

GAY

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OUT OF
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December 7, 1970 Volume 2, No. 1

Los Angeles Gays Invade Psychologists Conference

'Guinea Pigs' Rise Up In Protest

BY TONY DE ROSA

POINT OF INFORMATION: (The following is culled from the paper "The Application of Anticipatory Avoidance Learning to the Treatment of the Homosexual" by British psychologist Dr. M.P. Feldman. Anticipatory Avoidance Learning, in this case, refers to electric shock treatment.)

"The patient (homosexual male) is presented with a large series of slides, of men both clothed and unclothed. He is asked to assess them for their degree of attractiveness. A hierarchy of female slides is set up in the same way. A level of electric shock is then established, which the patient describes as "very unpleasant." The room is darkened, the slides are projected, the patient is told that he will see a male picture and that some seconds later he will receive an electric shock. He is told that he can turn off the slide by pressing a switch whenever he wishes to, and that the moment the slides leaves the screen, the pain will stop. He receives no shock when a slide of a woman is shown, and he can ask for a female slide at any time. He thus learns that the absence of a female slide means that a male slide, soon associated with electric shock and pain (and hence anxiety-provoking) may reappear."

Gay Liberation Front, Los Angeles, learned that Dr. Feldman would be presenting a paper and lecture at the second annual Conference on Behavior Modification at the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles. No choice but to confront Dr. Feldman and see what kind of person would treat his fellow human being like frogs and white mice. A call to Dr. Al Marston, professor of psychology at U.S.C. and moderator of the weekend session, secured admission to the Saturday morning session for all GLF members who wished to attend. Dr. Marston, an intelligent man, knew that we would be there, granted admission or not.

The session was held in the baroque Music Room of the Biltmore, and sixty to seventy members of the Gay Liberation Front somehow dragged themselves out of bed for the 9 a.m. meeting.

Dr. Feldman was obviously nervous, pausing often before saying the word "homosexual", noticing the arrival of long-haired and short-haired yawning freaks and their more wide awake and ready sisters. Although Dr. Feldman

continued on page 12

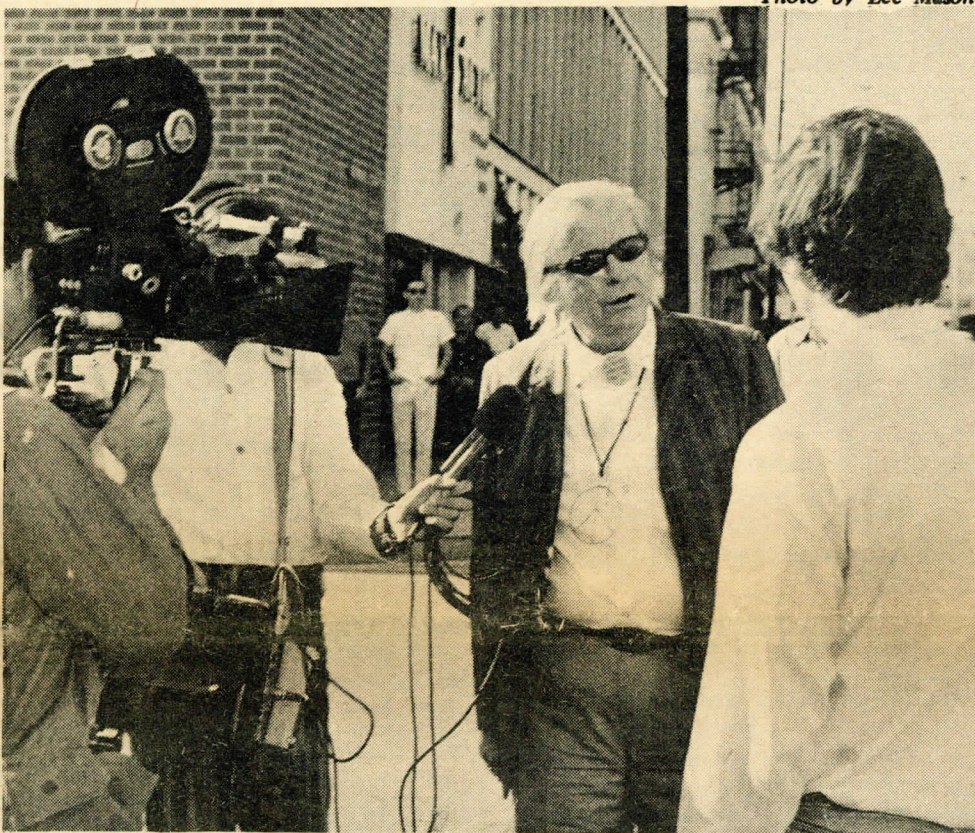


Photo by Lee Mason

Los Angeles' GLF Founder, Morris Kight holds a news conference

New York Site Of '71 Conference

San Francisco, Calif.—New York has been chosen as the site of the 1971 meeting of the radically re-structured North American Conference of Homophile Organizations, now re-named the North American Conference on Homosexuality.

That change in name reflects the changes made in the six-year-old association which was originally created to hold annual conferences at which leaders in the homosexual movement could get together and exchange ideas, find new ways of cooperating, and communicate better. NACHO had been created to help unify the movement and had ended up, many held, a bureaucracy which had become a divisive force in the movement.

The NACHO Executive Committee and other committees had become self-sustaining, and the Credentials Committee, which decided which

continued on page 3

Hip Communes Welcome Homosexuals

Communes in the North Country

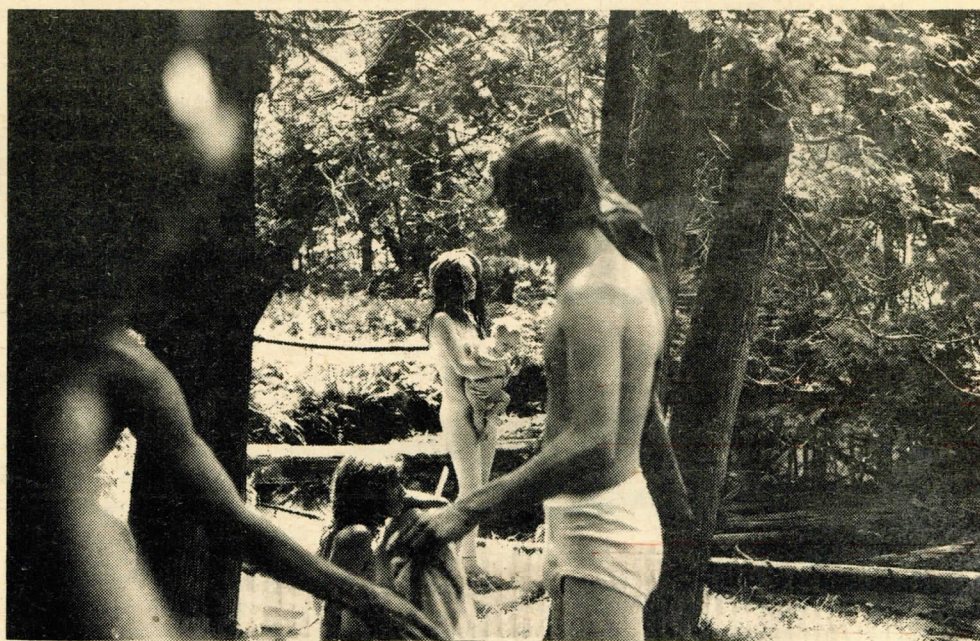
BY ERIK LARSSON
MIDWEST CORRESPONDENT

Minneapolis, Minn.—The North Country Liberation Front, a coalition of communes, collectives and social service units for the hip, or street, community, has heartily endorsed gay liberation and gay rights.

The five-paragraph resolution was adopted at a convention last month by nearly 250 members of communes or other hip organizations in Minnesota, the Dakotas, Manitoba and Ontario, GAY, was informed.

"Amerika today is a sexist society in which we are unjustly forced to label ourselves and others as to sexuality," the statement said. "These labels must ultimately be destroyed."

"Homosexuality is not a hatred of the



opposite sex; it is the capacity to love someone of the same sex. Most heterosexuals are unable to appreciate this fact because their own sexual attitudes are so confused."

The resolution denounces stereotyped male-female roles as well as "condemnation, job discrimination and legal harassment which stimulates anxiety and guilt in homosexuals."

"Gay people must overcome self-hatred and be proud of their love for each other."

"While initially we must understand and accept, ultimately and soon the homosexual in everyone must be freed..."

"We must realize that gay liberation is not an end in itself, but rather planned obsolescence, in that we must fight for a world in which the concepts of homo- and heterosexuality do not exist, but

continued on page 12

INSIDE

- Places to Go p. 2
- The story of Alpine County . . p. 5
- Sad Reflections on Gay Lib . . p. 7
- Mental Prisons p. 8
- Songs on Frustration Row . . p. 11

WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT?

A Directory for Discriminating Dispositions

GAY CALENDAR

Tuesday, Nov. 24 & Dec. 1: (Nov. 24th only) Benefit performance for GAA of Grant Duay's FREAK at Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Sq., South. 8:40 p.m. \$3 contribution at door. A rock-theatre experience with audience participation, including songs, plays, rock ballet and "incidents."
(Nov. 24 & Dec. 1) Mattachine Society Inc. of N.Y. Legal Aid Clinic at Society offices (243 West End Ave.) Telephone 799-0916. 6 p.m. Free advice and information on legal matters. Women and men welcome.
"Clean Air & Dirty Talk" Dick Leitsch & Jack Nichols on WBAI-FM (99.5) 11:00 p.m.
"Homosexual News & Comment" WBAI-FM (99.5) 11:30 p.m.

Wednesday, Nov. 25 & Dec. 2: West Side Discussion Group regular meetings. Church of the Holy Apostles (9th Ave. & 28th St.) Call 989-7572 for information. Women and men welcome. Donation \$1.50

Thursday, Nov. 26 & Dec. 3: Gay Activists Alliance regular meetings at the Church of the Holy Apostles (9th Ave. & 28th St.) Donation 50 cents. Women and men welcome.
Daughters of Bilitis regular meetings at 8 p.m., 240 West 38th St. Women only.

Friday, Nov. 27 & Dec. 4: The House of David & Jonathan (Gay Jewish Congregation) meeting 8:30 p.m. at Spencer Memorial Church, Clinton & Remsen Sts., Brooklyn Heights, N.Y. (Nov. 27th Only, 11:30 p.m.) The Dick Cavett Show will feature spokesmen from the Gay Activists Alliance.
(Nov. 27th Only) Benefit for GAA. Performance of Grant Duay's FREAK. (See Tuesday, above, for location, time.)

Sunday, Nov. 29 & Dec. 6: 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 at the Church of the Holy Apostles (9th Ave. & 28th St.) Women and men welcome.

BEST BETS

(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.)

Let's turn MANHATTAN into an Isle of Joy:

- A Woman's Place, 29½ Cornelia St., Village. Fri. & Sat. Coffeeshop from 6:00 p.m. till midnight. Womens' books, crafts. GF
- Barn, 26 Ninth Ave.; back room policy. GM
- Barrell Inn, 568 9th Ave. (btwn 41st & 42nd). The old "Kelly's" of 45th St. reopened on 9th Ave. Need we say more? GM
- Beaded Bag, 1st Ave. btwn 52nd & 53rd Sts. Chubby Chasers GM
- Brother Moe's, 1643 1st Ave. (btwn 85th & 86th). Old fashioned, quaint surroundings. A pool table. Friendly. 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, 104 W. 10th St. 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 Third Ave.; restaurant
Danny's 139 Christopher; a little leathery GM
Danny's of Palisades, 771 Palisade Ave., Cliffside Park, N.J. Open till 3 a.m., 4 a.m. Saturdays. GM
Den, Little W. 12th & Washington; a lot leathery GM
Fabulous, 177 East 84th St. Large discotheque, games. Movies. Open 9 p.m. till 9 a.m. 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 cruisy 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
Goldfarb, T. 7th Ave. at Bleecker; restaurant GM
Good Table, 45 Lexington Ave.; restaurant, Int.
Harry's Back East, 1422 3rd Ave.; out-of-towner's spa 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 btwn 10th & 11th Sts.; GM
Keller's, 384 West St. near Barrow; rather leathery GM
Kookie's, 149 W. 14th GF
Luv Cage, 4th W. of 6th Ave., upstairs; private, after hours GF
Mary Dugan's, 240 W. 72nd St. Plastic flowers set the tone of a new atmosphere. GM
Oak Room bar in Plaza Hotel, 5th Ave. at 59th; venerable last stand of a bygone era; Int.
Piccadilly Pub, 324 Amsterdam Ave. (btwn W. 75th & 76th). Open from 4 p.m. till 4 a.m. A new bar with your host, Munch. Cocktail hour: 4 p.m. to 7 p.m. 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 GF, GM
Royal Roost, Cornelia nr. Bleecker; restaurant GM
Scotland Yard, 146 West 4th St. Dancing, pool, BYOB. Private membership. 8 p.m. till 7 a.m. Int.
Stage Forty-Five, 305 E. 45th; dancing, where Black is Beautiful GM
Stud, Greenwich St. at Perry. Fifty cent beers, crowds, roomy GM
Tenth of Always, 82 W. 3rd; private and after hours GM
The Eagle 11th Ave. & 21st St. The latest word in Leather-Western bars GM
Tool Box, 507 West St. at Jane GM
Tor, 21 Greenwich Ave.; sidewalk cafe; Int.
Triangle, 34 9th Ave. GM
Troubador btwn 58th & 59th on 1st Ave. GM
Uncle Charlie's, 1049 Lexington GM
Victor's Quarters, 984 2nd Ave. GM
Willie's West Side, 224 W. 82nd (off Bdwy.). Dancing. Free buffet supper at cocktail hour late Sunday afternoon 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

As Winter winds blow, to N.Y. steam-baths go:

Beacon Baths, 227 E. 45th; go in the main entrance and take the elevator to the 11th floor; still a best buy GM (see ad)
The Club North, 49 Broadway, Newark, N.J. (telephone 201-484-4848). Clean. Modern. Cozy dorm. GM (see ad)
Continental Baths, 230 W. 74th; first tubs in N.Y. to have any class, they are now so with it that they present "lounge acts" on weekends! GM (see ad)
Everard, 28 W. 28th; For those who like dingy chicken coops. A fine steamroom tho GM
St. Mark's Baths, St. Mark's Pl. Cleanups and paint have made a difference. On the upswing. Longhaired East Villagers 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

THE SECOND COMING, the Judy Garland Review, starring Robin, appearing at the Gold Bug, 85 West 3rd Street, Manhattan.

The introductions have been made and now the spotlight is focused at the rear of the audience, since we know that's where she always makes her entrance.

There's an air of anxiousness tinged with the fear of disappointment. What is there to hope for? At best a clever imitation, a shadowy likeness. Now our star is before us and quickly we take inventory for accuracy from wispy bangs to shapely legs. And though it's all there, some vital element is missing—and that, we know, is Judy herself.

But as the music begins, and that voice is heard, the act begins to take form and elements seem to compliment each other.

There is an intimacy in a small club like the Gold Bug which, though undoubtedly created for lovers, lends itself to the nostalgia of the show. Since its recent face-lift, the decor is sophisticated, tasteful and succeeds in creating a comfortable atmosphere, attracting a crowd averaging in their mid-twenties. We notice that 'Judy' looks vivacious under the rose colored lights as she helps bring the recorded voice to life.

We are there for an opening nite, and a curtain speech is expected. So Robin speaks to us, not as Judy, but in her own words she thanks us all for coming—and so never really steps out of character.

I had the pleasure of speaking briefly with Robin between shows, and found her easy-going and refreshingly honest. Native to the more casual atmosphere of Fire Island, Robin admitted to being "...scared to death." Performing for the first time in a New York gay bar.

"How long have you been doing Judy Garland?" I queried tactlessly.

"My God," came the answer, "you are treading on thin ice."

Robin's performance has a conscience and compassion for her subject. What Robin offers in her review is a chance to more vividly relive tender memories with a gesture, a reaching out, and a voice, soaring.

