

GAY

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OUT OF
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Vol.2 Issue 48

3,000 March On N.Y. State Capitol

Photo by Richard C. Wandel



Albany's streets echoed with the roar of the marchers.

Kate Millett & Rev. Perry Address Crowds

BY PETE FISHER

New York, N.Y.— The March on Albany for Gay Rights demonstrated the remarkable growth of the movement throughout the state and the increasing sense of solidarity and community among New York's many gay organizations.

On Friday, March 12, a Gay Unity Festival was sponsored by Gay Activists Alliance and Gay People at Columbia in Horace Mann Auditorium, Columbia University, to kick off the weekend of the March on Albany. Saturday afternoon, two bus loads of gays from New York City left for Albany, where a Tri-Cities GLF dance and a statewide leadership caucus were held that night. Two more buses from NYC arrived Sunday, March 14, and after a massive Pray-In at the Trinity Methodist Church, approximately 1000 gay people began the march to the State Capitol in Albany. On the steps of the Capitol a mass rally with speakers from gay organizations across the state was held, and the crowd

swelled to nearly 3000. On Monday, the state legislators were astonished to find a large team of gay lobbyists approaching them and asking them to support the homosexual civil rights bills in the State Senate and Assembly.

The Gay Unity Festival opened to an audience of more than 500 people with a lively musical comedy routine by Liz Parker. The show moved on to the presentation of two films made by Lilli Vincenz, one showing a July 4th demonstration in 1968 for homosexual

civil rights in Philadelphia, and the other showing the massive Christopher Street Liberation Day Parade in June, 1970.

A call was made for representatives of these groups to take the microphone and speak. Bob Bland of Gay Flames spoke about his conception of gay unity, discussed GLF's approach to gay liberation, and received a hearty round of applause. Eban Clark from *Beyond*, who had interrupted the program earlier, returned to the stage to elaborate upon his earlier criticism of allowing a

heterosexual singer to perform at a homosexual gathering.

Breck Ardery of GAA's State-Federal Committee spoke about the legislative efforts that lay behind the March on Albany. We were not going to plead for greater liberality, he said, but to demand our basic human rights:

"Until we are treated as full human beings, until we can be totally free and happy in this society, our liberation will never be complete. And so we go to Albany—we go with strength, determination and pride—we go in the spirit of

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Gay Student Runs For Pres. Of Minn. U. Class



Jack Baker

BY ERIK LARSSON
MIDWEST CORRESPONDENT

Minneapolis, Minn.—With a campy campaign poster in one hand and a fully-developed platform in the other, Jack

Baker is off and running for president of the 43,000-student body at the University of Minnesota.

As far as anybody knows, Baker is the only guy who's made no secret of being gay to run for such a position—or at least to become a serious contender.

Of 14 candidates who sought nomination by the Student Association Forum, Baker is one of the three who survived and who will have their names on the ballots April 6-7.

The Oklahoma-reared law student won the Forum's nomination on March 10, which was also Baker's 29th birthday. By coincidence, it was also the 4th anniversary of the day he met—and promptly fell in love with—his lover, Mike McConnell.

You guessed it: there was one helluva

party at the Baker-McConnell house that night.

Baker has already ordered 2,000 campaign posters, all of them based on photographs. Cost: \$32.

A couple are campy—putting Baker four-square behind the American flag,

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WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT?

A Directory for Discriminating Dispositions

GAY'S DEPRESSION GUIDE A Poor Man's Manhattan

With higher taxes, spiraling prices and the dwindling supply of sugar daddies, the clever gay person must learn to stretch his entertainment dollar. In the tradition of Ralph Nader, WINS' Fran Lee and Joan Shepherd, New York Magazine's "The Passionate Shopper," and other "consumer specialists," we offer the following suggestions for getting more than your money's worth.

Since gay bars became "legal" a few years ago and owners of licensed gay bars stopped having to donate Cadillacs to corrupt cops and liquor agents, the number of bars in Manhattan has multiplied. Competition is fierce, and smart managers are offering give-aways and extra inducements to win your patronage. If you play your cards right, you need never buy groceries or pay to see movies again.

The following list is, of necessity, incomplete. We are still compiling the lists, and bar owners are invited to send in notices of their give-aways for inclusion here in the future. Meanwhile, we'll go on calling and visiting bars in an effort to fill in the gaps. Meanwhile, if your favorite bar is not listed, call them up. They probably have something for nothing.

Free meals: There's no need for you to cook at all on Sundays as the bars are begging you to dine with them for the price of a drink. Others offer free food during the week. Some of the food is very good; some is only pretty good, but, if you buy even one drink, it's free, and you can't beat that.

Sunday:

Willie's West Side: Free buffet from 4 p.m.*

Uncle Charlie's: Free buffet from 4 to 8 p.m.

Bonnie & Clyde's: Free buffet from 4 to midnight

The Hot Line: Free buffet from 5 p.m.

Harry's Back East: Free buffet from 5 p.m.

The Old Vic: Free buffet from 5 to 7 p.m.

The Picadilly Pub: Free buffet from 5 p.m.

Continental Baths: (230 W. 74th) Free buffet at 6 p.m.

The Tool Box: Free buffet from 8:30 p.m.

The Lighthouse: Free buffet from 7 p.m.

(*Most places serve until the food runs out; others put the food away at a particular time. Unless noted, the buffet continues until the food is all gone.)

Tuesday:

The Lighthouse: Free Italian buffet at 11:00 p.m.

Wednesday:

The Tool Box: Buffet at 8:30 p.m. (\$1.00 admission includes food, one drink, and two movies—see below, "Free Shows")

Thursday:

The Lighthouse: Free Chinese buffet at 11 p.m.

Friday:

Continental Baths: (230 W. 74th) Free buffet at 11:30 and coffee and donuts Saturday morning included in admission price.

Saturday:

Continental Baths: (230 W. 74th) Free buffet at 11:30 and Sunday morning breakfast included in admission price.

FREE SHOWS: Entertainment ranges from piano bars to star-studded shows in the local bars, clubs and restaurants. The places listed here have no cover charge and no minimum (except, perhaps, on weekends), though the baths, of course, charge admission—but the show is an "extra" that costs you nothing.

Sunday:

The Goldbug: "The Superbs," a very entertaining group, entertains at 11:30 and again at 1 a.m.

Continental Baths: (230 W. 74th) "The Little Show" featuring the fabulous Rosalie. Show starts just after the free buffet at 6:00 p.m.

Monday:

Bonnie & Clyde's: Free movie at 10:00 p.m.

Tuesday:

The Picadilly Pub: Free movie at 9:30 (usually repeated, by popular demand, at about 11:30)

The Zodiac Uptown: Live show featuring Leslie London. 11 p.m.-1 a.m.

Wednesday:

The Tool Box: Free movies (\$1.00 minimum includes film, free buffet and one drink). Double features, the first at 9:00, the second at 11:00. Buffet starts at 8:30.

Bonnie & Clyde's: Free movie at 10:00

Thursday:

The Hip-o-drome: Free movie at 11:00

Zodiac Uptown: Live show, featuring Leslie London. 11 p.m.-1 a.m.

Friday:

Continental Baths: (230 W. 74th) Live, star-studded show starts at about 12:30 a.m. or just after the Lucilian banquet called the "buffet" is over.

Saturday:

Continental Baths: (230 W. 74th) Repeat of Friday night/Saturday morning show, same times.

Every night:

The Painted Pony: Johnny Savoy on piano and Bob Veldex on bass

The Candy Store: Piano bar

The Hot Line: Jocy, the fabulous, multi-lingual singer, with three-piece band.

CHEAP DRINKS: If you plan your drinking carefully, or start early, you can make your drinking money go further and also get a head start on cruising. Some of the places open very early, so if you feel like knocking off work for a day, you can mingle with the other gold-brickers and head for the hay while the sun is still shining.

Daily:

The Tool Box: Opens very early, so you can sip a Bloody Mary while the bartender, "Mother" Norma, calls your boss and tells him you're sick in bed. She also dispenses advice to the lovelorn with the reduced-price booze.

The Pub Society: Drinks are only 75¢ between 2 and 8 p.m.

Harry's Back East: 75¢ drinks between 2 and 8.

The Hot Line: ditto

The Big Spender: Cocktail hour is 4 to 8, and you save 30¢ per drink over the nighttime prices while you wait for the 7:30 curtain at the nearby Broadway theatres.

The Troubadour: Get smashed between 4 and 8 on 75¢ drinks.

Uncle Charlie's: Another four-to-eighter with 75¢ drinks.

Sunday:

The Old Vic: 50¢ drinks between three and five.

The Painted Pony: Live entertainment during the "Happy Hour"—drinks are priced at a happy 75¢.

The Candy Store: Drinks are priced at between 25 and 50¢ less than the usual price (depending upon what you drink) between 4 and 10 p.m.

Wednesday:

Uncle Charlie's: The kindly uncle offers two drinks for the price of one on Wednesdays between 8 and midnight.

