers of that state affiliated with the AFL/CIO, met in Los Angeles and passed a resolution deploring the "harassment and intimidation" of teachers on the grounds of sexual deviation. They attacked boldly the state and federal programs of entrapment, exposure, and expulsion—as unfair, unconstitutional "anti-homosexual policy", calculated to make the homosexual a second-class citizen and to bar him from the teaching profession.

Morgan Pinney, an assistant professor of Accounting at San Francisco State College offered the resolution and spoke eloquently in its defense. The CFT delegates voted, with a few expected exceptions, to adopt it. The reaction of President S.I. Hayakawa at San Francisco State, which has been in the headlines for months with riots and a lot of other "bad publicity," was not immediately available.

There seems little use right now of attempting to battle with the California Education authorities. At all levels of instruction in the state, being gay (whether you ever "lay a hand on a student" or not) is considered full justification for immediate dismissal. Many teachers, especially in Los Angeles, but even in "wide-open" San Francisco, have lost their jobs recently. Being arrested, not convicted, is enough. If you are booked for being in one of L.A.'s frequently-raided baths, or (less likely) arrested in a raid on one of Frisco's 100 gay bars, you may lose your job if and when your academic employers hear of it—even if you are not convicted or even if the matter never comes to trial!

Traditionally teachers have been too timid to defend themselves, too embarrassed at threats of "complete disclosure" to stand up for their rights. Before "suspicions" changed to solid charges, they just resigned. Often they were offered "deals" by their principals or deans and left with innocuous letters of recommendations that got them similar jobs elsewhere! Many an administrator, too fearful to stand up for a gay subordinate, still felt that a man or woman ought not to be crucified for being gay, ought not to be turfed out of the profession.

As a high official in Florida told me at the height of the Gay Purge a few years ago: "I'm hoping I catch as few as possible. I know a lot of people, some



right here in my office, who have been sucking and fucking in their spare time and coming into work every day and doing a first-rate job anyway. What they do off-duty is none of my business, and I resent having to make it my business. If there's a scandal involving teachers and students in a school, that's a horse of a different color. But if we are going to have to weed out every homosexual in the system, some of whom have been tacitly recognized, and yet highly respected for years, we are going to spend more of our time witchhunting than running the schools and we're going to wind up with most, I don't mean *some* I mean *most*, of our best people either fired in scandals or resigning in sympathy."

There were a lot of "waves" caused by the Florida purge, and not only in the homosexual ranks. An attempt to "clean up" the Texas schools in a couple of important cities was rapidly hushed up, and dropped.

Now in Sacramento, there is more worry for the California authorities who want to "keep all deviates out of the schools," because one teacher, with more

guts than most, has won a significant decision from the Supreme Court of the State of California.

The licensing of teachers, and the granting of job tenure to them, has always been on the proviso that they keep their noses clean and do not embarrass their employers. Every contract has a "moral turpitude" clause: act up and you're out. "Bad publicity" has always been immediately translated to mean "unfit to teach."

The teacher who wrung the right decision from the California court was accused of having had homosexual experiences outside of school hours and with people unconnected with the school. He admitted this, though it was never proved. His diplomas and licenses were revoked: in effect, he was barred from ever teaching again. He took it to court.

The Supreme Court upheld the teacher. Writing the majority opinion, Chief Judge Traynor concluded: "The record contains no evidence to support the conclusion that the petitioner's conduct indicated his unfitness to teach."

(Continued on Page 20)



Photo courtesy of Colt Studio.

**H**ave been asked, as a presumed heterosexual, to address a presumed homosexual community. I don't believe in the existence of either, personally or

## Straight Talk

# Do Homosexuals

generally. I don't believe "heterosexuals" exist (I know I am not one in any narrow sense of the word) and I scoff at the idea of a "homosexual community." I believe in sexuality, and I believe in maleness and femaleness; I think these states of being should be enough for any of us. I might add that I am a Scorpio, for those of you who consider astrological signs significant. I hope what I say enrages you.

I hate men who have categorized themselves as "queers" or "fags." They are weak, and have fallen into society's labelling pot. They become society's clowns, and degrade themselves—and sexuality. They are afraid, and their fear sickens everyone. On the other hand, I hate even more the bullyboys of masculinity, the hairy-chested, self-acclaimed "real men" like Hemingway, who wouldn't have known a complicated emotion if it hit him with the force of a rhino's charge.

What is necessary is that we return to our own bodies, and to whatever sex we happened to have been born with. What is necessary is a revolution of *feeling* (and I mean by that, *touch*). Nothing else—quite

literally—matters. We must clear the air of categories.

Let me offer myself as the first victim. I am in love with a woman; I have two children. That is primary. There are a half-dozen other women I love or have loved, in different ways. There are that many men, too. Then there are children, and a few animals. I have had sensual experiences with all these beings, but sexual intercourse only with the women. Male bodies don't have nearly the appeal in general for me that female bodies have, but particular male bodies have had occasionally. The bodies of men who aren't emotionally dear to me have never appealed. Perhaps I'm unusual, perhaps I'm hiding something, but I doubt it. I embrace and kiss my male friends as I do my female friends, but I simply have no *desire* to go further. Perhaps, because I see Freud's idea of the polymorphous perverse as an ideal, I am limited. A few of my straight homosexual friends have brought this up, but *I simply don't feel that I'm holding anything back*. I prefer women sexually, but I would draw the line at being categorized as

"heterosexual"—what if I wanted to jump the fence one day?

A fence certainly exists between the categories. "homosexual" and "heterosexual" today. That hasn't always been the case, and perhaps we can make it so it doesn't have to be the case in the United States, the most profoundly revolutionary society in the world today.

The "homosexual community" as

and that is ridiculous. Why is having intercourse with a woman something to be proud of, and intercourse with a man something to hide? Half facetiously, half seriously, why are there no Humphrey Bogarts of homosexuality? That may get a laugh, contemptuous or not, but think about it: why not?

I just can't believe in a "homosexual community" because what I see is a few

# Really Exist?

BY MICHAEL PERKINS

an example of a self-imposed category I feel great disdain for. It is comprised of a few brave men *who have the balls*, to be, openly and fearlessly, what they are. How many? Dozens, even hundreds? And what about the thousands of you in hiding? Until you work up a little courage, you'll still be that "little nance" to some dumb fellow citizen who doesn't hate you as much as he misunderstands you. In their naivete, Americans can be much more tolerant than other peoples—if *they're shown*.

Your "community" is a hopeful thing, but not very realistic. A few of your stars attract the attention of the mass media, and get used as playthings, but the audience watching only smirks, because they sense that there are only a few brave men for every closet queen. They are watching oddities, rather than leaders of a strong minority no longer ashamed of its sexual predilections.

I think shame defeats many of you,

good men, thousands or millions of what you call "closet queens," and many crazies parading in their powder in the streets, screeching like birds of prey, instead of birds of paradise. I see little love, or affection, or tenderness, but a great deal of lust. (Not that "heterosexuals" are much better, but I'm not addressing them.) But this is all practical talk. There shouldn't, ideally, be a need for a homosexual community. Homosexuals should be accepted and integrated into the basic community, whatever it is. There may be a few masochists who object to this (for sexual reasons? They like persecution?), but I think most would agree. Of course this would make homosexuality less a Genet-like rejection of society, put it more in concert with the rest of dreary humanity, but it would be a test, wouldn't it? It would make it less of a psychological and political stand, and

(Continued on Page 20)



BY HECTOR SIMMS

New York is national headquarters for a bewildering variety of organizations. Everything gathers here, including societies of lepidopterists, polka fanciers, Hebrew-Christian missionaries, and former lovers of Randolph Wicker. One of the strangest in the city, if not the world, is a very peculiar group known as *The Chubby-Chasers Club*.

This club numbers about a hundred members in this area, with numerous others residing throughout the country. They range in social position from a famous heart surgeon to a Bronx cab driver to the manager of one of San Juan's leading hotels. They have only one thing in common—they all pursue fat men. The fatter the better.

All you fat boys out there, take heart! These men consider you the loveliest, most desirable, sex objects in the world. They covet your bodies much more than their neighbor's skinny ass. This is a relatively common fetish among heterosexuals, but it is not very well-known in the homosexual community.

Obese homosexuals are rather rare, so they are considered great treasures by the Chubby-Chasers, who outnumber them greatly. Pleasingly plump people will not do. They must be very heavy. 250 to 300 pounds is about the right size. A fellow with the lean hard musculature of the Greek ideal would die of loneliness at a meeting of this club. He might be the object of passionate desire at most gatherings, but he would turn no one on here because of his shocking lack of double chins, flabby breasts, and great ponderous belly. Even his trim, shapely buttocks would arouse only boredom.

Twenty-five obese homosexuals and twenty-five chubby-chasers were interviewed for this article, in addition to supplementary information gathered over some time. Only one of the persons interviewed had an accurate understanding of the scene involved in this fetish. He is a 140-pound corporation lawyer of 32, who has been chasing fat men since he was 16. All of the others gave many reasons, either peripheral or erroneous. Not one of the chubbies understood this curious phenomenon, but most of them were quite pleased that it existed. The club members are in frequent communication with each other to exchange information (and tricks, if possible), and the discovery of a previously unknown chubby is a priceless piece of news which is eagerly passed around. The chubbies, of course, are not organized, they're too busy eating.

It was particularly interesting to find buttocks were in second place. These they found attractive because of their softness and vast feminine proportions. Some of them expressed a liking for very fat arms and thighs, also. Each of these men said he considered fat people to be beautiful.

The sex act most popular among them is anal intercourse. They, of course, prefer the active role. All of them engage in occasional fellatio, but definitely would rather fuck. One chaser displayed a collection of photographs consisting solely of enormously fat ass shots. He has collected them since he was 17, and had taken many of them himself. The others came from chubby-chasers who share his hobby. Another proudly displayed his

# The Chubby Chasers



houseboy, a 270-pound sylph with a gargantuan ass and four chins. He said the boy was a dreadful housekeeper but the best lay in the land. He also kept pointing out what he considered to be the boy's beautiful physical assets, none of which were similarly visible to the interviewer (who prefers skinny people).

The chubbies were asked to evaluate the chasers as sex partners. Without exception, they stated that the chasers were the wildest sex imaginable. They practically devoured their bodies, and smothered them with affection and kisses. They also stated that the chasers preferred fucking, and none of them seemed to have any objections to this. All were pleased that someone found them attractive. Although, none of them understood why.

This scene is much less flattering when its motives are carefully examined. Naturally, there have to be reasons why any man should pick such an unusual sex object, particularly one not ordinarily considered appealing by most people. Why should a grossly fat body arouse fierce sexual desires in anybody? Why should a man concentrate solely on such bodies? The same explanation holds true for both heterosexual and homosexual chubby-chasers.

On the primary or oral level, it is a simple matter of the fat body so closely resembling a woman's. The heavy breasts,

the titanic buttocks, the ponderous arms—all feel like a woman's flesh. Any woman? Oh no, it isn't as simple as that. The woman is question is MOTHER. Chubby-chasers love to sleep with their fat partners, because they are comforted by the *feel* of a body which envelopes them like a mother's. They adore these breasts, because they transport them—on a subconscious level—to the breasts of a mother. Naturally, there is an additional dividend, because they can also gratify themselves sexually with this out that small groups of the chubby-chasers often take vacations together and spend most of their time hunting for overweight quarry in new places. A 300-pound former manager of a San Juan gay club, now living in New York, provided information that such groups always seemed to have his name and sought him out when they visited San Juan. Obviously, he was being passed along through their private grapevine, and he was unsure whether to be flattered or offended by it. Perhaps it is fortunate that he—like nearly every chubby interviewed, prefers thin men.

