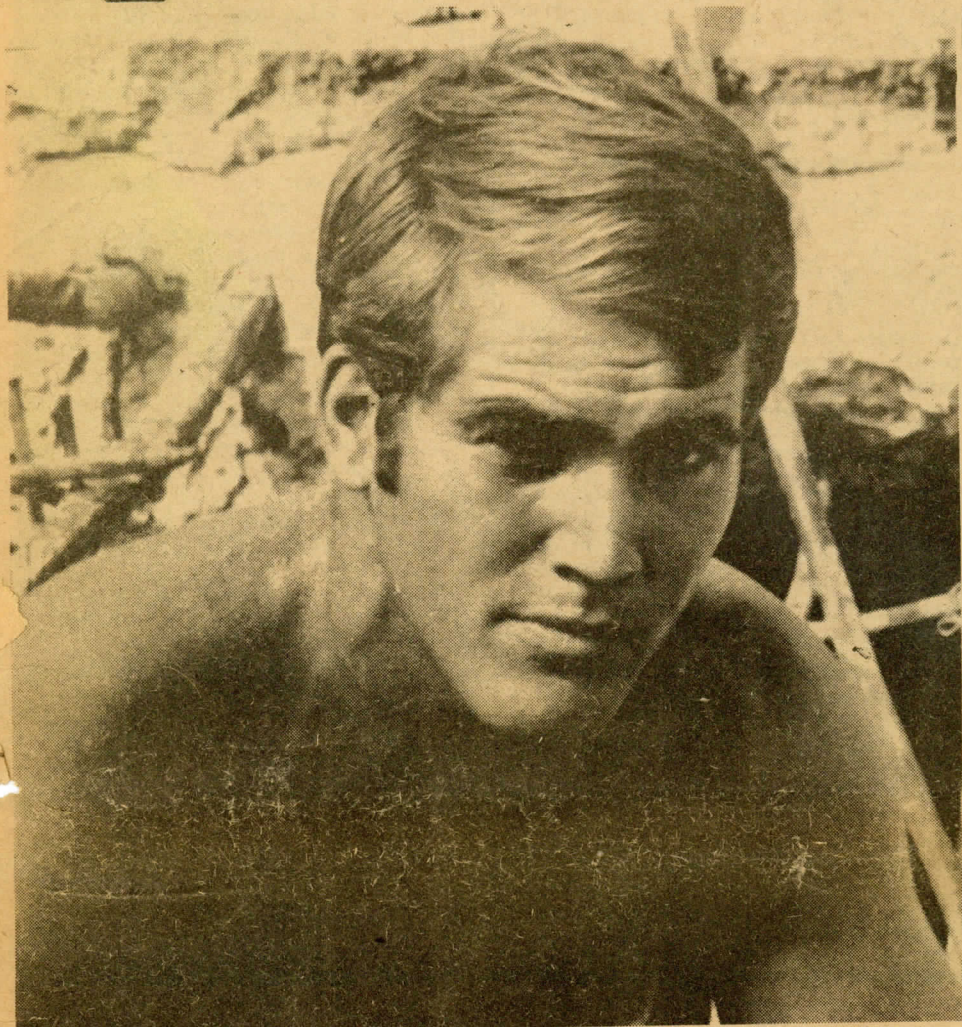


GAY

40¢
OUT OF
NYC 75¢

NO. 35

Agnew's Son Talks To Gay



Says Gay Job Discrimination Wrong

Last week's GAY featured a news story based on syndicated columnist Jack Anderson's report about Vice-President Spiro Agnew's son, James Rand Agnew ("Randy") who separated from his wife and daughter and took up residence with a Baltimore hairdresser, Buddy Hash.

GAY commissioned Arthur Bell to talk with young Agnew, if possible, and to question him about the implications of Anderson's column. Following his successful trip to Baltimore, Arthur Bell presented GAY with the following article-interview

BY ARTHUR BELL

"Vice President Agnew said tonight that American youths were being 'brainwashed' into a 'drug culture' by rock music, movies, books, and underground newspapers. He called these part of a 'depressing life style of conformity that has neither life nor style.'

"He placed part of the blame on 'pill-popping parents' and 'growing adult alcoholism' that were setting examples for younger citizens 'to do some experimenting on their own.'"

-New York Times, Sept. 15, 1970

If we are to read between the lines of Jack Anderson's column (*New York Post*, Sept. 5), the good vice-president moralist may himself be one of those pill-popping, alcoholic parents, because his twenty-four year old son, Randy, is living a "depressing life style" and doing some "experimenting" on his own.

The implications of Anderson's column, later reported in the *Times*, concern Randy Agnew's relationship with Buddy Hash, a male hairdresser with whom he lived for several weeks in Baltimore after separating from his wife.

The story has set the gay set in Baltimore buzzing, the political set in Washington twittering, and the just-plain-curious in New York speculating.

I visited Baltimore, September 11 and 12, and spoke to both Buddy Hash and Randy Agnew. As expected, both denied that they are homosexuals. Buddy Hash said "Randy is just a friend. I'm not a homosexual. Jack Anderson's story is false." Buddy was running scared. Thereafter, a public relations man did the speaking for Buddy. The p.r. alternately said that Buddy doesn't know a lot about Randy Agnew, that Buddy knows a lot of people around town. He was just doing a favor. I asked if Buddy knew about the Gay Liberation group that has recently been formed in Baltimore, and Buddy, by mistake, answered that one directly: "I don't know anything about liberation at all."

Buddy is a good-looking guy, he's twenty-eight, works long hours in the beauty salon, and is good at his work. He has an over-protective mother. He has a

lot of friends, and is well-liked. If homosexuality was accepted by society, there'd have been no reason for Anderson to write his column or for me to go to Baltimore to poke around as I did. But homosexuality is still a stigma. And so a good-looking kid, who may or may not be inclined one way, has to put up fences galore to ward off the curious because his feelings may tell him to swing to the left, and society tells him to swing to the right.

But onward to Randy Agnew. When I first saw him I wondered to myself if his father was anything like Randy at twenty-four. If so, what happened in-between? Randy is a really beautiful guy. Physically, he's muscular and proportioned. He has a face that is pleasant, not an "individual" face, but one that is open and honest. His manner is forthright. And he speaks to your eyes.

Here's how it went:

Bell: The implications in Jack Anderson's column are that you are carrying on a homosexual liason with Buddy Hash.

Agnew: That's not true at all. When I was getting my garage fixed up and there was no way of moving into it, a friend of mine said he knew of this place that Buddy had—a whole downstairs that I could use until I got myself straightened out and could move into my new place.

Bell: How long have you known Buddy?
Agnew: About a half year or so. I met him through a friend.

continued on page 12



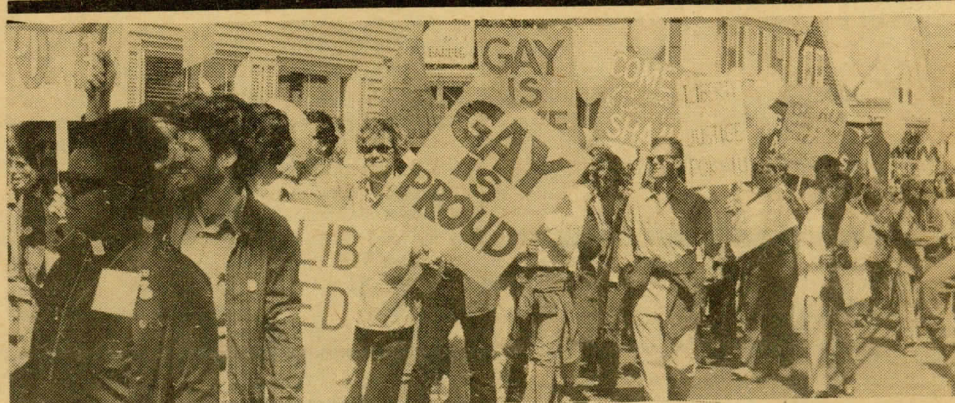
A Gay activist points to the action at the Metropolitan Opera House where 25 activists "zapped" Mayor Lindsay.

G.A.A. Zaps Lindsay

New York, N.Y.—Mayor John Lindsay was confronted on opening night at the Metropolitan Opera by twenty-five shouting members of the Gay Activists Alliance.

As the Mayor and his wife entered the lobby at 8:15 p.m., onlookers gave subdued applause. Then, without warning, a GAA member jumped in front

continued on page 3



Provincetown's end-of-the-summer parade.

'Gay Is Love' In Provincetown Parade

Provincetown, Mass.—"GAY IS LOVE" was the message held aloft on scores of pastel balloons that punctuated the deep blue sky over historic Provincetown on Labor Day, September 7.

The balloons were one of many festive touches to the peaceful and joyous "Solidarity March" sponsored by the Homophile Coordinating Committee, an umbrella group representing seven homosexual civil rights organizations in the Boston area: Homophile Union of Boston, Boston University Homophile

Club, Graduate Student Homophile Association of Harvard, Homophile Group at M.I.T., The Council on Religion

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INSIDE

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- Hustler interview p. 7
- Hardhats p. 8
- Broadway regrets p. 9
- Howard Leary p. 10

WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT?

A Directory for Discriminating Dispositions

GAY CALENDAR

Monday, Sept. 28 & Oct. 5: Mattachine Society Inc. of New York Legal Aid Clinic at Society offices (243 West End Ave.) 6 p.m. Free advice and information on legal matters. Men and women welcome.

Tuesday, Sept. 29 & Oct. 6: "Homosexual News & Comment" WBAI-FM (99.5) 11:30 p.m.

Wednesday, Sept. 30 & Oct. 7: West Side Discussion Group regular meetings, Church of the Holy Apostles (9th Ave. & 28th St.) Call 989-7572 for information. Donation \$1.50. Men and women welcome.

"Homosexual News" rebroadcast. WBAI-FM (99.5) 1:30 p.m.

Thursday, Oct. 1 & Oct. 8: Gay Activists Alliance regular meetings at the Church of the Holy Apostles (9th Ave. & 28th St.) Donation 50 cents. Men and women welcome.

Daughters of Bilitis regular meetings at 8 p.m. 240 West 38th St. Women only.

Sunday, Oct. 4 & Oct. 11: The American Church regular worship services at 2 p.m. Church of the Holy Apostles (9th Ave. & 28th St.) Social hour follows.

Gay Liberation Front regular meetings 8 p.m. at the Church of the Holy Apostles (9th Ave. & 28th St.) Men and women welcome.

BEST BETS

SEPTEMBER 28, 1970

(Symbols include GM for genital males, GF for genital females, Int. for integrated straight and gay. It is suggested that you telephone certain bars on Friday and Saturday nights to determine minimum or cover, since policies fluctuate.)

Bulletin: With the disgusting raid on Christopher's End the night of August 21, in which two undercover cops had been "observing" several mornings and others were staked out on the premises (see interview with Una Sex, this issue), the after-hours clubs with orgy rooms are in trouble. You could get into trouble if caught in any one of them, but my motive in warning you away just now would be because of the viral hepatitis scare, not because you could get run in. They can't run us all in as a continuing policy, and maybe it's time for a major confrontation. This is *not* editorial policy, just my thought on the subject. Do as you will where you will. So as you won't be misguided, the "back room" bars are starred (*) below.

In MANHATTAN right now the major action is at

Blow-Up, 1544 2nd Ave.; dancing and a big draw on the Upper East Side; GM

Candy Store, 44 W. 56th; jackets and tie exc. Sun.; GM

*Carnival, 507 West St. at Jane, above Tool Box; back room; GM
Carr's, 204 W. 10th; GM

*Christopher's End, 180 Christopher; you never know what to expect at the door these days—or in the back room; GM
Cinderella, 82 W. 3rd; dancing; GF, GM
Country Cousin, 1313 3rd Ave.; restaurant where Sunday afternoon Bloody Mary brunch for \$1.50 now begins its busy season. GM

Danny's, 139 Christopher; a little leathery; GM
Den, Little W. 12th & Washington; a lot leathery; GM

Fedora, 239 W. 4th; restaurant; Int.
Finale, 48 Barrow; restaurant; uptight about the idea of advertising in gay press, but very gay, though Int.

Five Oaks, 49 Grove; restaurant; GF, GM
Four Seasons, 99 E. 52nd; restaurant; bar cruising at cocktail hr. especially now that the season begins; Int.

GLF Coffee House, 210 W. 82nd; rapping from 4:00 p.m. to 1:00 a.m. Sundays; GF, GM
Gianni's, 53 W. 19th; restaurant; GF

Ginger Man, 51 W. 64th; restaurant to the Lincoln Center trade; Int.
Gold Bug, 85 W. 3rd; dancing in black light; GM

Good Table, 45 Lexington Ave.; restaurant; Int.
Harry's Back East, 1422 3rd Ave.; New York's most popular and stable bar in terms of quantity and quality of its clientele; GM

*Hades, Jane St. at West, downstairs; private after hours with back room; GM

Haven, 1 Sheridan Sq.; private, after hours, fruit juice and dancing club where the young gather; advertised as Unisex

Hippadrome, Ave. A bet. 10th & 11th St.; GM
Keller's, 384 West St. near Barrow; rather leathery; GM
Kookie's, 149 W. 14th; GF

Milano, 267 Amsterdam; restaurant; Int.
Oak Room, bar in Plaza Hotel, 5th Ave. at 59th; venerable last stand of a bygone era; Int.
Pub Society, 1649 2nd Ave.; restaurant now serving the best food at the most reasonable prices in Gay Manhattan; GM

Roundtable, 151 E. 50th; mad dancing to wild rock and the best cruising south of Harry's, probably the most representative cross section of gays in town; GM

Royal Roost, Cornelia nr. Bleecker; restaurant; GM

Stage Forty-Five, 305 E. 45th; dancing, where Black is Beautiful; GM

Stud, Greenwich St. at Perry; biggest bore in town, but fun if you like to watch posing and beer's only fifty cents; GM

Taft Hotel Bar, 7th Ave. at 50th; jacket and tie and white socks; Int.

Tenth of Always, 82 W. 3rd; private and after hours; GM

Tool Box, 507 West St. at Jane; GM

Tor, 21 Greenwich Ave.; sidewalk cafe currently on the homophile hot seat because the alleged heterosexual owner allegedly fired a waiter for publicly kissing a friend of the same genital make-up goodnight before the customers who are known to most of us to be gay, too, so if you are nervous about being picketed, don't go in; Int. (?)

Triangle, 34 9th Ave.; GM

Troubadour, bet. 58th & 59th on 1st Ave.; featuring Ava Williams; GM

Uncle Charlie's, 1049 Lexington; still a happy look but not as pretty as it used to be; GM

Victor's Quarters, 984 2nd Ave.; GM

Wine Cellar, 531 Hudson; restaurant; Int.

Yukon, 140 E. 53rd; restaurant resumes serving sometime in Sept.; jacket required, no tie; GM

*Zodiac Downtown, upstairs above Den; one up on the back room bars, it provides orgy facilities with windows wide open onto warehouse rooftops!; GM

Zodiac Uptown, 1487 1st Ave.; dancing; GF; GM

*Zoo, 421 W. 13th; the original bar-with-back room and *cause celebre* of the spring now seems to be in the autumn of its existence; GM

entrance and take the elevator to the 11th floor; still a best buy, GM, of course

Continental Baths, 230 W. 74th; first tubs in N.Y. to have any class, they are now so with it they present "lounge acts" on weekends!; GM (see ad)

Everard, 28 W. 28th; Old German alternate spelling Everhard, and most who go there now aren't; GM

St. Mark's Baths, St. Mark's Pl.; the East Village types are shabby here but there's a lot of cleaning up going on; GM

Sauna Baths and Health Club, 300 W. 58th; between 4:30 and 5:30 in the afternoon, this is where you'll find the businessmen coming in to knock off a piece before going home to Scarsdale; GM

NATIONAL DIRECTORY

Chicago Gay Liberation, For information call (312) 955-7433, 473-3967 or 528-8716.

Committee for Homosexual Freedom meets Sundays at 7 p.m. at Hospitality House, 148 Leavenworth, San Francisco, Calif.

Council on Religion and the Homosexual meets at Glide Church, 330 Ellis, San Francisco, Calif. Telephone (415) 771-6300.

Daughters of Bilitis, Inc. For information write DOB, 1005 Market St., San Francisco, Calif. 94103. Telephone (415) 861-8689. In Los Angeles, DOB meets the last Tuesday of every month at 7:30 p.m.; write P.O. Box 3237, Hollywood, Calif. 90028. In New York, phone (212) 565-8865. Women only.

Dorian Society of Seattle 320 Malden Ave. East, Seattle, Wash. 98102. Telephone (206) EA 9-8737.