FREE LIQUOR:

Sunday:

The Twelfth Night: A very elegant brunch here starts at 2 p.m. and you get a gourmet spread for only \$2.95—and all the champagne you can drink is free!

MISCELLANEOUS:

Body-building lessons:

Continental Baths (230 W. 74th) has a well-equipped gym section available at no charge for the use of its patrons. From 11 to midnight on Wednesdays, and from 3 to 4

p.m. on Saturday and Sunday afternoons, Tony Collins, "Mr. World," is on hand to give you free lessons, advice, and pointers for building your body.

Veneral disease check-ups:

Continental Baths (230 W. 74th) offers free, absolutely confidential, blood-tests. They don't want to know your name; you are known only by a code number. The technicians are available from 10 to midnight on Saturday nights (for Continental's patrons only), and from 6 to 10 on Sunday nights for patrons and public alike. Free coffee and donuts are served.

The New York City Department of Public Health also gives free blood tests at its centers, but under less comfortable and anonymous conditions than Continental's. Check the phone book, call your favorite homophile organization, or get Mattachine's free "VD Information for Homosexuals" handbook which contains the full list.

No Money At All? If you're broke and feel like going out—and your political sensibilities are not offended by radical rhetoric, *The People's Coffee Grounds*, 222 West 82nd Street, offers coffee, conversation and cruising. They like donations to pay for the coffee you drink, but they don't insist.

Free Legal Advice. If you've been arrested, want to write a will, work out a property settlement with the lover or roommate you're splitting with, or need advice on any legal matter, the *Mattachine Society* offers a free legal clinic on Tuesday nights, between 6 and 8 p.m. 243 West End Ave.

New York's Night Spots DRINK, EAT AND BE MERRY!

The Barrel Inn, 568 Ninth Ave., bet. 41 & 42 Sts. (563-8212) GM

The Beaded Bag, 951 First Ave., bet. 52 & 53 Sts. Chubby chasers. GM

The Big Spender, 315 W. 48th St. (586-9880) Theatrical types and before-and-after-the-show crowds. GM

Bon Soir, 40 W. 8th St. (473-9859) Cha-cha palace, popular with young Latins. GM

Bonnie & Clyde's, 82 W. 3rd St. (GR3-9304) Dancing and lots of activities, like buffets and movies. GF & GM

Bullfeathers 1716 2nd Ave. at 89th St. (722-9838) East Side neighborhood bar. GM

The Candlelight Lounge, 309 Amsterdam Ave., bet. 74 & 75 Sts. (874-9607) One of New York's longest-running gay bars, a friendly neighborhood place. GM

The Candy Store, 44 West 56th St., bet. 5th & 6th Aves. (581-4664) Piano bar for the suit & tie crowd and out-of-town businessmen. GM

Carnival, 507 West St., at Jane (above the Tool Box). Back room policy. GM

Carr's, 104 W. 10th St. A sociable bar in the Village! No posing, no frantic rush to make out—just nice people having fun. GM

Come Back, 185 W. 10th St. After-hours club where the bartenders and other nice people go to unwind. GM and some GF

Country Cousin, 1313 Third Ave., bet. 75 & 76 Sts. (879-6614) Good food, good liquor and nice people. GM, mostly.

Danny's, 139 Christopher St. (929-9321). It's seen better days, but the people still come here. GM

The Den, 835 Washington at Little W. 12th St. (989-8999). Don't show up without your leather drag. GM

The Department Store, 491 W. 12th St., at Jane (back room policy). GM

The Eagle's Nest, 11th Ave. & 21st St. Private club for the leather/western crowd. GM

Fedora's, 239 W. 4th St. (CH 2-9691). The best of the gay restaurants. Excellent food, casual atmosphere. Reservations suggested. GM & GF

The Finale, 48 Barrow St. (CH 3-7538) Another famed gay eatery. GM & GF

The Four Seasons, 99 E. 52nd St. The bar is cruisy for the grand set, but be careful, the place is integrated.

Francis', 115 MacDougal St., bet. 3rd & Bleeker (at the Cafe Wha). Free admission, light show, dancing. Soda bar. Open 8 p.m. to 4 a.m. GM

Gianni's, 53 W. 19th St. (675-9809) A dancing bar for women. GF

The Goldbug, 83 W. 3rd St. (677-9874) The bar with everything, including dancing. GM

T. Goldfarb's, 61 Seventh Ave. at Bleeker. (989-9446) Restaurant, piano bar and quiet bar, all under one roof. Something for everyone. GM

Hades, Jane & West Streets. Private club for the leather set. GM

Harry's Back East, 1422 Third Ave., bet. 80 & 81 Sts. (249-6991) The one place where it's always "in" to be. When the other joints are dying, this one is packed—even on Monday nights. GM

The Hip-o-Drome, 165 Avenue "A," bet. 10 & 11 Sts. (228-9984) The gay center of the Lower East Side and haven for the young, radical chic set. GM

The Hot Line, 1544 2nd Ave., bet. 80 & 81 Sts. (734-8863) Would you believe—a telephone on each table, a la "Cabaret," so you can cruise sitting down. Dancing and live entertainment, too. GM, a few GF.

Jimmy Ray's, 729 8th Avenue (582-9507) A neighborhood bar & restaurant in the theatrical neighborhood. Not cruisy, and not really gay, but fun. Int.

Julius, 159 W. 10th St., at Waverly Pl. (929-9672). Very much a neighborhood bar, but also a haven for young out-of-towners who have heard of its national reputation. GM

Keller's, 384 West Street (CH 3-1907). The mother and father of leather bars. GM

Kookie's, 149 West 14th St. (242-9226). New York's best-known women's bar. GF

The Lighthouse, 2160 Broadway, corner of 76th St. (SU 7-9791) An old-timer on the bar scene trying to make a come-back under new management. GM

Luigi II, 104 W. 13th St. (929-9568) GM

The Luv Cage, West 4th Street, off Sixth Avenue. An upstairs after hours private club for women. Dancing. GF.

The Machine, Hotel Empire, 63rd & Broadway. This discotheque for the young, mainly Latin, set on the balcony of the hotel just across from Lincoln Center. GM

New Jimmy's, 1576 Third Avenue, between 88 & 89th Sts. (860-4509) The newest, and one of the best, of the gay restaurants. Reservations suggested. GM and GF.

Nine Plus Social Club, 149 W. 21st St. (924-9837). Another one of those private clubs exclusively for the leather crowd. GM

The Oak Room Bar, Hotel Plaza, 59th and Fifth. Formerly headquarters for the elegant closet set; woman's lib "liberated" it and ruined cruising. Int.

O.K. Corral, 835 Washington St. Leather crowd. GM.

Old Vic, 309 E. 60th St. (832-9049). Very cruisy dance palace with an intimate atmosphere. GM

The Painted Pony, 1485 Third Ave., at 84th St. (744-9580). Live entertainment and a friendly crowd. What more could you want? GM

Paula's, 64 Greenwich Ave. (691-3360) The Street again has a gay bar! Intimate and friendly, Paula's is just starting to catch on. GF and GM

The Picadilly Pub, 324 Amsterdam Ave., bet 75 & 76 Sts. (874-8632) One of the newer (and busier) Upper West Side bars. GM

Pepy's Place, 153 W. 48th St. (265-9792) It's gay in the evenings, and a hard-hat hangout in the afternoons. The hard hats may love you, but the day bartender won't. GM

The Planetarium, 181 2nd Ave. near 12th St. An out-a-sight discotheque with all the trimmings. GM

The People's Coffee Grounds, 210 W. 82nd St. GLF takes over this intellectual center for radicals for rapping, sipping coffee and making out. Sundays, from 4 p.m. to 1 a.m. GM, GF

The Roundtable, 151 E. 50th St. (758-0310) Dancing to live rock bands, mainly a young crowd, but everybody assembles here. GM & GF

The Royal Roost, 28 Cornelia St. (CH 2-9557) Small, but excellent restaurant with an intimate bar. Mostly neighborhood and very "in" people. Int.

The Sanctuary, 407 W. 43rd St. (247-4210) Church converted into a mad discotheque. Once the most popular place in town, but lost its liquor license. The high price for fruit juices is killing business. GM

The School, Amsterdam Ave. bet. 65 & 66 Sts. A noisy, busy headquarters for Latin types and lovers of Spanish music. Open weekends only. GM

Scotland Yard, 146 W. 4th St. Private, after-hours club with dancing and pool tables. Bring your own bottle. Open 8 p.m. to 7 a.m. Int.

Stage 45, 305 E. 45th St. (532-0290) A dancing bar where Black is beautiful. GM

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Second Group Theatre presents "Quiet in the Balcony," an original comedy in three parts. Performances: April 1, 2, 7, 8, 15, 17 at 8:30 PM at McBurney YMCA, 215 West 23rd St., corner of 7th Avenue. Donation.

EDITORIAL

THE RIGHT TO BE STUPID

A truism became gospel last month when a Los Angeles Superior Court Judge, Steven S. Weisman, ruled that "People have a constitutional right to be stupid."