BRUCE MORGAN

In BOSTON, be improper at the:

- Cave**, 20 Boylston. GM
- Edwardian**, 21 Broad St., restaurant; integrated noon to early evening. GM
- Jacques**, 75 Broadway. GF, GM
- La Grange Baths**, La Grange St., new clean.
- Locke-Ober Men's Bar**, 3 Winter Place. GM
- Mario's**, upstairs cor. Shawmut & Broadway; ecch! GM
- Napoleon Club**, 52 Piedmont; elegant, coats-and-ties, informal Sundays. GM
- Other Side**, 76 Broadway; dancing, psychedelic lighting, huge room, minimum, lots of action but scattered. GM
- Playland**, 19 Essex St.; typically awful, but fun for slumming. GM
- Regency Baths**, Regency St.; unbelievable total of 135 cubicles reported. GM
- Sporter's**, 235 Cambridge St.; Harry's Back East of Boston. GM
- Twelve Carver**, 12 Carver of course. GM

SUPPORT THE COMMUNITY CENTER OF YOUR CHOICE:

THE GAY COMMUNITY CENTER GROUP

Among those groups seeking to establish Manhattan's long-awaited gay community center is an idealistic band of young people who recently came to GAY's offices with news of an impending lease-signing for a large loft in Greenwich Village.

"We're looking for a space where gays can come together in a human atmosphere free from the oppression of the streets and exploitative underworld bars, where we can meet and relate to others as people," says personable Dennis Siple, a spokesman for the group. "We want a place to hold classes in karate, theatre, a gay liberation. We'll provide services for the gay community: legal, medical, housing, and jobs. We'll even have a gay switchboard!" The Center envisioned also seeks a free food program and—wonder of wonders—day care for children! "We need to understand the things that keep us apart: sexism, racism, loneliness and fear," says Dennis. "We've never had a place to try this before!" Dennis asks for workers and for donations of paint, furniture and tools. Last, but not least, the Center needs money. Information may be obtained from (and donations sent to):

Gay Community Center
P.O. Box 40
Village Station
New York, New York 10014
Telephone: (212) 864-6487

MATTACHINE

Setting as its goal the establishment of a gay community center in New York City, Mattachine of New York is undertaking a fund drive to raise money in order to acquire a building and maintain it as such a center.

The Los Angeles homophile organization, One, Incorporated, which is one of the oldest in the movement, dating back to 1951, has a tax-deductible Foundation, The Institute for the Study of Human Resources, and is establishing an eastern office so that the Foundation will be available to MSNY.

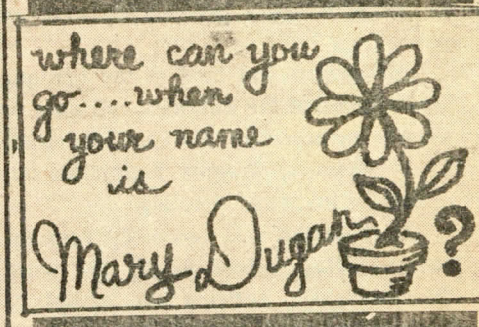
MSNY has undertaken to raise tax-deductible contributions from its members and friends, to be made to the Institute, which will, in turn, channel the money back to MSNY in the form of grants for the center, or for other educational or charitable projects which MSNY plans to carry out.

Mattachine officials envision a center which would provide shelter for homeless gays, help homosexual drug addicts to obtain treatment and rehabilitation (they are now excluded from almost all treatment centers), and provide space for the MSNY library on homosexuality, making it available to researchers. The center would also provide a place for social affairs, particularly for persons who do not like to patronize bars.

Contributions of money, stocks or bonds, or real property can be made to the Institute and will be tax-deductible. People who would like to contribute are asked to contact MSNY first, for complete information, at 243 West End Avenue, New York City, 10023, or by telephoning (212) 799-0916 after 6 p.m.

W.S.D.G.

The West Side Discussion group has already raised over \$1500 toward its Community center, and, to gain added funds, recently produced a lighthearted entertainment entitled, "Shades of Lavendar" at St. Peter's Church. West Side is also seeking community assistance. For information, telephone (212) 984-7572.



EDITORIAL

December 7, 1970 Volume 2, No. 1

Troy Perry descended on New York (Nov. 11) in a flurry. He left us breathless. "I've got a touch of asthma," he confessed giving us an unbelievably enthusiastic pumping as he shook our hands. We found this hard to believe. The Reverend Perry makes Oral Roberts sound like Wally Cox. He's got 10 times the energy of Billy Graham and a grass roots sense of humor that puts him head and shoulders above that charlatan.

Perhaps you saw John Francis Hunter's account of services in Los Angeles' Metropolitan Community Church in GAY (Nos. 9 & 11), or you may have read about Troy Perry in Time or Newsweek recently. His church is the first of America's successful gay denominations.

If there was ever a man suited to the peculiar task he's set for himself, Troy Perry is that man. New York sophisticates won't dig him right away—his Tallahassee drawl and his unembarrassed references to "The Lord" are enough to draw cynical smiles. But give him only ten minutes and your cynicism will change to wonder, your hatred of things orthodox will be temporarily forgotten, and you will be suddenly aware that this homosexual-man-of-the-cloth is blowing your mind!

He's better than a TV spectacular,

more colorful than the Electric Circus. There is pathos in his voice, and all the joy and wonder of a man who truly believes his gospel. More than that, he is a man who believes in himself! "You've got to love yourself," he tells gay audiences, "because if you don't, how do you expect God to love you?"

There's something marvelously freaky about his approach to life that makes him an OK guy. Imagine if you can, the choir of the Metropolitan Community Church walking in the great gay parade last June on Hollywood Boulevard. Twenty-five thousand onlookers are treated to the sight of a robed clergy man and his homosexual parishioners singing, "ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS!"

Troy Perry speaks the Middle American tongue in ways that no other homosexual spokesman can equal. If religion is a crutch, Troy Perry's is a fine new wheelchair!

If anybody can reach into the heartland, meeting bigoted Bible thumpers on their own ground and winning them to new viewpoints, this cheerful "southern-boy" is the one.

When did he have his first gay experience? "When I was nine years old," he laughs, "The other boy was fourteen. I was the aggressor."



NEW FILM ON THE HORIZON: The Boy With the Hungry Eyes. Hollywood reviewers say "Boy" is a film "stamped with 14-carat quality." Penned and directed by Monroe Beehler, "The Boy With the Hungry Eyes" aims at a "more artistic, more creative approach." and strives for "symbolism with feeling" with a major studio-type cinematography and musical scoring.

NY Loitering Law Ruled Unconstitutional

New York, N. Y.—Judge Alfred A. Kleinman of the NYC Criminal Court has ruled unconstitutional a section of the state's loitering law which permits police to arrest persons they suspect of criminal behavior or of plans for criminal acts.

Judge Kleinman called the action a "subterfuge" for the police to arrest and search citizens without probable cause. "Suspicious acts observed by officers may be as consistent with innocence as with guilt," the judge observed.

The section of the law in question allows the police to arrest any person who "Loiters, remains or wanders in or about a place without apparent reason and under circumstances which justify suspicion that he may be engaged or about to be engaged in crime." If the suspect refuses to identify himself or

"fails to give a reasonably credible account of his conduct and purposes," the law says, he is guilty of loitering.

The case which prompted Judge Kleinman to rule the section unconstitutional involved a man arrested for loitering in the lobby of a city housing project. When searched, the man was found to have drug apparatus and burglar's tools in his possession. He was charged with loitering and various counts of criminal possession. His lawyer moved for dismissal on grounds of illegally-obtained evidence.

Judge Kleinman's ruling binds neither the other courts in the state nor his fellow judges on the Criminal Courts bench unless the decision is upheld on appeal. The Attorney General's office has not yet decided whether to file an appeal.

The court have previously upheld other sections of the loitering statute, including those which prohibit loitering for the purpose of committing, attempting to commit or soliciting another person to commit a lewd or sexual act," and publicly appearing in drag.

The section of the loitering law dealing with "lewd or sexual acts" makes it a crime to "remain in a public place for the purpose of committing" a "lewd or sexual act." The law, legal experts argue, is of dubious constitutionality since it forces the police to guess what a person's purpose is in remaining in a public place. Accordingly, the District Attorney's office has not prosecuted any cases of homosexual solicitation for several years.

The police now and again make a series of arrests under the law, claiming they have no choice but to enforce the law so long as it is on the books. When the courts won't hear such cases and the prosecutors won't prosecute them, the police claim, they are cast in the role of villains. The legislators should get rid of laws that are unenforceable top officials claim, and get the police out of the

business of enforcing private morality, thus releasing them to deal with more important police matters.

In a recent interview, former Police Commissioner Howard Leary pointed to the ridiculousness of his men chasing prostitutes and homosexuals while the number of muggings, robberies, murders and bombings in New York spiral upwards.

Legal observers hope the Attorney General will appeal the decision and perhaps open up a re-examination of the entire loitering statute.

'71 CONFERENCE

continued from page 1

organizations were or were not eligible to attend the conference meetings, had become particularly controversial, NACHO's taking stands on matters of policy and other controversial issues had proven disastrous to movement unity, as was demonstrated by the floor fights, at the 1970 meeting in San Francisco, where "radical" and "reformist" factions fought over taking stands on highly political issues.

continued on page 12



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The Wicker Basket



BY RANDOLFE WICKER

RAPE BY ANY OTHER NAME

Five prisoners at the Queens House of Detention have been indicted on charges of first degree sodomy for forcing homosexual inmates into sexual acts during the takeover of the jail during early October. They can receive up to twenty-five years each if convicted.

The inmates were among those who seized the jail in Kew Gardens shortly after other inmates had taken over the Long Island City House of Detention holding several guards as hostages.

According to the indictment, the five men sought out those other inmates who

were segregated because of their known homosexual tendencies and with the aid of other inmates attacked and molested them by force.

Four homosexual prisoners were forced first to engage in sexual acts with one another while the inmates looked on, and then were attacked by the five and sexually abused.

HONEYED COCKS AT HIGH MASS

The Psychedelic Venus Church is Berkeley, California's latest contribution to the avant garde. Founded by members of the various sexual freedom groups calling themselves the Shiva Fellowship in the Bay area, the Psychedelic Venus Church celebrates hedonism and claims to have grown from 100 members last spring to a current enrollment of over 500. It claims to be growing at a rate "which will outnumber the Catholic Church by 2001." Its goals are "humanist hedonism and religious pursuit of body pleasure." Its sacraments are "sex" and "marijuana."

Reverend Jefferson Fuck Poland, founder of the sexual freedom league movement which has spread into many areas during the past few years, says that the Church has been forced to place restrictions on the number of single heterosexual males at church socials and marijuana communions.

"At present," the *L.A. Free Press* reports, "Rev. Poland has had to limit services to homosexuals, and to heterosexual couples, lest single women freak at being outnumbered by horny men and become reluctant to join the joyous fucking. Membership is estimated at being one-third women, one-third homosexual male, and one-third heterosexual male."

"One version of the holy sacrament,

the Genital Sacrifice, is performed four times a year at Witches' Sabbath," the *L.A. Free Press* reporter elaborates. "In this celebration, the congregation lays out nude and one person of each sex offers himself up on the altar. The genitals of these two volunteers are thickly spread with honey and, one by one, the worshippers come up to the altar and lick the honey off the sex organs of each host. According to Rev. Fuck Poland, this is a ritual of ancient origin, and he equates it with the Christian Communion in which worshippers partake of the flesh of Christ."

Membership is open to anyone having a sincere religious interest and the \$5 membership fee. The mailing address is Psychedelic Venus Church, P.O. Box 4163, Sather Gate Station, Berkeley, Calif. 94794.

MOVIE STARS MUST DEMAND TO COME OUT:

Nancy Anderson, editor of *Photoplay Magazine*, told *Show Magazine* recently that there were some subjects which "fan" magazines would not touch.

"Sex" and "rape" cannot be mentioned in *Photoplay* cover lines," she explained. "And we wouldn't brand a star a homosexual even if we could do it without being libelous unless he demanded we print his story to help mankind. We really try to present everybody in the most favorable light."

TOSSED SALAD OF SHORT ITEMS:

*Washington D.C.'s first worship service for homosexuals was held Sept. 27th at All Souls Unitarian Church with 65 people attending. Over 200 churches in the area were contacted but only the All Souls Unitarian Church responded favorably.

*Members of Louisville, Ky. Gay Liberation Front joined several hundred demonstrators protesting Agnew's visit to Louisville carrying a banner reading "Freaking Fag Revolutionaries Against Agnew" and chanting "Gay is Good, Spiro's not."

*LA's GLF succeeded in pressuring The Farm, a local gay bar, into allowing handholding and putting arms about one another above the waist.

*Nearly 150 people have been arrested in San Diego's Balboa Park cruising area since August by young cops in sports clothing, mod or hippie attire. Some cops even went barefoot.

*Berkeley's GLF has gotten that city's only gay bar, the White Horse Inn, to establish a community bulletin board, sell homosexual publications and make a \$50 cash voluntary donation toward establishing a community center for Berkeley gays.

*Japan's Terayama Shuji's new play *Marie Vison* has the actors and audience "turn on" by dipping their wicks in ink and pressing them to paper to make "penis prints."

*Four uniformed policemen were stationed directly across the street from St. Peter's Church during GAA's dance Saturday Nov. 7th.

*The Dick Cavett Show will feature GAA representatives Friday night, Nov. 27th.

*The *New York Column*, a small weekly newspaper, carried a lengthy article comparing "gay revolution" and "Gay Youth Groups" with "the introduction of drugs on a similar scale but a generation ago."

*A writer for *S.F. Ball*, a West Coast sex newspaper, was arrested while being blown on stage by two women in a Los Angeles sex club. He is planning to fight legally for the right to publicly engage in sodomy.

*The Oscar Wilde Memorial Bookstore has refused to stock Leo Skir's new book *Boychick* because "chick" is a sexist and male chauvinist word.

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GROUP SESSIONS

Marathon Sessions

Call 541-7720

Dr. Kaplan

THE HOUSE OF DAVID AND JONATHAN

At

Spencer Memorial Church

Clinton and Remsen Sts.

Brooklyn Heights

Services 8:30 Friday Evening

A New Gay Jewish Congregation

LAST
2
DAYS

NEW SHOW
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The marker on Highway 89

Morris Knight, white-haired founder of LA Gay Lib, says, "We must communicate with the residents. It wouldn't fit our notion if the residents should be made to suffer." But local residents say that they have not been contacted by Gay Lib. August Eggers, 73-year-old owner of the Markleville Store and gas station, says, "I don't have any idea who these people are or what they're like, only what I read in the papers." He asks, "What will they do here? Where will they live?"

A newcomer to Markleville, who asked to remain anonymous, revealed one threat to local residents. "Most folks here work for the county or are on welfare. If the county government is taken over, they're out of jobs."

Gay Lib states that it has already leased a 600-acre ranch for the project; although, residents claim that it is only 40 acres "down in the canyon where you can't get at it." It is also reported that Gay Lib is currently negotiating to lease four houses in Markleville to use as communes; although local residents don't know of any property available and GLF

museum of Gay arts, sciences and history," a Gay university and a center for Gay publishing. In the Gay Lib group, there are already several professional people (including two doctors and two lawyers—Markleville has neither) and several business people, who want to practice or establish businesses there.

Charles Thorpe, founder of BAG/FUN, a San Francisco group organized to support the Alpine Project, says that "It's good that it's undeveloped." He explains that it would prove something for Gays to build a community from nothing.

But not all of Alpine County can be developed. Most of the county's 723 sq. miles is covered by six national forests and several state parks. And the natural beauty of the high Sierra ranges has not gone unnoticed.

On the other side of the county 40 miles from Markleville through snowy Ebbetts Pass is Bear Valley, with its 150 resort dwellers. Just a few years ago, Bear Valley was also a national forest, but the Bear Valley Development Corporation arranged a land swap with the federal government to obtain the valuable ground.

Bear Valley is not small town America, but a modern ski resort carefully planned and promoted to attract wealthy vacationers.