One may notice that whenever one sees a very heavy homosexual at public gatherings with someone other than a buddy, it is always a very slender man. Who ever saw two chubbies making out? It is also interesting to note that as a rule, these chubbies are not only good dancers,

but they always seem to have someone attractive to dance with. These are almost invariably the chubby-chasers, many of whom are strikingly handsome. It is useless to cruise these fat-fanciers, regardless of their good looks, unless you are absolutely enveloped in surplus *advoirdupois*. They would greet you with all the passion of a size queen inspecting a three-inch piece of meat.

The chubby-chasers often visit each other's homes and have occasional small meetings as well as frequent telephone communications. They have no central headquarters and favor no particular bars or clubs. Instead, they are to be found drifting in and out of all the places in search of billowy beauties. They are particularly fond of the Village bars, where most of the chubbies are to be found—for reasons unknown.

All chubby-chasers interviewed were asked why they preferred sex with fat people. They invariably replied that it was because fat people's bodies are so wonderfully soft and voluptuous. Furthermore, they all added, it is deliciously comforting to sleep with such bodies. "Warm," "pillowy," "tender"—were some of the adjectives they used. Without exception, they considered slender bodies repulsive, sexless, and ugly. All stated they were impotent with slender people as well as completely bored.

When asked what part of the bodies they found most attractive, they invariably put the breasts in first place. Fat breasts, they said, were highly exciting to fondle, kiss and suck. All of them are found of these actions. The mother-figure which isn't possible with a real mother. This search for a mother-substitute exists in all men, but it is extraordinarily strong in chubby-chasers.

On the more deeply buried or anal level, it is quite a different and more sinister matter. Dr. Stephen Kairo and a number of highly respected analysts all stated that this is another variation on the classic S&M scene. Instead of choosing a partner of another race or one of inferior social position, the chubby-chaser selects his particular sex object not because he is a *person* but solely because he is *fat*. The fat man is usually considered a rather unlovely object in our society, and the chubby-chaser is thereby in the position to mentally put down a partner who is his *physical* inferior—or so, he feels.

The chaser is quite aware that his own body is normal and acceptable to everybody. He is also aware that obese people are more often figures of ridicule than of sexual attractiveness. This enables him to secretly establish the roles of superior and inferior, and the game is on. He is a mental sadist who has selected a victim for whom there is little competition. He knows he is the more desirable of the two... physically, at least... so he is free to mentally degrade the other, who is so flattered by his attentions—that the sadism is never exposed.

Yes, New York has a plethora of everything: fat men; men who like fat men; skinny men and *their* admirers... Strangely enough, there are also plenty of people who simply wish to go to bed with other people just for *fun*.

*(continued from p. 3)*

THE PAY-OFF? THE POLICE GET THE PAY-OFF! WHO GETS THE PAY-OFF? THE POLICE GET THE PAY-OFF!" Then, "THERE'S THE MAFIA IN BLUE, THERE'S THE MAFIA IN BLUE, THERE'S THE MAFIA IN BLUE!"

Dozens of police in pale blue helmets were amassed in the street and on the station house steps, behind the barricades. Jim Owles, president of G.A.A., and Father Weeks approached the officer in charge of their defensive line.

Owles contended that three or four representatives should be allowed to enter the station and to confront verbally Captain Salmeiri or whoever was in command at that hour. He argued that the crowd would be mollified, however slightly, and the potential for rioting then and there would be substantially reduced if the police would listen to representatives. The police refused, playing into the hands of extremists in the crowd.

As if on cue, a well-known revolutionary from the Gay Liberation Front then tried to interject his political bias, attempting unsuccessfully to begin a chant. "Don't talk to the pigs, we don't talk to the pigs," he called out. A G.A.A. member shot back with the phrase levied at this same revolutionary by GAY saying "Shut up, you leftist dildo!" Another agitator called out, "Revolution Now!" but found little support. These were among the very few instances of dissent in the gay ranks.

Jim Owles turned to the frustrated demonstrators. "Our brother lies near death at St. Vincent's Hospital! We've made our point to the police by our

numbers! Now we will march in solemn procession to the hospital."

The crowd cooled and headed for St. Vincent's. Some carried lighted candles. Before the large hospital, and occupying every inch of sidewalk space, the demonstrators halted to hear a prayer offered by Father Weeks for the recovery of the man inside who lay in critical condition in the intensive care unit. They proceeded to march in silence around the block containing the hospital, resuming chants of GAY POWER only after heading back to their starting point, Sheridan Square. On impulse, the crowd deviated from its route just enough to march down picturesque Gay Street, stunning the residents of the quiet by-way.

At the close, hoarse from angry shouting and chanting, the demonstrators were scarcely able to handle the singing of WE SHALL OVERCOME, upon their return to Sheridan Square. G.A.A. officers, who had worked to organize the demonstration since being telephoned by one of the arrested men at 7:30 that morning, wearily called the demonstration to a close. Jim Owles, nearly unable to speak, announced that blood was needed by the hospital for the critically injured man and urged its donation. He expressed his appreciation for the fact that despite political and ideological differences, members of a variety of homophile groups had been able to join together and work together in what was to be the largest and angriest planned gay demonstration thus far in the history of the homosexual movement in this country.

For events following the demonstration, see adjacent news columns.

## political club ACTS TO HALT RAIDS

New York, N.Y. — Within 24 hours after the massive demonstration protesting the Snake Pit raid, a resolution for a call for a moratorium on all such raids was adopted by one of New York State's most powerful political reform clubs, the Village Independent Democrats. This call was directed at Mayor Lindsay.

Action by the VID was taken when members of the Gay Activists Alliance went to the club Monday night, March 9th, and delivered a wrathful attack on society's inhuman laws and intolerant attitudes vis-a-vis its homosexual citizens.

GAA members had heretofore worked quietly and constructively with the Human Rights Committee of the VID to help forge a sound civil-libertarian Position Statement on Rights of Homosexuals, a position statement adopted by the VID as a whole on Feb. 19th. GAA members felt, however, that given the indignities, the terror-tactics and the sufferings endured by homosexuals the weekend past, the time had come to ask the club to take more extreme measures.

The traditionally liberal and not unsympathetic club heard GAA member-at-large, Marty Robinson deliver an impassioned indictment of society's treatment of the homosexual, then swung squarely behind his demands. A resolution centered on those demands was passed promptly, and as a result the

following letter was sent to the Mayor:

Hon. John V. Lindsay  
City Hall, New York  
Dear Mayor Lindsay:

*At a meeting of its membership held last night the Village Independent Democrats unanimously supported a resolution calling for a moratorium on police raids on bars frequented by homosexuals. The aftermath of Saturday's raid on the "Snake Pit" was the arrest of 166 people, who from the best information available to us, were guilty of nothing more serious than being in a bar after 3 a.m., a young man, driven by shame and fear, lies close to death in St. Vincent's Hospital and a near riot occurred in the Greenwich Village area.*

*We request this moratorium in order to be free, together with other community groups, to study the facts of this specific incident together with the overall conduct of the police and the State Liquor Authority and to determine whether or not there was a concerted effort underway to harass homosexuals in the Village community. Admittedly reports in the press do indicate that the bar may have been operating in violation of the law, but we are also aware that strict enforcement of laws against a particular group is a classic form of harassment.*

*As our Village Affairs and Human Rights Committees study in the next few weeks this question, we would also appreciate knowing who in your office would be the appropriate person to be in contact with in order to follow up on any findings those committees may make.*

*Thank you for your cooperation.*

*Sincerely,*

*Robert J. Egan President.*

## Responsible cop COPS OUT

New York, N.Y. — "Yes, I'm the one ultimately responsible for taking the action against the Snake Pit," admitted Deputy Inspector Seymour Pine in a telephone interview with GAY.

Pine is in the First Division over the Public Morals section, i.e., over violations having to do with the Alcoholic Beverage Commission, violations having to do with vice, and violations having to do with gambling. He uses plainclothesmen in his work. He holds the dubious distinction of being the one who closed the play CHE on morals grounds, of being the one who called the raid on the Stonewall last summer (the raid that precipitated the first gay riot in history), and now of being the one who called the disastrous raid on the Snake Pit. From his superior position on the force, he is able to command the aid of the police in the 6th precinct when he acts against Village bars.

In the interview with GAY Pine said residents had complained about noise coming from the Snake Pit in the early morning hours before the raid. He said action was taken against patrons as well as management partly because of the alleged noise. (See news item headed THE RAID FROM THE INSIDE.) He maintained that although the bar itself was not adjacent to the sidewalk, a "large ventilator" let out the noise of which residents supposedly complained. Although he had plainclothesmen in the bar, he said it was "impossible to tell" just who was responsible for all the alleged noise. Hence the mass arrest. Pine said that the action was also taken against the patrons "to discourage them" from coming to the club because it was unlicensed.

He also contended there was an immediate and present danger in the place which was, he held, supposed to be used only as a "storage place." He wanted, he said, "to prevent a reoccurrence of the Stonewall." The Snake Pit was only supposed to hold sixty people, he said (possibly forgetting it was supposed to be a storage place according to his statement moments ago) and therefor was grossly over-crowded. "We issued the arrests because there were dangerous conditions in the place."

Pine was open about the fact that he had taken the managements of the Zodiac and 17 Barrow Street the night before raiding the Snake Pit. He said he took the Zoo management one week after the Snake Pit.

Pressed to tell why there was such a high level of activity against gay after-hours clubs in the last few weeks, Pine's composure began to waiver. "I wish I could convince you that I'm not anti-gay," he said. "That I'm anti-gay is the furthest from the truth. We're taking non-gay unlicensed places too. We take more gay places because there are more of them. Unlicensed places are frequented more by gay people than by straight people. Why I don't know. But we are also taking non-gay places." He added without elaboration that police action was drawn to the Village because of the gangland-style murder of Robert Wood, owner of the now defunct night spot Salvation.

Why wasn't the Snake Pit closed quietly long ago, if it was unlicensed? Pine gave a rundown of his persistent actions against it, evading the central

point. He said since May of '68 he took the management at least once a month; in 1969, he took the management six times. They had been fined in court each time.

"But why wasn't it closed permanently a long time ago if it was, as you view it, an on-going problem?" GAY asked. Pine was cornered. He said he couldn't explain why it hadn't been closed permanently a long time ago.

"I guess I'm copping out, that's really what I'm doing," Pine blurted. The local precinct, the 6th precinct should have taken action and checked the certificate of occupancy for the Snake Pit, he contended. Where there is a danger, he explained, you can only close an establishment permanently by going to the Building Department, which proceeds against the landlord, citing the number of violations and commencing a civil eviction procedure.

"And you had assumed all along that the 6th precinct had gone after the landlord in this way to get the Snake Pit closed?" Pine said yes, he had. As of this writing, the captain of the 6th precinct is unavailable for comment.

Pine proceeded to fault the necessarily lengthy procedures. They are so complex, with so many bureaus involved, he complained. Nevertheless, he said that now there are eviction proceedings under way, that the police have taken action against the landlord to evict the long-standing Snake Pit. Just to complete the puzzle, Pine revealed that the landlord says he hasn't had any notice about such proceedings from the 6th precinct.

Asked to comment on the Gay Activists Alliance picket sign "Police on Gay Spree while Muggers go Free," Pine said, "If GAA puts enough pressure on the Police Commissioner and if there are sufficient complaints about my actions and services (Morals), I would probably be assigned elsewhere, possibly to going after muggers. Any police commissioner would do the same if there is enough wrath against certain police activity."

As some point out, he told GAY, "This isn't very important police activity." He said that after the weekend he took action against the Snake Pit, two hundred plainclothesmen were removed from such work. "The Commissioner felt there should be a greater emphasis put on narcotics-connected crimes," Pine said.

Does Pine agree with GAA's contention that society, by virtue of its anti-homosexual laws and attitudes, pushed that man out the 6th precinct window? "Yes, I agree society pushed that man out the window in an ultimate sense. He reacted to our enforcing society's laws. Certainly liberalization in the last two years (of laws affecting homosexuals) has not resulted to any disadvantage of the general public."