His decision could have far reaching effects. Beforehand, men and women risked loss of inheritance and property because they were thought incapable of handling their own affairs. Now, however, stupidity has achieved legal status, which allows those affected to handle personal matters in as stupid a fashion as they see fit. Stupidity, which has always been an unrecognized but moving force in our national life, is rapidly coming into its own.

THE MARCH ON ALBANY

Happy faces, hundred upon hundreds, jammed the plaza in front of New York's State Capitol and demanded an end to absurd anti-homosexual laws. Kate Millett, famed author of the theoretical bible of Women's Liberation, Sexual Politics, addressed the throngs, charging that "heterosexualized" society does everything it can to stifle expressions of homosexual feeling. "It does all this to limit love so it won't happen, so it won't be generalized, so people will be

miserable. It does it," she said, "because it is all built on the oppression of gays and women." The Reverend Troy Perry told the crowd, "We are not afraid anymore!" Cheers!

CBS NEWS & MEDIA

CBS-TV News filmed the offices of GAY last week, interviewed members of the newspaper's staff, and caught the art directors pasting the paper together. Prior to CBS' arrival, its cameramen also filmed sequences on the Kameny Campaign for Congress in Washington, D.C.

Other programs are beginning to pick up on gay liberation too. 1969-1970 was Women's Liberation year in media. Now, we are entering Gay Liberation Year, and it is certain that media will focus on the homosexual's cause in many bizarre and unexpected ways.

Keep your eyes open for the appearance of GAY columnists, Randy Wicker and Gregory Battcock (along with two GAA members) on the David Susskind show soon.

And don't forget to get a copy of the April Playboy, which contains a panel discussion on homosexuality featuring Dick Leitsch, whose longtime reputation as a suave defender of gay rights is hoisted to new heights.



Dick Leitsch in PLAYBOY

Dick Leitsch Featured In Playboy

Chicago, Ill.—Playboy magazine (April, 1971) features a 27-page panel discussion on homosexuality, which includes quick-witted and spirited defenses of homosexuals by GAY columnist Dick Leitsch, who is also Executive Director of the Mattachine Society of New York.

Other participants in the Playboy panel are 1) Irving Bieber, longtime spokesman for the anti-homosexual psychiatric establishment; 2) Paul

Goodman, well-known educator and uncloseted author of numerous books; 3) Richard Kuh, trial lawyer and writer; 4) Phyllis Lyon, a founder of the Daughters of Bilitis; 5) Marya Mannes, a well-known journalist and social critic; 6) Judd Marmor, a clinical professor of psychiatry; 7) Ted McLvenna, co-founder and director of the National Sex and Drug Forum; 8) Morris Ploscowe, a lawyer; 9) William Simon, a former Kinsey researcher; and 10) Kenneth Tynan, best known as the deviser of the erotic review, *Oh! Calcutta!*

The panel discussion presents many different viewpoints, with Leitsch good-naturedly knocking down myths and misconceptions. Irving Bieber accuses homosexuals of fearing to associate socially with straights. Said Leitsch: "I disagree that homosexuals are afraid to mix with heterosexuals. It's more boredom than fear that limits interaction. Heterosexuals are very nice people, but they do tend to talk about what broads they're trying to screw or which diaper services are most reliable."

3,000 March On N.Y. State Capitol

Photo by Kay Tobin



AT THE COLUMBIA U. RALLY:

(l. to r.) GAY's Editors, Lige & Jack with G.A.A. leaders, Jim Owles and Marty Robinson.

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peace. But we also go in the spirit of warning. That warning is that time is running out. Time is running out on a society that judges people by the sex of their partners rather than the substance of their characters. Time is running out on a society that attempts to destroy people because they love."

Morty Manford of GPC next introduced the Rev. Troy Perry, founder of the Metropolitan Community Church of Los Angeles. Perry delivered a rousing talk on gay liberation, describing the movement's growth and spirit on the west coast. On behalf of GPC, Morty Manford presented the visiting minister with a check, a gesture of solidarity, to be

delivered by him to the gay people in Alpine County, California. Following the Festival, a reception was held in honor of Rev. Perry in John Jay Lounge on the Columbia campus.

GAA organized two buses to Albany on Saturday and two on Sunday. Tri-cities GLF was well prepared for the influx of gay New Yorkers on Saturday night. A Housing Center helped the visitors find overnight sleeping accommodations and a dance was held in the Unitarian Church, which has opened its facilities to the gay community.

Sunday morning, March 14, brought a change in the rainy weather which had greeted the visitors' arrival the night before. The sun broke through and it seemed an ideal day for a public demonstration. The mass Pray-In at the Trinity Methodist Church began as scheduled, and the church was filled to the brim with gay people from Albany and out of town. Meanwhile, approximately 1000 gays massed in preparation for the march.

The march got under way shortly after 2:00 p.m. and moved along Washington Ave. toward the heart of the city. A profusion of colorful banners and colorful people passed along the sidewalk, while wave after wave of spirited chanting filled the air. "Out of the closets and into the streets—come and join us now!" shouted the marchers, and as the crowd approached the Capitol Building its ranks began to swell. By the time the rally

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Photo by Richard C. Wandel

Kate Millett: Love is Stronger than Legislation.

GAY

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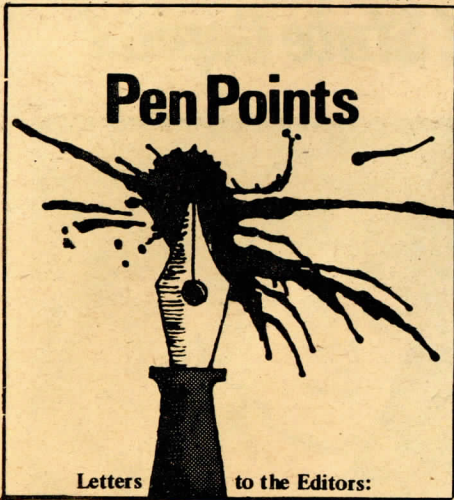
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Letters to the Editors:

I DON'T WANT MY FRIENDS TO KNOW

Dear GAY:

After holding myself back for some time, I finally broke down and bought your newspaper. Well, I'm glad I did for I need advice, help or something. I'm 22 years old, already out of service, going to college and doing very well. But, well, all my life I've been living or trying to live straight and I didn't and still don't want all my friends to even suspect what I'm

really like. It's eating my insides out. I'm considered a pretty good-looking person and well built. I want to let myself go. But I can't. I've looked for some gay clubs, but I can't find any in Brooklyn. Or ones in my age group. How can I go about finding my happiness? Please suggest something. I don't know if I'm coming or going.

R.M.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

ED. NOTE: First, buy a paperback copy of *The Homosexual Handbook* by Angelo d'Arcangelo. Olympia Press, \$2.25. It should be available in most large bookstores. Next, read page 2 of GAY and go to the Manhattan night spots that sound interesting to you. Finally, remember that a real friend is someone in front of whom you may think aloud.

GOLDSTEIN SCREWS JESUS FREAKS

Dear GAY:

"Bandy," a TV talk show, featured on Saturday, March 13 a confrontation between, on the one hand, Al Goldstein and Paul Krassner, and on the other, an evangelist and a minister. Mr. Goldstein, editor of SCREW, the parent publication of GAY, should be complimented for

providing a calm, sane rebuttal to the threats of fire, eternal damnation, and Godly wrath levelled by the two gentlemen of religion through most of the program specifically against homosexuals. Though Mr. Goldstein was repeatedly cut off by these holy rollers, he managed to also assert the validity of sex in general, which on this particular program was not at all easy. For the most part, he played the part of responsible, sincere humanist exceptionally well; Paul Krassner played himself, and Bandy played Uncle Tom.

I think Goldstein really missed the opportunity, however, to make a significant point, a point which Krassner, even though half-asleep, finally started to grab onto when the time was running out. The point is this: the two religion freaks conducted themselves extremely rudely, interrupting both Goldstein and Krassner at every possible juncture, chanting scripture in a sort of contrapuntal harmony. They were both quite certain that God and Jesus had ordained that sex happen exclusively between married couples for the purpose of creating a family, and yet, by their very compulsion to continually heap abuse upon Goldstein and Krassner, they lent credibility to their opposition. At no time, by the way,

did they mention the Virgin Mary, an omission for which Women's Lib should take them to task. Significantly, neither Goldstein nor Krassner took them seriously enough to interrupt them. In other words, if one truly does not believe in the validity or workability of a life-style and holds that the Supreme Being spurns said life-style, one should act as if he has enough going for him so as not to get as uptight as were these two Bible pushers. One of them got so carried away he entreated Goldstein to save himself and love Jesus, which Goldstein explained that he couldn't do because it was a forbidden homosexual act. These fanatics were hanging themselves, and since Goldstein and Krassner bothered to appear on the program, they should have tightened the noose a little and provided more entertainment for some of the poor bastards in the viewing audience who might have actually learned something.