FREE: Gay Liberation of Minnesota, B-67 Coffman Memorial Union, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn. 55455. Telephone (612) 338-1805.

Gay Activists Alliance, P.O. Box 2, Village Station, NYC, 10014. Tel (212) 691-2748.

Gay Liberation Front c/o Come Out, P.O. Box 92, Village Station, NYC 10014. Tel (212) 243-2437.

Gay Liberation of Washington, D.C. Meetings Tuesdays 8 p.m. Grace Episcopal Church, 1041 Wisconsin Ave., N.W. 234-2000 (days) or 234-4287 (evenings).

GLF of Philadelphia, 611 S. 2nd St., Phila., Penna. Telephone (215) 896-6926 or 732-8384. Meetings Tues. 8 p.m.

Homophile Action League, 928 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19107. Tel. (215) LO 7-5406 or 732-9073 or EV 6-8728.

Homophile Union of Boston (HUB) Box 217, Dorchester, Mass. 02124. Tel. (617) 282-9181.
Homosexual Information Center (the Tangents Group) 3473 1/2 Cahuenga Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

"The Ladder" The only Lesbian magazine in the U.S. is a 48-page bi-monthly. Subscriptions are \$7.50/year. Samples \$1. Available from Box 5025, Wash. Sta., Reno, Nevada 89503.

LE HI HO Box 1003, Moravian Station, Bethlehem, Pa. 18018.

Los Angeles Gay Liberation Front, Box 29280, Los Angeles, Calif. 90029.

Mattachine Society, Inc., of New York 243 West End Ave., NYC, 10023. Tel (212) 799-0916. Office open every night except Sunday, from 6-9 p.m. and Saturdays from 2-5 p.m.

Mattachine Midwest P.O. Box 924, Chicago, Ill. 60690. Tel. (312) 334-2244.

Mattachine Society of Washington, P.O. Box 1032, Washington, D.C. 20013. Telephone (202) 363-3881.

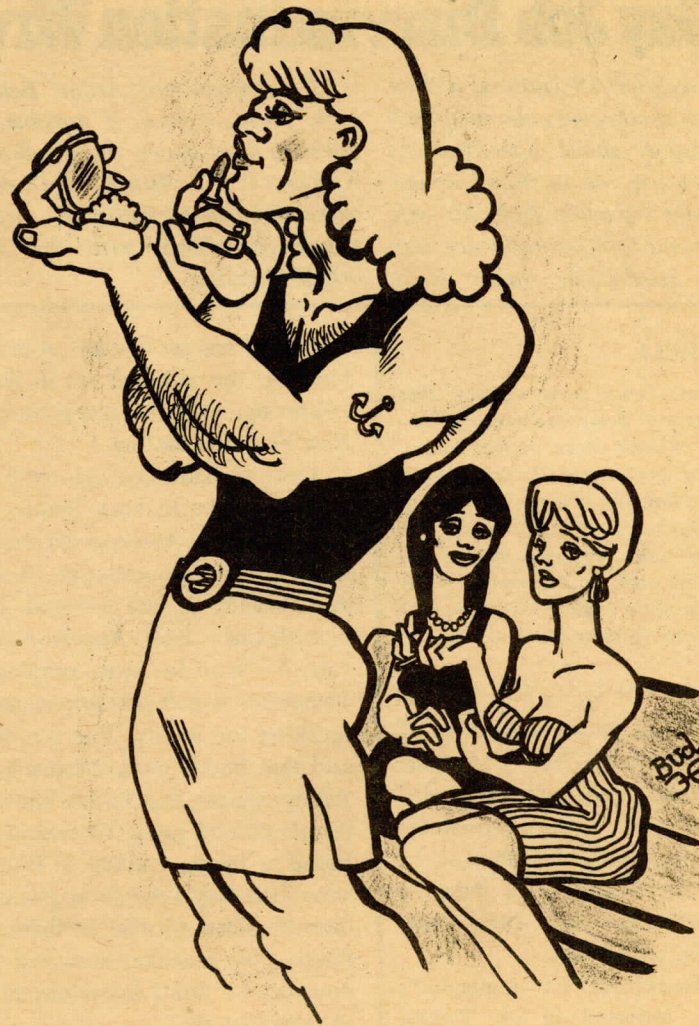
Metropolitan Community Church, 5308 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90038. Every Sunday at 11 a.m.

Philadelphia Action Committee for Equality (PACE) 1511 Pine St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19103. Telephone (215) KI 6-8929.

Society for Individual Rights (SIR) 83 Sixil, Ave., San Francisco, Calif. Tel. (415) 781-1570.
SIR of Ohio, Inc. P.O. Box 9761, Columbus, Ohio 43206. Tel (614) 469-0154.

West Side Discussion Group, Box 502, Cathedral Station, NYC, 10025. Phone 989-7572.

Homophile organizations are invited to apply to GAY in order to have their addresses and other information published in the Directory or Calendar.



"When you told me he raced around in drag I thought you meant he was in drag racing."

Also as warm weather persists in MANHATTAN popular tubs are

Beacon Baths, 227 E. 45th; go in the main

EDITORIAL

October 12, 1970 Volume 1, No. 35

MAYOR LINDSAY AT THE OPERA

While we have been quite enthusiastic about the many accomplishments of the New York Gay Activists Alliance, we find ourselves disenchanted by G.A.A.'s latest "action": zapping Mayor Lindsay on opening night at the Metropolitan Opera.

Did the demonstrators who stepped in front of the Mayor and his wife expect that he would say to her, "You go inside dear. I'm going to sit by the fountain and chat with the fellows from the Gay Activists Alliance."

We do not doubt but that the Gay Activists Alliance is impatient. We are all impatient. But chanting "Gay Power! Gay Power Now!" through the lobby doors of the Met, before being ushered away by benign policemen, is hardly an impressive expression of such impatience. By such tactics, we believe, demands for civil liberties and social rights for homosexuals are reduced to fizzled street theatrics. They could tend to make the Mayor and his Administration less receptive to gay demands.

As disheartening as it may be to those of us who wish otherwise, the "straight" power structure is presently experiencing frightening threats of a more pressing nature than those presented by homosexual activists. In spite of this fact, the Lindsay Administration has a better record than that which can be shown in any other major U.S. city for concern and attention to homosexual rights.

If some activists are so impatient that they are ready to abandon several years of improved relations with the Mayor's office because of recent police

harassment, we feel that this is indeed tragic.

The police department itself is undergoing sweeping changes. Police Commissioner Howard Leary, who only recently met and listened to G.A.A. spokesmen, has resigned. Now is the time to seek improved communications of a more civilized and gentlemanly nature. Shouting at the Mayor in front of the Opera House may release steam for a few, and may, in fact, satisfy their flair for drama. But from our standpoint, such moves are merely operatic.

TELL YOUR FRIENDS

GAY's success as a newspaper seems assured. Subscriptions continue to reach our offices in increasing numbers. Advertising, under the splendid direction of Michael Giammetta, is showing a marked improvement. The homosexual community is beginning to discover GAY as never before.

But we still experience grave difficulties. Among these are distribution and printing.

IMPORTANT NOTICE:

Until GAY's distribution and printing problems are settled, the newspaper will appear on a bi-weekly basis. Subscribers will receive the same number of issues (13, 26, or 52) and GAY will return to a weekly format as soon as possible. Look for GAY on your newsstand EVERY OTHER MONDAY!

You can be of assistance to GAY if you tell your friends to ask for it on the newsstands and to subscribe. Don't hide GAY in the closet.

Provincetown: Gay Liberationists-by-the-Sea

"Gay Is Love"

continued from page 1



and the Homosexual-Boston, The Student Homophile League, and Gay Liberation Front. Also present to support the "Solidarity March" were representatives from the Homophile Action League of Philadelphia, Gay Activists Alliance of New York, and the Mattachine Society of Washington. Representatives from the various groups brought the total number of participants to over 150 gay men and women.

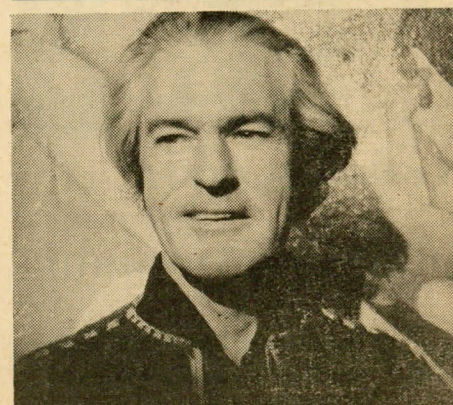
The gala procession, held not to protest grievances, but to demonstrate the solidarity among gay groups in the Bay State, marched through the heart of Provincetown for nearly 45 minutes, then concluded with a small rally in the town's football field. Thousands of tourists, vacationers, and townspeople lined the narrow, picturesque streets to ogle, to cheer, to ponder, and sometimes to join the boisterous march.

Gay messages carried on signs in the parade included: "Come out—you have nothing to lose but your shame;" "Gay is not a four-letter word;" "Stop legislating love;" "Gay is Proud;" "Straight or gay—we're all just people;" "Love and then do what you will . . . St. Augustine;" "Law and Order: 20 years in jail and \$5000 fine for sodomy;" "Come out—march to your own drummer." Finally, next to the little red Volkswagen that brought up the rear of the parade, was a sign to remind on-lookers that a rainstorm had cleared just before the march was to begin. It read, "God loves us—see the sun!"

At the closing rally, Richard York, vice president of the Homophile Union of Boston, told the crowd, "We're for human liberation and gay solidarity. And we're also saying that it's a celebration to be gay!" He noted that the Boston area groups had had two good marches in Provincetown, the earlier one having been on July 4. "Now we can go back to Boston," he declared, "and say, 'Let us be gay and march in your streets!'"

H.U.B. members later told GAY that the Coordinating Committee hoped to be able to stage a homosexual rights march in Boston this Fall. "Mom, are you ready

for this?" one member mused. Another revealed that a Boston clergyman had actually proposed the official slogan of "Gay is Love" for the Provincetown marches. Boston, GAY was reminded, is known as "Church City."



Timothy Leary Escapes

San Luis Obispo, Calif.—Dr. Timothy Leary, a former Harvard instructor who became an early spokesman for LSD, has walked away from a minimum security prison where he was serving a sentence for marijuana possession.

Speaking to GAY's reporter in February, 1970, Dr. Leary gave his support to gay rights, adding that his friend, Allen Ginsberg, had opened his eyes to the plight of the homosexual as well as to his humanity. "Ginsberg," said Leary, "made it all come true for me . . . he is really an eloquent man, honest poet, and beautiful person." Dr. Leary continued, "It's about time the most articulate, sensitive, literary, wise and holy homosexuals give us the perspective of the homosexual trip."

Leary is believed to have scaled a 12-foot chain-link fence topped by two strands of barbed wire. His prison clothing, blue denim shirt and pants, were found a few hours after his escape in a service station rest room about two miles south of the prison on U.S. 101, the principal north-south highway. The prison itself is located on California 1, known as the "hippie highway."



Waiting for Mayor Lindsay at the Metropolitan Opera House, members of the Gay Activists Alliance discuss their zap.

G.A.A.

continued from page 1

of him shouting, "What are you going to do about ending police harassment of homosexuals?" The demonstrator was immediately apprehended and pulled away by police.

Other demonstrators began to chant,

"End police harassment! End police harassment!" The Mayor smiled and moved hurriedly into the theatre. "GAY POWER!" shouted the demonstrators after him, "GAY POWER NOW!"

"All right boys, you made your point," said an irritated, balding employee of the Met. "Will you leave now?"

Police escorted the demonstrators off the plaza.

GAY

The official views of this newspaper are expressed in The Editorial. Opinions expressed in by-lined columns, letters, and cartoons, however, are those of the writers and artists and do not necessarily represent the opinions of GAY.

Publication of the name or photograph of any person or organization in articles or advertising in GAY is no indication of the sexual orientation of such person or organization.

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Submission of double-spaced, typed, 5-page manuscripts, as well as drawings, and photographs is encouraged. Unused materials will be promptly returned and published writers will be paid upon publication. GAY does not assume responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts. Advertising rates upon request.

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The Wicker Basket



BY RANDOLFE WICKER

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER WANTS TO CUT OFF MAYOR'S BALLS

In a film entitled "Eldridge Cleaver" shot on location in Morocco by the Black Panthers, Eldridge Cleaver purchases a switchblade knife from a small shop and sits for several minutes flicking the knife open and shut, twirling it about in his hands, while saying "This is reserved for Alioto (the mayor of San Francisco) I think I'll use it to cut off his balls." The film is currently playing at Cinema II, 3rd Ave. & 60th St. at the special admission price of only \$1.00.

BRENDAN BEHAN BISEXUAL?

A new biography of Brendan Behan written by Ulick O'Connor claims the deceased writer was not only an alcoholic, but a bisexual as well. Brendan's wife Beatrice and his younger brother, Dominic, vehemently deny the allegation.

"From the time he was a child, I slept with Brendan," his younger brother asserted in a *N.Y. Times* interview. "I went to Paris with Brenden. And I never heard anyone suggest he was homosexual."

Between the ages of 16 and 22, Behan spent time in prison where a Dublin impresario and restaurateur claims Brendan made no secret of his interest in clean-limbed youngsters. An Irish Republican Army leader also claims he once spotted Brendan kissing a left-wing poet in an alley way.

Behan himself once wrote a first-person short story about seducing a happily married husband away from his wife.

The *N.Y. Times* reviewer attacked the book for making such allegations saying that "The evidence for Brendan's homosexuality is thin and doubtful."

LINDSAY "ZAP" DUE

One of the more radical homophile groups whose leadership seems to have developed a pathological personal antagonism for Mayor John Lindsay is planning a confrontation which will consist of surrounding the Mayor physically while directing a series of hostile questions regarding harassment of N. Y. gays to him.

This group, disregarding Lindsay's exceptionally good record in the gay rights area, will seek a direct confrontation. If the Mayor seems physically threatened, the police will have

no recourse but to move in—perhaps cracking a few heads in the process—all of which could undermine Lindsay's solid support among New York's gay folk to the sheer delight of these self-appointed messiahs and troublemakers.

GLF GOES BROKE

The Gay Liberation Front which raised \$5,000 this past year supposedly for a "gay community center" through a series of well attended dances at Alternate U has now spent all its funds. First \$500 went for the Panthers. Then additional money was spent bailing a few Young Lords, members of a radical Puerto Rican group, out of jail. Finally, GLF, whose contingent in the demonstration on 42nd Street continually tried chanting "Off the Pig! Off the Pig!" and whose members finally started a riot in the Village by tossing bottles at policemen from behind the barricades at 6th Ave. & 8th St. has exhausted its resources bailing out those arrested in that melee.

Of course, bail money is returned *IF* those arrested appear for trial. Judging from the politics of those involved, however, plus the fact that for many of those arrested and bailed out, it isn't even "their money" at stake, chances are most of money spent on bail will be lost through forfeiture.

POLITICIANS GET SHIFTY

Gay Activist Alliance has continued its attempts to get various candidates for public office to address their Thursday night meetings. Ottinger, Goodell, and Barry Farber have all said "yes" but have been hedging as to the exact date they'll appear. Jim Buckley, Conservative Party candidate for Senator, has declined via a letter saying his schedule is "too full" at the present time.

How are we going to get these

politicians pinned down to something? How are we going to force them to speak to us and the homosexual community?" One frustrated GAAer complained.

"We'll have to hijack a planeload of politicians and land at Fire Island," another declared in jest.

ODDS & ENDS

*Bob Egan, President of the Village Independent Democrats, is heading the Gay Rights Committee of the New Democratic Coalition.

*Representative Edward Koch has helped arrange for members of Gay Activists Alliance to testify on the Women's Rights Amendment to the U.S. Constitution now under consideration by the Senate.

*Some Gay organizations may attempt to challenge the tax exempt status of psychiatric organizations, etc., who espouse a virulent anti-homosexuality.

*The entire Executive Committee of the Republican Party will have to appear as witnesses in the trial of the five GAA members arrested for sitting in at Republican headquarters this past summer.

*Arthur Bell, writer and GAA activist, could make a big splash shortly. Currently he's in Baltimore checking into Randy Agnew & then he's scheduled to go on the Today Show September 26th.

*The *Evergreen Review* (Sept. issue) has a sympathetic first person account of the N.Y. gay-in by participant Leo Skir.

*Various small underground newspapers have commenced including an article on "gay liberation" in their editorial mix of youth, drugs, rock and radical politics.

*Louisville GLF has ceased picketing the Queen Bee, a local gay bar.

*Washington, D.C. GLFers have "integrated" the dancing at free concerts given on the Capitol's Mall.