Unlike Markleville, the hostility in Bear Valley is more sophisticated. Eva Parelius, who works in the Bear Valley Sport Shop says, "I have nothing against homosexuals as long as they blend in, but I would object to any group's trying to take over."

Helen Hughes, a secretary for the development corporation, says, "I used to model in Hollywood and I know what they are... there's no room for perversion here."

The reaction is not all hostile. "We think it's very humorous," says Betty Henault, who runs The Little Lodge with her husband John. John and Betty own a Gay bar in Monterey, California. John says that Gays make good customers. But the ground that The Little Lodge sits on is owned by the Bear Valley Development Corporation and a Gay place does not fit into the scheme of things.

The plush offices of the development corporation are just off the lobby of its five story ski lodge. The development corporation isn't commenting on Gay Lib's plans. Bruce Orbis, head of the corporation explains, "We haven't had any reporters up here until now and the Board met today and decided to issue a formal statement in a few days covering every aspect of this situation."

Alpine County is the first venture of the overall Gay Nationalism concept of the "Stonewall Nation," and it has caught the eye of the news media across the

continued on page 16



he marker on Alpine County's highway 89 has been recently altered to read, "Queer County." And the residents of this remote county in the high Sierras of Northern California just south of Lake Tahoe have been severely shaken by news that the Los Angeles Gay Liberation Front plans to make it just that; the first county in the United States to be controlled by homosexuals.

Alpine County, with its pristine mountain lakes, pleasant valleys and snow-covered peaks (reaching 11,000 feet) has fewer residents than any county in California: 450. GLF has already registered 480 Gays to move into Alpine by Jan. 1. A recent State court decision knocking down old residency laws makes mandatory only a 90-day period of residency for prospective voters. After there are enough Gays in the county to outnumber current voters, GLF plans to petition for recall of present county officials. A special election will then be held to elect only homosexual officials.

Markleville, the county seat, is a one-road, two store village surrounded by the tall Sierra ranges. The 165 mountain folk here say that they thought "it was just a joke" until the announcement brought scores of reporters streaming through the snowy mountain passes into the tiny town. Now they no longer think of it as a laughing matter.

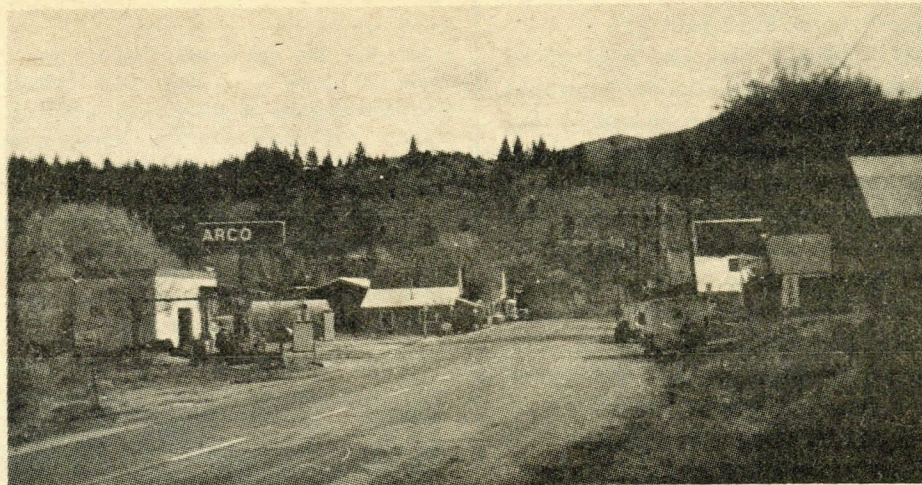
Jeanne Turbeaugh, a 21-year-old native of Markleville, expresses the town's feelings. "I like it the way it is. It's not so much 200 Gays, it's 200 Blacks or 200 anybodies wanting to take over our county." She asks, "What do they really want?"

Don Kilhefner, GLF spokesman, says, "There are two major objectives. One is that we want to have a county which we can control completely in order to establish a Gay counter-culture, the reason being that the society controlled by heterosexuals is too oppressive for us to establish an open homosexual life style."

"The second objective is to establish a refuge for persecuted homosexuals. It would be a place where Gays could go to get their heads together, and then, if they desired, go back to straight society again, strengthened by the heightened consciousness gained from the experience of freedom."

"GAY NATIONALISM" IN THE HIGH SIERRAS

BY DON COLLINS



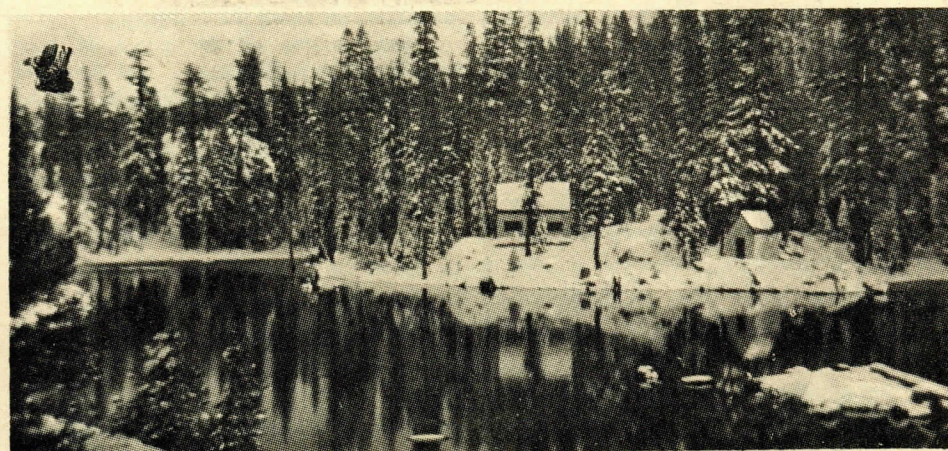
Markleville's Main Drag

Some of the residents doubt the legality of the plan. A delegation of county officials has already gone to the state capitol to ask for help. They were advised that GLF's plan is legal and that the state can do nothing unless laws are broken.

Markleville is small town America and it's scared. The people here feel that their way of life is threatened. There is talk of vigilante action. "We'll do anything we can to prevent anyone from taking over our county," asserts Hubert Bruns, chairman of the board of supervisors. There is a hand-lettered sign in the bar of the Alpine Hotel which reads, "Homo Hunting Licenses Sold Here." But the residents hope that the cold temperatures and snow, which averages 453.6 inches per year, will be enough to discourage Gays from moving in.

is keeping the locations secret.

GLF plans to create new commerce in the area by making it a "Gay Mecca." They envision Alpine as a hub for Gay activity becoming a favorite vacation spot for homosexuals with "the world's first



Lake Alpine

Photos by Don Collins

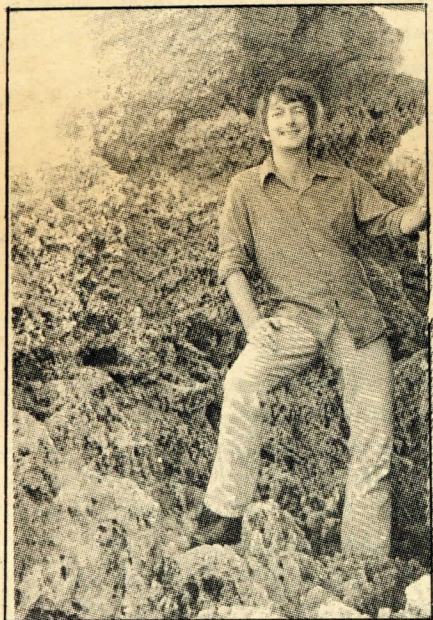
A WALTZ IN OLD BERMUDA (or) Tom Anderson's Two Left Feet

BY DICK LEITSCH



nytime I feel depressed or oppressed, I make a list of my enemies. That always cheers me up. Oscar Wilde said "A man cannot be too careful in his choice of enemies." We are known as much by the kinds of people who despise us as we are by the kind of friends we have, and I'm proud of my enemies.

Not that I like or respect them. Quite the opposite. Voltaire claimed to have prayed daily, "Oh God, make all of my enemies fools." I never had to pray for that as I am blessed with the most ridiculous group of adversaries anyone has ever collected. Assemble them in one place at one time and you'll see the largest convocation of idiots since the last political nominating convention.



Dick Leitsch on the coral reefs

Like any responsible person, I alienate the Right and the Left equally. The Radicals in the New Left view me with a disgust which I return. After long deliberation the local gay "revolutionaries" applied to me the most negative epithet in their limited vocabulary. I am, they said, an "aristocrat." As soon as I got word of their decision, I sent them a telegram of thanks. The word "revolution," I told them, calls to my mind the French unpleasantness, which I knew well from movies on the Late Show. I always identified with Norma Shearer as Marie Antoinette, rather than with Madame Defarge with her tacky knitting and shopkeeper's manners.

To make everything pleasantly bipartisan, the Right has escalated its attack on me. The John Birch Society published a pamphlet and several articles denouncing both the homosexual movement and me as an individual. This distaste for homosexuals gives the Birchites something else in common with Eldridge Cleaver. It also puts the homosexual movement and me alongside



Dick raps with Conference members

of responsible Conservatives and William F. Buckley, Jr., other victims of Birchite attacks. (If anyone is not familiar with the John Birch Society, it is, in the words of Mr. Buckley, "a movement dominated by a man (Robert Welch) with a very special set of views which reality rejects.")

The point of all of this is to announce—proudly—the addition of a new name at the top of my list of enemies. It belongs to Tom Anderson, a high muckety-muck of some sort (perhaps "Grand Kleagle" or "Deputy Führer") in the Birch Society.

Mr. Anderson who, like most of my enemies, is not very attractive, joined the Golder List this past month. I had accepted an invitation to go to Bermuda to attend a conference on trends in modern society. A group of American businessmen had arranged the seminar to inform themselves as to what is going on in the world. Other speakers included William Kunstler, Allen Ginsberg, Rev. Billy James Hargis, Rev. Carl McIntyre (it was a bipartisan session), and many other good people from all points on the political and social spectra.

Anderson was invited to talk about his Birch Society, and he accepted—who but a fool would turn down an all-expense paid week in a luxury hotel in sunny Bermuda? When this fool found out who the other speakers were, he declined to appear. His letter to the conference organizers included the following:

I had no idea of the extent of your organization's degradation... that I would have to associate with a roomfull of homos and Marxists. My contempt for you and your association is unbounded. In case Leitsch and Ginsberg saved a waltz for me, I'm sure you'd adore to take my place.

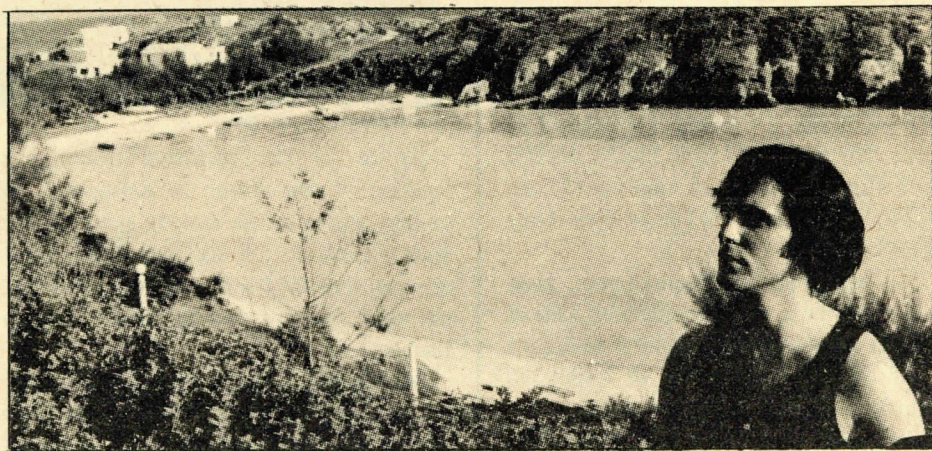
His letter was read just before I was to speak on a panel discussion devoted to "Sex Mores and Human Sexuality." I opened my remarks by announcing that there was no place on my dance card for Anderson. I make it a point never to dance with Birchers. They are clumsy dancers and have roving hands, and I hate

being groped on a dance floor.

Anderson writes a column called "Straight Talk." (About that title—"Isn't it campy?," as Billy James Hargis slipped and said during his speech in Bermuda, to the great amusement of Allen Ginsberg and myself.) His drivel is syndicated to many newspapers in the Bible Belt, including the hometown paper of one of GAY's co-editors, who gave me a copy. In his column, Anderson listed all the "homos and Marxists" who went to Bermuda to pervert American businessmen:

And last, but not leashed (*that's a pun, I think—dl*), none other than Dick Leitsch, Executive Director of the Mattachine Society. That's America's leading homosexual organization. ...when mice run across the floor, I don't know whether Dick Leitsch and Allen Ginsberg scream and pull up their panties or not; but when Mary Calderone (*another of the speakers, a crusader for sex education—Birchers favor sex ignorance*) enters the room, the mice jump up on chairs.

I think that's sweet. If Anderson *liked*



Dick's lover, Bob Amsel, and Bermuda Seas

me, I'd worry. I'm flattered that he gave me more of his space than William Kunstler got. The publicity never hurts, and the column is carefully filed where I can get it out to cheer me when next I feel powerless or depressed. I haven't been so flattered since the Gay Activists Alliance accused me of calling the *New York Times* and ordering press blackouts on their activities!

I have one quibble. I don't mind being called a sissy (have you seen Anderson?), but I do resent being called a Marxist. Marx was as much of an ass as Robert Welch, and I follow neither of them.

Marx would place the means of production in the hands of the government. As Engels told him, that's merely placing the reins of both political and economic oppression in the hands of one power. I don't support that.

Another of the many disagreements I have with Marx is over his claim that the proletariat would destroy the bourgeoisie and end oppression. As Engels foresaw, and the hard-hats are now proving, the proletariat, once liberated, struggles to become the bourgeoisie. It is the working man who is shifted to the Right, and the children of the bourgeoisie who are playing at being proletarians. Have you ever met a poor Weatherman, or a working-class Communist?

Sorry, Mr. Anderson. Marxism is as repugnant to me as Birchism, and I am an observer, not a player, of politics. What few political beliefs I have are slightly to the Left of William Buckley and slightly to the right of Gore Vidal. I don't subscribe to an *deus ex machina* idea of solutions to the world's problems. Birchites think killing all Commies will bring Nirvana; the Communists that a revolution will right all wrongs, and liberals that Bella Abzug in Congress will make everything all right. They're all crazy.

In case anyone is wondering how successful I was in subverting American moral values in Bermuda, I have some statistics. At the beginning of the conference, the audience was polled on all of the issues to be discussed. 83% thought homosexuality should be legalized; 12% thought it should not, and

5% had no opinion. A second poll was taken just after my talk. 98% were in favor of legalization, and only 2% thought homosexuality should be a crime. I suspect the 2% were those closet Queen Birchers who kept following Allen Ginsberg, Bob Amsel and me to the men's rooms. Maybe one of them was Tom Anderson, who perhaps swished in anonymously, hoping for that waltz. ■●

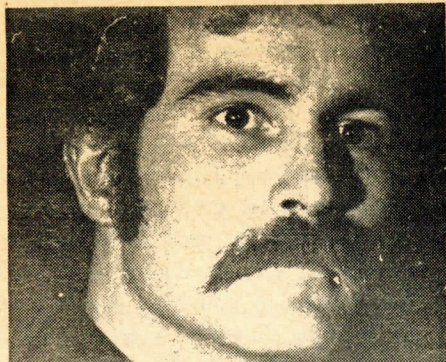
SAD REFLECTIONS

BY JACK NICHOLS

Let's take a look at the *Joiner*: the cause-oriented, organization-prone member of a group; the person concerned with the purity of ideology; the importance of group image; and the absolute necessity for his particular viewpoint to ride high waves to final triumph.

Eric Hoffer described him as *The True Believer*. He's got a message for mankind: a secular message he delivers with religious fervor. When he speaks, you can always be sure of his topic: *the cause*. He puts "the good of humanity" ahead of his own good, although, of course, his own interpretation of the *summum bonum* is paramount. He is as anxious to sound off about the dogmatic complexities of his conclusions as the most fervent door-to-door Bible thumper.