T.G.M.
Long Island

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BY DR. GEORGE WEINBERG

Im thirty-one and have a husband and two children. Recently I had an affair with a woman for the first time. She jilted me, but I know I'm a lesbian. I'm desperate and utterly alone. I write to you as a last hope . . ."

So wrote a woman in a small town. Her letter was one of sixty that have come at the rate of two a day to the New York Daughters of Bilitis at 141 Prince Street, the new headquarters since January first. And all of them have been answered by Julie Lee.

In addition, the D.O.B. telephone lines are open 24 hours a day with special arrangements made for emergencies. And Julie is first on the list of those to be called in such cases too.

Almost single-handed, Julie Lee has made the New York D.O.B. the first organization of any size that ever answered questions for lesbians. (I refuse to say "the lesbian point of view" on the ground that there is no such thing, and that doing so is condemnatory, since lesbians are as various as anyone else.)

At first glance, Julie might pass as a housewife in good suburban standing, whose thoughts about mankind had never been influenced by the great explosion of modern lifestyles. Dressed simply but in good taste, she seems to have an old-world politeness about her, even a hint of reticence. But especially in recent years Julie has been anything but diffident, when challenging racial discrimination in housing or prejudices against women, or hostile attitudes toward lesbians.

Talking with Julie heightened my impression of a major difference between the problems of homosexual men and women. One letter after the other that comes to her tells of the dilemma of discovering a lesbian preference long after a complex life arrangement at thirty is rare alongside the woman who does. This means that for women much more disentangling is apt to be needed after the discovery is made.

More than men, women who discover homosexual feelings are apt to feel pressed to make permanent life decisions—for instance, the decision whether to stifle them or to leave a husband once and for all. Julie's answer here nearly always begins with a phrase like this: "Whatever you do, don't feel that you have to decide on the spot. Take your time. Don't put yourself in a box." In one case, a woman wrote that she and her husband loved each other deeply and that he was quite willing for her to find a female lover. Only her analyst told her this option was impossible. Julie's advice was for the woman not to abandon the marriage without seeing whether their plan would work.

And she gave the same sort of advice, not to make a lifetime decision on the spot, to a girl who confessed to her after a D.O.B. dance that she had slept with a man and liked it.

A pet peeve of Julie's is women who tell her that they have chosen to be lesbians because they hate men. Sometimes—such a person reports unhappy experiences. Sometimes the objection is philosophical, an ideological

Dr. George Weinberg (PH.D.) is an outstanding psychotherapist, and author of a new and excellent book, **THE ACTION APPROACH: How Your Personality Developed and How You Can Change It**, published by Signet pocketbooks. It is now available at your local bookstores. The editors of GAY are pleased to recommend it.



Julie Lee: Secretary of New York's Daughters of Bilitis

Julie Lee Rhymes With D.O.B.

refusal to go to bed with the enemy. In such a case, Julie concludes, women are being used as objects in the sex act; they are being chosen by default. Julie's theory is that hate is no grounds for love, that lesbians are women who love women and not women who hate men.

In a great many cases women live together as lovers without even acknowledging that they are doing so. They never talk about lesbianism, and if they read about the subject they consider lesbians to be another breed, quite different from them. And even among those who write to Julie, many do not acknowledge that they are lesbians or that they would like to meet lesbians. "We are studying woman's liberation and would like to learn about your organization, its purposes, its dues, when it meets . . ." Or, "We are doing a project on women and we would like to know . . ."

All of which reminds me of a letter I once wrote to someone with a female name who asked me about transvestitism and its causes, referring to her son. Without thinking, I assumed that the writer was talking about himself, and the import of my answer was that if you want to wear a dress, that should be no one's business but your own. Only after I mailed it did it occur to me that I might actually have been writing this to the mother.

Julie is not paid for her work, and her lover Ginny whom I met and liked very much, is not reimbursed for her heavy

investment in telephone bills for Julie to administer aid across the country. Who knows? This may change some day, and D.O.B. will subsidize, at least in part, a service it has every reason to be proud of.

As is widely known, the bulk of publicity given to lesbians in our great society is in heterosexual pornography, and even D.O.B. sometimes gets mention here. One porno magazine ran the following.

"As you can see, spawning grounds for lesbians exist nearly everywhere. Many female homosexuals are members of a national organization known as Daughters of Bilitis . . . Although the D.O.B. is fairly well known, few are aware that among lesbians everywhere there exists a secret code and a special vernacular which lesbians use to identify themselves and still keep their dark secret from becoming public knowledge."

As a result of this ad, in came a letter from a man asking for a list of bars frequented by "female inverts only." The fellow added that he had been to Fire Island and that men inverts didn't interest him.

Julie and Ginny, who herself is a highly successful scientist, have been together for over twenty years. "I never felt guilty or dirty, but just accepted her love" said Julie to me. And perhaps success in her own life has enabled her to tell people not to feel so sorry for themselves.

My only sharp disagreement with Julie is with her assertion that no man can counsel a lesbian. The person able to make his own judgements and to use trial and error to test his beliefs is capable of profiting on occasion from ideas expressed by *anyone*—at least this is my opinion. I like to think that not all my

work with gay women over the last fourteen years has been useless, and that those who say they appreciate my help really do. But Julie told me candidly that she often encounters differences of opinion on this one point, and our differences were remarkably few.

What's in it for Julie, who gives time not just to helping the needy but to programming and checking legitimacy of speaking engagements in helping out the D.O.B.? The chief answer is the satisfaction of having done a humane job and an important one. For every occasional letter maligning her for her refusal to find gay girls for straight men, there are ten expressing great gratitude.



A friendly voice reaches women in their closets.

"After writing to you, I have come to feel at long last that I have a family that understands." Or as one appreciative woman wrote to her recently—"Sorry I couldn't be at your twentieth wedding anniversary. Enclosed is a check for five dollars. Go out and have a drink on me."

'Gay No More' Say 'Ex-Homos'

BY RANDY WICKER

New York, N.Y.— On February 19, 1971, three men appeared on Channel 13's *Free Time* program claiming they were: "the first people in history to have changed from exclusive homosexuals to exclusive heterosexuals."

They had changed, they declared, as a result of obtaining a new view of the world and of women through a philosophical approach called Aesthetic Realism which has been conceived and is being promulgated by Eli Siegel, owner of the Terrain Gallery, 39 Grove Street, in the Village just off Sheridan Square.

Their appearance may have helped trigger a *New York Times* feature a couple of weeks later entitled "Homosexuals Helped to Become Heterosexuals," although the *Times* article resorted to Bieber material dating back to the early 60's, and to other psychiatric "authorities" rather than to the "aesthetic realists" for source material.

As Abbie Hoffman well knows, there's a "herd instinct" amongst media people. A newspaper, magazine, radio or television show discovers something "new" and the rest of the media rush in to give more extensive and detailed coverage.

Now that the aesthetic realists are "in," the ex-homosexual whom nobody has ever seen before and who has existed, may contend, as solely a phantom of psychiatric literature, has come out of his closet.

The aesthetic realists will appear on WRVN radio on Monday, March 22nd, on the David Susskind Show the last week of March or early in April, and on WNBC's "Confrontation" program, Sunday, March 28th.

The Susskind Show had been talking with members of the homosexual community for several days, seeking three homosexual panelists to discuss homosexuality with three people who according to Jean Kennedy, David Susskind's producer, "claim to have changed from homosexuality to heterosexuality and are happy with their new lives."

Since I too was under consideration, I ventured down to the Terrain Gallery for a program sponsored by the aesthetic realists which was advertising, among other things, a dramatization of Sheldon Krantz's first encounter with Eli Siegel and aesthetic realism. Sheldon Krantz is one of the three men who claim to have changed from exclusive homosexuality to exclusive heterosexuality through aesthetic realism.

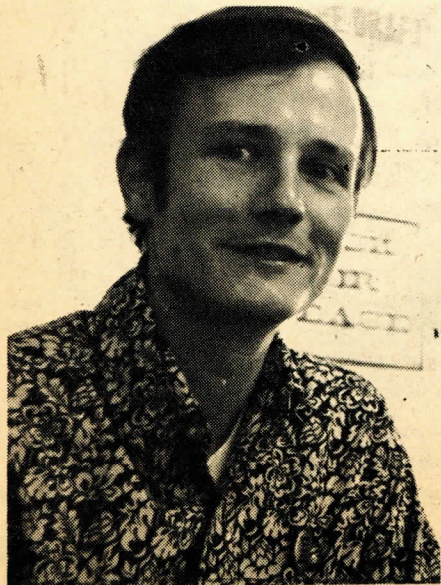
The Gallery was filled to capacity with over 100 people, all of whom had made the compulsory "voluntary donation" of \$2.00 at the door. The audience consisted of well-dressed middle class couples, some of whom had brought along their nearly grown children. There seemed to be more women present than men, with only a smattering of homosexuals.