*The National Forest Service has offered the gay camp-in organizers a new site, the Yokut Campsite which is 30 miles east of Bakersfield, Calif., and which is more remote than the one originally sought.

HORNUSCOPE

BY ZELDA ZODIAC

*I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortune
Will ever after droop.*
(From the *Tempest* by William Shakespeare)

(For September 28 through October 4)

AQUARIUS the Water Bearer (Jan. 21 - Feb. 19)—Take advice from a lady friend early this week, and, by Thursday, your poise will draw others to you. Avoid intrigue this week-end, however great the temptation. Careful navigation should bring you safely into port.

PISCES the Fish (Feb. 20 - March 20)—A good week for concentrating on financial affairs, even though the work may be tedious at times. Take an interest in your lover's economic security. Now is the time for long-range plans.

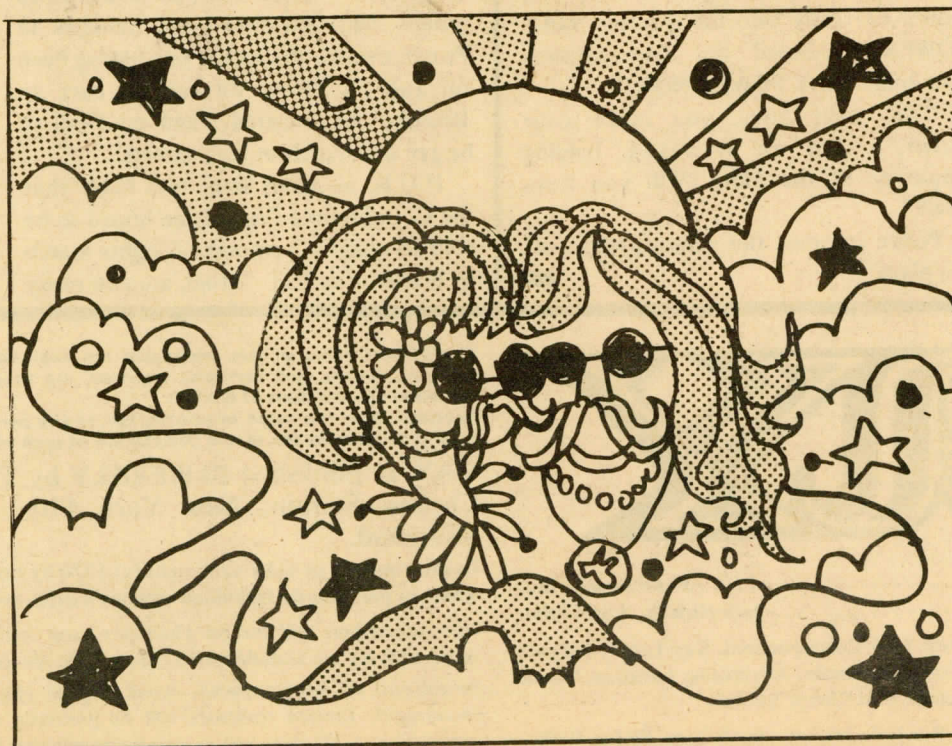
ARIES the Ram (Mar. 21 - April 20)—Signs are good for meeting *him*, so look your best. Though there may be some minor misunderstandings on Friday, they will work themselves out if you play it cool.

TAURUS the Bull (April 21 - May 21)—You have a friend but you don't know it! This week, just be content with doing your work well, and let things happen naturally. You'll come out on top this week-end if you do.

GEMINI the Twins (May 22 - June 21)—You may have a misunderstanding with a close friend or lover early this week. You may try to

escape the situation by balling the first number that comes along, but resist outside temptations and concentrate on creative endeavors.

CANCER the Crab (June 22 - July 23)—A good week for sexual experimentation, especially on Wednesday, but beware unexpected visitors who may disrupt your home life. Things look restless this week-end, so be sure to leave all parties as soon as you feel bored.



LEO the Lion (July 24 - Aug. 23)—You are in great demand early this week, but don't get involved in anything serious. Expand your knowledge and sphere of influence, keeping lines of communication open. Allow your posterior to be receptive on Saturday, and you can reap *big* dividends!

VIRGO the Maiden (Aug 24 - Sept. 23)—You may be surprised by your drive and energy early this week, but don't let it get out of hand. From Thursday on, make new contacts and discard old ones. This weekend, use new techniques and be expansive.

LIBRA the Scales (Sept. 24 - Oct. 23)—Looks like a troublesome week, and errors of judgement could be hazardous. Be alert for someone new in your life on Wednesday, and leave the week-end uncommitted. Let a long-neglected friend enjoy your bod on Sunday.

SCORPIO the Scorpion (Oct. 24 - Nov. 22)—There is a good chance to further romance this week, but tact is a must. Play things by ear, and make no hasty judgements until Saturday, when humping with abandon is in order.

SAGITTARIUS the Archer (Nov. 23 - Dec. 21)—Remain cautious and close to home until Thursday. Be creative at an orgy on Friday, and aim your arrows high for the rest of the week-end. A wild affair can bring deep inner serenity Sunday night.

CAPRICORN the Goat (Dec. 22 - Jan. 20)—An excess of passion could damage your health, but a benefactor may appear on Thursday. Don't be wrongheaded this weekend and bundle up with a close friend Saturday night.

BY THANE HAMPTEN



In my previous ineffectual grumbling, I raked relatives over the coals. I don't feel guilty about it, but in order to give justice a fair shake, I must chastise fellow gays as well. (Yes, I know. Impertinent. But I am most certainly including myself.) There I was, bitching the shit out of the kinfolk, criticizing their imperviousness to change, their refusal to admit, much less accept any deviation from their placid and constricted little vacuums. I fumbled with the hardly profound notion that something must be done to bring the word to the unenlightened. Something monumental, yet subtle, lest the poor dears be traumatized into a quick and permanent return to the womb of the 19th century. But I offered no real solutions, and see little course of action, *or interest*, in my gay associates. After some observation, I think I know what the real problem is. Unfortunately.

A few evenings ago, I spoke of my vapid vacation while stirring a cauldron of synthetic ambrosia with friends. From one, (after a generous yawn): "If you hate them so much, why do you even want to enlighten them?" I replied that I don't hate them; I'm sad for them, bored by them. Limited horizons are always saddening. From another: "I think you've exaggerated terribly. There's more tolerance now than before." My skin crawled. Tolerance. What an ugly word; perhaps the most despicable in the language. Tolerance is gritting your teeth and bearing it. Tolerance is hypocritical empathy. Tolerance is *not* a warm puppy. It is as far from love as you can get.

I want acceptance; quiet, cordial acceptance. No fuss; no muss. I don't want to break heads to get it. I just want it well before I'm ninety and my brain as well as my penis is atrophied. And I would certainly like it established before the inevitable warp of cyclic history belches us all back into the Dark Ages again. America's current administration is speeding the process and this cat is admittedly nervous.

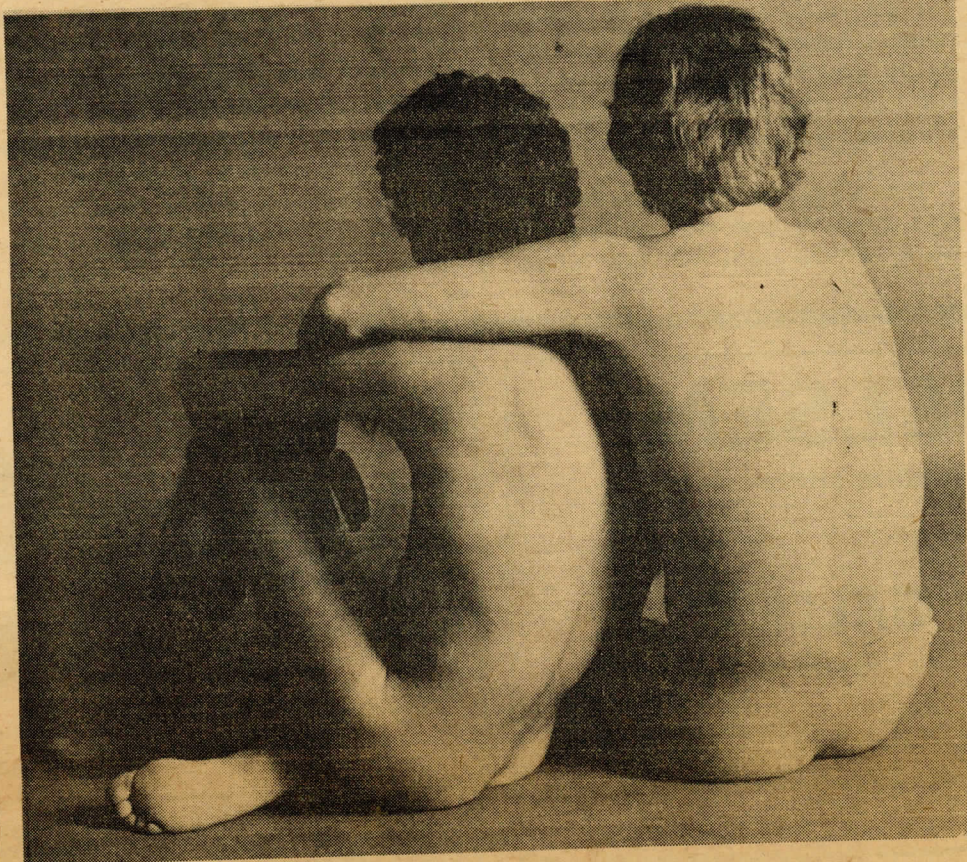
Another friend interjects: "Well, I don't give a damn what they think of us. I don't want them knowing what I do in bed, or anywhere else. They think they're so fucking cute, picking up our slang, our camp, our fashions, but sill spitting on us behind our backs. I just want to be left alone!" Left alone? What a weary compromise. Oh, I understand this guy well enough. He has been hauled in twice on bar raids. He has been preyed upon by straight young punks while cruising for a consenting X-rated adult. But what I don't think he, or any others who want to be "left alone" realize, is that this attitude keeps us in our little lavender ghettos, humping behind insecurely locked doors, screwed in more ways than one. The eternal victim; the favorite scapegoat. And don't give me that crud about loving the ghettos of impersonal New York because you feel comfortable there. Is there any reason, outside of masochism carefully preserved in formaldehyde, why you should enjoy a sigh of relief when you arrive home?

Another friend: "We can't force ourselves on them!" Force? Hell, man. We're "forcing" just by existing. I don't want to force myself on anyone and shouldn't have to. I'm not asking for the privilege of blowing a cop at noon on the

corner of 42nd and Broadway. I'm masculine and don't "offend" by parading in the Village with a fuchsia parasol. I haven't dug little boys since I was a little boy. I don't flaunt my fetishes on slum laundry lines. What I *do* want is really rather dull. I'd like an income tax reduction. I'd like to be considered a constructive individual with something to contribute to the society in which I choose to live, instead of a criminal. (Since when do criminals bother to pay taxes anyway, especially higher ones?)

And *foremost*: there are times when I'm out walking with my lover, trying valiantly to dissolve the day's tensions. Either from affection or for some particular emphasis, I want to take his

this case, "Straighty") has done a good job of brain-washing. Alas, I'm stating the obvious again. We do believe and accept the shit they throw at us. I've personally had to claw my way up through seventy-five layers of impacted dung, and pray I make the remaining twenty-five soon. We have learned so little from blacks, or any other struggling minority. We senselessly repeat mistakes that their trials should have helped us avoid, if we weren't too caught up in our own petty lives to be properly observant. Minorities share similarities that are almost frightening. This is why I am so bewildered by the prejudice I see in gays. You don't have to bed down with every racial opposite you meet, but how can



The Lives of QUIET DESPERATION

hand. I want to do it freely and *unconsciously*, if the desire comes. A royal no-no, honey. *Verboten!* Stopped in mid-air by that grubby reflex action. And this pains my ass more than all the profoundly glorious injustices put together. A simple, warm, sincere gesture dies; not with a bang but a simper. Do I ever curse our petrified Anglo-Saxon arteries. Law: no man shall touch another with more than a bone-crushing, appropriately sterile handclasp. (Want some fun? Go to Italy and watch the American tourists observing Italians walking arm in arm. Zap! Between the eyes. "Gawd, Marge! All the men in Italy are queeener!" They also go around with their coats draped over their shoulders. *Preverts.*)

As blacks know so well, "Whitey" (in

you avoid spontaneous embraces of mutual compassion? Sure I've got a soft spot in my heart for Women's Lib after hearing the neanderthalian fart in D.C. say they hadn't had "enough time" to study the 1923 bill! (For gays... let's see... forty-seven years multiplied by two hundred is...) Hasn't every minority been told (re: our liberal Mr. Goldberg to gay militants) "There are more important things to think about."? War? Poverty? Dutch Elm blight? Well, clear it up, Arthur. I's tired of shufflin' my feets. (As usual, I cast my vote for Snoopy and Pat Paulson.)

We never profit; we never learn. ("Look, I work hard all day. I don't want to think about those things.") Generally, the onus of our officially certified inferiority doesn't greatly bother us and we're resigned to the tintinnabulation of

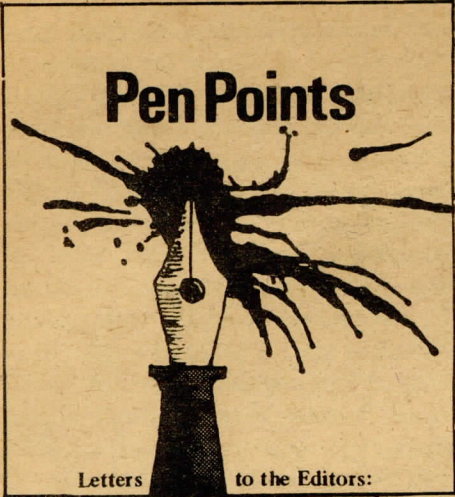
our leprotic tinker-bells. We desire to be "left alone," to dismiss the occasionally surfacing paranoia, to lick our sores in dark corners, or grin and wear our dunce caps at a cocky angle. Want to know the most interesting phenomenon of the Gay Parade? The *only* contemptuous, derogatory remarks I heard were not from straights but from gays. Yes, ma'am. I saw faces seething with disgust. Ochreous bile. A prime example: as we entered Sheep Meadow, two old aunties stood looking at us (through a glass darkly). Distressed, astonished, bewildered, befuddled, anxious. One to the other: "How could they... do such a thing?" Translation: "We have spent Our lives bearing the weight of the cross, suffering the scarlet stigma of homosexuality, and they must do the same! How dare they openly, *brazenly* demand freedom? What was all Our noble, silent suffering for, if they get it?"

A few evenings ago, I was loitering lewdly on the park side of C.P.W. and 72nd Street. Two young gays were passing out broadsides advertising the latest storming of the Establishment bastille. After reading my copy, I watched the reactions of others, (always a delicious pastime). One cat was truly splendid. He read, jerked spasmodically, wadded the sheet into a ball and slung it into the gutter. (No anti-pollutionist here.) Planning this article, I paid lip-service to journalistic research and approached him. (He was now languorously seated, a beady eye fixed upon a rococo sylph in striae velvet bells.) I asked him why he found the broadside so offensive. After ascertaining it was a serious questionnd not just a novel opener, he answered: "Why? Why do you think? Trouble-makers!... get us *all* in trouble!... they're *all* communists!" We debated for a few moments before he dismissed the entire matter with a wave of his carefully manicured hand. "Anyway, I don't have time for crap like that." Like, wow, man. Sweet shades of Spiro. *Agitation, subversion, downfall!* (If they're *all* commies, what am I? At least a mauve Fabian.) And... *no time*. Just three hours to squander nightly, while tracking down our bronzed, muscular prince and his silicone codpiece.

I know a young man who went to West Side Discussion Group meetings. Leaves of grass up his ass; full of fire; a reformer; a gay John of Arc. After three weeks, he met a Living Doll there. Now, passion has taken precedence over politics. When I asked if he still went to meetings, he replied: "Oh, I don't *have* to go there any more." Amen.

Another friend had a great job with a major corporation. Perfect junior executive material. Aggressive, devoted, loyal. Valuable. Career on the way up and up. Butch as hell. Lived quietly with lover. *Rigid* conformist, desperately aping all straight middle-class values. The more he could imitate, the less guilt he felt. Liberation-schmiberation. "Who, *me*? I'm all right, Jack." Got a promotion and the green starts tolling in. Also got to the point where business and social life overlap, precariously, in his case. All those vague answers he had to give when the client insisted he and the Missus come over for dinner, or when the boss asked when he was going to find a nice girl and... *settle down*. (Who, I ask myself, could possibly be *more* settled than dear

continued on page 16



DUMBEST SHOW IN TOWN?