His sense of humor is a facade. He uses it only to advance his beliefs. His jokes are "movement" jokes, and his laughter, feigned. It doesn't come from deep within, because the *Joiner* is seldom a person in touch with himself inwardly. He is concerned with *making a point*. He believes his *truths* can always be demonstrated through "rational" arguments, and he is exceedingly intolerant of those who fail to "be reasonable." He is a storehouse of rhetoric; carefully wrapped word-packages based on a series of socio-philosophical stances. The *Joiner*



Jack Nichols

at worst is a heartless fanatic, an indefatigable worker who rises in clouds of illusion to egocentric heights. At best he is kind and well-meaning, although not intimately in touch with the dogmatic aspects of his organization's work. The well-meaning *Joiner* believes somehow that what is being done is *good*. He works hard when he is asked to. But he is not the suave but the rigid "savior" so often found at the helm of his group.

The *Joiner* is seldom a sensual person. He is too concerned with committee meetings, "zaps," statements, and organizational politics to have sufficient time for love-making. In bed his hunger for power and his tendency to lead are reflected. The courtship of a traffic cop might be preferable.

His worst failing is his inability to see *himself* or the human situation with a sense of humor. When he sees himself *oppressed*, whether he is black, female, or gay, this failing is often carried to unfortunate extremes.

It is hard to say when I first began making such observations. As a teenager, I noticed that religious fanatics were wont to chase after potential converts whose physical appearances pleased them.



ON GAY LIBERATION

"Ah hah," they thought, "if this handsome person is converted, he'll be an impressive specimen for our group."

When my interest in western philosophy began to diminish as I reached my early 20's, my energies turned to civil liberties and social rights for homosexuals. In the homophile organizations, I found many of the characteristics common to religious cultists. The desire to convert other homosexuals to specific programs seemed to occupy many, although not all, of the homosexual leaders. A few were warm and humane. But these persons were rather rare. The vast majority of the self-appointed homosexual messiahs fought bitterly with one another over minute ideological and organizational differences. When I attended the first national meeting of homophile organizations in Kansas City (February 1966), I found myself caught in the struggles between east coast and west coast groups. "The east coast is ideological," said Kay Tobin to me at the time, "and the west coast is more interested in methodology." Big deal. They fought among themselves in the most absurd, uptight ways. Brothers? Sisters? Hah!

I was myself guilty of writing a policy statement for Washington Mattachine which still exists and which I now most sincerely regret. The policy, passed by Middle American homosexuals present at the meetings, refuses to allow Washington Mattachine's publications the joy of printing nudes. "This is a serious civil liberties, social rights organization for homosexuals," I argued at the time. "We're not here to promote nudity." Yes, *I actually said that!* But "Consistency is the hobgoblin of small minds" says Emerson, and I am now pleased to announce a long-ago about-face. It began early in 1967.

I was riding home with a prominent lesbian after giving a speech at Bucknell University, and spending two days talking with curious students. It was nearly sundown. My lady-companion was

explaining certain "facts" to me. "We've been considering you as a gay spokesman," she said, "and there's been considerable talk about sending you on cross-country tours to address various colleges." She hesitated. It seemed difficult for her to get to the point, so I thanked her for being "considered."

"But there's one problem which bothers some of us," she said.

"Oh?"

"It's common knowledge that you have been known to smoke pot."

"Is that what's been bothering you?"

"You must admit that it is an important consideration."

"Oh yeah?"

The numerous inter-organizational power struggles continued to both amuse and amaze me. Those who waged a revolution in the name of love hated their co-workers.

By the time Lige and I had arrived in New York, our priorities had changed. We decided not to join a homophile organization. Making love in the confines of our own home took precedence over our once-numerous homophile activities. "It's time to stop saving humanity and to save *ourselves*," we decided. "And, if humanity benefits as a byproduct, so much the better. But *we* come first."

Nevertheless, we found ourselves (after two months residence here) dropping in for two hours on a weekend gathering of the Eastern Regional Homophile Conference. A number of our old Washington acquaintances and friends were there.

The afternoon seemed wasted as delegates argued over dress regulations for the proposed annual picket on July 4th. One person stood up and denounced bobbysocks with vehemence. Another informed her that bobbysocks had not been worn since 1938. Somehow, it seemed, after our short absence, aspects of the homophile movement began to be as relevant to us as are meetings of the YMCA in St. Louis, Missouri.

My first meeting with a New York GLF member took place while we were

working with *SCREW*. "Lige and I have a whole page in *SCREW*," I told this leader enthusiastically, "and we'd like to know what your group is doing so we can report on it. We'll be reaching over 100,000 readers weekly."

"*SCREW* is an anti-female, sexist, capitalistic, heterosexually dominated rag," said the GLF'r coldly. As we spoke, a GLF-owned popsicle was making its rounds to various members. It was my turn for a bite. "No thank you," I said, "I have a bad cold and I might pass it on to someone." The "leader" fixed me with an icy stare, and said, *in all seriousness*, "That *would* be counter-revolutionary, wouldn't it."

The homophile groups fight among themselves as do the NAACP, CORE, SNCC, and the Panthers. There are conservatives, moderates, liberals, militants, radicals and extremists. To think of them in the same room is to evoke nightmares.

I was on Channel 13-TV not long ago with two radical lesbians, the male GAA President, and others. As we entered the studio, I opened the door for the president and the two women. He passed through without so much as a second thought. The two women refused me the non-pleasure of simple, thoughtless, sexless assistance. Oh well.

Only yesterday I re-wrote (for two "revolutionary" homosexuals) a plea for funds, describing one of the plea-makers as "handsome." He took what I had written for *approval* by his group, and returned it to me with only one correction. The word "handsome" had been circled, and in the margin, his "superiors" had written "Irrelevant and sexist." Sadly, I changed the word to "personable."

There may be those who will accuse me of being an anti-homophile. Not so. Man, I am told, is a social animal. That means he's something of a *Joiner* by nature. If I sound pessimistic, it's really a more general gloom.

Did you see *2001: A Space Odyssey*? Do you remember the opening scenes showing apes fighting among themselves over the rights to a waterhole? Do you recall their wholehearted involvement in their struggle, how seriously each ape took the whole silly business until finally some of the apes were actually killed?

These scenes were a great parody of the human situation. It is easy, as one watches in muted despair, to see that human beings, no matter what their persuasions, simply *group and re-group*. That our leaders are prudes and pompous asses is no cause for undue surprise. The power-hungry political cause-man (The *Joiner*) has always been constipated. He wants to fart but he can't. He holds it all in. His puffy cheeks give him away. Look at President Nixon's cheeks. See?

I look forward to gay liberation which signals the liberation of gaiety: the liberation of Joy. I dream of a humane movement suffused with the homosexual's widely touted proclivity for wit. I don't believe in calling a psychiatrist a liar simply because he's a psychiatrist. It's bad enough to call a man a psychiatrist!

continued on page 16

Beware the "A" Frame Cage

BY DON CLARK, PH.D.

How often do you hear yourself or someone else say, "I am a..." "I'm a Democrat." "I'm a New Yorker." "I'm a homosexual." "I'm a conservative." "I'm a mother." "I'm a stock broker." "I'm a priest." "I'm a U.S. citizen." "I'm a heterosexual." It is a common part of everyday conversation, yet that little "a" that follows the "I'm" is a trap. It is such a common trap that you do not even feel the pain when it closes on you. Once in the trap, you are limited. If you are a New Yorker, you cannot be a Californian. If you are a Democrat, you cannot be a Republican. If you are a homosexual, you cannot be a heterosexual. You have shut the door on your own cage.

If you are vaguely aware that it makes you feel confined, you are often tempted to escape the cage by entering another cage. Instead of saying, "I'm a Democrat," you change parties and say, "I'm a Liberal." Instead of saying, "I'm a homosexual," you go through tortures of self condemnation, guilt, psychotherapy, behavior modification, and step into the next cage saying, "I'm a heterosexual." A cage is a cage is a cage. It limits freedom.

But before throwing yourself into a rush for freedom, it would be wise to see just what "A"-frame cages have to offer that is constructive. Like any cage, they offer a kind of security. In addition, they can be of help in defining your identity. You are able to say, "I live in *this* cage. This is *my* cage. This cage is a part of my life."

This image of cages came to mind a few months ago while I was with a young man who had made an appointment for consultation. When I asked him what it was he had on his mind, he said, "homosexuality."

"Fine. But what is it about homosexuality that you want to get sorted out?"

"Well, I don't know if I'm a homosexual or not."

As he went on talking, he explained that he had been sexually attracted to men for at least ten years and had had numerous homosexual experiences. Rarely were these experiences satisfying. He was also sexually attracted to girls but he thought he was a little frightened of girls. He had had sexual experiences with a few girls but these were not truly satisfying either. When he was with a man, he often found himself getting upset because he knew he did not want to be a homosexual. He wanted to get married and have children and lead a "normal" life. When he was with a girl, he often found himself wondering what she would say if she knew that he was not a true heterosexual. He tortured himself endlessly with the same question, "Am I a homosexual or am I a heterosexual?" He had one foot caught in each of two

traps. Small wonder that he felt uncomfortable.

The young man was aware of his sexual attraction to women and of his sexual attraction to men. In the course of our conversations, he began to pay more attention to just what kind of satisfactions he experienced with each, as a means of getting a better picture of himself. As he increased his willingness to

that he knew he was a neurotic and needed some kind of treatment but he did not know where to go or what kind of treatment he needed. How did he know he was a neurotic? Because he thoroughly enjoyed having sex with men. Any other reason? No. Life was pretty satisfying otherwise. He had a good job and some good friends. His only dissatisfaction with his friendships was

saying, "I am a homosexual." During one session, I asked him to try shouting it. He did, startling me with the resonance and volume of his usually placid voice. After a few good shouts, he said, "Hey, that's liberating!"

He knew there were lots of other human beings in the world who considered themselves homosexuals. By saying, "I am a homosexual" he was able to identify with them. He was even aware of the homophile organizations that are standing up in daylight and shouting "gay is good." He had a sense of the self-respect owned by some of the more active public gays. By saying, "I am a homosexual," he was able to lean on that group, to identify with them, and to borrow some of their strength. He could say to himself that he was a member of a group that had an identity. He was not alone. As a group, they stood "for" some things and "against" other things. They had an identity which he could share since he was one of them.

An "A"-frame cage can offer something constructive. It can offer security and help in defining your identity. But you pay a price. While you are in the cage, you are less free to be your own unique self. You are less free to change. You are less free to grow. As long as you tell yourself that you are a homosexual, you are not free to explore heterosexuality. As long as you tell yourself that you are a bisexual, you are not free to enjoy exclusive homosexuality or exclusive heterosexuality. Granted the bisexual "A"-frame is far less limiting than the homosexual or heterosexual frames. I use it here as an example only to show that even so spacious a cage is still a cage.

The first step in getting out of the cages (if you are at a point in your life when you want to move away from cages) is to stop saying you are "a" anything, whether it be "a homosexual" or "a plumber." The first has to do with something you do in bed because you enjoy it and the second has to do with something you do during your working hours because you have chosen to earn your living that way. *You* are something more varied and changing who may sometime enjoy sexual interchange with a member of the opposite sex or who may decide to earn his living as a real estate salesman.

The second step is more difficult. It involves a life-time of constant redefining of self. Like any growing thing, animal or vegetable, you change constantly until you are dead. Permitting yourself the freedom to be your *self* means constantly keeping track of the changes. Each person must find his own unique style of checking on his own unique changing self, but there is a game that is fun for beginners. You sit down with a pad and pencil or a tape recorder and spend five minutes writing or saying, "I am..." You finish the sentence with the first thing that pops into your head and sounds genuine if surprising. Before taking time to think about it, you dash on quickly and say the magic beginning words again and let the surprise ending appear from within you. When you have finished your five minutes, you replay the tape or scan the pad and read your "self x-ray." After you have played this game a few times, you begin to get interested in the changing internal scenery of your self concept. You become more aware of the cages in which you are living. It offers a

continued on page 16



IN THE PRISON OF YOUR MIND

Photo by Dakin Pomeroy

own up to his own impulses, behavior, and satisfaction, he saw what looked like a comfortable escape from his habitual self torment. He said, "I guess I'm a bisexual." He stepped into a new cage. It was roomier and more comfortable but it was still a cage. A bisexual must like both males and females. He has decided to stay in this new cage a while, however, because it suits his needs right now.

His comfortable and useful cage brings to mind another man who consulted me not too long ago. He had had numerous sexual contacts with men during his post-pubertal years but did not describe himself as a homosexual. Instead, he described himself as a neurotic. He said

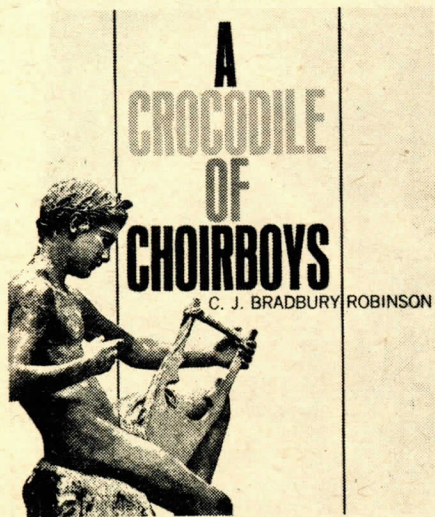
that his friends were all straight and he could never bring himself to tell them about his sex life. What made him think that his satisfying sexual experiences with men were sick? He had read it and heard it any number of times. Checking for other cages, I asked if he thought of himself as a homosexual. No, he was not a homosexual; he was a "normal" man who had "sick" thoughts that drove him into bed with other men, he told me.

I did help this man find an appropriate psychotherapist because he had a number of little knots in his emotional life that needed untying before he could begin to breathe freely. But during our series of consultations, he began to toy with

A CHOIR FULL OF CHICKEN

BY LEO SKIR

A CROCODILE OF CHOIRBOYS by C.J. Bradbury Robinson, Phenix Publishers, Ltd., 3511 Camino Del Rio South, San Diego, Calif. 92120.



Printed just inside the cover, a quotation from Nathalie Sarraute's *The Age of Suspicion*:

But it can also happen... that isolated maladjusted, lonely individuals, morbidly attached to their childhood withdrawn into themselves and cultivating a more or less conscious taste for a certain form of defeat, by giving in to an apparently useless obsession, succeed in digging up and laying bare a fragment of reality that is still unknown.

The taste described in this book is for chicken, very young chicken.

Lige and Jack, when they discussed with me whether or not the book merited reviewing, asked about its literary merit. I replied that it was sufficiently literate to be "literature" but even if it were not, a

book which tackled this problem of obsession with the child certainly needed a discussion in the gay press.

About the book.

First—it's well-written. It has, it must have, those defects in the literature of obsession (including Religious obsession—so Augustine's Confessions)—a certain repetitiveness, a constant returning to a certain moment, a certain image, a certain pose. With Augustine it is sin/repentance; with "C.J. Bradbury" ("a schoolmaster in an English boys' school" the back cover assures us) it is frustration and SEX ACTION. It is told in the third and then the first person, often switching in mid-paragraph, sometimes leaving both of these and becoming the omniscient narrator entering, for instance, the mind of a matron washing little boys and getting jollies therefrom, whereupon the "narrator" leaves the mind-of-the-matron and addresses the reader saying, "When a woman's rotten, my God, she's rotten." p. 147.

The rottenness of the matron consisted, merely in thinking "bad" thoughts when washing the weewees of little boys.

The theme of the book is revealed here. The true theme. It is not sex-hunger and sex-satisfaction. It is (a) feelings of "rotteness" (b) "God" and (c) isolation. Outwardly there is a plot which consists of Stephen (the sometime narrator) having thoughts about Stefan (one of the "choirboys") and ultimately making it

with him. But it develops that this may or may not be fantasy, that the world of "God" (the school and its Christian setup) may be too-real and the "ungodly" world of s-e-x may/must exist only in fantasy.