The lights dimmed, theater style, and a young woman wearing a brown and white dress with full-length puffed sleeves welcomed the audience.

First there was a reading by a young actor of an Eli Siegel essay, "Is Your Unconscious Your Friend?" Next, an attractive young girl read a second Eli Siegel essay, "How Much Does Ethics

Matter," which attacked capitalism and the profit system. A third essay by Eli Siegel was read by a young actor and actress in alternating sequence. Called "Nothing Will Save Us, or Aesthetic Realism Looks at Belief," it consisted of semantic word play such as: "When a cynic tells you he believes in nothing, ask him if that 'nothing' is the same 'nothing' he believed in yesterday, and if the 'nothing' he believes in tomorrow will be the same 'nothing' he believed in today and yesterday."

Finally, the lights came back on and to orchestrated music, a five-minute intermission was announced. After the intermission, another young actress gave a "Nevertheless Poetry Class" and finally the skit on ex-homosexual Sheldon Krantz's first class with Eli Siegel commenced.



Randy Wicker: "Funny, they didn't look heterosexual!"

"I had picked up a young man and we had gone out under a bridge near the East River Drive and had sex," Krantz began. "And once it was over, although we really had nothing to say to one another, we found ourselves walking together back up 42nd Street toward the subway when the boy suddenly confided to me 'I hate this life.'"

Krantz told of hearing of Eli Siegel's classes and of his first embarrassing interview, in which he hurriedly brushed over having "sexual problems" and mentioned "boys" in passing.

Siegel quickly put him at ease by referring to his condition as "the 'H' Condition"—avoiding the word "homosexual," and by using an investigative questioning technique similar to that used by psychoanalysts of the Karl Adler school.

"Who is the most important person in your mother's life?"

Hesitant at first, Krantz finally concluded that *he* was.

"Do you have contempt for your mother?"

After Krantz denied he felt contempt, Siegel pried, "Do you ever cease to listen when your mother is talking to you?" Krantz conceded he did and then agreed this revealed "contempt."

Krantz said he felt loneliest after going to a movie alone (something he did often), and walking home feeling melodramatic about himself.

Siegel had then read him a poem by a Victorian poetess about "feeling like a shadow and not being a whole person when you enter a roomful of people."

Eight statements which gave Aesthetic Realism's approach to homosexuality

were then read:

(1) All homosexuality arises from contempt of the world, not liking it sufficiently.

(2) This changes into a contempt of women.

(3) All contempt, unless you are proud of it, is unjust both to the other person and to yourself.

(4) Has there ever been a person who did not care for women and thought well of himself for the absence of care?

(5) Homosexuality, like biting one's nails, depression, excessive gambling, arises out of a disproportionate way of seeing the world.

(6) There are other ways a person has of not liking himself, but homosexuality is one.

(7) The question of homosexuality is concerned with the deep matter, always present in art—in painting, music, poetry, drama—the question of sameness and difference, and of how, while against each other, they complete each other.

(8) How sameness and difference become one through completing each other is everlastingly the greatest aesthetic question; and sameness and difference is what homosexuality doesn't sufficiently honor.

In the prepared reading which followed, Krantz told of how he always felt "bad" after having sexual relations with a man, a complaint which Krantz, Roy Harris and Ted van Griethuysen (the other two "changed" homosexuals) had expressed during their Channel 13 appearance, transcripts of which were available on the literature table by the admissions desk.

Krantz's skit ended on the note, "Thanks to Eli Siegel, I found change was possible." The audience gave a hearty and extended applause.

On the way out of the meeting, I stopped to talk with the three of them.

"Why didn't you take a groovy guy with you to the movies?" I suggested. "Did you limit yourself to sex under bridges or did you really give gay life a chance?"

"I had a lover for two years," one responded.

"What do you think of him now?"

"I respect him. But he got mad when I told him I was going to change. We had heated arguments." He stepped back a bit to bring a couple of women standing nearby forward. "Here, I want you to meet my wife."

"Hello" I said, then, turning to him again, ventured "I hope *you* don't find yourself in alimony court. Are you going to be on the Susskind show?"

"Yes, we are," the third declared, bringing his wife forward, introducing her and volunteering that they already had one child as offspring.

"He can divorce me if he wants to," one of the women chimed in. "Some men marry and remarry five or six times during the course of their lifetime."

"What is your position, anyway?" one probed.

"I consider homosexuality to be a blessing in my life," I countered. "I wouldn't want to be any other way."

They all laughed. "If you feel that way, fine. Good for you. But a lot of people don't like being homosexual and we are going to help them change."

"You say 'blessing?' You mean you think God wanted you to be this way? Do you like the way you feel about women? Does being homosexual make you prouder, stronger?"

I knew I should have chosen my words more carefully, that I considered homosexuality to have built-in advantages. They had jumped onto "blessing" and gone off on a quasi-theological rap.

"I don't know what to make of you people," I volunteered. "I believe people can discipline themselves into living any type of sexual life they want to. But I

don't believe people change in any fundamental way."

"What did you think of the program?" one asked.

"Well, I found it interesting," I replied. "Except that I for one am suspicious of any movement so obsessed with the teachings of one man. You strike me as a bit like Ron Hubbard's Scientologists. You're on to a good thing financially. And despite your attacks on the profit system, you'll probably do very well financially. You'll get a share of the guilt money currently flowing to psychoanalysts and therapists."

"Are you sure you're pushing aesthetic realism and not Eli Siegelism?" I queried.

The youngest one, a fairly good-looking boy in his twenties with short hair and clean even features, sporting spectacles, flared angrily. "You're a bitch!" he said.

"You can attack us. You can say whatever you like, but don't you dare attack Mr. Siegel!" the second scolded, losing his composure and approaching me, shaking his finger in my face.

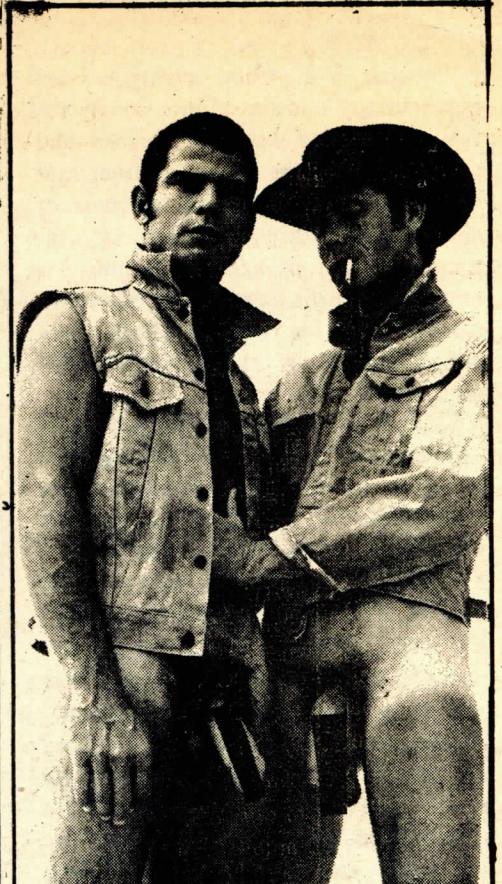
"I'm not being a bitch," I responded calmly while stepping back, "Don't try to stick labels like 'bitch' on me."

"You haven't come here to listen and to learn," the youngest of the three half-shouted in front of the growing numbers of aesthetic realists gathering about us in the gallery's anteroom. "You've come here to dispute!"

"I have come here to listen very carefully," I assured them. "But I see you have a closed mind. Therefore, I bid you good night. I am sure we shall meet again."

I turned and left the gallery. Outside the air seemed fresher and cleaner.

Funny, I thought as I walked through Sheridan Square, they didn't *look* heterosexual.



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BOYCHICK!

BY DICK LEITSCH



BOYCHICK is the first acknowledged novel by GAY contributor Leo Skir, who has authored others pseudonymously.

The theme, which is not terribly original, is the loss of innocence. What makes this book unusual is that the older character loses his innocence to one of those jaded teenty-boppers (or whatever they're calling those kids today).



Leo Skir

Leo (Mr. Skir, like Alfred Hitchcock, seems to appear in all of his own productions) is a Nice Jewish Boy, 28 years old and a graduate student at NYU. He meets a 16 year old number whom he promptly dubs "Boychick." A brief encounter in the sack (after some complications over *which* sack) leads Leo to decide he's in love.

Now any queen can tell you this isn't going to work. First, New York teenagers are the worst possible people to fall in love with; secondly, falling in love on the basis of a one-night (or one-afternoon) stand is hopeless.

Leo, naive and still innocent, gives his heart unquestioningly to Boychick. Leo doesn't know Boychick's phone number or address, though he gave his own to the kid—who, as you might expect, doesn't call. Leo goes back to where they met, searches for Boychick in every place mentioned that afternoon, "searching, searching, searching" as Miss Garland sang in "A Star Is Born." The longer he looks, the more in love he thinks he is and the more perfect the remembered Boychick becomes.