Dear Gay:

I know I'm running counter to all the hullabaloo about how great "Dirtiest Show in Town" is supposed to be but frankly I found it insulting.

Cyril, the lead played by Jeffrey Herman, is certainly the gay's Steppin Fetchit (sp?). He runs around acting so

affected, he's worse than any stereotype you're ever likely to meet. The dialogue has such goodies as "When I was young and did something wrong, mother used to shove a broom stick up my ass; no wonder I turned out to be what I am—a chimney sweep."

The show has no plot, no story line, and only a few brief nude scenes. The rest is sheer nonsense—most of which is condescending humor aimed at homosexuals.

"Gay Power Sucks" lead female beauty proclaims. "You bet it does," Cyril replies. Amusing, but somehow all the "Fuck off, Fruit" lines chip away at one's amusement.

I got in for free thanks to friendly relations between GAY & SCREW and the PR man for the show. However, if I had paid \$8 for the ticket, I would have felt sorely swindled.

What a pity it is that gay theater goes here to put up with such insulting trash which belittles them and their culture,

makes sport of their suffering in society and panders to blatantly biased heterosexual audiences.

R.W.
N.Y.C.

NEW ENGLAND SWINGER

Dear Gay:

On a swing through New England the other week with my wife, I did slip out for a night on the town occasionally. One of these times was in Newport, R.I. which you should know about, especially with the America's Cup races coming up.

The bar is the Venetian Room, 5 Farewell Street (just across from the Navy YMCA). The crowd is friendly, all gay, and very helpful. They incidentally tipped me off to the outdoor orgy room in P-town behind the monument. Alas, the area is now fenced in.

The same crowd in Newport told me about the River Belle, 8 Broadway, just around the corner from the Venetian Room, the same management, same crowd.

Sincerely,
HY

NO MORE FEARS

Dear Gay:

When I first subscribed, I will admit, I had real qualms about it. I felt I was labeling myself a "homo." However, these "fears" no longer exist.

I have no "hangups" now (at least not consciously) and, in fact, I feel a certain empathy for those who accept themselves.

I think that GAY helps to create this empathy—it does not seem to be shrill or swishy—but honest, and not without a sense of humor! You also seem to realize that gay life is not everyone's bag and therefore you avoid a lop-sided point of view.

Keep your sense of balance (and humor!) and courtesy and you will succeed.

With best of luck, P.S.
Illinois

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

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ADRIAN: It's a business. Like any other business, you have to have a basic working capital for initial investment if you expect to get any kind of profits. And you don't just decide one day you're going to be a hustler, and then go walking the streets the next day. Oh, I'm not saying some don't do it that way. I'm saying that's not the way the real businessman does it, not if he's looking at this profession as something other than a means of getting cigarette money. Like in the other business structures, you're going to find your hierarchy in this one. You're going to find your office workers, file clerks, junior executives, and your top management in mahogany row.

GAY: You're in mahogany row?

ADRIAN: Let's just say that your street hustler is like the office worker. Somewhere at the other end of the spectrum, I know of a few that have made a far more lucrative profession out of this than I have. Not that I have any complaints.

GAY: You said something about an initial capital investment?

ADRIAN: I said you needed one. I don't want to sound trite, but there's really something to that old adage about money making money.

GAY: How much money do you need to get started?

ADRIAN: The larger the reserve, the better it is for you. The more money you have, the more selective you can afford to be, the longer you can survive without having your belly start cramping from starvation. That's where the street hustler loses out. Two-thirds of them are there because they have to be there. If they don't trick, they starve. If they don't trick, they don't smoke, don't even have a place to sleep. Of course, you've got to realize that all this is relatively speaking on my part. I have to judge everything by how I see it. That doesn't necessarily mean that's how it is all the time.

GAY: How much did you start out with?

ADRIAN: It's kind of difficult to give an exact figure. A lot of my inheritance was tied up in stocks and bonds. They still are for that matter.

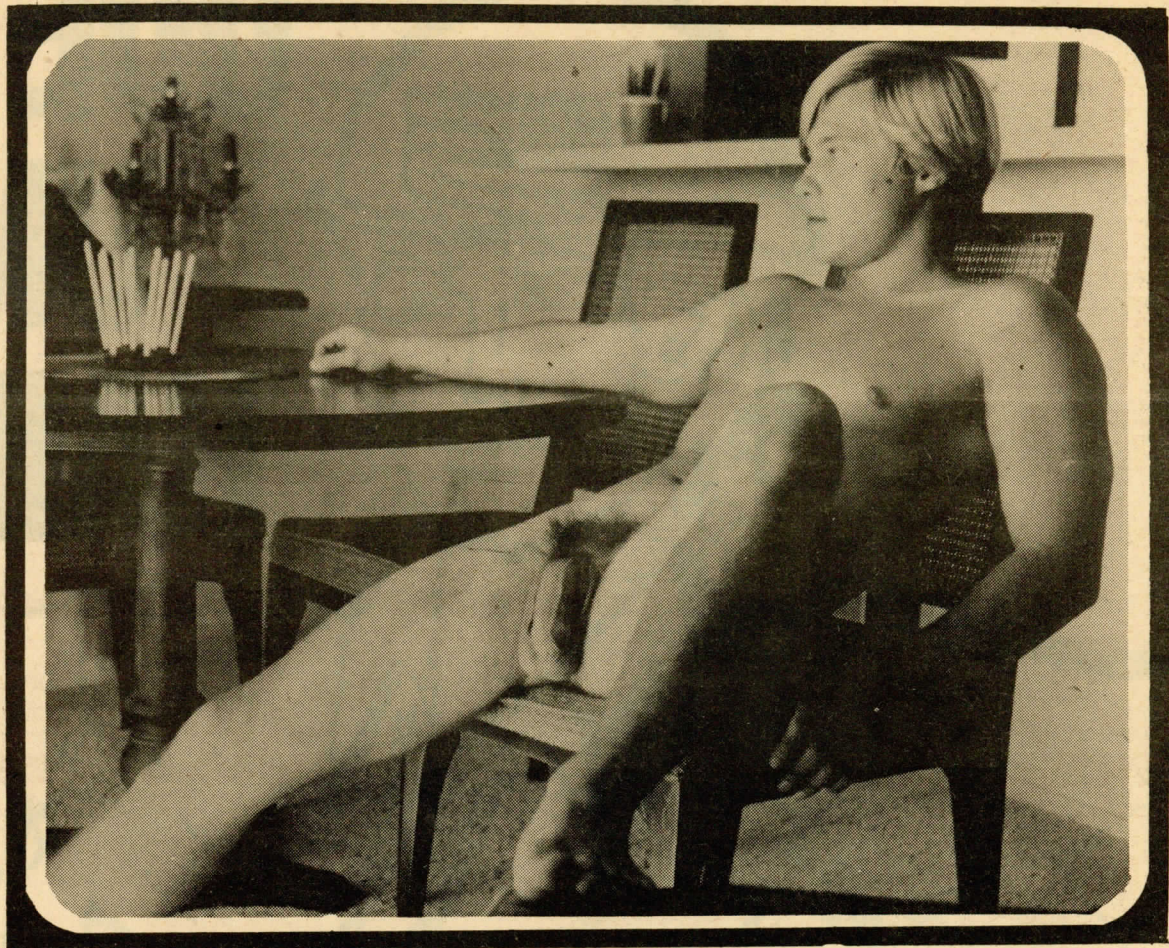
GAY: Inheritance?

ADRIAN: My mother and father died in a car accident when I was a baby. (He laughed) Sorry (he smiled), I couldn't pass that one up. Too many books or movies I've read or seen seem to have that line in them. I really had a trust fund which I got on my eighteenth birthday. Nothing fantastic, you understand, but substantial: a few thousand dollars. Wise investment got me a few thousand more before I decided to get into this line of work.

GAY: And just how did you decide to choose this?

ADRIAN: I wanted something that had a little informality and flexibility in the workday. I've got a background in marketing, and I tried that route once. But everything is so regimented. You do this, you do that. At twelve o'clock you go to lunch. At one o'clock you go to a board meeting. At three o'clock you go off to an indoctrination class with fifteen other aspiring junior executives. That just wasn't for me.

GAY: You say your background is in marketing? What kind of background?



make me a million!"

INTERVIEW BY WILLIAM J. LAMBERT, III

ADRIAN: Schooling, mostly. All those dismal courses in Economics, Marketing Management, with cost curves, supply and demand curves. Then I worked for a video-tape manufacturer out of Los Angeles.

GAY: You have a degree then?

ADRIAN: Yes, in Advertising-Marketing.

GAY: Do you think it's been any help to you in your present profession?

ADRIAN: It's been of help in that I think it's let me look at the profession more as a business than someone else might do. I mean, how many of your hustlers actually sit down and analyze supply and demand curves as regards their own bodies? Of course they're indirectly aware of such curves. Put five bodies on the street and if it's a slow night, demand low, maybe three of those go home empty handed. But how many of them analyze, look at their body as a real investment? To many, it's really just kind of a game.

GAY: How about trickwise? Has your degree helped you there?

ADRIAN: Let me tell you my way of thinking about some of this and hope that it will answer that question as well as some others you might have.

(He refilled my glass with brandy.)

ADRIAN: I wanted money. Why -else decide to sell your body if you're not going to get a monetary gain out of it, and a substantial monetary gain? Some might value their flesh in quarters. I deal only in dollars. I sat down one day and tried to decide just how to make it pay. I decided that in order to make it pay, you had to know the people who have the money to pay. You're not going to find too many of these people in the bars or cruising the streets. They can't afford to. Not moneywise, but reputationwise.

They want discreetness. So if you want real money, then you have to go to the monied people. They aren't going to come to you no matter how long you stand propped up against the potted palm on the sidewalk. And that's where a college degree helps. It helps in that it will give you an "in" to a lot of places you wouldn't ordinarily have an in to: private clubs, for example. It also gives you a certain poise. I mean, I know a lot of kids who won't chance going into the better restaurants because they don't know which fork or spoon to use. What's worse, they don't know how to even fake it. Yet, if a person has money, he's going to be eating in those restaurants and not at the local hamburger stand.

GAY: You make your contacts in restaurants then?

ADRIAN: I have made contacts in restaurants. Let's face it, I know the quality of the merchandise I'm selling. If the seller isn't aware of just what he's got to offer the buying population, then he's in sorry shape. I know just what I've got. I made it a point to find out. And that kind of self-analysis can be quite a blow to one's ego. It certainly was one to mine. I mean, I had to bring myself to admit that I only had an average cock and not a monster. But I do know what I look like dressed up and sitting alone in a restaurant. You'd be surprised at how inviting a younger man can be. And if you don't make a contact, there's always plenty of people willing to buy a single guy a drink. But I've also made contacts at cotillions, dog races, country clubs, tennis clubs, and at a lawn party in Washington, D.C. I mean, the list is really endless. Find out where the right people are or where they're going to be, and then go there.

GAY: I suppose that's where the starting money reserve comes in handy.

ADRIAN: I've found out that in the beginning it's not the quick meeting followed by the quick hump in the bed. It's more of a mutual feeling-out. Sometimes you don't do anything but sit around and talk. I talked to this old gentleman for seven months in a private health spa before anything happened. Finally, I invited him out to dinner. That's what I mean about money making money. It flatters an older man when a younger person puts out hard cash for them. It kind of makes the younger one less of a hustler. I netted out about two-hundred dollars on the guy when he suddenly up and takes me off to Europe for three months, all expenses paid. My return on that investment was nearly 10000%. I still see him. We've become very good friends. Not all sex, either. He's helping me now with my investments. He knows a hell of a lot more about the market than my broker does.

GAY: Do you ever find yourself doing things you don't want to do in bed?

ADRIAN: Very seldom. It's always been very seldom, because I've never been that desperate for money. You go up to a hustler on the corner, and it's a different trip. You pick out one that looks like he's about ready for a good meal, and you say: "Come on home kid and let me piss on you, and I'll give you enough to set you up for a couple of days." So if the kid's hungry, what's a little piss? I've never been that hungry. The things I do in bed are nearly all pretty basic. I've found out I can make out quite well by adhering to the generally accepted homosexual in-bed norms. Doing the freaky is a bit more lucrative, but you'd better know your partner well before you progress too far.

GAY: But you have done some freaky things?

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ODE TO AN UNKNOWN HARDHAT



by marc davidson

all you hardhats had a rally with so many flags that the sky was a feast of redwhiteandblue. you were there. i wasn't. i saw your face in a picture in the times. your lips were gentle and turned uncomfortably into grimness. your eyes were deep. (i think they were grey.) your nose was short, like a child's. a narrow beard emphasized your youth, set your face into an alien pattern. you told the reporter you were ready to defend the flag, go to war, die for your country's glory, for freedom, for truth.

i saw you complete—your powerful body swinging through poisoned jungles looking for the enemy, the man who looked for you in his gunsights hating you as you hate him. i heard the shot. i watched you spin to the blooded earth, twitch, and die. i saw your beautiful face turn off, become a blown out light. i saw your death and wept.

knowing that you never questioned why your feet were walking there before you die, i mourn for you who follow the judas ram to the slaughterer's den. my arms could have held you in safety. your sex could have filled my mouth, your legs could have brushed mine in tender sleep. we could have awakened in a dark enchanted room, smiled into stranger's eyes and fallen again into our dawnwarmed bodies. or you could have been some child's father. a baby's willful fingers could have played in your beard: a woman's soft lips could have called you home.

you, lying now in my tears on the green bier of war while you march exaltant beneath that fiesta of flags are mourned by so many—all of us who would have loved you weep—our tears are quiet. you couldn't hear them in the middle of your bellowed anthems. the yellow daffodils we offer you are invisible; their faint smell of spring is hidden by your sweat. i turned to you wearing my black armband, seeing you fall, loving you, and i shouted—stop—

but you, beautiful boy of death saw only the flag carried by an aging judas ram.

BY EVERETT HENDERSON



he history of man can no doubt be traced by studying the history of the theatre. First there was man; then, there was memesis, the ability of man to imitate

REGRETS

what he saw in his environment. Man took his memetic sense and applied it to religion and theatre became an organized group activity determined to provide a religious experience, an experience that would illuminate man's basic nature and the attitudes, values, and conditions shared in common by all men in all places at all times. That is what the art called theatre is all about. Broadway is something else.

Broadway definitely understands the artistic nature of the theatrical experience. Broadway understands that it is the merchandising arm of this particular art form. Broadway is slick and has talent and lots of money to throw around. Broadway is able to provide the brilliant veneer of the theatrical experience. Broadway can make you feel like you are really in the presence of art and Broadway can really cheat you in the end.

The two most prime examples of this kind of artistic deceit are the two big prize winners of the year, *Company* and *The Effect of Gamma Rays On Man-In-The-Moon Marigolds*. The latter is technically an Off-Broadway show but it has Broadway stamped all over it.

A few years ago there was a series of discussions in the Uptown prints concerning the fact that American society was so prejudiced against homosexuality that it was impossible for the homosexual artist to write honestly about his own experiences. The result, therefore, was a distorted, ugly, dishonest view of the female and heterosexual love. It was my feeling then that the artist, if indeed he were an artist, should possess the ability

GIVE MY

TO BROADWAY

to peer into the spirit of both men and women and create characters of both sexes that displayed artistic validity. *Company* challenges that view.