When I began reading the book, I got a slight hardon reading a bit about going to Tangier and making it with a kid in a yellow djellaba. "You're like a father to me" says the boy, adding, "Tangier is no good for boys." "That's all it's good for." thinks Stephen. "No jobs, no money." the boy says. But Stephen has no interest in the boy except in making it with him, gets bored after a few days, and in fact is filled with bad/sadness RIGHT after his big scene. So:

"Alone, Stephen turns and sits dark in his drawingroom, cries."

Next sentence, (*italics mine*)

"Just so sodomy is boring and stupid, a connection where nothing connects."

Sodomy is not boring and stupid, any more than eating is or straight sex. It's what you're eating and who you're eating and who you're fucking.

Lindner in his book *The Fifty Minute Hour* has a chapter about a compulsive eater: a woman. The narrator here is not a compulsive fucker. He's a compulsive writer-about-fucking and when you read him, I think it's important to think of this. *He is not writing about boy love.* A book like *The World the Flesh and Myself* by Davidson (published by Guild Press) is about a man who relates only to adolescents and describes his real

relations to them (some of them longtime relationships and constructive ones) and the problems he has had in Merrie England (like gaol sentences).

The mandatory secrecy of homosexual impulse has opened the door to other things: to criminality, to neurosis, to masturbatory fantasy.

Am I being unkind to the author? It is true that the penalties for boy-love are such that it is easier, safer to retreat into fantasy. And perhaps also to fill oneself with anger at a world that will not permit one to do something one wants to.

But I sense something else in this book, as with de Sade and Genet—that these people have accepted the standards of their society—as somehow monumental. "Rotten"/God/"Sodomy."

Yes! cries Robinson/De Sade/Genet "You call me rotten and I glory in it! HA! Ha!"

Robinson's "glory" depends on his (Christian) "God" who will make him "rotten" (as the Matron with *her* thoughts is rotten). And this is hidden in the book, the acute feeling of guilt, depression and fear which have made the author react in writing this book.

And so: this book has a certain validity. It does not approach, centrally, the question of boy-love (James Colton's GARD is much better at this). It does display another reality (though this disguised) that of the man self-isolated not only by his desire but by his self-loathing.

He is both spider and Miss Moffit. ■

Elementary My Dearest Watson

BY ARTHUR BELL



When I was a little boy, somewhere between *Leave Her to Heaven* and *To Hell and Back*, I used to envision myself being lovingly abused by tall men. In that growing-up period, I would slip out of school and run away to the Fortway Theater in Brooklyn for matinees with John Payne and John Wayne and beat-up old Basil Rathbone.



Rathbone's Sherlock Holmes films must have stirred up basic instincts in my eight-year-old libido, because I clearly remember thinking what fun it would be to play house, the Sherlock and Watson way, ending the day in bed with a tall detective. Those two men really loved each other, and they did great fun things together.

I'm sure l'amour was not the intent of the producers of those wonderful Holmes films, but I'm also sure that I was not the only eight-year-old in Brooklyn who felt the vibes between super sleuth and his biographer.

Unfortunately, Billy Wilder has spelt out this attachment with the subtlety of a sledge hammer in his dreary new film *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes*. Wilder, lest we forget, directed *Some Like It Hot*, that raucous drag gag film featuring Marilyn Monroe and her derriere, and *Kiss Me Stupid*, a vastly underrated picture brimming with crude innuendo and Kim Novak's bazooms. Wilder is good when he is vulgar. His vulgar films are honest. He is less successful depicting day to day middle class frustrations (*The Apartment*, *The Fortune Cookie*) and he's awful with films that require taste and a light touch, such as *The Emperor's Waltz* and the new Sherlock Holmes.

Sherlock is played by Robert Stephens this time, and he alternates between straight and camp swish. The first third of the film is the swish third, since Wilder raised the question: are Watson and Holmes doing it?

Stephens fashions his Holmes character after Emory in *The Boys In the Band*. His

hands nestle on his hips, his shoulders bob up and down, and his voice rises with his shoulders. "Dust, Mrs. Hudson," he shrieks, "is an essential part of my filing system." Ugh.

Holmes' masculinity is put to the test when he is asked to father the son of an aging Russian ballerina. Others have been asked, and they've all refused, including Tchaikovsky, because "women were not his glass of tea." Taking it from there, Holmes refuses, too. His grounds are that he's been living with Dr. Watson for five happy years. We, the audience, are to draw our own conclusions—is this truth or put on? The Russian ballerina believes Holmes. She is outraged. She throws a temper tantrum. Funny? Not to me.

The scene that follows has Dr. Watson dancing with a bevy of ballerinas. Word about Holmes' "gay indiscretion" leaks, and Dr. Watson's dancing partners whisper behind their tutus, Watson gay, pass it along, Holmes gay, pass it along. The girls are soon replaced in the kick line by a dozen muscular effeminate dancers. Watson harrumphs, grunts his disapproval, escapes from the sissies, leaving the audience comfortable, safe and secure.

That sequence is neither funny nor harmless. It perpetrates the age-old image

that gay is cardboard, freaky, inferior, and the straight audience is made to laugh the Stepin Fetchit laugh. They can empathize with put upon Watson.

The gay sequences have nothing to do with the rest of the picture, but the entire picture drags. Dialogue is flat, there is no action, no exciting performance, no mood, nothing. The picture gets a General Patronage rating, meaning that it's OK for little kids of eight to see *Sherlock Holmes* because it's clean and wholesome as befits Radio City Music Hall. Personally, I'm glad I was eight when Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce were grinding them out for the Fortway audience. I'm glad that I was able to smell out Holmes' and Watson's cool romance in my own Baby Snooks way, without a road map brimming with bad directions, the directions of a patronizing director.

P.S. On Radio City. Rotten stage show, this time, but oh those Rockettes. They are so professional, so damn interesting to watch, each a cross between a hooker and an Iowa milkmaid, kicking away in split second precision. But why aren't there any black Rockettes? Why no men? Why no Chinese? Why no transvestites? Why is seventeenth to the left identical to thirteenth from the right? Shame, shame, Radio City. ■



BY LILLI VINCENZ



Washington now has a gay dance class, and I've enrolled as a student. For the cheap fee of \$15, we get five lessons in discotheque dancing, taught by a professional instructor. There are about twelve of us—five girls, seven guys—and we meet once a week in the recreation room of an apartment house.

The lessons do for me just what they're supposed to. They're fun, they increase my confidence, and they enhance my social image (in my own eyes anyway). After only two lessons, my self-consciousness seems to be a thing of the past.

Though I've had to wrestle with it in the last few years, self-consciousness wasn't always my problem. (It seemed to develop with age, growing out of an awareness of awkwardness, based on comparison with others.) Supposedly I've had a beat in my body since I was two, when I danced, holding on to the table and dipping up and down, while my father played the violin. Later my sister and I plus neighborhood kids choreographed marching band routines to the tune of "Valencia" (remember that wonderful song?), played on an old wind-up Victrola a la His Master's Voice. We improvised a kind of majorette strut and gestured dramatically in the air with long feather dusters. It was fun, and we didn't care how we looked—or whether the amused adults were laughing at or with us.

Then I took tap and ballet lessons, and my feet performed really well. But there must have been something missing, because my mother noted that I danced as if I'd "swallowed a broomstick." Never mind. We kids put on variety shows—first in a neighbor's basement and then in a local firehouse, where we held a benefit for the Cancer Society and got a write-up in the local paper. Glory!

After this came the seriousness of social dancing. It was taught in junior high gym class, where girls danced with girls—and, darn it, I didn't even appreciate it yet! My eye was on a certain boy, who didn't care for me particularly, but who condescended to accompany me to a seventh grade social. He was short and I was tall, and dancing was a clumsy, self-conscious affair. I remember wearing a calf-length plaid yellow and black cotton skirt, black blouse, and suede wedgies. Oh, the psychological strain when I first became schooled in the (then) complicated customs of heterosexual dating!

With boys who knew how to dance, I did fine on the floor. My favorite dance—one I could indulge in only at German-American youth group gatherings or in Yorktown—was the Viennese waltz. It was one of the most thrilling experiences to whirl around the floor, doing a complete turn with each measure of the fast music. You had to be careful! It's probably been on these occasions that I've most appreciated the support of a man—though it wasn't always sufficient. I used to go out with a young German law student, who was addicted to waltzing. Once he got particularly carried away by the music and swung me around so wildly that I slipped and almost fell on my black taffeta skirt. He, being short and of a delicate build, had a hard time restoring



The Killing of Sister George

ARTHUR MURRAY'S WAS NEVER LIKE THIS!

the balance of my 5'10" frame. And I had wedgies on yet!

When I started dancing with girls, I slowly discovered my inadequacies. At first I had a certain confidence, based on ignorance and low performance standards. The heterosexual men I had known, with few exceptions, weren't such good dancers. But since I hadn't attached a stigma to their mediocrity, I didn't criticize it in myself either. And so, for a while, I danced with gay abandon—and not so well.

But gay people, particularly the men, seem to put much more value on excellent dancing and to exhibit more flair than their straight counterparts. Standards are higher, and there's a certain pressure to look good—and a greater awareness of it when one *doesn't*. There are just too many talented people around!

About the time I ran into girls who could tell the difference between good and bad dancing, I started becoming unhappy about my lack of finesse. No one wanted to, or could, teach me fast dancing. As for the slow variety, I didn't dare ask anyone, because I would have been expected to lead—which I couldn't do either. Soon my metamorphosis from a participant to a spectator, with the aid of self-pity, was complete.

Then, to the rescue, came the ad in the *Gay Blade* about a dance course!

And it has changed our bar life—now I'm a wallflower no more! Marcelle and I do a lot of fast dancing now, and that old petrified feeling of not knowing what to do is gone. It's kind of hard to believe. Though I still face a lot of practice, things are getting better all the time.

And when this course is finished, there'll be a class offered in slow dancing. Guess who won't miss out on it?

Unchained Melody

Was anyone else surprised to read about Kate Millet in the September D.O.B. Newsletter? On August 20, Kate spoke to 200 women at the Daughters of Bilitis office in New York and revealed a beautiful, open, loving personality.

She praised the gay side of women's lib because it involves "parties—dances—liquor—you kiss each other. The other side of women's lib doesn't but they should. Because they want to. And when you should kiss somebody and don't, it turns to pain and hate."

She was one of the marchers in the Christopher Street Liberation Day parade on June 28. Kate Millet has changed lately. "Now that she's full of love, she doesn't want to put anyone down—not even men." Her book *Sexual Politics* is less important to her now, because she finds it "not sympathetic enough." Working on another book, as well as on a film, she's doing all kinds of great things like skinny dipping and wearing her hair down. She's free because she's happy.

The D.O.B. women were thrilled to hear her. On August 31, *Time Magazine* came out with a feature on Kate, but, of course, the gay issue wasn't mentioned. In concluding her report on the meeting, the D.O.B. writer wonders, "Does *Time* not want the lonely children in the boondocks to know that a lovely, brilliant woman is one of us?" They should know!

Wish I'd been there.

Gregorian Chant

Another woman who's thrown caution to the wind is Jill Johnston of the *Village Voice*. Or has she always been so open?? I've only recently started reading her "Dance Journal" column—after hearing about her semi-skinny dip episode, which made so many waves and which I went through my old *Voices* to read.

Jill Johnston speaks up for gay liberation and sprinkles her copy freely with references to her appreciation of women. What a valuable voluble writer she is! Would she consent to compose something for *GAY*? Has anyone thought of asking her? How *about* getting a woman who's a real writer?

In the August 27 *Voice* she wrote an open letter to our own Gregory Battcock, an affectionate commentary on his articles in *GAY*, an eloquent critique. If you haven't already, read it!

I also like Gregory Battcock—when he isn't too decadent. His shopping list style appeals to me, and his attention to the concrete details of everyday life strikes a chord. After all, life in its daily movement is fuller of little than of big things. It's fun to see his mind in action, as it sorts and samples the input provided by his existence: listing "things to do" or things to see; cataloguing his likes and dislikes; philosophizing about food preparation; musing about the significance of things that happen to him; reflecting about the absurd, ironic, pedestrian, and the etc. Always he comes back to the depth and mystery of everyday things.

I met Gregory Battcock once, at an ECHO convention (East Coast Homophile Organizations—now defunct) in New York in 1965. He gave a speech on art, and he also donated one of his works (a lithograph?) for a prize in a drawing at the New York Mattachine cocktail party held that weekend. Though I recall liking it, I can't remember the content of Gregory's work—though I think it was in black and white. But I do recall that it was a proud Mattachine Society of Washington member, someone named Larry, who won the prize and exported it to Washington.

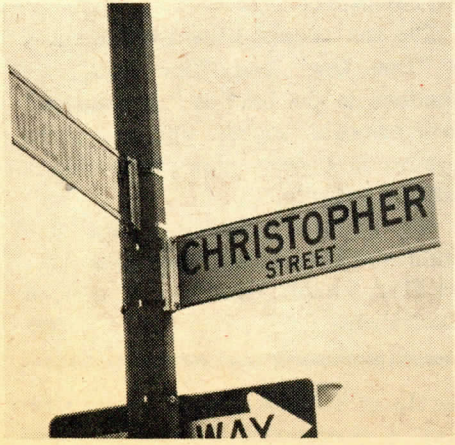


SONGS ON FRUSTRATION ROW

The Christopher Street Beat

BY MIKE KOTIS

Lhere we were—a friend and I—sitting on one of the few remaining unbarricaded Christopher Street stoops, eyeing the passing parade, getting horny and thoroughly depressed. After all, even an average evening promises the appearance of many attractive goodies on Frustration Boulevard. Where were they going? (As if we didn't know.) Why didn't they notice us? (We wished we didn't know.) Why were so many glorious guys unattached?



We started rapping (talking or hitting, take your choice) about this and came up with several reasons why many gay guys aren't "making it."

1) "Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here" vs. "It Takes Two to Tangle"—Gay bars are a great social institution and really shouldn't be knocked, but they're hardly the best places in which to meet someone. First of all, everyone is so hot and hungry for love and/or a scrumptuous lay that the perceptive individual can hear thunder claps and see lightning flashes—not the most relaxed atmosphere for stimulating marital bliss. Secondly, being stuffed into a room with a hundred or more people, all of whom have the same thing on their minds, fucks up everyone's chances by eliminating the one-to-one situation—the only way to really make it. Finally, everyone waits for Mr. Clean to appear, and all eyes are perpetually glued on THE DOOR. In reality, the guy standing next to you may be what the doctor ordered, but who notices him while waiting for someone just a little better to make his entrance to the collective sighs of an eager and expectant ensemble.

2) "What Now, My Love?" vs. "Don't Make Me Over"—There's your man! On Friday night, you saw him at Harry's Back East—impeccably dressed, not a hair out of place, out-going and intelligent in every respect. On Saturday night, you saw him at Danny's—dungarees and a leather jacket, needing a shave, communicating in grunts and groans. This is called "Faking It." Who needs it? If someone *does* attract a potential lover with a phony appearance and a phony line, the truth is bound to surface—usually shortly after hitting the sheets—and that finishes that.

3) "Rock Around the Clock" vs. "Getting To Know You"—It should be obvious that instant sex, like instant



The Passing Show

coffee, leaves a bland after-taste—especially if it is freeze dried. Many potentially good relationships are lost on the mattress because that interesting pick-up wasn't the greatest fuck in the world. Perhaps, if it really matters, waiting awhile and getting to know him might prevent that imagined sexual disappointment and lead to something *REALLY BIG*.

4) "I'll Never Fall in Love Again" vs. "Come See About Me"—So who hasn't been burned by Venus' bratty son? The real trouble starts when someone refuses to put out emotionally in fear of being scalded again. That's the chance you've got to take. Playing it ultra-cool, calling three days late, keeping quiet at the wrong time, etc. are sure-fire guarantees of not getting burned again—nor of getting anything else, either.