Back in 1955, Boychick and Leo would have met again near the end of the book, spent one rapturous night together, then died in a car crash or something. Erich Segal could have done wonders with it. This being 1971, a more cynical age, BOYCHICK (N.Y. Winter House, 1971. \$5.95) ends realistically.

Had this been a boy-girl novel, it would have been hailed as a "tender novel of lost innocence" or some such. Since it's a gay book, the publishers have ruined an otherwise beautiful black-on-black jacket with phrases such as "a novel about emotional self-destruction," and "a world in which the only reality is fantasy and self-destruction is the norm."

Ignore all that BOYCHICK is about

someone who *does* grow up, discovering the facts of life those poor straights lined up to see LOVE STORY will never know. BOYCHICK is about love in the real world, not the fantasy worlds of Erich Segal, D.H. Lawrence or Wilhelm Reich.

Some very nice touches are added to the book through Mr. Skir's asides—a brief commentary on the smiles of gay people, a tour of the old bars (such as the Mais Oui and the Cherry Lane) a visit to the East Village before it became the

Green's ALEXANDER THE GREAT and Wilfrid Blunt's THE DREAM KING. Both are expensive, but worth the price if only for the lavish color plates.

Mr. Green has a nasty habit of writing books about gay people and playing down their homosexuality. When he does that to Sappho, Achilles, and Alexander the Great, it's rather like someone writing about Philip Roth and ignoring his Jewishness, or doing a biography of Martin Luther King without mentioning

of many periods depicting Alexander and his life, and magnificent color photographs of Egyptian and Asian countrysides where the conqueror fought his battles and won the world.

Those who have read and enjoyed Mary Renault's excellent gay novel about Alexander (FIRE FROM HEAVEN, N.Y., Pantheon Books, 1969) will be especially interested in Mr. Green's book.

The other lavishly-illustrated book is Wilfrid Blunt's THE DREAM KING (N.Y., Viking Press, 1970. \$14.95).

The "Dream King" was, of course, the handsome and gay Ludwig II of Bavaria, grandson of Ludwig I, himself famous for almost bankrupting the country to keep his mistress, Lola Montez. The Bavarians were just as happy the second Ludwig was gay, an aspect of his character that didn't frighten Mr. Blunt as Alexander's gayness did Mr. Green.

Ludwig was a fascinating man. He was madly in love with Richard Wagner, supported the composer when nobody else would, making it possible for Wagner to write his operas. Ludwig aided Bismark in uniting Germany under the Kaiser (the Dream King was the first German king to support this plan of Bismark's) and thus contributed to a cause of the First World War and the shape of the modern world.

Ludwig was accused of being mad (literally) and his case, though this is not mentioned here, gave impetus to the idea that homosexuality was a "sickness." He died under very mysterious circumstances and the exact circumstances of his death provide one of the unsolved puzzles of history.

His real passion (other than that for male singers and actors) was for building magnificent castles. Neuschwanstein, the fairy-tale palace seen in the film "Something For Everyone" was one of several Ludwig built. Through his very active construction program, he revived architecture, interior decoration, and contributed to the rise of Art Nouveau.

This book, with its fantastic illustrations, has something of interest to everyone. It's a perfect gift for a music lover (particularly a Wagnerite), an artist, architect, interior decorator; someone interested in biographies, homosexual history, mysteries; or builders of castles in the air.

Anyone with the slightest bit of imagination will love the color photos of the castle bedrooms. Ludwig was one of those queens who never believed there was such a thing as "too much"! Imagine balling the footman on that football-field sized baroque bed under the huge crystal chandelier at Herrenchiemsee, or cruising the snowy night away in that gold-leaved baroque sleigh with the cupids dancing all over it! The Dream King was one queen who really knew how to live.

A word of caution: Don't even look through this book in the shop unless you intend to buy it. One glance will convince you that you can't live without your very own copy.

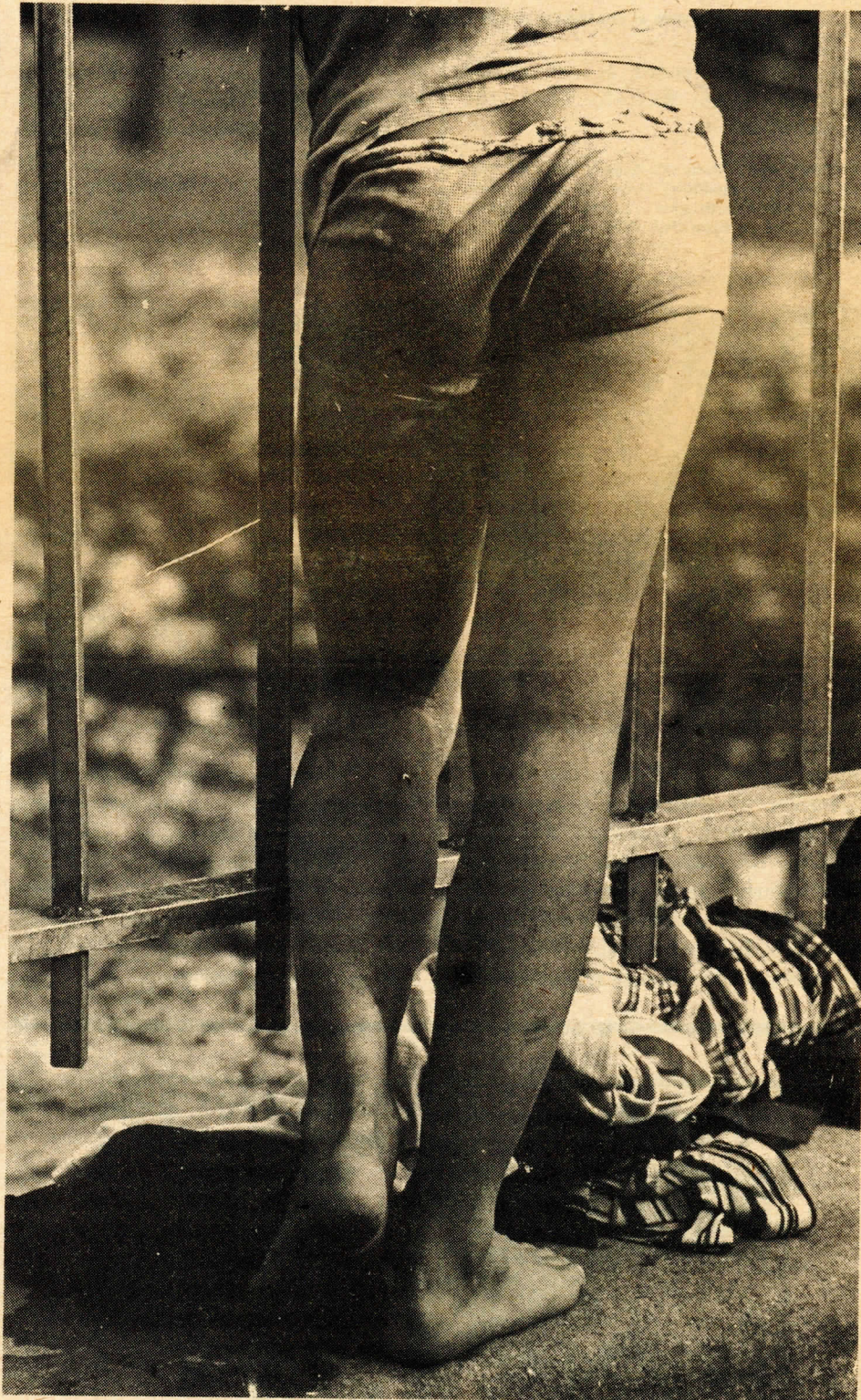


Photo by Peter Neide

Bowery North with junkies instead of alcoholics. These flourishes add authenticity to what is essentially a realistic novel about today's living.

For several years now, publishers have been turning out what are called "coffee-table books." These are large, profusely-illustrated volumes meant for gifts, or to be left on the coffee-table for browsing and starting conversations. Two new ones are of interest to gays: Peter

that he was a Negro. Despite this, I do recommend Mr. Green's ALEXANDER THE GREAT (N.Y., Praeger, 1970. \$12.95).

Praeger is a well-known publisher of art books, and the prime value of this volume is its illustrations, one on almost every other page, many of them in full color. These high-quality plates include photos of artifacts of Alexander's time, pictures of some of the many portraits of him (and he was gorgeous!), various art works

3,000 March On N.Y. State Capitol

Photo by Kay Tobin

continued from page 3

formed on the steps of the Capitol, the crowd had grown to nearly 3000 gay people.

TriCities GLF Chairman, Ernie Reaugh acted as master of ceremonies and introduced speaker after speaker from all over NY State. Among the groups represented were:

NY GAA, NY GLF, NY DOB, STAR, NY's Gay Community Center, Third World Gay Revolution, Queens Liberation Front, GPC, Long Island GAA, Rochester GLF, Buffalo Women's Liberation, Buffalo GLF, the Mattachine Society of the Niagara Frontier, Syracuse GLF, and Black River Valley Gay Blades of Watertown, N.Y. From out of state Connecticut's Kalos Society, Amherst GLF, U. Mass SHL, Springfield GLF, and representatives from the Kameny Campaign.