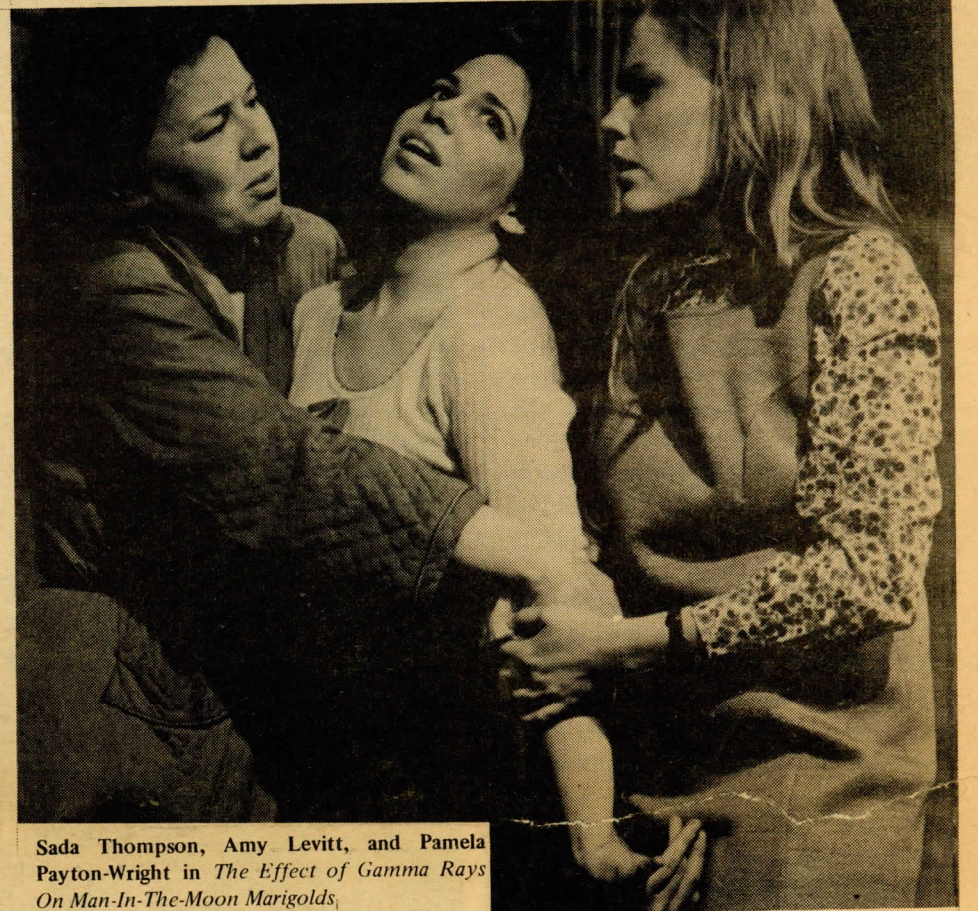
This is an icy, ugly, incredibly "fashionable" musical play about a bachelor in his mid-thirties who wanders from one set of his married friends to another and from one meaningless one-night stand to the next, sharing only the communal emptiness of the Manhattan urban experience. Finally, at the very end of the play, the bachelor declares himself apart from his group and swears to make an attempt to "feel." It sounds valid, doesn't it? It sounds significant, doesn't it? It sounds like you are having your leg pulled, that's what it sounds like. This is a play built on all the generalizations you've been hearing so long you are likely to believe them. Recent history proves to all of us that the cliché is dead. We are all breaking the molds the society has created for us and we are making new forms for new times. We now know that we can feel and love and create and we respect the very humanness of every other person in the world. To hell with all these Fifties clichés about the inability to feel. I would like to send Stephen Sondheim and George Furth, the authors of *Company* to Woodstock for a week and give them lots of acid. Then they might be able to write an honest play.

Furthermore, there is no drama in this

particular drama. The play should begin where the evening ends. How to feel in a corrupt society, that's an artistically valid theme and worth so much more than a two-hour's tour of nothingness, led by an

acting which is brilliant but brilliant in that acting school-introspective-sense memory sort of way, or the reviews or the awards. Zindel is no Beckett; he will probably wind up writing musicals with Stephen Sondheim.

I also dropped in on the revival of *The Boyfriend*. It is still great fun even though the production is very summer stocky-tacky. *The Boyfriend* is parody but the parody is rooted in love and, therefore, the show never reduces itself to



Sada Thompson, Amy Levitt, and Pamela Payton-Wright in *The Effect of Gamma Rays On Man-In-The-Moon Marigolds*.

empty spineless character named Author's Message that no actor will ever be able to flesh out.

Filled with precise, brilliantly staged moments and played against a series of Boris Aronson's evocative stainless steel designs, *Company* is still an ugly evening. Samuel Beckett was able to take the ugliness of the existential dilemma and make poetry out of it. *Company* reduces the life experience to even less than you might think it is. It is *New York Magazine* set to music and just as superficial and eventually as anti-life as that particular slick print. Don't be fooled by it.

Paul Zindel's *The Effect of Gamma Rays* . . . is another of those nasty Actor's Studio workshop dramas in which the Actor's Studio harridans, Julie Harris, Maureen Stapleton, Geraldine Page, and Sandy Dennis have thrived for so long. Here, the playwright is so distorted himself that he cannot even attempt to create a male character. The play concerns a destructive, possessive mother, her two daughters, one given to fits and nervous breakdowns, the other, inhibited and scientifically inclined, and an ancient crone of a boarder who has lost control over her bowels. The first maxim of the modern realistic theatre seems to be to create enough demented women to disguise the fact that you have no play. If so, *Gamma Rays* is a masterpiece because it certainly is a freak show. If the murder of rabbits and the viewing of an epileptic attack are your idea of poetry, this is just the evening for you. Otherwise, don't be fooled. Don't be fooled by the bravura

camp, the most unfeeling of all creature forms. And the Sandy Wilson score is still a joy! They really knew how to make a wild sound in those roaring twenties. Judy Carne is an adorable Polly, Dandy Duncan is an amazingly energetic Maisie and Jeanne Beauvais is the quintessential Parisian passion pie. Miss Beauvais sings up a storm and has tremendous style. She is a new star.

One final recommendation and that is the tried and true, *Hello, Dolly*. Oh, come on, you say. Well, I say to you that Ethel Merman is the best of the Dolly's. And not for the reasons you think. She really plays the role. She doesn't rely on glamour (Betty Grable) or cutesiness (Carol Channing) or her legendary career in the films (*Ginger Somebody*); she relies on technique and talent. This is the first time we've had a truly accurate acting performance in an evening created eight years ago to enchant you (which it still does). And Miss Merman wraps up a new tune, "World, Take Me Back" and adds it to her huge catalog of songs-I've-introduced-and-made-my-own. If she ever does retire from combat, I suggest that Miss Merman give classes in theatrical art to all the pretentious kids that follow her. She certainly understands how to take her own spirit to illuminate the spirit of a character and wind up affecting the spirit of the audience.

Drop me a note and let me know of your own reactions to my comments. I'll be glad to print them. And remember, for the ten, twelve, or fifteen dollars that it costs to see a Broadway show, let us put the art back in the art form.



Larry Kent in Harold Prince's "Company"

BY DICK LEITSCH



He is a short man, unprepossessing and mild-mannered. One might think he is a mousey, hen-pecked milquetoast, a professional failure. The impression remains when he speaks. He is soft-spoken and his voice seems to lack command. There is no trace of charisma. He's the sort of guy anyone would feel free to try to trample—at first. Then one feels the quiet authority and inviolable dignity, and recognizes a tremendous strength.

Howard Regis Leary has always triumphed, one suspects. John Lindsay is probably not the first person to shake his head helplessly and say "Howard always does things his way." In a city like New York, where we are used to loud-mouths and uncivilized fools of the Vito Battista type, Leary can easily get his way by being himself, a civilized man. In a world of shouting weaklings, the strong, silent men are almost always the victors.

I met Commissioner Leary at the Village Gate in 1966. Mayor Lindsay's office had called and invited me to a luncheon which turned out to be the public announcement that Mattachine had won one of the biggest campaigns in its history. Police entrapment of homosexuals was forbidden in the City of New York.

The Mayor, with his head-to-toe charisma, did most of the talking, but Commissioner Leary, sitting quietly during most of the meal and meeting, had that presence great actors and politicians have. One had to notice him, but when you looked his way, you saw nothing spectacular. The only other time I experienced that was once in Tiffany's, where I saw a man who was too old and too unattractive to be my type. He was doing nothing to attract attention to himself and didn't look familiar, yet one had to look at him. I later found out he was Sir Laurence Olivier. That presence might be Howard Leary's strongest suit.

In the years that followed, I have had many occasions to deal with the Police Commissioner's office. Invariably, I found a sincere interest, a profound concern with whatever problem I brought up, and a genuine willingness to correct any situation I could show to be wrong. Any allegation or charge I ever made through Mattachine of police abuse, corruption, or harassment, was always carefully checked out. I invariably got a full report back from high-level police officials and if I was not satisfied, meetings would go on until I was satisfied that a situation was corrected and that everybody was as happy as possible.

It is because of this experience that I frequently, and often loudly, charge others in the gay community with irresponsibility when they accuse Police Headquarters with gratuitous wrong-doing. The Gay Activist's Alliance, for example, recently passed out handbills charging the "POLICE (by order of Police Commissioner Leary) of illegal arrests of homosexuals, of verbal harassment of homosexuals, of physical brutality against homosexuals..." (emphasis added)

I defy anyone to substantiate those charges. Some homosexuals might be harassed, some might be called names, and some might even be beaten by the police. I have searched, and cannot find,

THE STRONG ARM OF THE LAW



A Tribute to a Just Gentleman

and I defy anyone to give me, proof that this is organized, or has the approval of the Commissioner or Headquarters. Such incidents are few, and scattered (despite press hand-outs from some organizations) and many of the cases are initiated by the "victims" themselves.

Homosexuals have the right to cruise, but not the license to invade the privacy of men who don't want to be cruised. Homosexuals have the right to use the public streets, but not to misuse them. Streets, as the New Left constantly reminds us, "belong to the people" and the people—all of the people—have the right to use the streets. The people also have the right NOT to be pan-handled, to be free from the shennanigans of the speedfreaks and other obnoxious people, and not to be hassled. Unfortunately, some homosexuals are as obnoxious as some heterosexuals.

Gay bars have the right to exist, but the underworld has no right to run unlicensed bars that compete unfairly with gay—and sympathetic straight—people who run legal bars. After-hours clubs have the right to exist, so long as they operate within the laws that cover all such places. If they become public nuisances, maintain hazardous (to the patrons) conditions, or become centers for drug traffic by peddling

heroin and "speed" out the back door, the police have an obligation to the gay community to intervene.

I am not a gung-ho, "Support Your Local Police" jock. Most homosexual acts are still illegal, and like anyone outside the law, I distrust and fear the police. If the Spiro Agnews and John Mitchells have their way, I'll have good reason to be even more fearful. A wave of repression could sweep the gay community and make the "clean-ups" masterminded by the village politicians five years ago pale by comparison. The children and mental midgets in the extremist ranks of the New Left may not remember those days, but I do, and don't want to see them restaged. That's why I detest the extremists on the Left who play into the hands of the extremists on the Right to the detriment of all sane people.

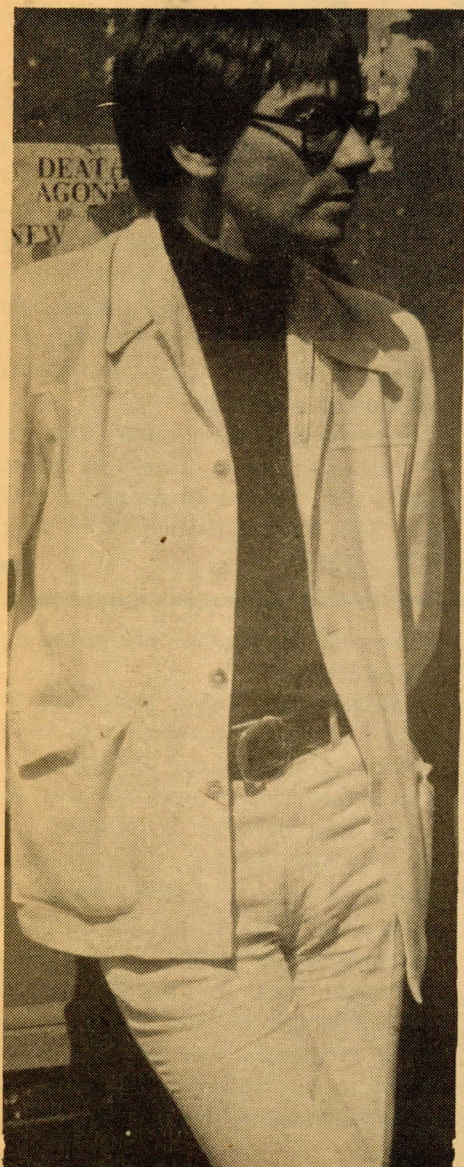
I do feel that decency, good manners, and good sense all indicate that we should work with those who care about our welfare, our freedom, and our rights. The homosexual community has a responsibility to deal responsibly with responsible people. But what sort of responsibility is shown when people calling themselves "homosexual leaders" parade into Commissioner Leary's office one day and demand that he clean the

"Mafia" out of the gay bars only to protest later the closing of illegally-operated bars? I realize some organizations exist only on headlines, but is it fair to the Police Department to demand a "clean up" only to use that "clean up" to gain more headlines?

Homosexuals are not the only group with a tendency to use the police as pawns in their power hassles. One brutal cop, one cop on the "take," one case of police misconduct of any kind, becomes, in the rhetoric of the power-grabbers, symbolic of all policemen. We complain that all homosexuals have the reputation of child-molesters or tea-room queens because a small handful of homosexuals are guilty of such things. It would be shocking if all long-haired, bearded nuts were considered murderers just because of Charles Manson. All Catholic priests are not obsessed with sex, just because Father Morton Hill appears to be.

Similarly, all cops are not on "anti-gay" vendettas just because Inspector Barnicum went mad in a gay bathhouse last year, nor are they all brutes because one of their brothers lost his temper and slapped a drag-queen high on "speed" who hassled him. Police, like homosexuals, Jews, Negroes, WASPS, or members of any group, deserve to be

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Ron Link

"People say I've got Jane Wyman bangs. Is that a joke or are they being cruel? Anyhow, I can't stand being in this apartment another moment. It's too beautiful out to be in. Let's have lunch on Greenwich Avenue someplace."

We waited ten minutes for a table at Sutter's. Ron's favorite waiter escorted us to a dirty-dish laden table. Link surveyed the customers and remarked, "Sutter's is an out-patient clinic today." Taking a silver cigarette case from his inside jacket pocket, he opened it and dropped two tranqs. Afterwards we ordered egg salad platters, and I asked Ron about his directing career.

"Career? Directing plays was an accident. Years ago I did a benefit for Cafe Cino. That was the first and of course one thing leads to another. Two plays by Tom Eyen, 'Give My Regards To Off-Off Broadway' at La Mama, and 'The White Whore And The Bit Players' at the Extension. Paul Foster's, 'The Madonna in the Orchard' at the New Dramatists. It was during rehearsals of 'Modonna' that I had to persuade Madeleine La Roux to take off her clothes. She was very shy then. Now she's in 'Dirtiest Show' and can't get them off fast enough. Madeleine used to live with me on East Fourth Street, and so did Candy Darling and Jackie Curtis for short periods. Candy and I have the same fantasies about Rita Hayworth, that's why we get along. I'll never forget the time when we worked together on 'Psychedelic Burlesque' at Billy Rose's



Scene from "The White Whore & the Bit Players," by Tom Eyen. Directed by Ron Link.

THE MISSING LINK

BY GRANT DUAY



on Link is talking. "I hate male impersonators. I hate this hot weather, unfair reviewers and critics. I hate complacency. It seems to be very fucking chic to be on a down trip!" says Ron on the phone.

"How would you like to rap about your life and work?" I asked him.

"I don't know if I'm ready for you today. But get your ass over here in a hurry before I change my mind!" he answered.

Ron's fifth floor apartment on McDougal Street is small. There's a consolation. The tiny living room is air conditioned. Art deco is everywhere and songs from the Thirties blare unceasingly. Heavy velvet draperies cover his windows, protecting him from the harsh noises of the outside, real world.

"The only way to live in this city is to create an environment which is *you*, pleasantly you. Escaping every weekend to the country also helps me to keep from flipping out. A sense of security is very important to me. Years ago, I used to freak out rather frequently. It's no fun being crazy."

"What about your background?"

"They always want to know about it. I'm a Virgo. I'm twenty-eight and a mixture of German and Sicilian. I was born in Columbus, Ohio. I read recently that Tom Eyen was born in Columbus. Well, he wasn't. Tom was born in Akron. The world is full of misinformation!"

Ron Link, off-off Broadway director, dresses slowly. Blue bells, powder blue shirt. Beige, plaid jacket. Silver American Indian rings on fingers. He stands before a mirror and carefully combs his hair.

Diamond Horseshoe, a year and a half ago. It was opening night. I was fixing Candy's specially built g-string when one of her balls fell-out and I had to tuck it in. Other than that, she's extremely glamorous."

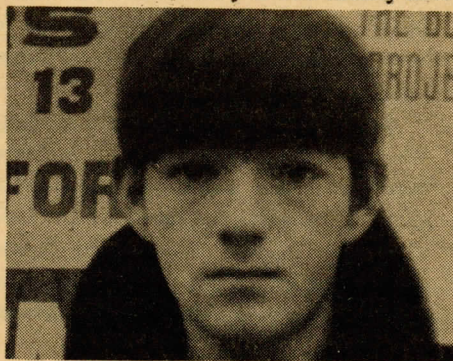
"What about the other plays you've done?"