What about all those summonses for disorderly conduct that were issued to the patrons of the Snake Pit? The summonses have all been dropped by the court, Pine said, because we "realized at this point that the court are overloaded, and these are really minor cases."

Oh yes — what about the charge of attempted escape from custody made against the man who tried to flee to freedom, and impaled himself? "That charge," said Pine, "has not been dropped."

BY ANGELO D'ARCANGELO



Reading a good book makes you humble. Reading a bad one makes you smug. In fact, reading one's own material can make one smug. I frequently find myself chasing out greasy old Self-Importance with a good book. Sometimes mediocre books help too. Here, friends, are a couple of mediocre books which may help you too. They are . . .

**Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (But Were Afraid To Ask)** by David Reuben, M.D., published by McKay, and **Leather Ad Volume 1. M** and **Leather Ad Volume 2. S**, by Larry Townsend, published by Greenleaf.

That blonde urged me to go out and buy *Everything*, which I did, price \$4.98, and he assured me that not only was it the best selling book in the U.S. right now, but also the most scandalously misinforming book on homosexual matters. Now that's rather strong, I thought. There are so many books which could compete for the latter distinction. However, armed (or should I say biased?) with my friend's blurb, I began the book.

My mistake was reading the thing through. When I'd finished, I realized that the sections on Homosexuality were certainly biased and nonsensical—probably written under publisher's pressure. However, there were *some* good observations in the book, generally. That meant I couldn't unleash my spleen. Alas, reason makes for dull reporting.

Reuben is obviously smug. The picture on the jacket tells you that. His unqualified preferences are for 1) monogamy, 2) the missionary position, 3) stereotypical male-role thinking, and 4) —deadliest of all—psychiatry. But then Dave is a—guess what?—psychiatrist. Right!

Allright. Grant that he's selling his product, tooting his own horn, as it were. But first, for a change, the good parts of the book.

His section on the prostate gland and its function and maintenance is worthy reading for every male. If for no other reason than that "Probably one third of all men suffer from prostatitis at some time before the age of forty." And sensibly he advises that most pleasant of therapies, "Regular and frequent intercourse."

The chapter on venereal diseases is very good too, because amazingly enough there are still many, many people roaming in and out of bedrooms who don't know anything about this danger, or how to handle it. I won't describe this chapter in detail, but I do suggest that you read it. I don't know of anything on the subject as to-the-point. And the point isn't *that* dire, by the way. For one thing, Reuben points the finger very accurately at our public health bluenoses. For a long time now we've known that venereal diseases were among the easiest of human ailments to cure, but why, oh *why*, we ask ourselves, has there been no anti-toxin developed as there has been for tuberculosis or polio? Simple. The people who appropriate our tax monies for various programs feel it would be inappropriate to eliminate this "penalty" on pleasure. They seem to feel that venereal diseases are a legitimate punishment for sexual congress out of marriage. What do you think?

There are glaring inconsistencies in *Everything*. One of them is Reuben's assumption that male prostitutes "will engage in every type of sexual intercourse except one. With women." Rot. Elsewhere he describes paid "threesies" between a female and a male prostitute and their "john." He dismisses it as *homosexual*. However, it *has* happened.

Things like this knock me out: "The anus. Of all the structures of the body that is the one which most resembles the vagina." Oh? Whose? I would suggest that for sheer rib-tickling reading, few pages in modern pulp can compare with Reuben's description of homosexuality, or of what homosexuals do in bed. Apparently the motivating force in male-to-male sex is what to do without a vagina. (Now come on, gang! What would you do with a vagina in bed?) He thinks that all acts

homosexuality, he has every chance of becoming a happy, well-adjusted heterosexual." You remember that old chestnut, don't you? But tell me, has anybody *ever* found a psychiatrist who knew how to cure homosexuality? Not just one who said he did, but one who actually did. *And* cured people?

He's selling something, is our little sex mavis. His references are University of Illinois Medical School, the neuropsychiatric ward at Walker Air Force Base Hospital, and the clinic of Harvard Medical School. Naturally, we can expect endorsements like, "At Christmastime she wrote to her doctor, 'I may have been a stewardess, but I really "won my wings" in the psychiatrist's office!'" Or, this charmingly simplistic vignette, "After six months of treatment, Emily eloped with the assistant dean of

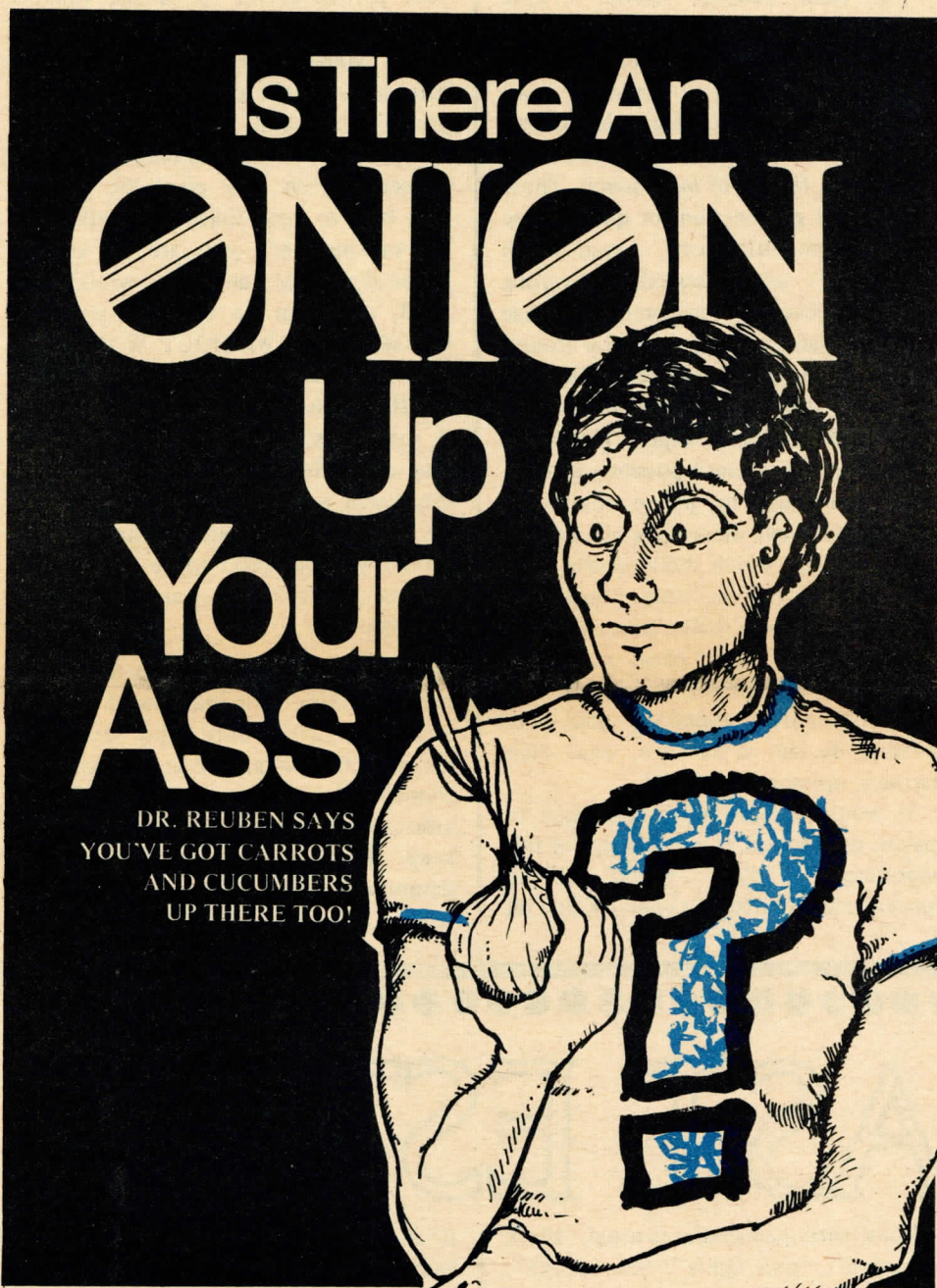
borrowed the two leather lovestories out of the SCREW-GAY porno file. Well, sir, just casually reading through them aroused me terrifically, first *M, Vol. 1*, and then *Vol. 2, S*. I was immediately mindful of Reuben's writing about S&M, the tone of it, and ruefully, the cruel masturbation fantasies of my early youth. My own writing on S&M has seemed, at times, rather pompous and full of misunderstanding of the great and obvious private pleasure of this kind of sex-game playing. Or as he says, "Fortunately the tortures are usually low-key and childish." Childish? Has he ever seen the Miss Teen Age America Pageant? I personally find sock hops and dating childish, but then I've never had much use for games of any kind, sex and/or otherwise. My mistake has been, and I think Reuben's is, slighting the very obvious desire many people have for a ritualized, flirtatious and arousing sex-play. Threats of cruelty between people who find themselves together to enjoy such threats are not cruel. Or, as Juliette Lemercier writes in her celebrated *Turkish Bath*, "Ours was not a 'Torture Palace.' That is a misleading term. Torture, you see, is something you do to people that they don't like."

People who do like torture, if they're gay and if they're male, will probably enjoy these two pornographic novelettes. They are quite biatently salacious, and are spangled with photographs of awe-inspiring funniness. Great camp goodies, suitable for giant blow-up, or wallpaper. Don't worry, you'll be amused, titillated, and instructed in the ways and means of "Leather Sex," without either apology or more than crocodile tears.

Again, for all you mental health freaks out there, both of these books are love stories. In *M*, a young man out of curiosity begins going the rounds and finds it very much to his taste. He is in love, in some vague way or other, with another young man. (Note: In all these books everybody is Young, Young, Young, and nobody is either short or fat or anything less than well-stacked. Ah! Art's illusions.) They live together and find leather-love together under the enchanting heels of a motorcycle gang. This is a story which raises the question, *Will two M's make it?* Put them both together they may spell Mary! But just in time M's recruit to Leatherlust turns S, thus cementing a happy, stable life and putting the security of the home under lock and key, literally. As well as in leg irons.

*S*, equally well written, is another love story. It begins, "The drapes were pulled back, allowing me to watch the water forming streaky patterns along the wide surface of glass. Johnny had gotten up; I could hear him clinking about the kitchen . . . my lover, my slave . . . wearing his leg irons and collar as he made our breakfast." Isn't that FAB? Marley's Ghost with an eight-inch dong.

Anyway, M has to go out of the country on business, but thoughtfully arranges a brisk mail-order trade for his lover. The book is the account of S's adventures *sans* his own clinking M. But, in the last chapter he returns: moral? It's so nice to have an M around the house. Or, as Robert Patrick, author of *The Haunted Host*, used to say, "A roommate is somebody you fuck who does the housework."



which are not vagina directed are vagina substitutions. Happily enough most reasonable people who know about sex—not to mention love—know that the union of this or that section of the anatomy is not the criteria for legitimacy, for in sex, as in love, there isn't any legitimacy, and mutual satisfaction is the only criterion. Reuben also thinks, or would like the public to think, that homosexuals spend most of their time shoving things (bottles, onions, shoetrees) up one another's asses. Or that all homosexuals are danger queens. Or drag queens. Or both, in addition to being habitual masturbators with or without rectal objects.

And, of course (ho, hum!) here it is again. "If a homosexual who wants to renounce homosexuality finds a psychiatrist who knows how to cure

the college. After her honeymoon, she dropped in to see her psychiatrist. 'I'm happy to say, doctor, this is just a social call. I wanted to tell you how happy I am. I don't know what it's done for other people but psychiatry did what Mother Nature couldn't do—it made a woman out of me!'" Presumably what Aretha Franklin calls, "A *Natural* Woman."