5) "Is That All There Is?" vs. "Someday My Prince Will Come"—Closely related to the problem of being burned and turned off, is the gloom and doom outlook. Sure, some of your

best friends have been married and divorced seven times in the past week, and your own success has hardly been monumental. So what? Someone did something wrong. Does that mean it will never work? One sure way to prevent possible future happiness is to block it with past failures.

6) "My Way" vs. "Let's Get Together"—If you really want to make it with someone, you've got to be ready to take the best and the worst of it. Some people are very "grand" and others are deeply hurt. The only way they can survive is to insist upon having everything their own way, including how, when, where, why and what you are going to do. What a bore! It takes two mature people to really make it work, and that includes giving, taking, and frequently keeping your mouth shut when the shit begins to fly.

7) "The Sounds of Silence" vs. "Hello! I Love You. Won't You Tell Me Your Name?"—There isn't a guy around who hasn't desired to speak to someone who

interests him but miraculously lost the power of speech. The eyes do all the talking (which can lead to steamed glasses or lost contacts) but since this isn't their primary function, both parties go home alone wanting to kick themselves in the ass. The reasons are complex: shyness, fear of rejection, uncertainty, etc. Why not just walk up to him and say, "Hello. My name is Enema Yearly" and take it from there.

8) "Whoever You Are I Love You" vs. "I'm Available"—We all have our own "gout" when it comes to men, and there is nothing wrong with that. The problem develops when someone insists upon certain qualities before considering a lover, such as: twenty million dollars in the bank, fifteen inches of pure virility, and blue-green hair. Be realistic: ten million in the bank, fourteen inches, and mauve hair.

9) "I Wish I Were a Kellogg's Corn Flake" vs. "Where The Boys Are"—Life can be rough enough without creating unnecessary problems. Too many gay guys are hung-up about their desires and can't form healthy relationships as a result. What a waste! Seriously, however, the situation becomes tragic when someone cannot accept himself and his desires. There is nothing more destructive and unnecessary than guilt, and there is nothing about love that should make anyone feel guilty. One should only feel guilt when there is no love. Live and love, men.



What makes a lover most?

10) "A Man and a Woman" vs. "Stout-Hearted Men"—Listen, Mary, what is this crap about "husband" and "wife" or being "butch" or "fem" in bed? These are artificial concepts which just don't apply to us. Love between members of the *same* sex is just that, and sex is genderless. If someone insists on role playing, then he can expect nothing more nor less than Myra Breckinridge.

After clearly defining these problem areas, my friend and I congratulated each other on our infinite wisdom. Now there was an opportunity to combat these things and really turn our lives into a successful scene. With this pleasant thought in mind, we said goodnight and went home alone.

PSYCHOLOGISTS' INVASION

continued from page 1

nowhere speaks of the female homosexual (perhaps believing like so many square straights that there are only forty or fifty of them in the whole world) the Women's Gay Liberation caucus of GLF was there in large numbers. The good doctor explained his process of "helping" homosexuals, repeating over and over again that he only did this to help people.

We listened to him explain his treatment. Pictures of attractive men: ZAP, Electric Shock! Pictures of attractive women, Peace. The patient soon learns to switch off the male slide so as to avoid the "unpleasant" electricity. But sometimes (heh, heh) the patient is not allowed to switch off; he gets the electric shock anyway. Right on! Get your jollies, Feldman!

Dr. Feldman has brought a film with him, prepared by the B.B.C., that better explains his method of Aversion Therapy. The lights dim. The film has the quality of a Tijuana stag movie, almost sepia in tone. A homosexual male, his face blanked out in the film, is strapped to a reclining chair. Electrical paraphernalia encases his ankles and left wrist, his right arm free to jiggle the switch. The face of a good looking male is projected on the screen. The patient watches, then squirms like a lizard prodded by children, and switches the photo off. A naked woman is then projected on the screen. The whole thing looks obscene to me. I keep thinking that this is a *human being* strapped to that chair, being shot through with electricity because he prefers men to women.

"Shit!" Brother Steve Morrison's voice rings through the room. "Shit!" A rustling from the audience. Dr. Feldman's muddled voice on the film explains how, when the patient reports that his previous attraction to the slide has been replaced by indifference or even actual dislike, the doctor proceeds to the next slide and repeats the whole process.

"How long are we going to let this thing go on?" Steve again. "What's the matter with these people?"

Neck's crane to find the voice in the darkened room. Steve's remarks are joined by moans and groans from other brothers and sisters. Some stand and walk to the front of the room, to the stage. GLF community organizer Don Kilhefner, Steve Morrison, sisters Del Wahn, June Herrle and Virginia Hoeffding ("Stop this film! Stop this film!") Morris Kight, Lee Heflin, myself and many more sisters and brothers.

The film stops. The lights go up to reveal the stage taken over by the Gay Liberation Front. The audience is indignant and frightened as more and more members of GLF reach the stage.

Don Kilhefner: "We are taking over

this session! We don't accept the premise that homosexuality is something that must be cured. We reject the entire idea of electric shock treatment for homosexuals!"

Morris Kight: "With this kind of treatment, Dr. Feldman, you can create a vegetable. You can also create a Nazi. You can create a number of things. No, we cannot allow this session to continue in this manner. Dr. Feldman, you should say to homosexuals coming to you for help: So what?! You're *normal*, homosexuality is normal!"

The audience: Let's see the movie! Let's see the movie! Let Dr. Feldman continue! Goddamn you, get off that stage! You're disrupting this session!"

Don Kilhefner: "That's right, baby, we're disrupting this session. GLF suggests that the session this morning be reconstituted—let it begin now. You've been our oppressors too long, and we'll take it no longer. What we suggest is this: we're going to reconstitute this meeting into smaller groups, with members of this session and members of Gay Liberation Front talking to each other. You're going to talk to us as you've never talked to homosexuals before—as *equals*. We're going to talk about such things as homosexuality as an alternative lifestyle..."

The audience: "Get off that stage! Go home! Let Dr. Feldman continue!"

Don Kilhefner: "Fuck Dr. Feldman! We're going to talk about gay liberation and what it means and how it works with the liberation of all oppressed people. We're going to talk about the sources of homosexual oppression and we're going to talk about how you 250 psychologists are going to start clearing up your own fucked minds!"

The audience is outraged and confused. All the structure is destroyed. "Dr. Feldman hasn't finished!"

Morris Kight: "Society has *conditioned* everybody and we're attempting to reject that conditioning. We're all liberated human beings and we want to reach you as human beings. We have a rare opportunity today to talk *together*."

Dr. Marston: "If we could only talk after the film..."

Lee Heflin: "No! No! We are fighting for our lives. This is the same thing that happened in Nazi Germany! You wonder why we're here with hostility! You want to burn our brains out because you don't like the way we live, and you wonder why we stand up here angry? If a man comes to you and he's got a problem you don't burn it out of him, you try to help him settle it. You're sitting out there and treating us like numbers. We are human beings and individuals and if you want to learn how to deal with us in the new world, come into the future. You're still living in 1940. This is 1970. We are the future." continued on page 16

California Sodomy Law Challenged

San Francisco, California—Three groups and eight individuals in the San Francisco Bay area have filed suit in the Federal District Court of Northern California in an effort to overturn two sections of the California Penal Law.

The two sections, 286 and 288a, forbid oral and anal intercourse. Sec. 288a carries a 1-15 year sentence for oral sex, and Sec. 286 provides a maximum sentence of life imprisonment for anal intercourse. No distinction is made between homosexual and heterosexual couples.

Named as defendants in the suit are the police chiefs of San Francisco, Berkeley and Oakland; the sheriffs of Alameda and Marin Counties; and the District Attorneys of San Francisco, San Mateo, Marin and Alameda Counties.

The class action was filed on behalf of the Society for Individual Rights, the Sexual Freedom League and the Modern Sex Institute, three groups representing homosexual and heterosexual people, and each of which may have advised its

members to violate the statutes.

The eight individuals include Larry Littlejohn, former SIR president, and his lover, Ernest Reed, who are listed as a homosexual couple with a relationship of "love and affection, bonded by strong feelings of mutual respect, devotion and fidelity." They claim the laws "prevent and stifle fundamental expressions of love and affection between homosexuals."

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blair are a heterosexual married couple who engage in oral intercourse and fear prosecution if caught. James Foster and Donald Lundgren have already been arrested for oral copulation.

The last couple, known mysteriously as "Doe One" and "Doe Two," are described in the brief as "an unmarried heterosexual couple who are living together in a commonlaw relationship as husband and wife."

All of the plaintiffs charge that California's laws violate their rights under the First, Fourth, Ninth and Fourteenth Amendments.

Gay Auto Mechanic Refused Driver's License

New London, Conn.—A Gay automobile mechanic, and a one-time convict, is challenging in court the state's refusal to reinstate his driver's license. His contentions are backed by the Connecticut Civil Liberties Union.

A Superior Court complaint prepared by a lawyer for the civil liberties group contends that David E. Follett, 28 years old, has been refused a license because of

the Motor Vehicles Commissioner's view that a homosexual "is an improper person" to hold a license.

Follett served a 4½ year prison term for a sexual offense with a minor and contends that the refusal to reinstate his license is improper because neither had anything to do with the use of a car or public roads.

He is challenging the broad authority of the Commissioner of Motor Vehicles who, under state law, can suspend the license of anyone "for any cause that he deems sufficient, with or without a hearing."

State Attorney General Robert A.K. Killian has interpreted the law as giving the Commissioner authority to suspend the license of anyone whose conduct "would invoke a reasonable apprehension of danger" to himself or others on the highway.

Mr. Killian said the refusal to reinstate Follett's license was based on the view that Follett's "homosexuality makes him an improper person to hold an operator's license."

'71 CONFERENCE

continued from page 3

All NACHO structure and all of the NACHO Committees were abolished. The resolution that this be done was passed with only one delegate standing against it. A "1971 Planning Committee" replaces the whole NACHO bureaucracy, and is in charge of setting up the 1971 meeting. There will no longer be a Credentials Committee, and anyone may attend any part of the 1971 Conference and become

a full participant merely by paying a small accreditation fee.

The 1971 meeting will be held in New York in late summer. Several days will be set aside for special events for people connected with organizations, to deal with organizational matters which seem to have small appeal for the general public. There will probably be workshops on "Finances and Fund-Raising," "Membership Recruitment," and such matters, as well as many opportunities for

continued on page 16

"A Star is Born!"



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HIP COMMUNES

continued from page 1

where we are free to relate to one another on an individual and truly loving basis," the statement concluded.

While gays helped draft and perfect the resolution during a workshop, only two of the nearly 250 who voted on it were believed to be gay, an observer told GAY.

Other statements adopted by the group denounced urban renewal and rent gauging, hailed "the liberating potential of marijuana, hallucinogenics, etc.," condemned "hard (addictive) drugs," endorsed Women's Lib and justice for racial minorities and the Black Panther Party, urged immediate U.S. withdrawal from Vietnam, and condemned "the racist-imperialist-capitalist system" in favor of "the international struggle for socialism."

THE FUNNIEST SHOW IN TOWN

BY ALAN KUSHNER



Do you remember the first time you went to the theatre? Do you remember the dimming of the auditorium lights as the stage lit up and the actors made their magic entrances? Well, I am pleased to announce that those things are happening once again at the McAlpine Rooftop Theatre, where the best play, currently in New York, can now be seen.

WHAT THE BUTLER SAW is the last work by England's great talent, Joe Orton. Shortly after its completion, his lover beat Joe to death with a hammer and then shot himself. It is ironic that Joe Orton's passing was as black in humor as his plays, but is even sadder that with Mr. Orton's death, the real glory of theatre may have vanished altogether.

For some reason known only to God and Father Hill, Joe Orton has never been well received in the United States. His first full length play, ENTERTAINING MR. SLOANE, was an unqualified success in London, and those who saw its three performances on Broadway whirled in the rapture it spun. ENTERTAINING MR. SLOANE has recently been filmed, and certainly the film critics have upheld my enthusiasm. LOOT came next, and once again, Orton was a smashing hit in London. But the American edition was such a bomb that the actors had to refrain from smoking back stage. The producers felt it wise to Americanize the show, and the result was as inviting as Artichokes and Miracle Whip. But now we have in a delicious production, that is without question, Mr. Orton's masterpiece and what may well be the funniest play of the century.

WHAT THE BUTLER SAW is the name of a popular peep show in London's arcades. Mr. Orton's play has nothing to do with arcades, but rather with peeping behind what *people* are, what they think they are, and what they *wish* they were. And it's presented as a rip snorting Max Sennett chase in a prominent London psychiatrist's office.

Everything about this play is funny: the set, the costumes, the lines, the plot and the actors. Even the theatre manager seems to have a charming sense of humor. It concerns a Dr. Prentice, a psychiatrist who's interviewing a new secretary, who has recently been orphaned *again* (Twice in one's life time?) when her step-mother's house blew up, killing the step-mother, destroying the roof (the roof was insured, the mother was not) and causing severe damage to a statue of Winston Churchill. The Doctor talks the young girl into removing her clothes so he can check the physical effects of the sorrows she's suffered. Once she is nude, the good Doctor's wife appears. Mrs. Prentice is a happy nymphomaniac, but currently upset since her lesbian lover has become betrothed to a member of parliament, and her clothes stolen while she cavorted with a bell-boy. Her husband's possession of his secretary's clothing leads her to believe he is becoming a transvestite. The thought



Laurence Luckinbill, Tom Rosqui and Charles Murphy in WHAT THE BUTLER SAW

What the Butler Saw

excites her, but since she has no dress, she must appropriate his. A social worker arrives believing the nude secretary to be the Doctor's patient and forthwith puts her in a straight jacket, shaving off her hair. Mrs. Prentice's bell-boy comes to blackmail her. The social worker demands to see the Doctor's secretary, who is now in a padded cell. The Doctor asks the bell-boy to put on his wife's dress and pose as his secretary, just as the police arrive to arrest the bell-boy for molesting

three convent girls and leaving the prioress untouched, and to arrest the Doctor's secretary for being direct heir to an individual who desecrated a national shrine. The Doctor asks the secretary (now rescued) to dress as the bell-boy and to be arrested. Thereby, he explains, she may escape the electro shock treatments planned by the rather mad social worker. These scenes are just a touch of the plot, which continues for two hours to pile hilarious complication upon mixed

identity, cross purpose and general tomfoolery.

It has been suggested that New York intellectuals are bothered by Joe Orton's effete wit. This may be true because New York intellectuals tend to be neither beautiful nor bright, and Mr. Orton himself wouldn't have given a whit about them. His interest is only in the rich and the idle, who are interested only in being witty, clever, and funny. Furthermore, he feels that sex is God's curse on mankind, (this is the theme of all his plays) and the existence of bureaucracy compounds the curse. No love has he for anyone in the government. His police are stupid fumbling idiots; his social workers self-serving, petty bourgeois, all too ready to jail the innocent, in the name of a job promotion and to starve the poor in the name of procedure. His only heroes are beautiful, witty, clever and utterly self-indulgent.

In his roman greco world of logic homosexuality, incest, necrophilia, etc. are completely normal. His characters rejoice in their sex drives and shrink from thoughts of that unspeakable deviation, heterosexuality. In LOOT, the hero's lover is aroused upon seeing a nurse sitting under an icon of the sacred heart. Going to the nurse, the hero says: "As Jesus points at his bleeding heart, Dennis points at yours."; "Don't be ridiculous, it's rude to point," replies the nurse.

But listen just a moment. It is all funny. Mr. Orton means it that way. Life is ridiculous, and Mr. Orton has accepted the joke. Enjoy the joke. If policemen are fools, take their foolishness to the highest extremes. In Orton's world the mad men are the Doctors and the patients the wisest and most normal. No need to explain it. No need to be angry. It is, and for gods sake so don't worry about what will happen to us. Life is too short to do anything of merit anyway; besides, we must yet construct the perfect pun, we must yet turn the perfect phrase, and he does! What Tim Leary did with drugs, Joe Orton did with words: beautiful words, happy words, quick words, patterned into joyously delightful mosaics of unending humor. I do not believe there is one line in WHAT THE BUTLER SAW that is not a joke.