Link rapped, "It's very easy for me to go off on tangents. Eating in Sutter's is no help. I forgot Eyen's, 'Aretha in the Ice Palace' which I did, not too long ago, at the Extension. Bob Heide's, 'Why Tuesday Never Has A Blue Monday' at La Mama along with 'Love Lecture And Enactment,' by Mary Mitchell. Jackie Curtis' 'Glamour, Glory And Gold' was done at the Playwrights Workshop. One day while Jack Curtis was living with me he entered the living room in full drag and informed me that I was witnessing a transformation. I've never doubted Jackie since. More recently, I've directed an adaptation of Somerset Maugham's, 'Rain' starring Roz Kelly at the Extension. There will always be stars. The public makes them. Why hasn't Marilyn Monroe been replaced? It's not because the studios haven't been working on it. I've just finished doing Gregory Rozakis' adaptation of 'Orestes' at the Cubiculo. I'm sorry but we must leave Sutter's immediately. I'm getting bad vibes from all these straights."

We trip to Morton Street Pier. Ron picks up, "My most rewarding experience has been directing Eyen's, 'White Whore.' We did it in New Jersey on Channel 13 - and it's been made into a movie. I wish they would release it. The film has been sitting in the can for a year now."

"Before you look into Crystal's Balls Ron, would you rap about the gay movement?"

"Sure. But the thing about 'White Whore' was that we were like a family, really together. We surmounted all kinds of obstacles like an unheated theatre in midwinter. The play had all the fantasy going for it. I loved it. Getting back to the gay movement. Organizations like GAA are doing great work in getting the gay community together for political action. We've finally learned how the system works. That was never taught in school. The straights attitude toward homosexuality as a disease can only be changed through education. Telling them you're gay won't change anything. When someone says they don't mind gays, watch out! We live in an age where liberalism is an illusion. Broadway is still mainly hete-

Jackie Curtis: Before the Change
What becomes a legend most?

rosexual. The big Broadway gays are as free as their bank accounts are large. These things piss me off especially now when I think seriously about what really is the situation concerning gays in the theatre. The straight press lets a gay have his moment then it *turns* on him. Look what they've done to Tennessee Williams. It's time we had gay theatre. We're interested in the problems of two men or two women not in heterosexuality that is

written, directed, and acted by gays. The people who appear in the straight press whom we know to be gay and who are portrayed as straight should be confronted. They're hypocrites. All gays should support their fellow gay writers, directors and actors by seeing their shows instead of sitting with thumbs up asses waiting for the reviews in the straight press."

"What do you think of nudity in the theatre?"

"It's very gross to see a cunt in your face. It's difficult to concentrate and it isn't fair to the playwright."

"How do you respond to new plays which are submitted to you?"

"Frankly, a lot of them read like the first three pages of the *The New York Post*. What excites me now is that I'm going to do a Tennessee Williams' play which takes place in a bar. About bars.

I think the bars with 'fun rooms' are a big advance. They eliminate all that late morning shit of exchanging phone numbers."

Ron stares restlessly at a young man who sits barechested at the far end of the pier. "Excuse me, Ron, what about all the theories concerning theatre?"

"Well, theatre is theatre. And theories make good copy. They sell books. When I get a play I love, I do it. I'd like to go beyond the theatre for a moment and say that the most important goal in my life is to get inner peace. It takes a lot of work. And how many people really have it? PEACE!"

"How do the art deco objects in the living room fit in?"

"Oh that. I like them. I like the age when they were made. I buy them and try to sell them. I could never face going to an office or working. Although, I'm fascinated with office supplies. Figure that out. Now try and make sense out of this: I must leave you and your notes, run over to Andy Warhol's by-the-sea and talk to him about doing the life story of Alice Crimmins. She's fabulous! Imagine Candy Darling playing Alice Crimmins. Call me."

AGNEW'S SON TALKS TO GAY

continued from page 1

Bell: Have there been any repercussions because of the column? Political repercussions? Feedback through friends?

Agnew: Just people saying that it's too bad it's had to come out about my separation. You don't want people to publicize anything like that. You don't want the world to know about it.

Bell: What about repercussions on the homosexual angle?

Agnew: Most people didn't even pick it up. Buddy Hash is a businessman. He isn't a hippie. He spends long hours at his shop. What he does after hours, I don't know.

Bell: What do you know about the new homosexual liberation movement?

Agnew: I saw something in the papers but I really don't follow it that much.

Bell: Can you tell me your feelings on discrimination of homosexuals in certain areas of business. Such as the fact that certain Wall Street firms will not bond homosexuals.

Agnew: They shouldn't be discriminated against in jobs. But I don't want to elaborate on it.

Bell: Do you know anything about the constant police harassment of homosexuals?

Agnew: I haven't been following it.

Bell: There are gay lib. and women's lib. groups now operating out of Baltimore. Do you know anything about them?

Agnew: Only that the women had a demonstration on Women's Liberation Day. I heard that more men came out than women to see the women.

Bell: Would you be interested in getting involved in either of these movements?

Agnew: No. I have my own feelings about these groups.

Bell: Has the famous new house that Jack Anderson wrote about been completed?

Agnew: I've decided not to move into it. I'm living with my grandmother and an aunt in Towson.

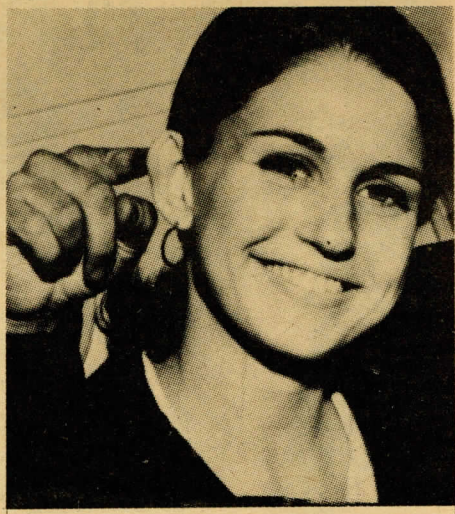
Unfortunately, wherever Randy Agnew lives, and as long as his father continues to be the outspoken, outrageous public figure that he is, Randy's life will be public, a source for expose columns, manure for the hungry. It's a price that Randy will pay time and time again, the shit price put on him for having a father whose voice is the hate voice of America. Both Randy Agnew and Buddy Hash must go much deeper into daddy Spiro's "depressing life style" if they are to liberate themselves and sing their freedom from the rooftops. They deserve better than the repressive life style that daddy prescribes, which is, the life style of conformity. ■

Gay Segregationist Returns To Organize

New York, N.Y.—The founder of *Homosexuals Intransigent!*, L. Craig Schoonmaker, has been restored to the presidency of the group from which he resigned in June because of policy disputes.

"Factionalism is dead in *HI!* and will not recur" says Schoonmaker: "*HI!* will neither admit nor listen to any of the

Ex-Pan Am Stewardess Publishes Newspaper



New York, N.Y.—Mary Phillips, a young woman fired by Pan American World Airways for writing a women's liberation article for *SCREW*, (See *GAY* No. 21 interview with Mary) has published the first edition of her own newspaper, *Broadside*, (subtitled, A Female Exploration Sheet), which presently appears on a monthly basis.

Mary Phillips believes that a women's cultural role in society is "twice as narrow" as that of a man. "Society's displeasure with traits unapproved for feminine behavior (independence, boldness)," she says, "is registered in the way the words connoting those

traits... come to take on meanings which all narrow down to "whore" in the end.

"We like men," says *Broadside's* publisher, "we work with men on the paper, and in our dream society, this emphasis on women would be totally unnecessary. But the fact of life now is that women's news is largely ignored or distorted by the image makers, and nobody is going to fight for women's rights unless women do."

Broadside's subscription rates are \$3.50 for 12 issues. Checks or money orders may be sent to *Broadside*, P.O. Box 390, Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003. ■

San Francisco Gays Entertain Politicians

San Francisco, Calif.—Assemblyman Willie Brown, sponsor of the homosexual law reform bill pending before the California Legislature, was the featured speaker at the First Annual Political Action Dinner sponsored by the Society for Individual Rights.

Also present at the dinner were several candidates for local offices and a few incumbents who were not even running for re-election. Nearly 1,000 members of the San Francisco gay community, all registered voters, applauded when one of the candidates remarked that his opponent, and even Mayor Alioto, would "be kicking himself when he heard how many of you turned out and he didn't even bother to show up."

Before Assemblyman Brown spoke, the Rev. Troy Perry, pastor of the Metropolitan Community Church, the first "gay church", gave an invocation and Tom Maurer and Larry Littlejohn of SIR gave welcoming addresses. Chairman of SIR's Political Action Committee, Jim Foster, was at the head table, but silenced by laryngitis.

Lois Martin, a specialist in public opinion sampling, reported on a project carried out through the SIR organization which studied public reaction toward human rights issues. That study, to be published soon in the journal *Public Opinion*, indicated that the public is somewhat more sympathetic (at least in San Francisco) towards equal rights for homosexuals than toward other human rights problems.

According to Miss Martin's findings, there is a strong polarization between those who are adamantly opposed to giving homosexuals equal rights and those who favor such a course. The "antis" make up a small, but militant minority.

Other issues, such as women's rights, race issues, and problems of national groups, such as Mexican-Americans, drew a wider range of response, with many more respondents being against the causes, and more taking a position in the middle.

Miss Martin's study also pin-points areas in San Francisco which make up pockets of violently anti-gay sentiment and where support for homosexual rights is strongest. This information will be made available to SIR's Political Action Committee and to candidates for public office in the area. (The Mattachine Society of New York has asked Miss Martin to assist in carrying out a similar study in the New York area.)

Assemblyman Brown opened his remarks with verbal slaps at Governor Reagan and the members of the Assembly who either showed little interest in, or fought hard against, the homosexual law reform bill. Brown's sharp intellect is matched by an equally sharp sense of humor, and his digs at the members of the California Establishment were merciless, though they kept the audience in gales of laughter and often provoked standing ovations.

Homosexual law reform, and other sex law reform, has to come, Brown said, making it clear that he believes freedom and dignity insist that the legislators stay out of the citizen's bedroom. He promised to continue his fight until his

board has unanimously endorsed the idea of creating homosexual-majority districts, homosexually organized, in major cities. *HI!* New York will work to make Manhattan's 19th and 20th Congressional Districts the First Gay-Power District, and the West Side from 60th to 96th Streets the "First Homosexual Men's Neighborhood." Says Schoonmaker, "We hope all gay groups, social and political, 'Establishment' and militant, will endorse the concept of a homosexual majority and work to build strong homosexual communities in all major cities."

Schoonmaker continues, "Too long we've spent our energies trying to fight our way into the straight world. And all that time the gay world has continued to ruin lives. We're going to live the rest of our lives in the gay world—not the straight world—and by damn we want it to be a decent place to live." ■

homosexual law reform bill passes the Legislature.

Assemblyman Brown also called for unity in the homophile movement, acknowledging the presence of homosexual leaders from all over the nation who attended the banquet after the NACHO sessions. "Family" fights should be kept within the "family," he warned, and a unified face should always be presented in public. In the Black Movement there are rifts between the Black Panthers and the moderates, and those differences must be kept in the Black family, otherwise the racists are given *carte blanche* to move in, divide and conquer.

At this point, some of the gay "radicals" interpreted one of Assemblyman Brown's remarks to mean that he did not give his full support to the entire Black Panther movement. They rose up and began shouting, causing the Negro Assemblyman to indicate that white people should stay out of the Black family's quarrels.

Assemblyman Brown concluded his talk by calling upon all Blacks, all homosexuals, all women, all moderates, all "radicals," and all people of good will to work toward a better and more equitable world in which we may all live in peace.

Brown was given a several minute standing ovation which shook the rafters of San Francisco's California Hall, the same building where, several years ago, a costume ball held by the Council on Religion and the Homosexual had been raided by the San Francisco police. This time, the police had been asked to be present to help with crowd control, got caught up in the spirit of the evening, and joined the homosexuals in cheering the politicians.

Earlier, the cops had also gotten a standing ovation when four or five people had begun shouting "pig!" at them. SIR's Tom Maurer warned them that he would not tolerate name calling.

The politicians, the leadership of SIR, and the organizers of the First Annual Political Dinner, all agreed that this event with its large attendance would establish San Francisco homosexuals as a significant group which politicians will now certainly have to consider. Another factor that is contributing toward the political importance of homosexuals in the Bay City is the energetic voter registration campaign headed by SIR's Jim Foster. Several hundred new voters have been added to the lists by Foster and others on SIR's Political Committee who have become registrars and go out into the gay bars, to parties, and anywhere where gay people are to register people who do not regularly vote. ■

BY STEFEN VERK



Column of counsel to our troubled brothers and sisters who seek meaningful positive guidance and not the further imposition of heterosexual or homosexual myths, hang-ups, or unearned guilts. Only letters of the widest general interest can be published, but all letters will be answered if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope and \$1.00 for handling.)

BULLETIN:

I am now as beautiful outside as I have always been inside. Perhaps it is the coming of autumn, I don't know. Certainly my private life has been immensely fulfilling, and I have no complaints about that. Whatever the reason, I simply decided that my outside didn't match the inside I know so well. First, I shaved off my mustache a couple of weeks ago. Last week, I removed my Chinese beard. Today, I paid a visit to the gracious salon of Monsieur Jacques and placed myself in the talented hands of Monsieur Henri, former coiffeur to the King of Morocco. This supreme artist studied me carefully, gravely discussed his ideas and my desires, and with brush, razor, and scissors transformed two feet of unruly hair into an inspired Caesar cut. This style eminently suits my face and my age, if not exactly my temperament (loveable). Both Monsieur Jacques and Monsieur Henri were almost as pleased as I, for haute coiffure is not a luxury but an art. I like this new unadorned me as much as I like the inside (also unadorned), and I publicly offer the highest praise to Monsieur Henri for his *chef-d'oeuvre*.

Q. I can't begin to tell you how moved I was when I read the SPECIAL PROJECT letter in the September 7th issue and your answer. I hope you get a lot of replies, and he finds the love and understanding he is looking for. I know very well how your SPECIAL PROJECT feels, since I am a cripple. I am younger, 25, and was born with a deformed and paralyzed lower body. While I long ago accepted the fact that I am different and can't do all the things I want, I have never been able to accept that I am unable to have a normal sex life. Since I only know

the gay life, I don't know what problems confront a straight who is crippled. But it is really amazing, the different attitudes. Some gays won't even consider going to bed with me when they meet me and see me in my wheelchair. Some will go into the bedroom with me, but once I undress, excuse themselves. Still others will get into bed with me and treat me as an equal. I love them for it and only wish I could give them half of what they give me. There is one young man who visits with me often, and if anyone is going to help me overcome my depression about not being able to have a normal sex life, it will be him. He not only gives me love, but tremendous understanding, whether we're in bed or out for an evening. I just wanted you to know how great it was for you to print that letter and to explain how I know how rough it is being a

WELL OF POSSIBILITY

cripple. Maybe others like SPECIAL PROJECT and will write of their experiences and we can help each other. T.H., NYC
A. Your letter speaks with its own special eloquence. Perhaps the special young man of whom you write will prove to be the kind of medicine you need most. I certainly hope so. I am forwarding your letter, and I urge other compassionate readers to write SPECIAL PROJECT.

Q. I need your advice. I am an 18 year old college student living at home in Philadelphia. After having been told so much that gay guys have a high V. D. rate, I am hesitant to make it with anybody. See, I have to go to my family doctor, and he would ask where I got it from and then tell my mother and step-father. What I would like to know is

the name of a gay doctor in Philadelphia who would treat me for this and other medical problems. With the knowledge that I could go for help if needed, I would love to go to the baths and bars in the area and meet some sexy older guys. I think that guys in other cities also would appreciate your publishing places to go to for medical aid and without all the red tape. By the way, I am built real great and am good-looking. Where can I get involved in the making of movies? I am desperately waiting your answer in the column.

S. R. M., Phila.

A. Surely Philadelphia, like all large cities, has public health clinics which guarantee you anonymity, when you come for blood tests or treatment. They don't notify your family, the police, or your local gossip columnist. All they are

interested in is treating you and finding the source of your infection, before he can spread it to the rest of the city. They are medical centers, not moral centers, and they do not pass judgment on your private behavior. The V. D. rate would drop dramatically if more people would go for regular blood tests (and anal inspections), and the carriers could be found and treated. Didn't you know that people with venereal disease are considered medical problems, not criminals? I know no gay doctors in Philadelphia. You could probably get that information in any gay bar or from any gay people you ask or from PACE (telephone KI 6-8929 in your city) or the Philadelphia GLF at 230 South Street. As for your movie career, what do you think I am, a movie critic? Put an ad in this paper. Maybe someone is looking for somebody like you to star.