Since there are no references to men becoming after treatment, "natural" (i.e., hetero) men, we may assume that Reuben doesn't claim to be a psychiatrist who can cure big, bad homo-bogie-men.

He is, however, the first medical writer known to me who recommends (veiledly) marijuana and LSD as aphrodisiacs. At least he knows what a groove it is to groove with either or both of these two kind friends.

Just about the day I got *Everything*, I

BY DR. STEPHEN KAISO



column of counsel to our troubled brothers and sisters who seek meaningful, positive, guidance and not the further imposition of heterosexual or homosexual myths, hangups or unearned guilts. Only letters of the widest general interest can be published in this column, but all letters will be answered if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope and 50 cents for handling.

Q. My lover and I are both attractive, feminine, slender girls and most of our friends have the same type of appearance. We rarely go out to gay functions, but on those occasions when we do, we invariably notice something which has never failed to arouse our curiosity. Why are there so many fat butch lesbians?

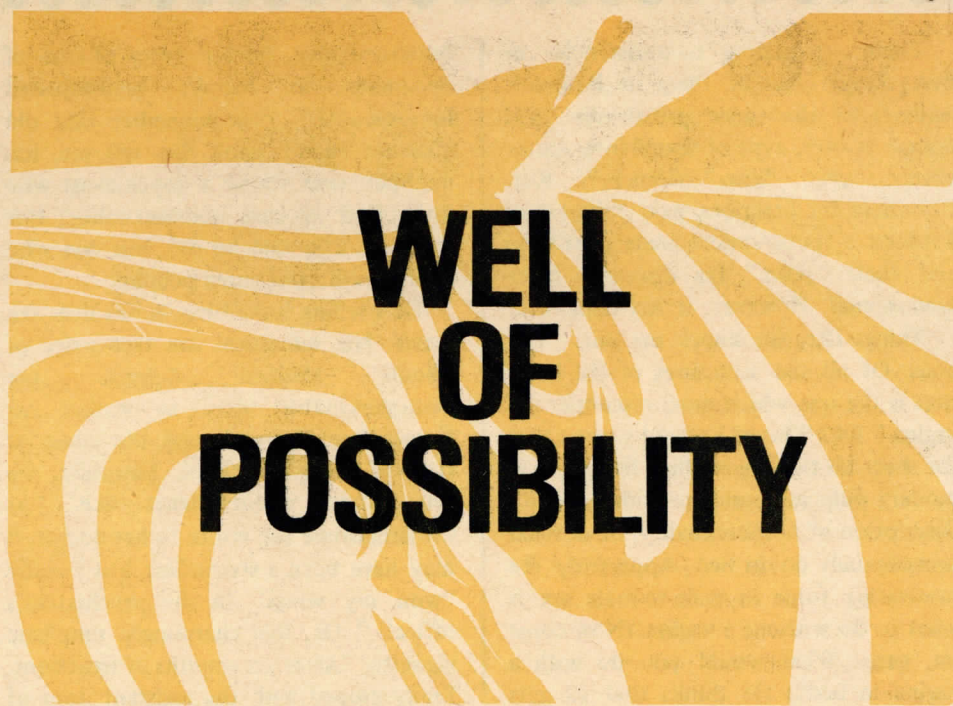
A.R., Tulsa

A. They eat too much.

Q. I have had a problem for some time, which has me climbing the wall. Although I don't have any particular problem masturbating, getting an erection or ejaculating in fellatio, everytime I attempt an active role in browning, I lose my erection. I seem to have a mental block which I am determined to destroy, because I find this embarrassing and humiliating. I do have a lover who would enjoy being screwed, but he appears to be happy with me anyway. What do you suggest I do?

S.F., Hackensack

A. First, stop climbing the wall and kindly notice that you do have a lover who is happy with you. That alone is a great deal in your favor. Next, examine the question of whether you really want to fuck or if you are trying to prove that you can do it. Not everybody likes to fuck, and it certainly is not necessary to force yourself to do anything to prove any particular point. Impotence can be due to simple distaste, in some cases.



For some peculiar reason, I have recently received many letters concerning the problem of impotence. This is a very common problem among both heterosexuals and homosexuals. Almost invariably the cause is FEAR, a fear based on a secret feeling of *inadequacy*. Those who cannot get erections or quickly lose them before fulfillment... even when they are with sexually exciting partners... become impotent because they are afraid they will be found inadequate by those partners. They tell themselves they have equipment which is too small or too large. They tell themselves they cannot possibly perform expertly enough to please the other person. They tell themselves all sorts of things, all of which boils down to a personal conviction that they are inadequate, and their partners will discover this and reject them or laugh at them. They don't permit their partners to form their own opinions, and very selfishly decide, in advance, what their partners' opinions have to be.

It would be less selfish and easier to sustain an erection, if you who suffer this impotence problem would simply concentrate on satisfying *yourself*, and let

your partner decide for himself whether or not *he* is satisfied. As a rule, if you satisfy yourself, your partner will also manage to do the same. He is not *daring* you to please him. He also wants you to be pleased. Don't try so hard. Relax and concentrate on how good the physical part feels *to you*. Enjoy the preliminary love-making until you are so aroused *physically*, that anything would feel good, and then do whatever you find yourself doing WITHOUT WORRYING ABOUT HOW WELL YOU ARE DOING IT. If it feels good, that is good enough. A sex act is not a trial by jury. If you stop convicting yourself, before you have even been accused of anything, you will be able to solve your impotence. Why should you be afraid to be in bed with anyone who obviously wants to be there with you?

Q. I have been arrested twice in subway men's rooms. For reasons I cannot understand, I can only enjoy sex in the movies, the parks, or in public men's rooms. I know I am in constant danger of arrest, but I cannot help myself. Why do I keep doing things I know are so dangerous?

P.L., Saint Louis.

A. There are two major reasons entwined like a pair of poisonous snakes, FEAR and GUILT. The same two familiar monsters we almost invariably find slithering through the darkest jungles of most homosexual problems. People who prefer sex in public places such as described in this letter really are saying that they prefer IMPERSONAL sex, that is, sex with *objects* rather than *people*. One cannot get *involved* with an object, only with a person, and only a person can hurt you. One need not have fear of an object for that reason. An object neither gives nor demands anything. There is no danger of loving it and possibly being rejected. Impersonal sex is always preferred out of fear, nothing else.

You write that you keep doing things you realize are dangerous, but you cannot help doing them. Is it not obvious to you, after two arrests, that you keep repeating these acts because YOU WANT TO BE CAUGHT AND PUNISHED? Now then, why would anyone think he should be punished? Is it not because he feels GUILT? In your case (and you have thousands of similar unhappy brothers), you feel guilty because you are *homosexual*. You have not accepted yourself as a human being who happens to have a particular sexual preference. Instead, you classify yourself as a great big QUEER, an outcast freak of some kind, who must be punished simply because he is such a freak. You have accepted a label which denies your humanity, and you are trying to live down to it. You are punishing yourself much more than any police force could do. There is hope for you, of course, I would suggest analysis for you, as punishment-seeking people often stubbornly refuse to accept help unless they have to pay for it. When your therapy has succeeded in persuading you to clearly see the sources of your guilt feelings and also, to see that you are a human being—not a freak from some other world—you will be free. You might ever learn to enjoy beds, which are much more comfortable than urinals. ■●

# THE LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK

[Ed. Note: You may have been privileged to have read this column in the now deceased *New York Review of Sex and Politics*. GAY is pleased to continue Gregory Battcock's musings.]



owadays there are all kinds of issues that one can identify with and take an interest in. Some of these so-called "issues" may have been designed by fascists in high places because they serve a highly desirable purpose. They are actually "energy absorbent" issues that only appear to be controversial, but in fact are perfectly acceptable problems. These artificial issues are supposed to drain attention and energy away from authentically controversial and potentially subversive issues. Such smoke screen issues include the following: "women's lib", "pollution", "drugs", "crime in the streets" and "the draft". Authentic issues that threaten prevailing social and

political patterns include, as usual, "black liberation", "civil rights", "free speech", (including hard-core pornography), the rights of the young, and the war in Vietnam.

The artificial, or "smoke screen" issues serve several purposes, but mainly serve the establishment by draining off effective protest that might otherwise have led to significant social change and that seriously threaten established institutions and interests.

Can you imagine Judge Carswell getting approved for the high court bench after claiming he would always support air pollution? What would happen if he had made a speech demanding an end to suffrage, or had decided to lend money to some Cuban heroin peddlers?

When the telephone repair man didn't arrive, I went down to the basement and found the superintendent. I asked him if the phone company had been around and he said: "Is your phone out of order too? All the phones in the building are broken: It's because of the police. They came around several weeks ago and asked

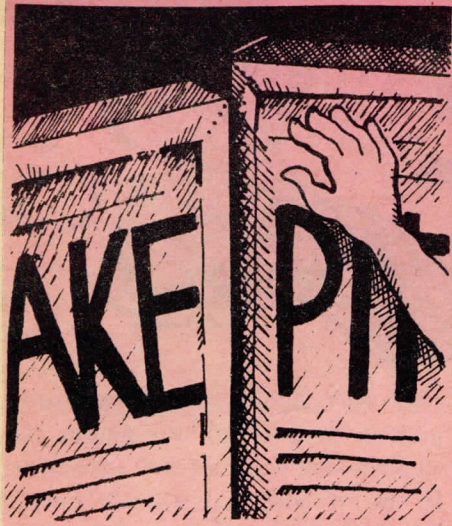
if they could set up their equipment someplace in the basement because they wanted to tap some lines. They had a list and said they were from the narcotics division. They began to fool around with the lines and promptly all the phones went out of order including mine. I called the owner and she said the police had to get out. Ever since nobody's phone has worked."

The police, having planted their bugs, bugged out to listen in.

So far, there's nothing gay about this column but the point of view. But that's also black, oppressed, poor, disadvantaged, uneducated—but I'm none of these. The people upstairs are Panthers, and their dog is called "Huey". Though I don't approve of dogs in the city, and will vote for anybody who will promise to get rid of the "dog shit" in the streets (nobody would dare) and the unleashed dogs in the parks, many of which are touted by people who are apparently too insecure or ashamed to cruise without an "excuse", I suppose that if I had a dog and called it "Huey" I

would immediately lose my credentials as a more or less O.K. guy in the building. The black militants protested a talk I gave in Washington even though I was saying that, perhaps, the only hope for America today is the black militants. I addressed the convention, drunk as a lord, and the militants accused me of "masturbating in public". They said that it was people like me that is what's wrong with America. Yes, they are right, and what is also wrong is that nobody, including me, is willing to try to figure the other guy out.

One of the truly profound horrors contributed to modern American life by the American packaging technology industry is the supermarket. The brain damaging products displayed there in their brainwashing packages are pawned off on salivating housewives (and everybody else), and this is what I found at Sloanes on Broadway at 98th—Del Monte orange and grapefruit juice in 1 pint, 2 oz. cans marked with the following prices: 2 for 33 cents, 2 for 39 cents, 2 for 41 cents and 2 for 49 cents. There were large quantities in each price range. When this discrepancy was brought to the attention of the manager, he remarked "...yes, well, just take the cheapest one." When it was pointed out that some people were bound to get stuck with the more expensive ones, his retort was: "Can't they read?" ■●



BY DICK LEITSCH

The Snake Pit raid was a startling display of heavy-handed police action, a case-book study in how NOT to handle a raid, and a total disaster all around. Not only were the police at fault, but the naive, almost simple-minded homosexuals who sought to blow the incident up into a repeat of last summer's Stonewall rioting were equally foolish.

The syllogism: "All gay places are good; cops raided a gay place; therefore cops are bad" just doesn't stand up. There are enormous implications and warnings that can be found in this incident, and they deserve public discussion.

First, let's take care of the cops. They're always fair game for everyone these days. They bungled the Snake Pit raid almost as badly as they bungled the Stonewall raid last summer.