Go, do go and see WHAT THE BUTLER SAW. (Note: it is currently on two-fers which may be obtained at the tourist center in Time's Square.) Go, and if you have never really enjoyed the theatre, this is the most perfect baptism into theatrical art you could possibly have. WHAT THE BUTLER SAW rekindles that rapture that only good theatre can give you. Go stoned for the word trip, go straight for the fun of it. Sell your old coke bottles if need be, take a day off work if you have to. This play is more than gay theatre, though it is gay theatre at its finest; it is great theatre, the best and most exciting entertainment experience you can have. It is important that you know such a play exists in the world, and who knows, nine out of ten people who saw WHAT THE BUTLER SAW were promoted or married the boss, and now have lovely homes in Westchester.

HORNSCOPE

BY ORION

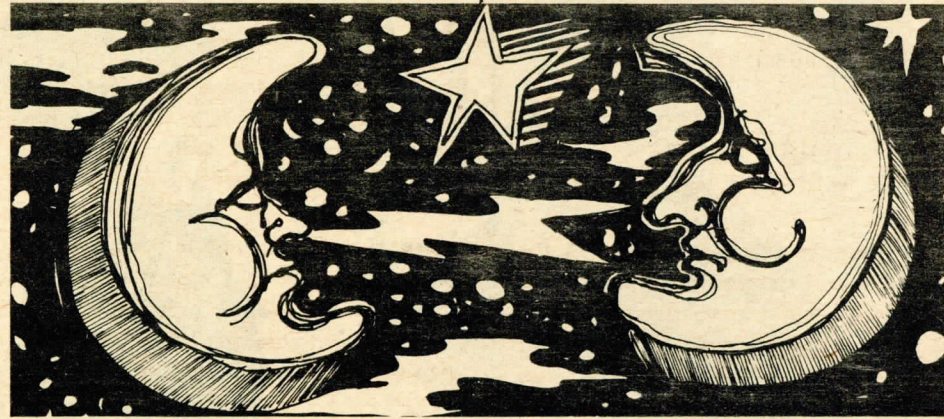
For period Nov. 23-Dec. 7

ARIES the Ram (March 21-April 20).—You've come on so strong with passion and praise that his head is just as swollen as yours and now you feel like cutting him down . . . wait a minute, if he's a monster, you're partly responsible. Cool it as he tries to show the world what you taught him in private. Wise counsel from someone who knows. Distant horizons beckon . . .

TAURUS the Bull (April 21-May 21).—Together you've spent more than you would solo, now it's time to enjoy each other. The non-committed among you may bell like dull Lotharios, but reconciliation is possible for those who do not let obstinacy obfuscate your otherwise fine features, inner changes lead to inner rapport.

GEMINI The Twins (May 22-June 20).—A get-rich-quick approach to love can leave you emotionally bankrupt. Those who marry for ambition's sake may find themselves somewhat confused in bed. After the 28th you will have to listen to another, but don't take advice from someone you've just met. Opportunity and temptation come under the same guises: scintillating rewards for the creative, ego enhancement for the romantic.

CANCER the Crab (June 21-July 23).—Rise above soap opera emotions. Don't bring home-worries to work with you, as no one should be forced to suffer your moods. Romance a trip to



Disneyland, thrills and popcorn at the movies, but not *real* unless you are *sincere* with those who now flatter. Sex is physically, psychically nourishing, but watch your tendency to devour without devotion.

LEO the Lion (July 24-Aug. 23).—The answers you were looking for you find in your own head. Toward the end of the month you are back in romantic gear with the possibility of an intriguing subtle stranger entering your life. No dramatics, please . . . it's too early for grand

passion, but an easy exchange of ideas and a short unexpected trip could make the big cat purr quietly.

VIRGO the Maiden (Aug. 24-Sept. 23).—It may be difficult to express your true feelings, but you won't have to at the baths, probably one of the few places where you won't complain about the service. A period of inner mental and spiritual growth, though you're likely to keep new ideas to yourself . . . meanwhile, a little warmth would do wonders for your technique.

LIBRA the Scales (Sept. 24-Oct. 23).—You will need much *savoir faire* to keep harmless flirtations from turning into potential hangups, as others find you especially appealing and you are especially impulsive. Good things are happening but mean nothing, unless you use them to make yourself a more significant individual. Challenge: *self-development*.

SCORPIO the Scorpion (Oct. 24-Nov. 22).—Don't let tensions with a partner allow you to miss a good opportunity; however, don't let

that opportunity cause you to aggravate existing tensions. A chance for power turns your attention to money and what will you sacrifice to get it? Avoid clandestine romance, but be secretive about the rest of your business.

SAGITTARIUS the Archer (Nov. 23-Dec. 21).—A more reflective you brings many new friends who can help you make your unusual dreams materialize. An old friend may try to capitalize on your popularity, but he deserves no special consideration . . . after all, you're not running a dating service for ex-lovers . . . however, don't tell him that as the accent is on tact.

CAPRICORN the Goat (Dec. 22-Jan. 20).—Be friendly but keep your troubles to yourself, as someone could magnify them out of proportion. Show strength by keeping silent. Career advancement for those who know how to cool it . . . be discreet in the face of obstacles. Sustenance from a close one. Try to avoid rash action re: romance and career, if you can help it. Key word: ICARUS. Challenge: the unexpected.

AQUARIUS the Water Bearer (Jan. 21-Feb. 19).—Increased social activity after the 28th finds you courting the odd and the unpredictable, as some of you are in the mood to shock . . . however, if you're on the rebound don't give your heart to someone freaky as he might do freaky things with it. Home, career and love seem inextricably tied, but try to keep them separate.

PISCES the Fish (Feb. 20-March 20).—Disillusionment with another only confirms that at times one has to lean on one's self . . . don't let it drive you to drink and don't you go to pot, as you could find yourself in bed with the wrong stranger . . . for a long time. Avoid dark circles under the eyes, as financial and career opportunity could bring you before the public.

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 50¢ for handling.)

Q. I have been tormented by some fantasy for quite a while, and I don't know how to get rid of it. I am 24, white with blond hair and grey eyes, lean muscular body, very goodlooking, and unusually well-hung. Because of my appearance, I have never had any trouble attracting people, but I rarely have sex since my fantasy is so much more exciting than my actual experiences have been. I have never enacted my fantasy in real life, and I am afraid to do so, but I find it tremendously thrilling as well as frightening. This is the fantasy I have been having at least twice a week for the last three years. I am alone in my apartment. There is a knock at the door. I open it, and a handsome, hostile, black stud about my own age strides in. He slams the door, sneers at me for a moment and then strikes me across the face a few times. He then twists my arms until I am forced to my knees, while he keeps calling me the vilest names he can think of. He grabs my hair with his fist and looks down at me on my knees while I keep watching his fly until he gets an erection. He unzips his pants, pulls out an immense black cock, pulls my head savagely forward by the hair and then rams his cock into my mouth. He continues cursing me while he violently yanks my head back and forth on his cock. Suddenly he pulls it out of my mouth, slaps me across the face with it a few times, then pulls me to my feet by

the hair. He slaps me across the mouth with a curse, then rips my clothes off and tosses them aside. He removes his thick leather belt, whips me across the body with it a few times, and then commands me to carefully undress him. When he is completely naked, he knocks me to the floor and commands me to kiss his feet. He kicks me in the face and then bends over so that I am forced to kiss and lick his asshole and the huge balls swinging between his legs. He kneels over my face and fucks me in the mouth until I am choking from the thrusts of his enormous cock. He laughs and punches me in the ribs every time I choke. Finally, he gets up, stares down at me with scorn, and pulls me up by the hair. He forces me to bend over with my hands on my knees, while he suddenly drives that fantastic

cock into my ass. He uses no lubricant and it hurts like hell, but he keeps me from falling down by looping his belt around my neck and using it like a halter. He fucks me mercilessly until I feel that I have been ripped to shreds. Finally, with a great series of filthy curses he gets ready to come. He keeps telling me how much I love to suck and get fucked by that great big black cock, and he is right. Finally, he comes with great violence. He knocks me to the floor, demands that I clean his shiny black cock with my mouth, and when I have sucked it as clean as he wants it, he kicks me flat. He stands over me a moment, then proceeds to piss all over my naked body and face. He laughs and leaves. I am terrified, but thrilled and fulfilled as never before. This fantasy disgusts me, and I would never dare to try

to act it out. It keeps repeating itself, and I don't know what to do about it. What do you suggest?
J.J., NYC

A. Your incredibly graphic description of your fantasy makes me suspect I know what you'd like me to suggest. Frequently, it is of strong therapeutic value to really act out one's fantasies, thereby enabling one to realistically experience and evaluate the actual feelings and wishes involved. In the case of your fantasy, there is too great a potential of serious physical danger involved, particularly since it requires the presence of a stranger to enact the role of the brutal sadist. I would suggest instead that you examine the question of why you wish to be the victim. For what are you seeking such degrading punishment?

WELL OF POSSIBILITY

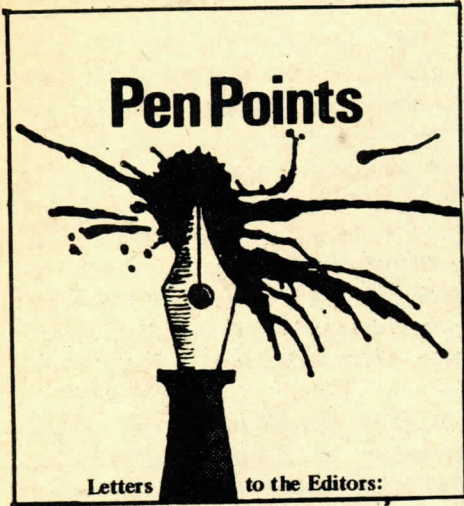
Of what are you REALLY guilty? Homosexuality? Inferiority? Inadequacy? Too much of the homosexual population is caught up in the sado-masochistic maelstrom, and it is widely prevalent among heterosexuals also. It is ugly precisely because it deals with victims versus disciplinarians. Meaningful relationships are based upon the sharing of pleasure and other positive factors rather than upon inflicting or receiving pain. You might also examine what the color black symbolizes to you. If you loved yourself more, you would love humiliation less.

Q. I have just had one of the most unbelievable shocks of my life. For several years, my lover and I have been close friends with another couple I will call Joe and Bill. They are in their thirties

like us, both tall and handsome and quite masculine, and very much in love. We have spent a great deal of time together, and we have all been very fond of each other. Other friends of ours also know them and have thought just as highly of them as we always have. I must admit that once in a great while I have felt a slight touch of jealousy when I suspected that Bill was being just a little too attentive to my lover, but he insists that it was all in my mind, and that Bill was just being his usual friendly self and nothing more. I am sure they never got together, and Joe has never seemed to be uneasy about anything, so perhaps I have imagined it. Anyway, last week I discovered that Bill is a GIRL! I nearly dropped dead with surprise when it came out. The four of us went on an acid trip together for the first time, and during the trip, Bill said he wanted to confess something that he thought we were close enough friends to know and deal with. We couldn't imagine what he was getting at, since we thought we already knew about as much as we could possibly know about close friends. To our astonishment, he told us he was a girl and offered to show us the physical proof. Joe thought the whole thing was very amusing, but we were dumbfounded. Finally, Bill stripped and displayed the proof of his claim. He was really a girl for sure. We pretended to take it all in stride, although we confessed our amazement. Now, after thinking about it over and over, I am more confused than ever. Was Bill, the girl, really trying to make a play for my guy? What do they really think of my lover and me, two gay lovers? What is the point of Bill's whole masquerade and their living together as two guys? I am so confused I don't know what to think, and I am not sure I can ever be comfortable with them again. What do you think they're doing?

K.R., Bronx

A. Closet heterosexuals, perhaps? ■



BIBLE BELT WEARER

Dear GAY,

In "Pen Points" of No. 37, the section titled "Romanticism and the Bible" exemplifies a problem that must not be underestimated as to its strength; that is, the coexistence of Christian belief and the recognition of one's homosexuality. I myself have never rejected Christ, only my denomination. After having been guilt-ridden for several years, I began to research for myself. By the words of Christ, no man would be rejected simply because he is gay. It was mostly by the hot-headed preaching of Paul, who didn't understand Christ very well, that we have the condemnation by scripture of the homosexual. By this personal condemnation and an ancient Hebrew law, the organized church has succeeded through the ages of persecuting gays and turning them against God who loves them.

I grew up in the "Bible Belt" and have come across so many closet cases who held themselves there due to their fear of being condemned for being against God, more than for fear of being condemned for being against the norms of society. My lover for three years regarded me as his little vice. Not until he began to see the hypocrisy of the organized church did

he think for himself, accept himself, and begin working on being a gay who can love to his capacity without shame.

It is obvious that you do not have an "enthusiasm for the Bible," but in dealing with a large number of diverse gays, it must be remembered that there are many, many gays who are Christian and must deal with this problem.

Sincerely,
L.C.S.
S. C.

ED. NOTE: Sad but true.

WHAT ABOUT WANTON ADS?

Dear GAY:

I've been reading your magazine for the past several months and find it to be entertaining and informative. There is, however, one sore objection I have and that is in regard to your ad section. And that is all those penises and nude photos being flaunted about as though these were bargain day specials. Gay people, on the whole, are no different from straights in their sexual sensitivity. A mere organ means nothing hanging there by itself in mid air. Genitals provide human beings with the ultimate in communication because sex is the supreme form of giving and receiving; by means of genitals we caress our lover's sensuality and pay intimate tribute to his masculinity or her femininity. The average homosexual has no interest in "hard porno". Rather, he is offended by this casual commercial baseness. I beseech you not to bring homosexuality down to the level of the 42nd Street flesh flicks. Homosexuals are lovers too—and they can appreciate as well as anyone the sacredness of the human body, its beauty and its pleasures. And also, they are affected by insensitivity; it bothers them, as it bothers many of us, to see Madison Avenue's million dollar baby born out of

the blasphemy upon the letters L-O-V-E.

I think I would die to have just anyone look upon my lover's body and not love it and cherish it as I do.

I realize that crowds will not gather to applaud my sentiments and I realize that you may not see fit to publish these thoughts—but all this is irrelevant. Because now you know that I have an opinion, and now I know that I have shared it with you. I am,

Most gratefully,
W. G. D.

ED. NOTE: Your thoughts are welcome. Our principal objection to Wanton Ads is that they are filled with unfortunate restrictions, requirements, specifications, and stipulations. We favor freedom of expression, and believe that people should have the right to personal style advertising. But Wanton Ads seems to come to contradict the spirit of GAY. What do other readers think? Please write to us.

BEYOND HOMOSEXUALITY

Dear GAY:

Hooray for your articles on "to bare or not to bare" as introduced in numbers 31 and continued in 33. The nudity issue transcends the sometimes painfully parochial one of homosexuality and gets into the mainstream of the great sexual freedom debate. You people do not need to limit yourselves, and you seem now and then to want to break out of the gay arena. I applaud this trend. Homosexuals should first of all stress their membership in the community of mankind and abandon this present cry-baby "I am unique" stance that can lead only to further alienation.

Personally, I incline toward John Francis Hunter's position over John P. Leroy's because it is more positive and dynamic. (Hunter is sometimes inconsistent and guilty of fuzzy thinking,

but he is always dynamic.) However, I hesitate to believe Hunter's statements are entirely sincere, though he may think them so. He must know he is gorgeous and therefore it is easy for him to "play September Morn in the pages of Gay." Leroy, on the other hand, is falling into the very trap Hunter is trying to avoid. That is to subscribe to a set of societal provisions for shucking off our clothes (and restraints which clothes symbolize). He is just finding new excuses to replace taboos that are no longer fashionable.

I would like to hear from all of you, down the line, on what you think about nudity off stage and outside your private ateliers. Show us your cocks, o.k., but more important show us your balls in thinking this thing through.

Hunter has a way of "riling me up" sometimes but maybe that is because I resent him being so fucking smart knowing that he is so fucking handsome. Wow! My inferiority complex is showing. I should be able to accept intelligence however it is boxed. See how this issue sets people to thinking? Gay at its best does that. More, more.