MILLION DOLLAR PECKER

continued from page 7

ADRIAN: Why be a hypocrite and say no. I tried it a couple of times. Once I tied this guy up to a bed with leather thongs, put on thigh-high leather boots, and a leather vest—I mean, that was all I wore. Then I covered him with honey and stood around watching twenty Siamese cats lick it all off again. But then, that was hardly any danger to me. I've yet to let anyone tie me to the bed. Some old guys can be as sweet as pie, but once they get you roped to something, they really turn schizoid: do the old Dr. Jekle and Mr. Hyde bit. I know this one high-priced callboy who was wrecked by just one dear old man.

GAY: Wrecked?
ADRIAN: The old bastard worked him over with razor blades. The kid almost bled to death before someone found him. Of course, that's the exception rather than the rule. But why become one of the exceptions if you don't have to?

GAY: I suppose in just about the same way, you weeded out the ugly bodies some hustlers are forced to take on.

ADRIAN: If they're complete losers—I mean, if they don't have any positive points in their favor, then they could offer me the moon, and I still wouldn't go to bed with them. (He smiled suddenly.) Perhaps, that is a bit rash. To refuse the moon, if it were offered, would

be quite the business blunder of the century.

GAY: When did you first start in the business?

ADRIAN: At nineteen. And please don't bother asking how old I am now.

GAY: And when did you first know you had homosexual tendencies?

ADRIAN: When I first began looking at chests and baskets at the beach instead of tits and legs.

GAY: I came across some facts once that the majority of female prostitutes are also lesbians. Do you consider yourself bisexual or purely homosexual?

ADRIAN: I don't like to put labels on myself at all. You can't label a person or a thing as far as I'm concerned. The minute you categorize them, shove them away in their little drawers, they invariably do something out of context, and you just have to refile them again. Let's just say that I have screwed girls. If that's bisexual, then I'm bisexual. If it's not, then I'm not.

GAY: How much do you charge for one of your sessions?

ADRIAN: That depends on the person and his circumstances as I know them. It's rather a discriminative pricing. I charge what I think a particular person can afford: rather like a doctor or dentist or any of the really professionals.

GAY: Isn't that a bit dangerous? I wonder what would happen if two of

your customers should get together to compare notes.

ADRIAN: That somehow doesn't manage to happen too often. I mean, while it's quite acceptable to sit around over cocktails or in the locker room discussing how much one puts out on a whore or a callgirl, one just doesn't usually brag about the callboys. And if someone refers a customer to me, I usually go for the same asking price to the one as to the other.

GAY: And what do you do for fun?

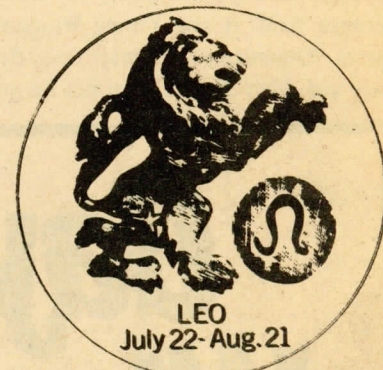
ADRIAN: Sexwise or otherwise?

GAY: Sexwise? When you're not working.

ADRIAN: I very seldom have sex when I'm not working. If I do, it's usually not with anyone else. I masturbate: sometimes with a sponge, sometimes just a hand job, sometimes even with a cantaloupe or watermelon.

(He looked reflectively for a moment at his empty brandy snifter, then excused himself, saying he had an appointment in forty-five minutes with his broker.)

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N.O.W. Charges: Nixon Promises To Women Phoney

New York, N.Y.—The President of N.O.W., Inc. (the National Organization of Women), the oldest, largest and most conservative of the women's liberation groups, charged on September 14, that President Richard Nixon is "totally insensitive" to the problems of women.

Mrs. Aileen C. Hernandez made N.O.W.'s charges during a news conference held at the Young Women's Christian Organization center on 8th Avenue and 50th Street. "Neither he nor

anyone in his administration has done anything to help women," she said. "In fact," she continued, "they're working against many of the positive legal changes we're trying to effectuate in order to improve our status."

Mrs. Hernandez said that an executive order banning sex discrimination by government contractors was "window dressing," and that the White House had failed to enforce it.

She also charged that Congressional testimony against various amendments to the Equal Pay Act and the Civil Rights Act had been made by Administration representatives.

"All those campaign promises of his (Nixon's) to endorse equal rights for women," said Mrs. Hernandez, "were false and hypocritical."

N.O.W., Inc. has more than 100 chapters in the United States and a national membership of 5,000. The President's policy of "basic indifference," said Mrs. Hernandez, "may have unpleasant repercussions because by the 1972 national election there will be 4½ million more women voters than men. ■

with other employees, should not be his employer's concern, unless it can be shown to affect in some degree his efficiency in the performance of his duties," he added, citing the Norton decision.

Later, Judge Neville cited the "purgings of the late 1940's and 1950's of homosexuals in the federal government service, particularly in the Department of State . . .

"There, clandestine homosexuals, when discovered, were claimed to have become the subject of possible blackmail. Here (McConnell) is very open about his deviation, and in any event is not dealing with classified or secret information important to national security."

Judge Neville's decision was hailed in an editorial in the Minneapolis Star (circulation 270,000) as "a compassionate ruling . . .

"The very finest leaders in religion, science and education are concerned (about discrimination against gay people) and their premises are those of Judge Neville.

"It is obvious that the time is long past when homosexuals might be treated as outcasts, and banished from ordinary jobs in which their personal life is of no or trivial consequence," the Star said on Sept. 11.

That same day, however, the Board of Regents voted to appeal Judge Neville's decision in U.S. Circuit Court.

It was learned that some regents wanted simply to accept the ruling and give McConnell the job—even as they were willing to agree to deny the job in the first place, knowing McConnell would go to court with ACLU support.

They were in the minority, however, and the university has been under sharp attack from right-wingers for some months.

The Minneapolis Tribune reported, after the regents' meeting, that:

"Close observers said they could not predict what the regents would do in the case of an applicant who was confidentially known to be a homosexual but who had never made a public issue of it.

"It was understood, however, that the regents realize there are bound to be a number—perhaps hundreds—of homosexuals on the 11,000-member university staff.

"The regents, it is believed, have no desire to find out who the other homosexuals are and dismiss them," reported the Tribune, in an article by Greg Pinney.

University President Malcolm Moos implied, at a press conference following the meeting, that he was not eager to see the McConnell decision appealed. "Any prolonged litigation entails difficult problems for a university," he said.

At his own press conference Baker—McConnell's lover—estimated that the original suit and the appeal are costing the university about \$6,000.

He asked "whether or not it is a wise use of public funds to spend thousands of dollars in an effort to deny human rights instead of defending civil rights."

In any event, McConnell's side will be argued free of charge by volunteer lawyers for the ACLU, Stephen Goldfarb and John Goetz of Minneapolis.

No question was ever raised about McConnell's professional competence for the library job involved. He was librarian last year at Park College, Parkville, Mo., and has a master's degree in library science. ■

Gay Librarian Wins Court Case

Minneapolis, Minn.—In a landmark decision, a federal district judge has ruled that the University of Minnesota has no right to refuse to hire somebody just because he's gay.

Judge Philip Neville of Minneapolis issued that ruling Sept. 9 in granting a permanent injunction against the university, forbidding it to discriminate against James M. McConnell.

McConnell, 28, had been offered an \$11,000-a-year job as librarian last April, but in May he applied for a marriage license with his lover, Jack Baker—an event widely noted by the press and TV, even though the license was denied.

In July the university's Board of Regents voted not to hire him, finding his "personal conduct, as represented in the public and university news media . . . not consistent with the best interest of the university."

Backed by the American Civil Liberties Union's local chapter, McConnell went to court. The result was Judge Neville's ruling, which said:

"An homosexual is after all a human being, and a citizen of the United States, despite the fact that he finds his sex gratification in what most consider to be an unconventional manner.

"He is as much entitled to the protection and benefits of the laws and due process fair treatment as are others—at least as to public employment in the absence of proof and not mere surmise that he has committed or will commit criminal acts or that his employment efficiency is impaired by his homosexuality."

Judge Neville observed that the McConnell case is apparently unprecedented—at least as far as a state or local job is concerned—in that the sole issue was whether an employer may discriminate against someone merely because he is known to be gay.

Judge Neville cited the 1965 and 1968 Scott decisions regarding federal employment in which, in his words, "an admission that one is a homosexual, standing alone and without evidence of any practice thereof, will not justify the Civil Service Commission in refusing to certify him as eligible for employment based on a determination of 'immoral conduct.'"

(Most gay-job cases have involved persons accused or convicted of criminal acts related to their sexual preference. The 1969 Norton decision, however—involving a NASA employee who picked up a truck at Lafayette Park in Washington, D.C., was charged with a soliciting-ordinance violation, lost his security clearance and was all other states.

"The courts have abandoned the concept that public employment and the opportunity therefore is merely privilege and not a constitutionally protected right," Judge Neville said in an 11-page opinion.

"To justify dismissal from public

employment, or . . . to reject an applicant for public employment, it must be shown that there is an observable and reasonable relationship between efficiency on the job and homosexuality . . .

"(McConnell's) position will not expose him to children of tender years who conceivably could be influenced or persuaded to his penchant.

"What he does in his private life, as fired—overturned that practice and got Norton reinstated in his job.)

What the Scott case did for federal employees, observers said, the McConnell decision does for state, county and municipal workers—at least in the six states of the 8th Judicial Circuit. It is also a powerful precedent for federal courts in



MYRA BRECKENBITCH, a ribald satire based on Gore Vidal's famous novel, was produced on stage recently by the Pat Rocco fan club (SPREE). In the "dildo scene" shown here, Bambi Allen socks it to Rocky Marks, while Jim Prestridge watches. Myra Breckenbitch was written for the stage and directed by Gerald Strickland. ■



**"That's
Right,
John,
Give Up
Sex**

BY JOHN P. LeROY

"If a man seriously desires to live the best life that is open to him, he must learn to be critical of the tribal customs and tribal beliefs of his neighbors."
Bertrand Russell

Psychotherapy in general and psychoanalysis in particular are in a state of crisis. Their future is, indeed, bleak, if any future exists for them at all. The huge gap between knowledge and practice, diagnosis and treatment, and understanding and application has widened almost to the point of impotence, and the public is beginning to realize it.

When life does not go well for us, the therapist should be the one to help us live the best lives we possibly can. He should be the one who is most intimately aware of the most significant truths about ourselves, our place among our neighbors, our society, our world, and our universe. He should be knowledgeable of our biochemical make-up, the physics and physiology of our behavior, the phases and levels of our growth and development, of our needs, our capabilities, our dreams, our language, our culture, in short, our external and internal environment. Too often, the therapist has little more than the most rudimentary understanding of how we truly function as human beings while most of the significant information remains caged in print among the professional journals, lost amidst the pulp jungle of our libraries, collecting dust, seemingly doomed to remain unread and unknown, except for a few small professional enclaves.

But when a theory, hypothesis, or assumption, however tenuous, is advanced which may serve to uphold the superstitions which the established elite finds convenient for the populace to believe, then every effort is made to have

And Learn To Play The Piano!"

it taught, believed, and practiced, from the most prestigious universities to cocktail-party chatter. Take, for instance, the idea of sublimation.

Freud defined it as the rerouting of sexual impulses for useful ends. The idea was immediately seized upon as a way to bring the sexually wayward back into the fold by having the potential deviant put as much time and effort into playing football as he would into humping. In that way, it is reasoned, all incipient homosexuals might become Joe Namaths instead of remaining willful perverts, for the greater glory of professional football.

In this way, the concept of sublimation was so completely transmogrified that the layman scarcely knows, to this day, the differences between sublimation, suppression, and repression. People tend to lump them all together so that if you want to make it with some attractive guy, and are foolhardy enough to say so to the wrong person, he may reply "Horrors, you must repress such evil desires, suppress your lack of masculinity, and go out and do something useful, like raking up the leaves." The denial of fulfillment for the advantage of others is the unwritten ethic, even though that fulfillment is essentially harmless.

Now there are two ways in which one can deny fulfillment. One way is conscious; the other is unconscious. When one does so consciously and is fully aware of what he is doing, he is practicing suppression. Thus, if you see the man of

your dreams sitting down next to you on the bus, and if your sole desire is to get him into bed, but you scarcely have the nerve to ask him what time it is, you are practicing suppression. You knew that you could not directly fulfill your desire for him right then and there because the immediate consequences, real or imagined would have been too great.

But if your desire for him was so threatening to your over-all state of mind, you didn't even know you wanted him because you couldn't cope with such knowledge if you were aware, then you are practicing repression. The big problem with repression is that you experience fierce anxiety when in the company of attractive members of your own sex, and the idea that you may be queer is unthinkable.

Sublimation has nothing to do with either of these. While repression and suppression both refer to a denial of fulfillment, sublimation refers to a diversion or extension of it. A gay guy who wants to sublimate his desires by becoming a devoted gym teacher and thereby thinks he will no longer want men is fooling himself. If, on the other hand, he makes out with all the men he can, and through his love for them, becomes an excellent gym instructor is practicing sublimation, for his sexual energy is not limited to achieving a satisfactory orgasm, but goes far beyond it to a means for expressing what the sex act cannot. So it was that Tchaikovsky composed some of the world's greatest

ballet music. Sublimation involves the entire personality toward the achievement of some socially rewarding goal, so that the intense gratification of sexual fulfillment can be extended to include the gratification that derives from honest achievement and praiseworthy endeavor.

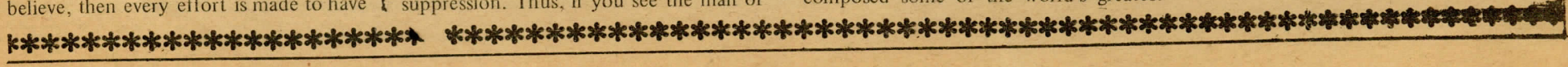
But the establishment elite, being more interested in sexual regulation than in creative contribution, would rather have you suppress and repress while thinking all the time that you are sublimating, being "useful," perhaps even creative. And it is this establishment elite which controls the endowments of universities, decides who will receive grants and who will not, and, by rewarding with funds those people and institutions which do the most to perpetuate the myths that keep them in power, ultimately and indirectly decide what men may and may not know about themselves.

If a psychotherapist wants to become wealthy or, at least, become reputable among the elite, he had better dedicate his practice to the proposition that procreative monogamous heterosexual marriage is the norm. To desire or aspire to anything else is to be disturbed, maladjusted, deviant, or "sick." Though marriage and the family have their own gratifications, the institutionalizing of them as one of the standard behavior patterns for mental health—if he isn't married, there must be something wrong with him—does not necessarily help one live a better life, but it necessarily serves the interests of big business and industry. Married people with children are more likely to consume more, be more obedient employees, and appear to be more stable, hence predictable, hence more exploitable. Homosexuals are not a particularly good market for such commodities as baby food and life insurance, let alone a host of others. Better to have them cured or penalized.

And so, two thirds of the practitioners of psychotherapy believe that homosexuality is some form of illness; that it must be denied, changed, penalized, or degraded.

But because consumer goods have been so abundant, because so many of the young will no longer stand for the docility their elders still take for granted, and because a growing number of people of all ages are discovering that the institution of procreative monogamous heterosexual marriage has indeed been grossly overrated, the future of psychotherapy in its traditional form seems nil, especially psychoanalysis.

Today, psychotherapists are discovering that it is *they* who must adjust, who must conform, who must adapt to the growing demands of their patients for personal fulfillment, and when these therapists ask themselves how they might satisfy those demands, they are discovering that their cupboard is bare. A few generalizations, a handful of suggestions, a small bundle of tricks, a bag of catch-as-catch-can techniques—these are really all that too many of them have had to offer for decades. It is not enough now, if it ever really was. And when enough people no longer believe the myths which therapists have for so long been so well paid to uphold, what then? If it is to survive, the practice of psychotherapy must begin to do some strange things, like find out what the truth is, and apply it. To them, that might be very strange indeed!



QUIET DESPERATION

continued from page 5

Gregory?) His married co-workers offered a minor position (of "vast importance!") somewhere northeast of Siberia. Promise of glorious return to New York when he had proven himself. After two years of making paper clip chains to give the aborigines, he and lover returned to New York, sans jobs, sans spirit, to start all over again. My friend still refuses or pretends not to understand. I cherish this example because it so eloquently illustrates the slimy insidious nature of corporate business (when one refuses to conform), my friend's hilariously misplaced faith, and the Great American Hypocrisy in general.