The major miscalculation was in the timing of the raid. One simply doesn't walk into a place during the busiest hour of the week and announce a raid. Especially when most of the customers are having a good time, are slightly tipsy, and many are a wee bit uptight because it's 5 A.M., and they've been standing in gay bars since 11 o'clock and still don't have tricks to go home with.

The night before, the cops "took" the 17 Barrow Street and the Zodiac. Those raids were held early in the evening, and the few customers sent home, while the management and employees were taken in for selling liquor without a license and other violations.

The Snake Pit was another matter. The cops claim the customers refused to leave, and that they had difficulty in sorting the customers out from the employees and management. This confusion, many customers claim, was encouraged by the management. The police decided to call the wagons, take everybody into custody, and do the sorting out at the Charles Street Stationhouse. This is not really legal, since it is no crime to be IN a place that is serving liquor illegally; the only crime is to run such a place. There was no grounds for hauling the customers away.

The decision to take everyone in resulted in a tragic incident. One man, an Argentine national, fearful that an arrest would cause him to be deported, tried to escape. He jumped out of a second-floor window, landed on a picket fence, and six 14-inch spikes were jammed into his leg and pelvis.

In the confusion resulting from the rescue operations (attended by the *Daily News* photographers snapping pictures of blood and gore), the presence of 166 very angry gay people ready to sue for false arrest, and the usual Saturday night madness of any police station, the cops

# Who Did What THE SNAKE PIT RAID: SOME AFTERTHOUGHTS

did a very stupid thing: they gave all 166 people tickets for "disorderly conduct"—that is, "making unreasonable noise."

That charge is in the penal law as a violation, and carries a small fine. The problem was, that if any significant number of the victims demanded a bill of particulars, the cops would be up the creek. That is why the District Attorney later dropped charges, and the cases did not go to trial.

The cops were wrong, and they bungled the affair. What's more, they know they did. The realization of a mistake is the first step in not repeating it.

This is not construed to mean that the other illegal gay clubs will not be raided. The police promise that they will be, and there is support, even in the gay community, for such raids—if properly carried out. Some support comes from the owners of legal, licensed, gay bars—many run by gay people. They feel that the unlicensed joints, many of them run by the Mafia and other underworld figures, exploit the gay community and endanger the well-run, concerned, and nonexploitative gay places and

opened an unlicensed gay place.

There are so many safety hazards, structural faults, and building violations in that building that it has stood empty for almost a year, as nobody wants to dump enough money into it to make it safe for use. Yet, we were crowded in there every night, risking god-knows-what disasters. The building has one exit. Hundreds of people filled the place on Saturday nights. Had there been a fire, hundreds of our brothers and sisters would have been burned alive.

A man named "Scumback" Murphy was always around the Stonewall, and was said to be one of the operators of the place. Murphy is also said to have been part of the national blackmail ring that preyed on homosexuals for some years until it was broken up by New York's District Attorney. Murphy has also been convicted several times of extorting money from homosexuals.

Were the police harassing homosexuals when they put the Stonewall out of business, or were they doing us a favor? Were we (and I include myself, who was in the middle of it) justified in giving the cops so much grief over that raid? In the

# With Which

businessmen. The public, many claim, is not likely to make the distinction between legal, well-run gay bars and unlicensed, Mafia-operated after-hours places, and a wave of repression of all gay places could be triggered by the police action against the illegal joints.

It is apparent to the most casual observer that the police are not bothering well-run, legitimate places which take the trouble to obtain licenses and obey the laws. There is a police drive against all unlicensed places, be they gay or straight. Of the hundreds of places closed in the past six months, less than one-half of 1% have had gay clientele. To charge that this campaign is directed against the gay community can only be construed to be paranoid or self-serving.

An effort was made by the Gay Liberation Front and the Gay Activists Alliance to turn the Snake Pit affair into another Stonewall incident. Because of this, and the coming "Stonewall Memorial Day" that is planned for the spring, it might be well to look back at the Stonewall and see just what that was all about. It was pretty typical of the sort of places that are still being raided by the cops.

The Stonewall was located in a building that had been a straight bar at one time. The straight place burned out, and the Stonewall management moved in, coated the ruins with black paint, and

Stonewall incident, at least the police were doing us a favor by putting out of business a group of exploiters who were exposing us to dangers of many kinds, and taking us all for suckers.

Who owns the Snake Pit? Are they really connected with the operators of the Sanctuary—another place on the police list of joints to "get"? And is there any connection between them and the fact that the Sanctuary's former owner was recently found murdered? I don't know, but the gossip is too prevalent for all of this to be dismissed lightly.

I don't think it's a responsible use of gay power to defend the Mafia, or any other hood who wants to exploit gay people for a fast buck, and expose us to the danger of raids and other abuses. There are enough legal, licensed places that operate within the law so as to make the Mafia exploiters unnecessary. If the other organizations want to use gay power to help the underworld stay in business, that's their affair. I will not support their cause, and I'll fight against it. If Carlo Gambino and his "family" want to make the money, let them fight their own battles.

I believe the course the Mattachine Society of New York and the Daughters of Bilitis followed in the Snake Pit incident is far more responsible and far more beneficial to the gay community. I will frankly admit that I helped set that

course, and am speaking from a perhaps biased viewpoint.

I was not connected in the first part of the action, which was gathering information. Others, in both organizations, talked with both victims of the raid and the police who were present during it. From these conversations, a reconstruction of what actually happened was put together. Owners of the gay bars in the Village and throughout Manhattan were consulted. Did they have any reason to think that this was an anti-gay bar drive, or was it just what the police said, part of a general cleanup of all illegally operating places? Nobody had any concern whatsoever that legal gay bars were going to be in any trouble.

Next: did the Argentinean jump? Or was he, as a few said, a victim of "police brutality"? Scores of witnesses testified that he jumped voluntarily.

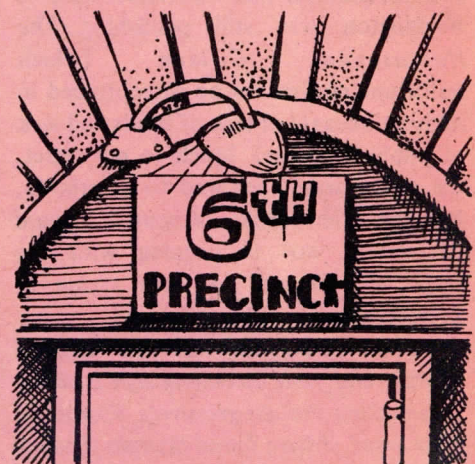
The decision time was reached. Should MSNY support the GLF and GAA demonstrations? the answer: no. The demonstration was to be a "death march" and the man was not dead. The whole affair looked as though the demonstrators were wishing him dead to give them a martyr, an issue, and a weapon. Instead, MSNY sent wishes for a speedy recovery and an offer to help with whatever immigration problems the man might have.

What about the other 166? It seemed obvious to our panel of lawyers consulted by MSNY and DOB that the District Attorney had no choice but to drop charges. Could this be used to prevent any more arrests of customers in future raids?

The lawyers said that false arrest suits against the city would be the best course, but expressed doubt as to whether such suits could work. It was not until a few days later that the attorneys hit upon a course that might be successful: a group suit, or "class suit," as they call it, against the police and the city. If the city has to pay out hundreds of thousands of dollars to the people victimized by the illegal arrests, the city will keep a tighter rein on the cops in the future to avoid other such suits.

This technique had worked for MSNY elsewhere in the state, why not in New York City? As things now stand, anyone who got one of those summonses is invited to call either Mattachine (799-0916) or the Daughters of Bilitis (565-8865) to talk about joining in such a suit. The lawyer's fees will be paid by MSNY's legal fund (though the victims may contribute to the case if they so choose), and, if the case is won, each victim will share in the financial settlement. As a class action, there will be no publicity given the individual defendants, so no one need worry about his job or reputation. Even the chance that the city might lose the suit will inhibit the police from future abuses. ■●

# To Whom?



# HOMOSCOPE

BY LILY HANSEN



*Astrology for me is a way of showing people life is not chaotic—that there is rhythm in everything in life and that, though we are individuals, we are part of one big whole. The knowledge of definite pattern in life is shown through astrology, even by knowing and seeing day follow night, winter followed by spring, spring followed by summer and summer by fall.*

I have a very competent astrologer, whose name is Barbara Strzelec (pronounced Strezelec) and who lives in California. She is in her late twenties, has about three kids, used to live in Vermont, and writes poetry. She has done my individual horoscope every year (except one) since 1966, and I've never been disappointed.

*"I compare one's scope with a music score. The written music is what the musician has to work with, and only how well he develops his talent will show whether or not he will develop his horoscope to its highest possibilities. We all have specific intervals when certain 'notes' are to be played, but how we accent them lies with ourselves. What I find in your horoscope map implies who you are and what you can do. It is you potentially."*

We got acquainted through the British lesbian publication, *Arena Three*, to which I subscribed for several years. At that time Barbara (herself straight) was doing research on homosexuality and asked gay people to send their birth data to her in return for an astrological reading. I was surprised at the accuracy with which she described both my character and important events in the past. Later I found out that her projections for the future were equally trustworthy. Nine times out of ten she hit the mark.

*"I have done a few similar charts, and they have always shown a person interested in welfare, nursing, serving mankind in some way, but at the same time on of the arts pulls them . . . . Your Uranus shows strongly, and my belief is you should allow yourself in any modern new thought and work with it in groups . . . ."* [This comment is relevant to my involvement with the homophile movement.]

In 1967 Barbara wrote a short article on the results of her research with homosexuals. At that time Mattachine of Washington was still publishing *The Homosexual Citizen* (which unfortunately had to be discontinued in midyear because of lack of funds and lack of public response). Much to my regret, the article wasn't allowed to be printed, because the MSW executive board deemed it not in keeping with the respectable image we were trying to project. How times have changed!

1966. *"Your sun has just entered Scorpio and your ascending sign is there, too, making you progressively Scorpio in your ways. (I have found Scorpio figuring very strongly in male homosexuals . . . .)*



## Is Our Fate in the Stars?

*Since the age of twenty-four you have been in Scorpio, with it producing a decided influence on you, awakenings, etc. [I decided to be my own person and follow my own eccentric will, instead of trying to conform to other people's view of what I should be.] More secretive and decisive, interest in unusual and mysterious things. This will continue until around age thirty-four."*

Personally, I have always been interested in astrology—not furiously, to be sure, but giving it serious attention. It may be the fact that I was born in Germany and grew up without prejudice against astrology. Just before we left there in 1949, my mother considered having an expensive horoscope done for me, but she never got around to it in the confusion of dissolving an entire

household. Astrology is a respectable pursuit in Germany, and probably in most of the rest of Europe, too. The fact that planets and stars can somehow create a climate with different weather conditions in which our human souls must operate, doesn't seem weird to me. Sun and rain affect people's moods. The moon is known to influence crops and even mental states. Why not find out what one's own "weather forecast" is, telling us when it is fortuitous to do certain things and when not?

*"You are in the cycle of oppositions now, but these oppositions, especially the end of next March, will prove to help you and teach you plenty; then things should really get going between the end of 1967 and 1970 . . . . Lots of things will happen for the good the following years, but may*

*I say 1967 will prove rough."* [Hated my job; my personal life was fraught with conflicts—but it was all very educational. In the following years I finally found a job field that really appealed to me, became more independent, found a mate, and experienced a few modest successes personally and publicly.]

I am not trying to *prove* the legitimacy of astrology here, for I'm no crusader in this realm. But I have found horoscopes a helpful guide both in managing my personal affairs on a month-to-month basis and in studying the overall pattern of my life. Of course, throughout the years Barbara has gotten to know me better and, therefore, is able to interpret stellar interaction better and more specifically for me. On the other hand, she recently did a reading for my girl friend, about whom she knew nothing at all. Her character analysis and description of things in the past proved to be predominantly accurate. As for her forecast for the future, time will tell. She also sent us each a six-month progression, which briefly describes major trends in the first six months of the year.