Jim Owles, President of NY GAA was among the many who addressed the rally: We're not here to *ask* for something. We're here to *demand*. We're here to confront the legislature. We're here to shake them up. We're here to give them one large consciousness-raising session." The crowd raised the chant of "Justice! Justice! Justice!" until it echoed off the Capitol Building. Kate Millett took the microphone.

"To hear the chant for justice going up over and over against these crazy buildings..." she mused. "That call for justice—I've felt it like a little voice in my gut, hurting and wailing, for years and years. And today it feels so damn good to say it out loud. We came here to see the man today, and we've got a lot to tell him."

"It's past the time that our freedom was given us," she continued. "But it's a thing we're going to have to take, and we know that. Remember how much they owe us. Remember what they've put us through. So let's begin the revolution—and this is a very special one: it's about love and health, and it's even got kisses in it, and a sense of humor."

Photo by Kay Tobin



Liberation: just around the corner.

Troy Perry addressed the crowd, saying that he had been warned that he might be prosecuted under the "conspiracy" laws for coming to Albany for the rally. "If it's illegal for people to get together and demand their rights," he thundered, "then I'm guilty of conspiracy."

Firing the enthusiasm of the crowd, he concluded:

"There are some homosexuals in America that are worried. They wake up and they say 'you're ruining our image, you've messed it up.' But I want to tell you something—we don't have any image in America today. To a large number of politicians there are no good homosexuals or bad homosexuals—we're just queer. Well, I want to tell you something—we're gay and we're proud!"

Facing the Capitol, Ernie Reaugh read forth the demands which had been agreed upon: fair employment and fair housing legislation for gays, repeal of the sodomy, solicitation, loitering, and impersonation



Dance at the Unitarian Church before the March to the Capitol

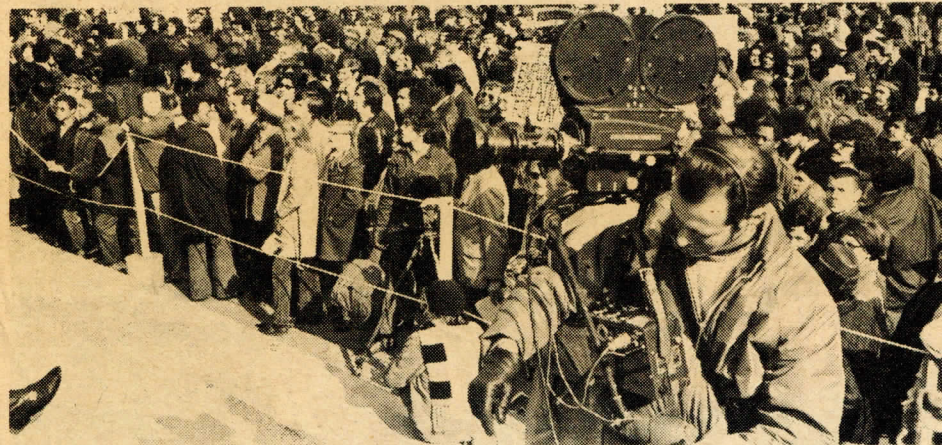
laws. The rally ended as one of the women, from Buffalo took the microphone:

"Brothers and sisters, it's been a fantastic day. We have a tremendous show of power here. Take it home with you... show them where it's at: Gay is beautiful. And we're beautiful together."

On Monday morning, a team of about

of hate mail in opposition to the legislation, and were urged to organize letter writing campaigns by gay people to their representatives in Albany. The responses ranged from hostility to strong support; many were non-committal, anxious to see which way the wind would blow.

Photo by Kay Tobin



In front of the N.Y. State Capitol: Gay Liberation soars to new heights.

twenty lobbyists arrived at the Capitol. Composed of members of GAA, GLF women and men, and others, the group spent the day talking with Senators and Assemblymen, urging them to vote in favor of the gay civil rights bills in the legislature. They were told that many of the legislators had already received reams

Overall, it seemed that passage of fair employment legislation was possible, though repeal of the sodomy law would face a more difficult battle.

No one who participated in the events of those four days in March could help but come away without bright new feelings about gay liberation.

Kinsey Aide Says Therapy Useless For "Change"

BY RANDY WICKER

New York, N.Y.—"Kinsey and his researchers were particularly interested in talking with people who had supposedly undergone a change in sexual orientation as a result of therapy," Dr. C. A. Tripp recalled while addressing NYU's class on homosexuality, Monday night, March 8th.

"Therapists who claimed such 'cures' were contacted and whenever possible, the patients themselves were asked to come in for an interview." Dr. Tripp continued. "In all, scores of cases were referred to the Institute and after administering extensive tests to determine the sexual orientation of those concerned, not one case was found where a change of even one box had occurred as a result of therapy. This is all the more amazing since without therapy people sometimes change a box or two."

Dr. Tripp was referring to the Kinsey scale of 0 to 6, which Kinsey used in classifying his cases. He had originally worked with Kinsey as a photographer and later pursued studies in psychology at Dr. Kinsey's urging.

"Nobody changes their orientation as a result of therapy," Dr. Tripp asserted. "Quite a number of therapists will claim they changed a person's *life style*, not their sexual orientation."

"For instance, one fellow came in claiming that he had made the maximum shift from exclusive homosexuality to exclusively heterosexuality. He had married and was the father of two children."

"In answering some 800 questions however, he revealed that he had homosexual fantasies while masturbating, that that was the sole area in which homosexuality still exerted itself in his sexual life."

"Of course," Tripp elaborated, "that is one of the central indications of a person's real sexual response and the researchers evaluated the man as having made no essential change in orientation even though he'd modified his lifestyle."

Tripp divided sex researchers into three groups. The most frequently heard from group were the popularizers, therapists who had close contact with patients and who are interested in wielding popular influence.

One step removed from the therapist popularizers, according to Dr. Tripp, were the two groups of serious researchers, the conditioning and the behaviorists. Researchers in and from scientific disciplines like biology or zoology and experimental psychology.

The more scientific the approach, continued on page 10

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RUB A DUB DUB...



BY PETER OGREN

The bath capital of the world has been enriched in the past few weeks with the gala opening of one of the most sumptuous saunas in life, and GAY was the first one to take the plunge.

The Club Baths, 24 First Avenue in New York's East Village, opened its doors on March 4, 1971, with a Lucullan banquet that the Caesars could well envy. Although the baths are open to men only, the invitational party was happily open to all sexes, and almost 200 young men and women swilled champagne and partook of a delectable smorgasbord. The facilities were open for inspection, and impressive they are!



Gregory Battcock drinks while Jack Nichols smokes.

There are fifty private rooms (one with a double bed!), about a hundred walk-in lockers and another 125 gym lockers which means that on a full-capacity night (which they've been doing since the opening) there are close to three hundred people getting cleaned. Downstairs there's a very hot sauna room, complete with cedar paneling, a small cold plunge (a la Copenhagen and Stockholm), a carousel shower (many showers from one column) and two wet steam rooms, one warm and one very hot.

The decor is much in harmony with ancient Rome, although we doubt that Rome had such plush carpeting or such a delightful sound system.

New York's Newest Tub



Photos by Peter Brennan

FROLIC SOME FOURSOME: (l. to r.) Jack Nichols, Gregory Battcock, Mark Rodman and Peter Ogren. Minutes after this photo was taken, Peter overcame his shyness, disrobed in front of an audience and took the plunge, while Gregory invited Lige and Jack into the showers to get the Editors "all wet."



All the "Now" Crowd attended.

The party? Well, Jack and Lige were there, chatting away with GAY columnists Dick Leitsch and Aaron Bates. Even Gregory Battcock was there, and several people caught him checking the labels on the champagne bottles—very Gregory, indeed!

The highlight of the evening occurred when I, who'd been invited as an Associate Editor of SCREW and contributor to GAY (and with a bit of an assist from my friend, Linda Stengel) decided to Inaugurate The Tubs. We ran behind the carousel shower and shucked our clothes. While the mob guzzled more champagne and egged us on with cries of ribald encouragement, we leapt into the plunge.