And it all comes careening back to us in the end, a lunatic boomerang of unnecessary destruction. If you follow the erudite Dr. Verk's column regularly in this paper, you will eventually see every classic example of Hang-Ups Anonymous. We, the real enemy, accepting the straight-propagandist-crock-of-shit. Closing eyes and ears, we are reasonably satisfied with a day-by-day existence. Knock wood, dearie, knock wood. As long as we are "left alone" with our insatiably programmed cruising, our drag, our leather, our toy white poodlekins, our Saturdays at Bloomingdale's, our excruciatingly written and photographed porno, the dance bars, sassy repartee, antique Florentine girandoles, Judy and Jagger worship, beaches, baubles, bangles, and beads: *screw liberation!* "Who needs it? *I'm not complaining, I am liberated. I moved away from Mother!*" Yet, the minute the feces hits the propeller, we run shrieking to Mattachine for the name of a lawyer who . . . specializes.

I'm finally learning to cease pseudo-psychoanalyzing my dreary past and am beginning to think positively about a malleable present and future. It's a long way to Tipperary. I'm not eighteen. I wish I were growing up at this time and thinking of ecology instead of panty raids. Unfortunately, I am just enough older to proceed with trepidation. (Okay, cowardice, if you insist.) I do, at this point, have a few things to lose by exposing my gluteus maximus to the circus maximus. I have a nine to five job, necessary to feed the vast spectrum of vices to which I am fervently addicted. I get home tired. I hate the subway, the doggie poop in the middle of the sidewalk, and the suffocation of the brown little sapling in front of my building. I'm aware we'll be napalming the ungrateful gooks into the next millennium, providing ecological imbalances don't terminate the whole party first, which they will. I've signed worthy petitions of protest until permanent writers' cramp threatens to debilitate me, and Devious Dick's upstairs maid flushes them down the toilet while he watches the Los Angeles Rams.

You bet your sequined bippy I'm cynical. (Why bother with anything? Come, blessed lobotomy.) I *could* even broach heresy by questioning some of the June 28th Sheep Meadow activity. Kisses galore! Hand-holding! We almost drowned in a taffy of universal affection. Whoopee. We moved the ghetto into a pastoral setting. But I have yet to see any of our revolutionaries walk a few feet north, and hold hands on any typical Sunday afternoon at Bethesda fountain, bastion of unisex, haven of elaborate exhibitionism, where anything goes . . . almost.

Okay, friends. You have no faith in

Gay Pride, or any time for it. But you do believe that jazz about life, liberty, and the pursuit of happy orgasm, don't you? You'd like a piece of the action with no strings attached, wouldn't you? Well, join the fiesta. Don't be so confident that your isolationism is protective cover. No lady is a Fire Island, entire of herself. They're always ready and willing to hack off another piece of the reservation. Ask any Indian, (when you take him to lunch).

One, if not the most dangerous aspect of the American Way of Life, as evinced in recent years, is that good ol' sneaky-fake liberalism; Tolerance and Condescension Incorporated. E.g. Billy the Kid Graham, taking that constipated, humorless mind of his to a pot party, (in order to communicate and . . . *Save!*) E.g. Our pictorial pornography: couple any way you want, boys and girls. Animals

included. But keep the penis flaccid. Otherwise, somebody might get the idea that it's not all good, clean, wholesome American fun. E.g. Allow nudity in "Oh, Calcutta!" because it is reasonably apolitical, but ban "Che" because anal intercourse symbolizes America's screwing of lesser nations. E.g. Milhous socking it to 'em on "Laugh-In" for he's a jolly good fellow. E.g. alcohol, si! Grass, no!

As long as violence is pressed, and sex repressed, we gays are in trouble, man. Don't believe the benign old bit: "I don't care if you do it in the streets, so long as you don't frighten the horses." They *do* care, and not because they belong to SPCA. Watch out. If you're not willing or able to help your brethren, help yourself. If you're not willing or able to educate your relatives, educate yourself. That must come first, in any case. Before we

go galloping off to do battle with the phylogerontic philistines, let's make sure we're well prepared. Lots of ammo for the head. The cerebral cortex *is* mightier than the sword.

You don't necessarily have to join a gay organization or march in a gay parade. Just make damn sure your brain is cleaner and clearer than your oppressor's. And use it. (Don't wait until they make a musical of Weinberg's "Action Approach" before you partake.) Don't sit back and pray for the best. Right on, my impulsive innocents and calcified cohorts. We, too, shall overcome! And now, you'll have to excuse me. Last Sunday, I discovered the most adorable shop on Lexington Avenue and I'm positive I saw a wonderful facsimile of the Faberge egg I've been wanting and I must gather myself together and . . .



Sex Education Flick, *The Postgraduate*, at the Cameo Theatre (43rd & 8th Avenue, Manhattan) includes gay lovemaking in a favorable light, along with graphic sexual scenes portraying heterosexual positioning.

STRONG ARM OF THE LAW

continued from page 10

judged as individuals. Anti-police bigotry is no better than any other kind of bigotry, and preaching anti-police sentiment is no different than preaching racism or anti-Semitism.

Howard Leary didn't call and give me his reasons for resigning. I'm in the same boat as the Mayor: I didn't get a letter of resignation from Mr. Leary. Yet I have little doubt that this playing of politics with the Police Department—not by the politicians in office, but by "political activists" hard-hats and the extreme Left and Right—was a contributing factor.

Who among civilized men would want to get caught in the middle of those freaks?

Howard Leary is leaving the Department, following Sanford Garelik, another civilized man. The two of them contributed heavily toward the change in our Police Department from an antediluvian army of semi-fascists into a cadre of increasingly civilized public servants. When we discard our civilized public servants, whom do we get in exchange?

In 1968, we tossed out Lyndon Johnson, rejected Hubert Humphrey, and now Richard Nixon, as David Frye keeps reminding us, *is* the President. He loosened Spiro Agnew, and John Mitchell

stalks the land, followed by good old Martha. Playing Russian Roulette with public officials is obviously a dangerous game.

The new Commissioner might be strong enough to stave off the two-bit "law and order" pols who would like to go on "anti-fag" campaigns. He might control the Department enough to keep anti-homosexual personnel there in check. He might continue the "hands-off—licensed, orderly-run" gay establishments, and maintain the "no entrapment" policy. Even if he does, I'll still miss Howard Leary, the concerned conscientious, public servant. Men like him are rare enough to be conserved as public resources.

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HANDSOME NEGRO MALE MODEL, Beautiful brown body \$35/session. Call Dave UN 6-2237. Nude photo of Dave \$3. 2 for \$5. David Alexander, P.O. Box 1275 Manhattanville Station, New York, N.Y. 10027

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LIKE TO SWING WITH YOU. 5'11", 150 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, slim, light body hair. Call any time until midnight. Brad 595-7074.

BUTCH SIX-FOOTER, 32. Trim, clean-cut, easy-going. Hates cruising scene. Digs nudism, polaroid sessions, good company. Wants to meet other attractive, well-built white guys 25-40. Photo, phone please. Discretion assured. BOX 1173, FDR STATION, NYC 10022.

KNOW OF A BATHS that ought to be listed in the gay guides? Tell us about it so that we can tell others in our forthcoming guide, "The Steam Scene." Write: SKIPPER'S GUIDES, Box 92, Danville, Kentucky 40422

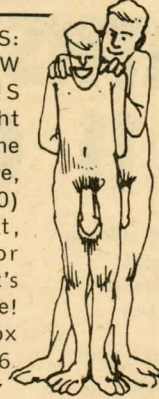


Young master desires to keep Houseboy 25-35, well built, groovy, butch, model type, versatile. Send FULL details, photo and phone. Complete discretion. J. Connelley, 520 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.

Two groovy guys in their 20's would like to meet other guys, ages 20-30, with no sexual hang-ups, for acquaintances and threesomes. Call Ray at (914) 528-3837 after 4:30. Have home in upper Westchester.

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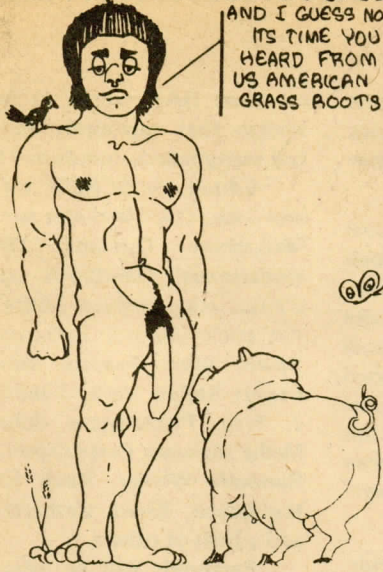
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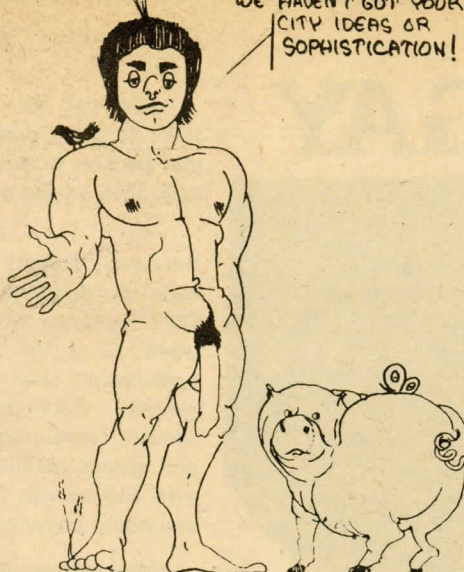
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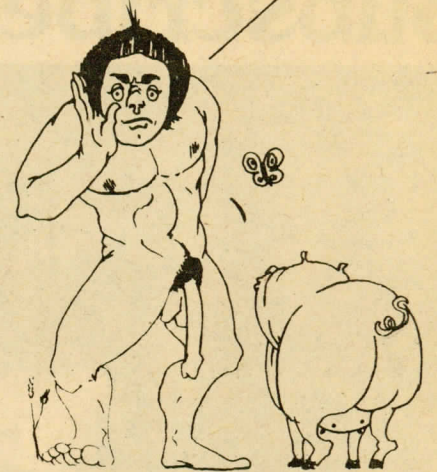
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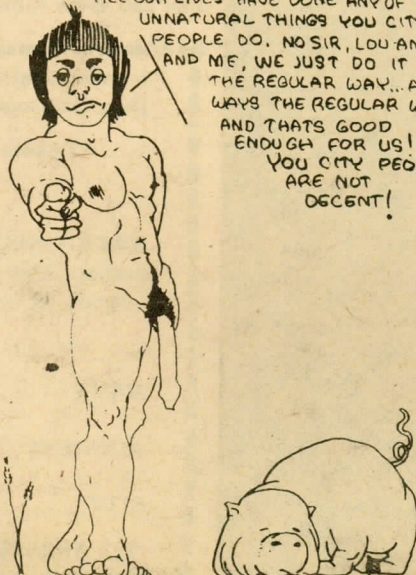
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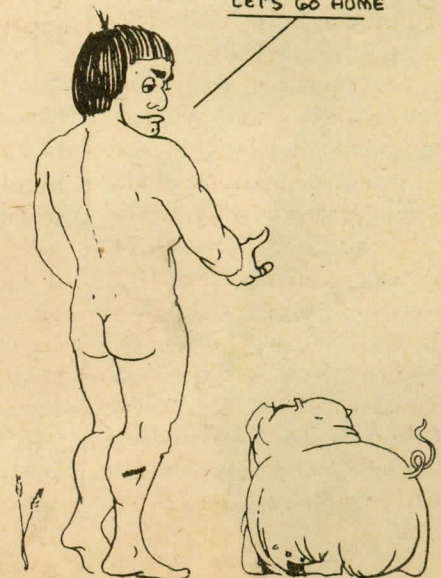
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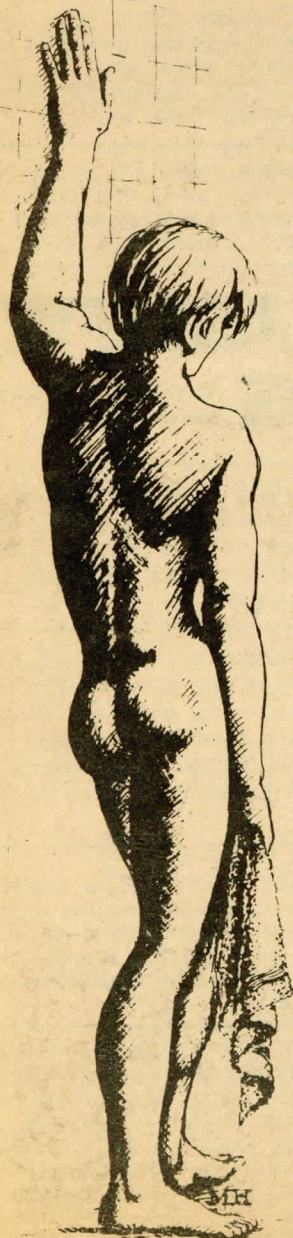


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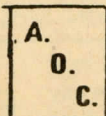
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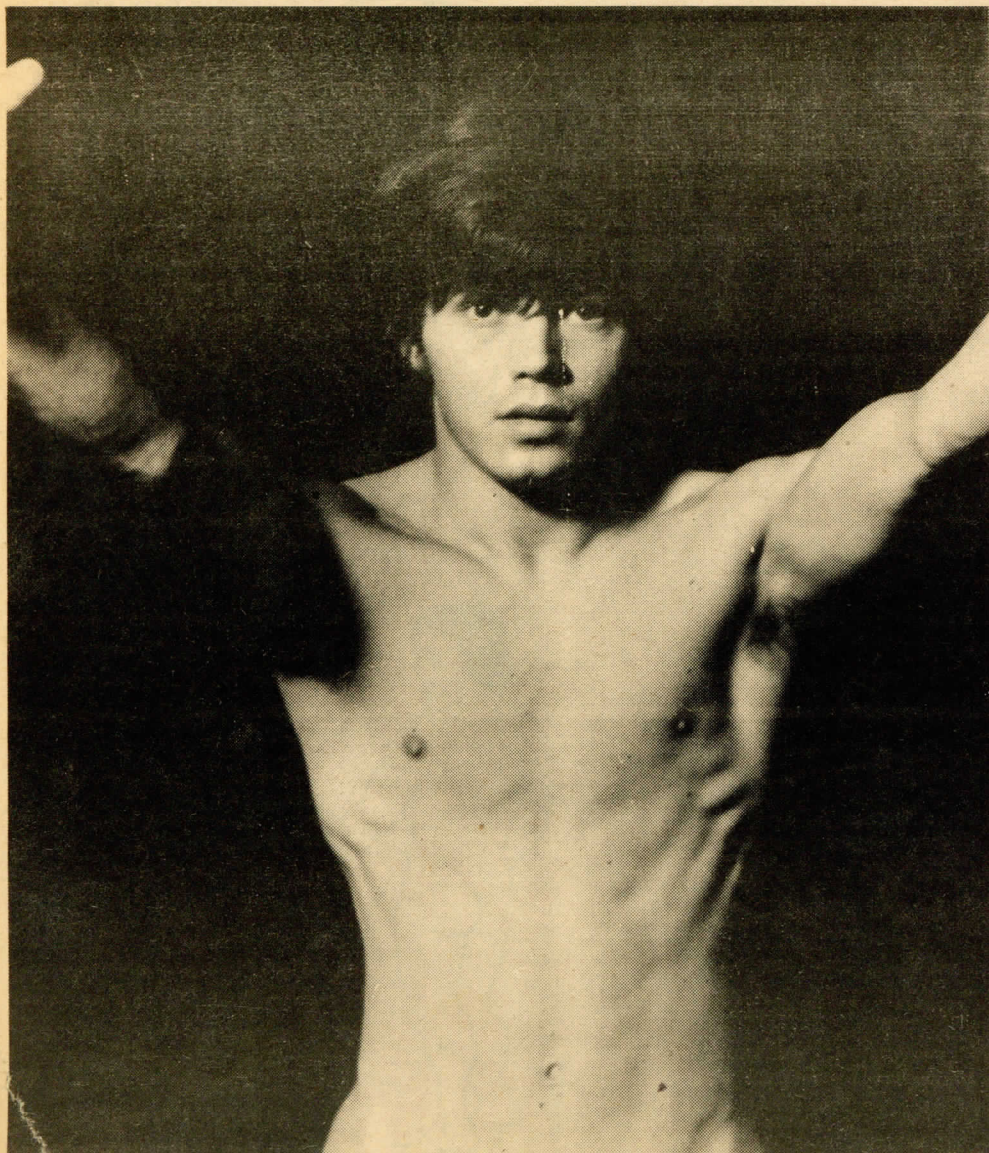
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