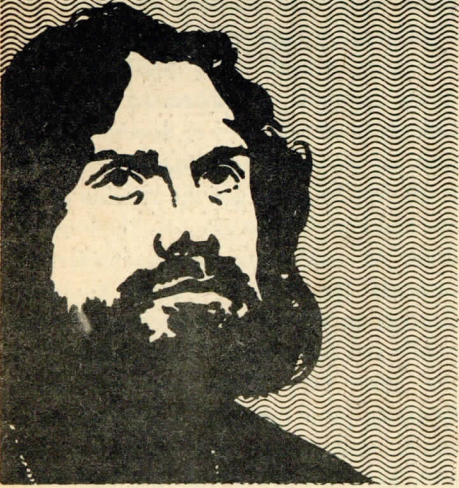
*"On the whole, the year 1968 holds a good deal of excitement for you, promising at least one love affair and a certain amount of public recognition and involvement. [I enrolled in a film workshop, briefly participated in a 35mm production, and made two films on my own (one on the 1968 homophile picket in front of Independence Hall, Philadelphia, on July 4). Both films later won awards in a small, church-sponsored film festival.] In April a sudden and surprising meeting, probably in a public place, of someone who will be very dear to you in the months ahead. You will find this a very pleasant and prosperous time. The effect is relatively brief, but it marks only the start of a good relationship."* [I met a woman who became my boss (see GAY, No. 7) and was lucky to be able to break into a completely new job field.]

When doing a horoscope, Barbara prefers that the applicant write to her in his own handwriting and ask specific questions. But she will also do readings which are commissioned by others—like my requesting one for my girl friend. I also gave my sister a birthday present in the form of a horoscope, and I'm anxious to hear about her reaction to it.

*"Oct. 69. You could be making your money in a very original manner. [Lige and Jack called from New York asking me to write for GAY . . . .] Something pleasant could happen on the 20th."* [I fell in love—and what could be more pleasant?]

If you go in for astrology, or if you want to give it a try, write to Mrs. Barbara Strzelec, 6814 Marlow, Bell Gardens, California 90201. In your own handwriting, send your time of birth (if possible), date, geographic location, and any specific questions you may have. There's no need to be shy. Send any money you can afford—if possible a donation of from \$10-\$30. ■

# THE GAY WITCH



BY DR. LEO LOUIS MARTELLO



he one thing every human needs is a sense of self-esteem. This can't be taken from one who has it. Nor can it be given to him by others. It's not a gift, a favor or a handout. There's only one way in which man can achieve self-esteem: He has to earn it. No matter how oppressed any

minority, how unjust the system, how unfair the discrimination, each person is responsible for his own life. Any attempt to suggest otherwise, regardless of any altruistic or humanitarian propaganda, creates parasites.

The shiftless, goal-less, lazy gay person cannot be a spokesman for Gay Power. Economically insecure homosexuals aren't in a position to help their fellow gays. You can't give what you don't have. When fellow gays are in trouble, arrested, need bail money, lodging, food, fired from jobs... who will help them? The phony humanitarians who don't even work, and who mask this by loud proclamations of "brotherly concern" while ostentatiously passing the hat? The self-styled "revolutionaries" who aren't radical enough to have ever achieved anything in their own lives? The criers, the complainers, the quitters, the failures... are these to be our future gay leaders? Based on what qualifications?

Whenever you hear anyone say "I don't care about money" place your hand on your wallet and run. Money in itself is an inanimate object: It's impossible to either revere or despise money. People who condemn or "hate" or "don't care about money" do so for the following reasons: 1) They haven't earned it. 2) They got it dishonorably. 3) They resent the virtues that go into its acquisition. 4) They're seeking the free, the unearned. 5) They don't work, or if they do, try to get away with as little effort as possible.

Money and materialism are neither

good nor bad *per se*. What is wrong is that many people use money and materialism as a substitute for self-esteem. Money that is honestly worked for, that is earned, represents a reward for a job well done. It is *not* a substitute for self-esteem but an expression of it. For the person who is an ACHIEVER money is neither the motive nor the goal: It's the result and the reward.

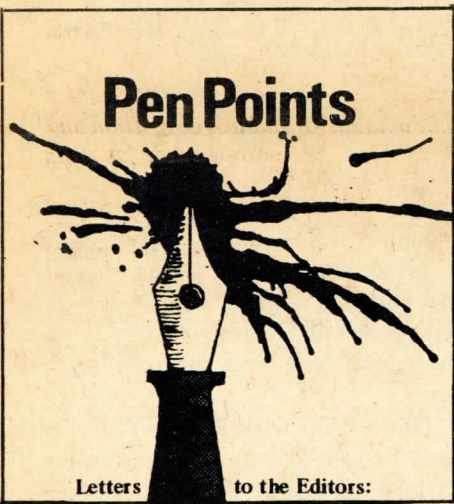
Gay Liberation is only possible through gay achievement. This doesn't mean that all gays have to be movie stars or write books or become successful businessmen. It does mean that each gay person who has all his faculties should assume responsibility for his own life, should, if possible, earn and pay his own way. Thus he's one less burden to others.

It's very popular nowadays to talk about an "alternative life-style." Unconsciously those who do seem to use it as a synonym for failure. I've deliberately evolved my own alternative life-style since twelve years old when I decided "I will be a writer," I've always worked for myself, been my own boss, was perfectly willing to pay any price to achieve my goals, i.e., any price except one: I've never compromised my self-esteem, or what I thought was right, in order to be "accepted" or "liked" or "popular." In my book *How To Prevent Psychic Blackmail* I have a chapter entitled "How To Lose 'Friends' And Influence Yourself."

I don't believe in self-sacrifice... but selfishly since I believed in the cause and

the goals of Gay Power, I've always believed that theory was worthless without application. However, though I believe in the cause I most emphatically don't believe in many of those in it. When one GLF member insisted that we should all "trust each other" I replied: "I don't give my trust freely: Where's my collateral?" I don't see how those who haven't done anything with their own lives are qualified to tell others how. As I told one GLF member: "Those who have leadership qualities don't want to be leaders. Those who don't... do!"

A full productive life is an achievement. Even a ditchdigger can have dignity. Gay Liberation doesn't come from espousing and adopting those philosophies and ideologies, whether Left or Right, that have never done anything for homosexuals. It's one thing to identify with the "oppressed minorities" and another when these same minorities refuse to identify with you, in fact, may even need you as an expression of contempt. Gay Power means economic security, self-esteem, a sense of achievement. The injustices against gays are real enough. But it's "something else" when certain homosexuals use this as a *defense against doing* in their own lives. A chain is as strong as its weakest link. It's not the weak links that will make Gay Liberation and Gay Power a reality. It's those strong, positive, human links which voluntarily join together in achievement, that will forge an unbreakable chain of Gay Liberation. ■



## STRONG ORGANIZATIONS

Dear GAY:

I am convinced that only strong organizations will get the job done. Working together. Only responsible behavior will get the job done. Homosexuals will have to take time to read a few books with at least five letter words. They will have to work. They will have to know what they are talking about. They will have to do personal therapy in the privacy of their homes, not in the streets. They will have to accept the right of some people to dislike homosexuals, as long as the dislike is not made into law and allowed to invade the privacy of homosexuals' lives. Otherwise, if a small private business is forced to accept and love every bedraggled queer that walks through the door and put him in a good job, etc., then our whole society will fall down and NO ONE will have gained anything. I know of hundreds of homosexuals who have died, leaving their money and property to relatives who hated them, to the government etc. And one rich bitch gave a fortune to the Catholic church in memory of a lover, and we all know how much that money benefited homosexuals. So the homosexual remains where he is because

he places greater value on other things than personal acceptance, than freedom, than honor, than self respect.

It is because I believe that it is important to keep an honest overall view of the situation, goals, etc. that I write this. That is, to me, the only value of publications and organizations, to share our ideas, and work together.

*Keep up the good work.*

William Edward Glover  
Business Manager  
The Tanager Group  
3473 1/2 Cahuenga Blvd.  
Hollywood, California

## MORE GIRLS!

Dear GAY:

I must say that I really dig your magazine - it's straight(?)forward, and to the point. I especially like the articles regarding police harassment of the gay community. I believe you are sincerely trying to prevent this harsh treatment.

I have but one complaint - there are not enough stories or ads written for or about gay girls. Please try to have more for gay girls if at all possible.

Thank you for your attention and for your magazine.

*Be happy, be good, be GAY,*  
Sue  
N.Y.C.

## "MY LITTLE TRICK"

Dear GAY:

[In re: Don Brooks, 3/15/70 GAY]

Oh you dirty bitches: your verbal descriptions by Bob Amsel were great - BUT - who ever was the clever one who over-printed that damned "cute" little heart?

I notice you're advertising for an

artist; hope you're looking for a new art editor/director also.

Please advise Don Brooks that several people in the Miami scene would like UNretouched copies of that picture - if they are available.

F.W.C.  
Miami, Fla.

## SEND A SNAP

Dear GAY:

Re: The harassment of the Continental Baths.

A friend of mine, who I hear from only seldom, on three trips to New York reports very favorably on the Continental Baths. While I have never gone to any bathhouse anywhere (partly I'm chicken as all hell, scared, and not overly interested), I really feel such places do society a favor; unmolested, they keep a whole mess of rather lustful guys out of the way, and provide a convenient place for voyeurs, who really have a helluva time of it. I absolutely love to simply look at people. If I knew for certain the LOOKING was good, I'd be a steambath freak in no time.

Now, since I also know of a few straights who can converse intelligently on what is and what is not beautiful in the male, the cops employed in the entrapment process are obviously of that type. They MAY be straight (and off the job it would be interesting to "trap" them), but they know what's what. Since they either enjoy seeing naked guys hot to trot or are too afraid of their "superiors" to complain about their assignments, perhaps we gays can make their life at the station, where they fill out endless reports on all the hard-on producing arrests they make, more enjoyable, by sending to them all our spare nude shots, addressed, of course, to individual protectors of morals.

So, why not request your readers to do that? You've already listed a few of

the prick-primers. List the rest of them, give the address, and sit back and watch the erections-in-blue as they stumble out of the station at 4 in the a.m., cum stains all over their smiling faces. (Be sure to take note of who emerges holding his ass. It will no doubt be the butchest cop on the force.)

*Most, most, most sincerely,*  
D.M.  
Chicago, Illinois

## FORWARDING SERVICE ANYONE?

Dear GAY:

I (and some of my friends) would like to place personal ads in GAY but we are genuinely apprehensive about doing this because of the harassment of the post office. Even going to a forwarding service requires you to fill out a form for the post office, leaving the advertiser open to the same harassment.

Can GAY start a "forwarding service" to handle the gays etc., also at the going rates of these services?

As a gay with a sensitive job I cannot come out and publish my own address or run amuck of the P.O. - what can be done - maybe some of your readers can send in suggestions or you can run an article on it. I know that there is a wide-spread interest in it.

*Yours very truly,*  
G.W.  
NYC

[Ed. Note: As long as your ads use moderate language and request moderate responses, you shouldn't have to worry much. But we will consider a forwarding service if other readers so request.]

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

BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

Reviewed or mentioned in this issue—but not necessarily recommended: *The "Unmentionable," Club Sanctuary, The Den, Calabash, Danny's, Tool Box, Uncle Charlie's, Tenth of Always, and Stonewall, Zodiac and Snake Pit* (all three deceased). NEW YORK: *Sporter's, BOSTON.* In the next issue watch for coverage of the L.A. bar scene.