Very truly yours,
H. A.

P.S. Can we see Mr. Hunter smiling?????

Ed. Note: The Editors believe, that it is a joy to wear clothing which will reveal and enhance the body, and, if warm weather permits, to be as naked as possible as often as possible in as many locations as possible. Nude public bathing is to be encouraged.

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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SAD REFLECTIONS ON GAY LIBERATION

continued from page 7

I hope for gay gatherings touched with the glory of a robust sensuality; with true appreciation for the infinite sensitivities of living flesh.

Is there a chance that my particular dreams may come true? I don't care; just so I try to live them myself. I'm convinced that no one person's ideals can finally triumph. Humanity, like the savage gods it worships, moves in mysterious ways. Recently I've been feeling less than optimistic. Perhaps it was the press release I received the other day announcing that "gay liberationists" were going to give public electro-shock treatments to a live puppy in order to dramatize tortures administered in some hospitals to homosexuals.

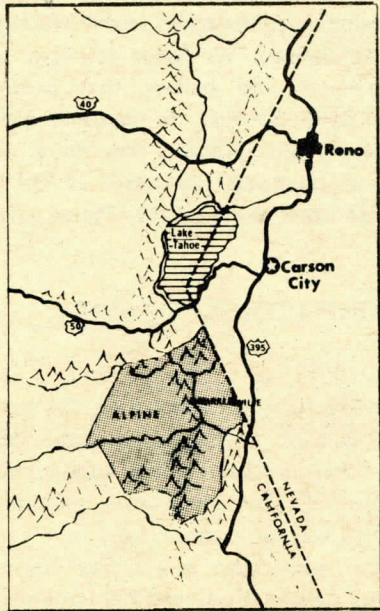
The deliberate administration of pain has always offended me, no matter what species is involved. The would-be demonstrators, in my opinion, are no better than the doctors they condemn. Gloom. The Joiners are at the helm in nearly every organization. Women's liberation is full of them too. Will they ever learn to laugh? Will their bodies ever unwind? Can they relax? When they cry out about the homosexual's very real oppression, must they always do so humorlessly? When other homosexuals disagree with them, must they get so uptight? Will they ever understand the meaning of Kahlil Gibran's haunting lines: *I have seen the freest among you wear their freedom as a yoke and a handcuff. And my heart bled within me. For you can only be free when even the desire of seeking freedom becomes a harness to you and when you cease to speak of freedom as goal and fulfillment.*

"GAY NATIONALISM" IN THE HIGH SIERRAS

continued from page 5

country. The reaction here in this tiny mountainous county is hard to capsule.

The reaction toward Gays is not favorable, many residents are quick to say. Markleville's reaction is openly hostile. They don't like outsiders and are not yet friendly to the newcomers of Bear Valley. But Bear Valley *does* like newcomers and outsiders. It thrives on them to support its growing resort which promises to be another Lake Tahoe. But it is obvious that a Gay take-over fails to arouse general enthusiasm anywhere.



When Gay Lib does come next January, it's hard to say which will be the biggest obstacle; the open hostility of Markleville, the quiet reassured economic force of Bear Valley and its developers, the lack of available land in a county held

mostly by the government, or the coldest temperatures in California with snow which drifts as high as 25 feet in the winter.

IN THE PRISON OF YOUR MIND

continued from page 8

chance to evaluate those cages and see if they are offering you security or borrowed identity that you need right now.

If an "A"-frame cage has outlived its utility for you, it is time to open the door and step out of it. You may need to move on to another temporary cage or you may be able to start exploring the cageless world of "I am me" rather than "I am a..."

And take care that you do not scare yourself with imaginary cages of your own making, like the child who terrifies himself with imagined monsters. A man recently described to me his miseries when in contact with attractive men. "I'm afraid that if I ever let myself go and get into bed with some guy, I'll go all the way and turn into a homosexual and I don't want to be a homosexual." He is not now at a point in his life where he understands that he can follow his desires in ways that need not hurt himself or others and certainly need not lead him into a cage. He has frightened himself with a cage that lives in his imagination. He could grant himself the freedom to enjoy sex with another man without restricting himself to homosexuality and becoming a homosexual.

All of us have psychological troubles all of the time. It is a part of being alive.

A look at where you stand in relation to your cages will not release you from your psychological troubles. Psychotherapy (hopefully not with a bigoted therapist who presumes that all homosexuality is "sick") is still the best bet for anyone who feels he is carrying too heavy a load of emotional difficulties. But if you feel ready for some growing steps, take a self x-ray, check your cages and see if you can begin to let yourself free.

Don Clark earned a Ph.D. in clinical psychology at Adelphi University in 1959. His books include Emotional Disturbance and School Learning, The Psychology of Education, and Those Children. He is now an associate professor at Herbert H. Lehman College. In addition to his writing and teaching, he leads encounter groups privately and at growth centers such as Anihos in New York City, Esalen in San Francisco, Topanga in Los Angeles, and Kairos in San Diego.

'71 CONFERENCE

continued from page 12

organizational people to get together informally.

Chairman of the 1971 NACH Planning Committee is Jack Campbell of the Cleveland Mattachine Society; Vice-Chairman is the Rev. Troy Perry of Los Angeles' Metropolitan Community Church; Secretary is Madeline Davis of the Mattachine Society of the Niagra Frontier; and Business Manager is Foster Gunnison of the Institute of Social Ethics in Hartford. Dick Leitsch, of the Mattachine Society of New York, is local co-ordinator.

Los Angeles Gays Invade Psychologists Conference

continued from page 12

Morris Kight takes the microphone: "We understand that one of your numbers has called the police. They are outside in the corridor now. This is your humane reaction to dissenting viewpoints. This is the way you receive new information! Well, we are prepared to be arrested. We came here this morning knowing full well that your first reaction would be to call the police and we are prepared to be arrested and jailed for what we believe!"

Morris asks how many in the audience would let us be arrested and about 50 applaud wildly.

Morris Kight: "You would let us be arrested! You would let us be arrested so you can continue your structured meeting!"

Dr. Feldman snatches his briefcase and hurries down the aisle.

Dr. Marston: "There will be no arrests, there will be no arrests. We have reached a compromise. It is now 10 o'clock. Let us spend the next hour in small groups discussing this thing. At 11 o'clock we'll hear the rest of Dr. Feldman's presentation."

Applause. The audience reluctantly and nervously moves the neatly rowed chairs into loose circles.

"Can we still see the movie at 11?"

"Yeah, baby, yeah, baby."

The rap sessions go well. The behaviorists prove to be intelligent people and now seem truly interested in rapping with us. I wander from group to group and everyone seems deeply engaged in conversation. Some of the questions evoke automatic responses ("But you can't have children, and we can." "We don't have to have children, you will have our children for us. We're not a different species, we're all human beings. Creating children is part of your lifestyle, it is not part of ours. You will have gay children and you will have straight children, etc. etc. etc.") but most of the talk proves meaningful and constructive.

11 o'clock.

Morris Kight: Ladies and gentlemen, thank you. That wasn't so bad, was it?" (Applause) "Now, 25,000 large meetings such as the one you have had here today happen in Los Angeles each year. Most of them come and go, and nobody but the families of those involved know that they came to Los Angeles. Now, you can't say that you came to Los Angeles and it wasn't noticed, because we noticed you—and the Associated Press and United Press noticed you, and this little episode that we had with you this morning is going out on the wires right now, and everybody in the country is being told that psychologists and homosexuals were

talking together and we think that's news. I would like to thank, in the name of Gay Liberation Front, the kind people who had the good sense to send the police away. It would have been exceedingly inconvenient for us to have been in jail this weekend, but we were prepared to do so and had set up procedures to handle it should we have been arrested. We would, in turn, have charged you with disturbing our peace, as you have disturbed our peace to these many years. Because we cannot—and will not—allow it to be disturbed anymore. This is the unique thing that the Gay Liberation Front does. We no longer apologize because we have nothing to apologize for. When we say 'We're Gay and We're Proud,' we mean it. We are proud! Now, we do not say that heterosexuality is wrong or evil. If you think that it is, get Dr. Feldman to cure you! Thank you, thank you again for coming to our consciousness raising sessions today!"

Don Kilhefner: "I don't think anybody need be deluded that now we'll just go away, that we've had our fun for the morning, because it isn't that type of revolution that we're engaged in right now. This is just the beginning and we'd like to make you aware of the fact that anytime any conference is being held where our lives and our people are being discussed, we are going to be there. Now, I encourage you, if you are involved in planning these future discussions, that you make an attempt to invite us. I guarantee that if you don't make an attempt to invite us, we will invite ourselves. This is just the beginning. You are going to see a lot more of us; you are going to hear a lot more of us. My only

concern this morning is that you're all back in your nice little rows passively listening to somebody when you were actually talking and actively learning a short while ago."

Dr. Feldman returns. The overthrow of the session that morning has obviously shaken him. Militant homosexuals are not something he had bargained for. He decides to forego showing the rest of the film and settles instead for a series of mundane slides, filled with statistics and diagrams. Words like "improved" and "not completed" indicate clearly that his treatment is not a success. Dr. Feldman stumbles over words, stares at the slides for minutes without speaking and often seems unable to continue.

During the question and answer period which follows, Gay Liberation Front proves so strong that Dr. Feldman is soon reduced to mumbling "I don't know, I don't know."

In a speech to the assembly shortly after it reconvened, moderator Dr. Albert Marston said: "We have a responsibility for education. If, in fact, we are aware, sensitive professionals who know that homosexuality is not a sickness, who know that the homosexual life style is a legitimate alternate lifestyle, we have a responsibility not simply to know it and sit with our hands crossed, but to educate our fellow professionals and to educate the general public. We have to begin looking carefully at how we allocate our priorities and we have to consider whether we can do greater social good doing research on some aspects of homosexuality which we can learn from the Gay Liberation Front."

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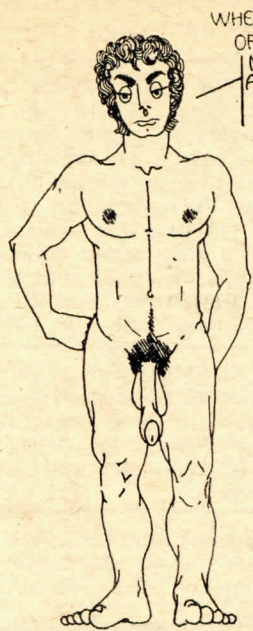
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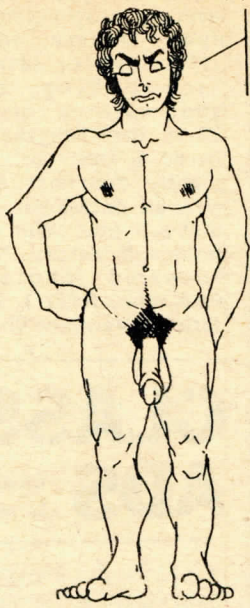
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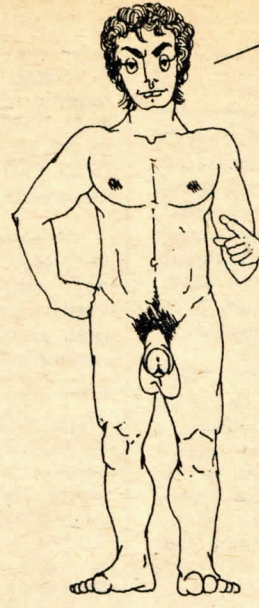
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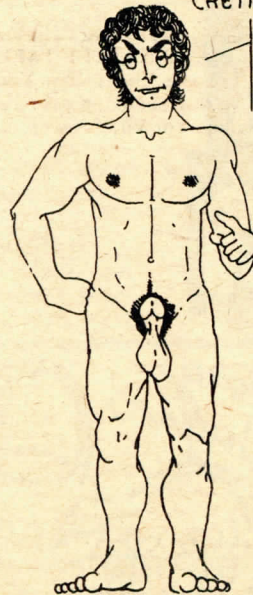
WHEN YOU THINK OF IT, SEX IS MESSY!..... AND NOT ONLY THAT..... IT'S UNHYGENIC!



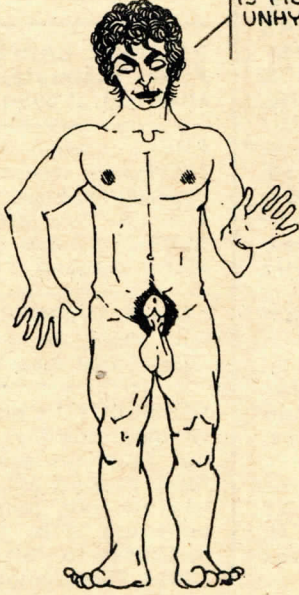
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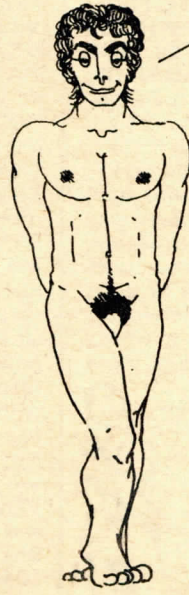
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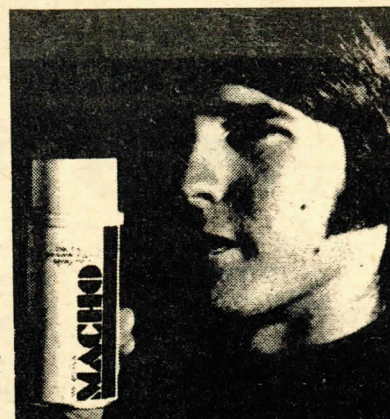
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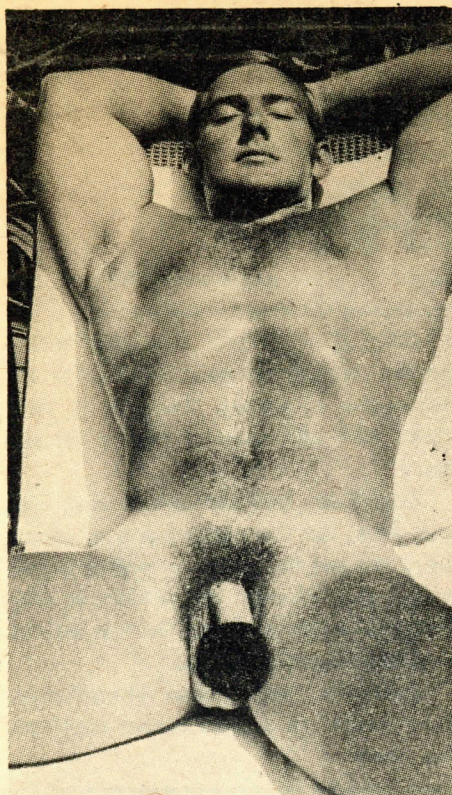
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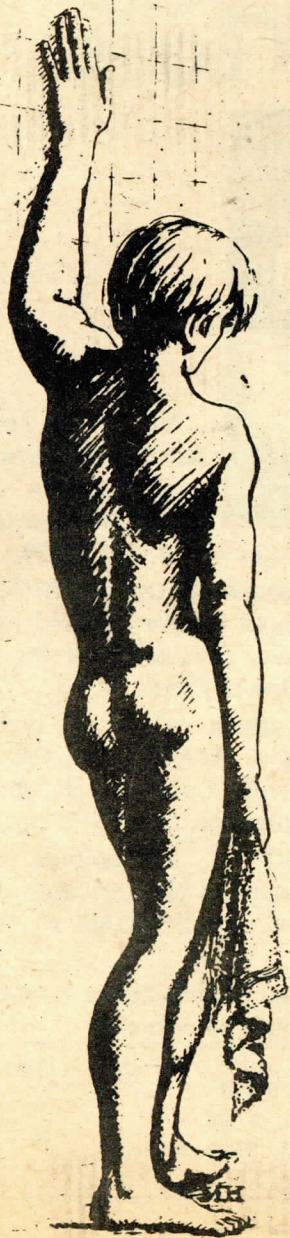
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