**Y**oung men wandered dislocated about the darkened streets of Greenwich Village's sinister trucking area like animals displaced by a forest fire, stunned by raids and rumors of raids on their lairs. Fear walked everywhere with them, palpable as a lover. All they were looking for was love, or an acceptable substitute, but what they found was hate around them, as the establishment appeared to be laying siege.

It was the weekend of the total eclipse, and there was disorder in the universe south of Fourteenth Street as the news spread that the notorious new Zodiac and the old established Snake Pit had been busted. One man, a handsome Latin, who was hauled into the Charles Street station with some 163 others, hurled himself out of the jailhouse window and was impaled on the 14-inch spikes of an iron fence. A section of the fence had to be sawed away and taken along with his perforated bleeding body to the hospital for the prongs to be extricated by a special Fire Department squad. The surgeons couldn't handle the job.

Meanwhile, uptown in the exotic Club Sanctuary, New York's most seductive gay discotheque, hundreds writhed with impunity before a satanic altar of a converted church to the pounding rock beat of "Jesus Christ," the new religious album from England. On hearing the word out of the Village, one celebrant said, "Something will protect us. We're worshipping in the right place tonight." He nodded toward the mural of Lucifer exalted.

Whether momentarily unmolested in doing their natural thing or harassed, gays all over Manhattan shuddered and recoiled from the latest attacks on their freedom to congregate, if not their right to exist. How one fared depended upon where he was, very chancey business. I was all over, but my stars were right, and in the relative sanctuary of my own pad I am now thinking, "There but for the grace of *Something* went I." I longed for a Troy Perry—or somebody—to take up effectual leadership in Manhattan (see my article on Perry, last issue).

On the nights of the raids I got my cock sucked in the orgy room of one of the hottest bars in the land, narrowly missed being hauled in from the Snake Pit whence I was headed, and turned on beneath the vaulted roof at 407 W. 43rd Street where the Chicken has replaced genuflection or its Protestant counterpart. I had a wonderful time. But I am distressed now and unsettled. I came close enough to the fire to smell the sulphur, and it wasn't the fires of hell you'll associate with the Sanctuary when

you go there. Listen to Smokey Bear. Someone is out to burn us, and this is not just faggot paranoia talking. There's pyromania stalking the streets, and it's anti-homosexual . . .

Symbol of what can happen when gays "go too far"—which means assert their rights to be what they are, not what they choose to be but what they *are*—is the empty Stonewall off Sheridan Square. Black, black, black is the color of the Stonewall sign. Sing it to the old folk melody for a surrealistic kick. In this case Black isn't Beautiful, baby, it's darkly portentous—if you tend toward pessimism. Despite the tenor of this column, despite the developments in the Village and at the Continental Baths in recent weeks, I am not pessimistic. Pragmatic *maybe*. I think we are on the brink of a golden age of individual freedom, believe the machinery set in motion during the Sixties cannot be permanently stalled by the Birchites, Agnews and unthinking dullards everywhere who have placidly allowed their sex lives to be censored, regulated and monitored by archaic law and public apathy or hostility. Who have set up their own Big Brother and called him Propriety or Decency or Normalcy, or whatever. We are going places, unless the provocateurs mess things up and the fascists strike back as they are dying to do. Just give Mitchell the chance and he'll declare martial law. But back to the *bar* scene, that's my beat . . .

I have seen enough of the comings and goings of bars to predict that the Stonewall, where the first gay riots erupted on June 27 and over the Fourth of July weekend of 1969, will not be the last to be obliterated like Lidice. That was a Polish village erased by the Nazis, in case you're too young to remember.

The disorganized Lavender Left was naively premature in its Stonewall stand—if spontaneous demonstration and resistance and declaration are ever premature—from the standpoint of honesty as opposed to expediency. The Death Vigil held in front of St. Vincent's Hospital, where the young man who had defenestrated himself lay in critical condition, was another matter. Perhaps reachable sane straights could sympathize with the horrendous plight of the needlessly suffering whereas they couldn't tolerate "Gay Power" chants and what looked like revolution in the streets. Indifferent gays might also wake up. Might.

# THE BAR FLY'S BAEDECKER IRON SPIKES

BLOOD, SWEAT & FEARS

Hundreds of pleasure-seeking, love-seeking, freedom-seeking "ordinary" (and largely non-militant) homosexuals who are frequenting a certain gay paradise down in the meat-packing and wholesale trucking area not far from the Hudson had better wake up. If they like what they've got going there, they'd better not be premature in expecting it to last without a change in the laws. To think it can is to play ostrich in a world where the only fixed star is still the dollar sign. They've gone about as far as they can go where I'm taking you," one of my best friends exulted on the second night of my return from points West. He also gave me the *name* of the joint, of course, and I am withholding it. It's on every gay New Yorker's tongue these days, but I'm not telling. As readers of this column know, withholding has not been our policy. We have not yet been accused of doing any harm by publicizing gay watering and dining places; rather, we have been thanked, and the owner of Uncle Charlie's, for instance, has asserted that his business has zoomed since our endorsement in Issue No. 4. But we dare not tell you the name of the combination happy bar-and-baths behind the red door down in the boondicks, because we don't want it to suffer demise before this issue appears and before you have had a chance to know what joy in a bar can be like.

No one can stop me from describing the place, its staff, or its allure, however, and no one can prevent your inquiring at The Den or Danny's or the Tool Box, to name a few, where the place is that features fucking and sucking movies projected on a sheet and a back room where one-and-all can find physical release, getting his rocks off anonymously.

It is this very anonymity, non-selectivity and facelessness that I have heard knocked by my friends and visiting firemen, and I applaud their objections while lauding the place. How lovely to hear a homosexual in New York say, "I want to make personal contact" or "I want to find love, not just drop my load," or even "I want to see what I'm getting," superficial though the last objection might be. This is opposed to the glory hole syndrome, this is opposed to the quantity-uber-quality philosophy. Still, how lovely also to see tension absent from faces because the alternate ultimate purpose—orgasm—has been so easily achieved by men who might otherwise stand all night after night without making out.

The thought of losing this place too soon raises the hackles on the back of my

neck. Because you can find whatever you want or need in this unique bar—unless you want appreciation of your character by just one other man in the world, security in your mutual exchange, longevity, a sustained relationship, and no one can guarantee that as an ultimate result of gathering anyplace, can he? But if you want to have a good time doing what men with hardons do, head for Greenwich Village and locate the place somehow. Laugh with Stella/Steve, a dizzy, quotable, warm-hearted bartender famous from Sporter's in Boston to Cape Cod for his charm and pizzazz. He's seen it all, but he's still got the twinkle in his eye and knows what grace is. There isn't a drink he can't mix, but he prefers to dispense the milk of human kindness. Groove on Merv, too, who is tall in the saddle and hung. Hear "I'm coming!" on the juke box while *you* are, after dropping your bells and filling your hot hands with cock and kissing a few midnight cowboys in the midnight dark.

The plangent sexuality of the Sanctuary is primitive in another way, a celebration on once-hallowed territory of another kind of freedom: freedom from intimidation by a Puritanical religion where the organs have too long been fig-leaved over or painted out as on the Sistine ceiling. You feel you are pissing in the chalice, and it's almost as exquisite a release as coming. The place is opulently done, in shimmering golds and scarlets, with marble-topped serviettes and velvet-cushioned pews, rich stained-glass windows outlined with red marquee bulbs, burnished organ pipes, and flamboyant murals proclaiming the preeminence of Lucifer. Also serpentine beauties round on round. I'd like to see it become a truly unisexual, truly integrated house of worship, where everyone communicates, breaking poppers instead of bread, and glorying in the possibility that dualism is passe, regeneration is in the regenerative zones, and the spirit in the senses. And *I'm* a supporter of Troy Perry!

Of the many wicked bars which always seem to hang on, there's the after-hours Calabash on East 49th Street. It's the old Mystique, three floors of dining, drinking and dancing. Private. Also private is the Tenth of Always on West 3rd. Depraved, with tough cookies at the door. A ball if you can get in.

How do you get into these places with a "membership only" policy? Follow a friendly crowd. Try to charm the resident Cerberus. Drop the name of a popular bartender. Sometimes nothing will work. With my serendipity I couldn't make it into the Tenth of Always the weekend of the eclipse. I respect their position, but they didn't have to be so fucking rude. They're being careful. You be careful. Maybe if you got in and the place was raided you'd get off your bum and start working toward law reform. If you don't, black could become the color of all gay bar signs, and our little oases could all disappear. The next guy to jump to a fate

worse than death might

be YOU!







# THE BORES IN THE

BY PETER OGREN



I have to report that *Boys in the Band* on the screen is even drearier than it was on the stage. The advertisements say that it is not a musical. It is not too amusing, either. It is certainly not a comedy, unless sharp one-liners and double-edged repartee are the only requirements. And if we need a "fall from greatness" to constitute a tragedy, it's strike three, you're out. Everyone starts out miserable, carries on miserably, and ends up miserable. How's that for progress? What then is this thing that's been running so long on stage and will certainly make even more money playing to the hinterlands of Middle America?

At first glance, *Boys* is about a group of eight homosexuals and one maybe-homosexual getting together for a birthday party. One of them, by the way, is the birthday gift. (But you knew that.) Aha, you say, a microcosm of the homosexual world. The vast heterosexual majority can learn something about how the other half (or rather 4%) lives.

The characters are a perfect blend of types. Going down the list we start with: Michael, the host, a self-hating, "hateful sow" of a queer, financially a fraud, as piss-elegant as you please, and a hostile drunk; Harold, the birthday boy, stoned most of the time, escapist, cynical, witty, jaded, and sharp as a razor; Emory, a fattish, flitty queen with a loud mouth and a heart of gold; Bernard, a very nice, neat, good-looking contribution from Black America; Cowboy, the nameless birthday present/hustler, all devastating beauty, possessing neither brains nor charm; Hank, the bisexual divorced man with two kids; Larry, his promiscuous lover; Donald, Michael's best friend and pretty-boy flunky. And at the height of the festivities, in walks Alan, Michael's old college chum who's supposed to be straight, but who Michael wants to believe is just another closet queen—clearly a case of misery loves company. In short, the most carefully matched basket of plastic fruits in captivity.

I do not know if Mart Crowley is

publicly admitting to being homosexual. I hope for his own sake that he is not homosexual, because *Boys in the Band*, whether seen on stage by those who can get into those cities where the production is mounted, or in the movies by anyone over 17 with the price of admission, is the grossest example of bad faith that I have ever seen in any medium. A drama that purports to "tell it like it is," this is nothing more than a mishmash of sordid neuroses, splashed one upon the other like so many turds in the dungheap. Its theatricality, if such be the name for it, depends on tour de force performances, full of bitchy, vicious, psychotic sound and fury which signify absolutely nothing, save the ambition of one author to exploit an "untouchable" theme for as much money as he can get. Mr. Crowley's

experiences within the homosexual world can be termed at best, unfortunate, if we are to believe that he really knows what he is talking about.

Apart from the faithful adherence to the stage script, this transition from stage to screen suggests that every sneering garage attendant, delivery boy, or Third Avenue hustler is too gorgeous for words and can't wait to be made by an ordinary bloke who parks his car or orders up a cupcake. It further insists that all these poor jokers who camp it up and dance around like a crew of barfly Rockettes are all miserable, self-hating, long-suffering swine under their cool facades, who simply adore to inflict their neuroses or worse on everyone they know. Like misbegotten Midases, they turn everything they touch to shit, which

they then joyously pour over themselves, bathing in their "tragedy." How else can one explain their sticking out a so-called party game which is sadistically conceived by the gin-soaked host in an attempt to force the straight intruder to admit to being one of them? Naturally enough, those who get the top scores come out of the race less battered than the rest. At the end of the evening, straight Alan has won (of course!), only the lovers have salvaged anything of their dignity (Harold never compromises his in the first place), and the others go home, dragging their dread behind them, to their beds of shame, too stunned to speak, much less act.

As I said before, this show depends on the virtuosity of its actors, and happily everyone is marvelous on that score—it's the original Broadway cast. Leonard Frey as Harold is simply magnificent, and his role is the most sympathetic as well. Kenneth Nelson as the detestable Michael is also excellent, with a range of expression from low comedy through high camp to superior hysterics. The photography and sets are wonderful, but then it's hard to find a movie today that isn't beautiful, isn't it?

But I do not wish to let mere technical proficiency get in the way of point of view, and *Boys in the Band* is the slickest straight-world, anti-homosexual piece of celluloid around. I can only say that this movie will set the image of the homosexual in America back twenty years, for all of its pretensions to modernity. And it will certainly make Mart Crowley a very rich man. Heterosexuals will love it since they can take some satisfaction in not having those crippling problems, and of course they'll love the funny lines—even I like the funny lines. But at a time when the "sickness" and the "self-hate" bits are wearing thin of their own cheap fabric, *Boys in the Band* shows a group of homosexuals (and one very uptight straight) at its sickest and most hateful. When will someone make a good movie about a decent homosexual relationship that can attract a wide market? Is there no justice?

# BAND



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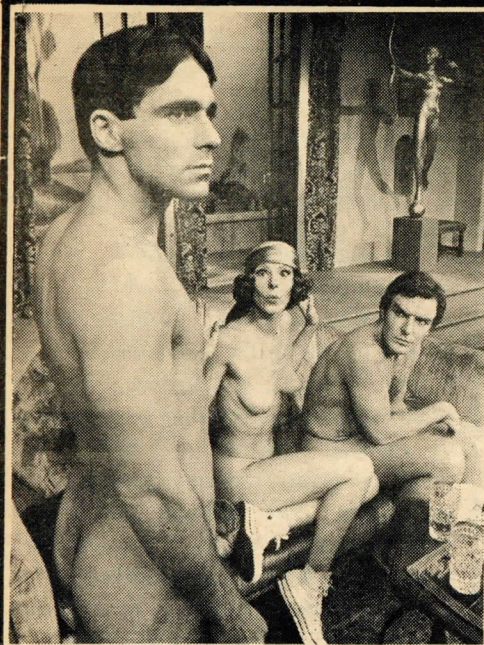
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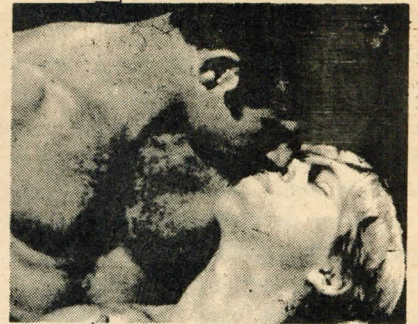
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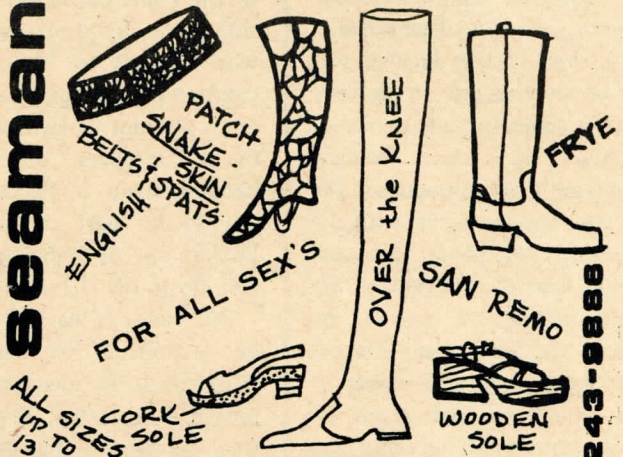
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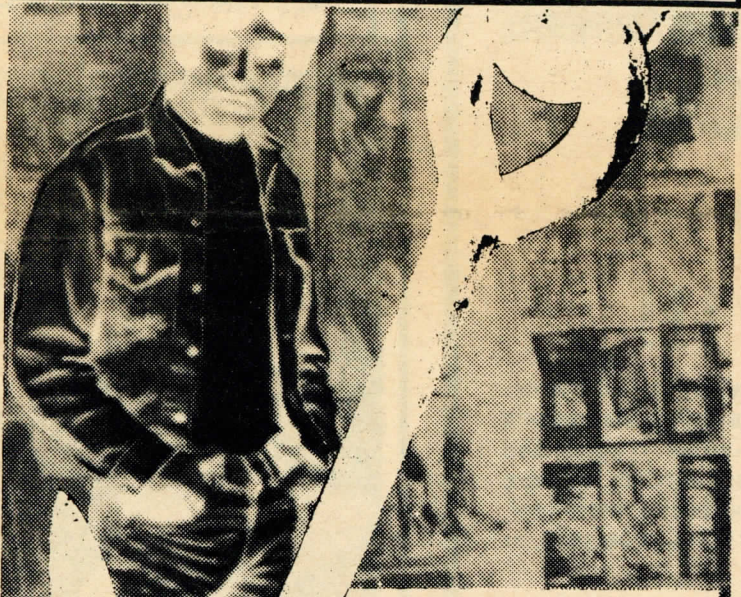
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**THE PLIGHT OF THE GAY TEACHER** (Continued from Page 7)

The court decided that the terms "moral turpitude" and "immoral conduct" and "unprofessional conduct" were too vague. The court said that attempting to apply such vague terms to the teachers was depriving them of their rights to due process. Employers were not permitted to fire people just because they didn't like what they did in bed: "The legislature surely did not mean to endow the employing agency with the power to dismiss any employee whose personal, private conduct incurred its disapproval."

"Fitness to teach," it was decided, was a matter to be determined on definite professional (not subjective and personal) standards, and by the teachers themselves, judging their colleagues in the classroom. It had nothing to do with the political, sexual, or other personal activities of the teacher. His private life was his own—unless, of course, he brought it into the classroom himself. Even then, he must be advised simply to refrain from doing so and given an opportunity to comply. If no crime has been committed, a person should not be treated as a criminal. If a man can be

proved to be a REAL danger, he can be legally removed.

"Thus," the court concluded, "an individual can be removed from the teaching profession only upon showing that his retention in the profession poses a significant danger of harm to either students, school employees, or others who might be affected by his actions as a teacher."

That sentence, though it may bring out her red pencil as a result of its clumsiness and grammatical error, ought to cheer many a dykey old English prof! In the court's decision there are perhaps still some loopholes with which those who are out to "protect our children from moral contagion" will try to operate in an attempt to legislate the private lives of all teachers, but that judgement handed down in Sacramento may turn out to be part of the new teacher's Declaration of Independence across the country in the '70's.

No one says that gay teachers ought to be permitted to use their favored positions as the mentors of our youth to preach a one-sided, all-gay philosophy in their classrooms. But even the California Federation of Teachers (AFL/CIO) wants in its proposed "vigorous sex-education

program" all "various American life-styles" explained and examined, not just the heterosexual, monogamous family way, and all sex mores and manners given an honest treatment. Some of the teachers, at least, who (their employers keep hoping) will inculcate values and make better citizens (in the John Dewey kind of conception of the school system), will be gay, and by their open-mindedness and honesty, about themselves as well as about what they teach, they may be able to serve as shining examples to their pupils.

There may be some big surprises if and when the gays of the teaching profession surface!

**STRAIGHT TALK**  
(Continued from Page 8)

more of a sexual one.

What I am most interested in is breaking down all the categories. In my pornographic books I've concentrated on "heterosexuality" because of my own discovered tastes, as I've expressed them, but "homosexuality" should be broken down too—into human components. It can become a dogma, like Christianity or Communism, and inhuman. Being "homosexual" can limit you just as much

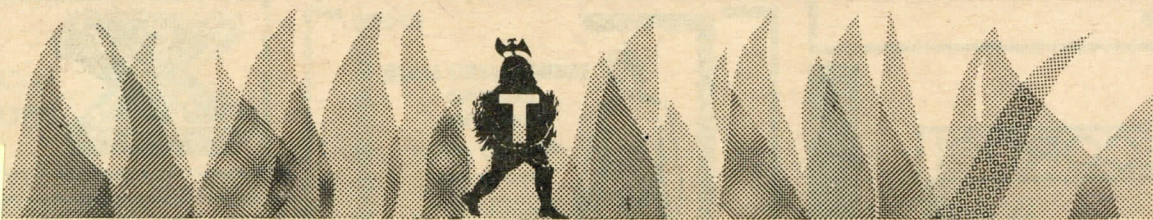
as being "heterosexual." *There is no need for these categories!* You must discover your tastes, but the search doesn't end there. Every barrier you throw up against any form of loving is a machine-gun rattle in the garden, and a cold wind across the heart.

The old idea of sensuality is what we must return to, if there is to be a human future. Who, or what, you make love to doesn't matter nearly as much as *how*.

I've rambled, I suppose. Nothing adheres any more, certainly not language, or emotion, apparently. I am of two minds, as (nearly) always: practical, and prescriptive. The practical side of me says: build your "homosexual" community, even though it will be a lie. At least have the nerve to proclaim yourselves. There is nothing to fear, if you will just fight. Have the grace to defend your pleasures—or your lives.

The prescriptive side of me says: don't allow yourself to be categorized. Move outside of those limits. Kiss women, smile at babies, talk to Green Berets in their own fashion. Let nothing tie you down. There's no reason why anything should. There is no excuse for cowardice, anywhere. And, should I mention it? You have a world to win.

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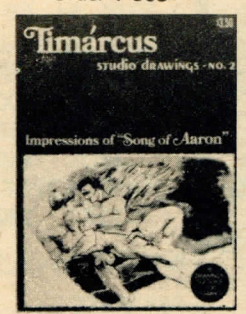
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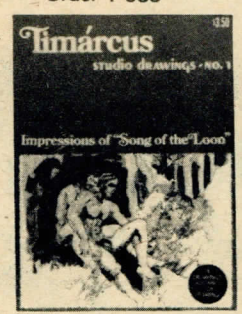
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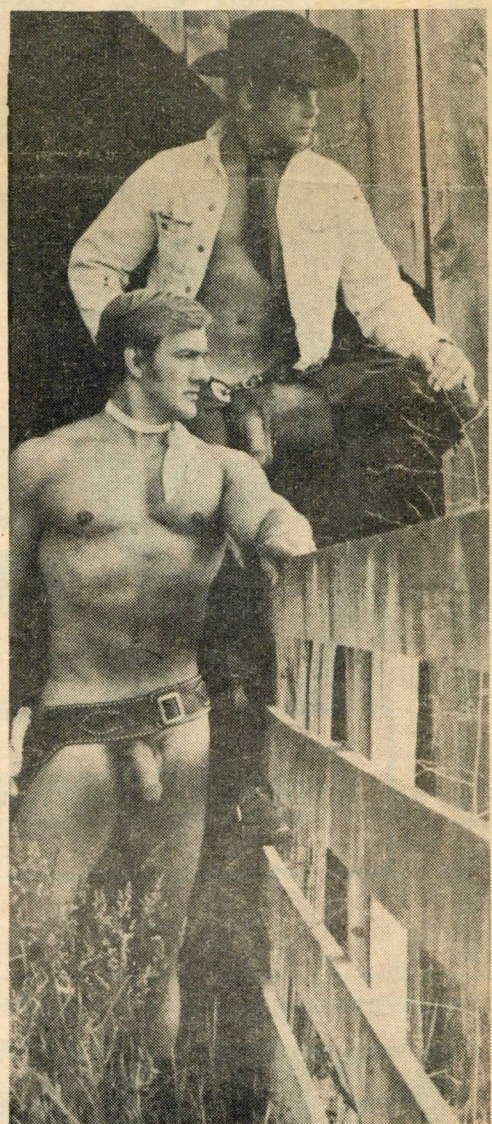


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