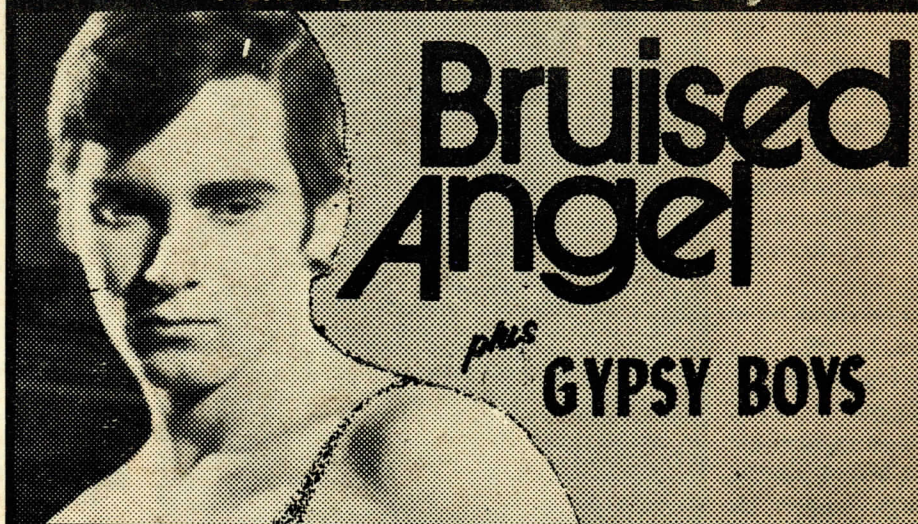
Children, that plunge is COLD! But since the sauna was going almost full blast, it was very pleasant to warm up in there, and then run back to the cold plunge. Though it sounds dreadful, the experience of hot to very cold is absolutely fantastic, and it leaves your skin feeling like velvet.

All in all, the new Club Baths are a more than welcome addition to the tub scene in New York, with marvelous facilities, deliciously decadent decor, and oozing sensuality from every pore. Now I can't wait to try it out on a stag basis! ■●

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Kinsey Aide Says Therapy Useless For "Change"

continued from page 8

the more cautious the statements a researcher is free to make. Dr. Tripp noted that Jane Brody, the *N.Y. Times* reporter, had spent four hours with one authority who explained the mistakes in methodology made by Drs. Hatterer, Bieber and Sociades, all of which was ignored in the *Times* report except for one remark to the effect "Gay Lib was the best therapy gays have had in a long time."

Dr. Tripp said that a therapist quoted in the *Times* story would probably get about two dozen phone calls from impoverished, guilt-ridden homosexuals seeking help who would usually be turned away by the Doctor in question because his practice was filled.

"Sometimes, however, these things turn into a gold mine," Dr. Tripp continued. "For instance, some oil millionaire with a homosexual son reads the *Times* story and calls the Doctor in question and asks him to take his son as a patient."

"The therapist might then ask for guaranteed fees running up to \$50,000.00," Dr. Tripp volunteered. "There was one case that was brought before the medical ethics committee several years ago which involved just that figure and which caused quite a little stir in some medical circles here."

Dr. Bieber was characterized by Dr. Tripp as a "centerline psychiatric Freudian therapist who does not make logical errors, who doesn't step out of his formal box like switching from a Pavlovian to non-Pavlovian approach chapter to chapter."

"Bieber never says he used his own cases," Dr. Tripp maintained. "Like most other researchers, he got them from somebody else's chair. If you try to get most therapists claiming 'cures' to produce them, they claim they've heard of them, they've seen them but they never seem to have them accessible."

"Roughly 80% of those people with a large homosexual component in their personalities are married," Tripp pointed out, showing that with 90% of the population married, 4% deducted for the exclusive homosexual category, mathematically most of those in the categories 1 to 5 would have to be married.

"Yet little is written of women who marry homosexually-inclined men. It's been my experience that they fall into three categories: (1) those who are unresponsive sexually, who consider the bedroom scene unpleasant and who are relieved that their husbands don't make strenuous demands on them sexually; (2) women who consider homosexual liaisons extraordinary competition and (3) others who don't consider it competition at all since they don't feel it really threatens their marriage."

"Dr. Hatterer is the first therapist to publish a book in which he tells what goes on in therapy," Dr. Tripp explained, then read several passages in which Hatterer urged therapists to support the patient in his war with his homosexuality, support his guilt feelings, support his feelings of revulsion with homosexual acts, etc.

"Hatterer even supports Lady Bird Johnson's contention that 'Walter Jenkins was just overworked,'" he added jocularly.

Dr. Tripp said that there were many

cross references which could accurately be used at certain times to predict if a person was or was not a homosexual.

He said that interesting questions were raised regarding occupational choices. For instance, in music schools, research has shown that violinists are almost never homosexual while those involved with certain kinds of keyboard music are very likely to be. Otherwise, the sexual orientations of musicians parallel those of the population at large.

Also, Dr. Tripp elaborated, certain small specialized branches of mathematics and a certain type of specialized medical surgeons are almost invariably gay.

When pressed to pinpoint the area of mathematics involved, Dr. Tripp said he felt it would be unfair to those involved since it was such a specialized, small field but volunteered that "there are some 300 types of mathematical specialties involved in nose cones used in the space program and one of those specialties is virtually monopolized by homosexuals."

Also certain specialties in language seem to attract homosexuals while other linguistic pursuits do not. He said that these occupational tastes seem to cut across cultural, social and racial lines, but could offer no explanation as to why they occurred.

When asked about sexual preferences of certain social groups, Dr. Tripp said that lower social levels seemed to prefer anal intercourse and usually had taboos on kissing while higher social levels seemed to be more oral and display less germ phobia.

"Rimming," he added, "occurs almost exclusively at the higher social levels." ■●

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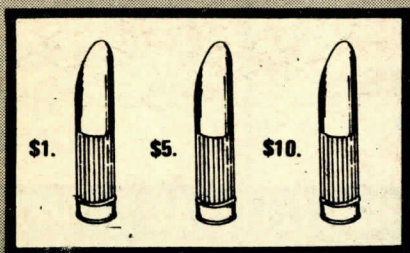
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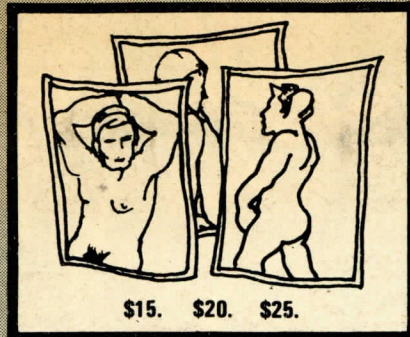
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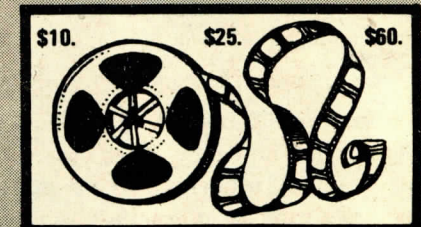
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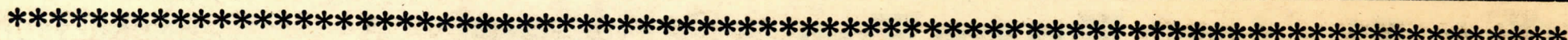
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Loosely About Women

BY SOREL DAVID



Meanwhile back in the city where all the news is bad news, all the news is bad news. I escaped for a weekend in the country, a brief sojourn in a land where there is still hope. Where? On a college campus of course. Some idealistic youth at the University of Connecticut decided to spend some of the taxpayers' money on a Festival of Contemporary Culture and Lifestyles. And what's a Festival of Contemporary Culture and Lifestyles without gay liberation in this day and age? There were six of us holding down the fort for gay lib, four men and my friend Billie and I representing the women's end of it.

To tell the truth the thing I liked best about it all was being a celebrity. I rode up there as myself, a nobody and then stepped off the bus, an instant superstar. It tickled me to think that all the other festival luminaries, the psychiatrists, sociologists, ecologists, Vietnam vets and what not all had to be somebody to get their expenses paid and all we had to do was be queer. Friday afternoon the boys addressed a general audience on gay liberation. Billie and I didn't arrive till late Friday night whereupon we were immediately whisked off to a room full of women who wanted to relate to lesbians. We walked into the room, they looked at us, we looked at them. They looked like college students, we looked like college students, fuzzy hair, boots, dungarees and all. We began to relate.

Most of them were into women's lib. Lesbianism, it seems, is all the ideological rage these days in radical (that means college, I think) women's lib groups. Everyone wants to be a lesbian, just being a plain woman isn't heavy enough in the oppression department anymore. One woman said that politically she was a lesbian. Another said that any woman who had her politics together is a lesbian. Political or otherwise I wanted to know. Oh political, political to be sure. After much discussion it was finally elucidated, this mysterious new concept, the political lesbian, a woman who loves women but doesn't feel that she has to go to bed with them to prove it. Prove nothing! I tried to tell them, I tried to explain how the political lesbians were missing out on a lot but they didn't go for it. My remarks, they said, had definite sexist overtones. So at last we find out what sexist means. Sexist, the definition abstracted from general usage, means simply sex.

Still and all, everyone agreed that the discussion had been marvelously enlightening. Gay liberation became the cause celebre of the weekend. I could feel myself being admired silently from all



Photo by Kay Tobin

An all-Lesbian caucus in Albany, New York.

A Real Lesbian Meets "Political Lesbians"

corners of the campus. I listened to dozens of kids dredging through their pasts trying to find something which might possibly be construed as an instance of homosexual feeling. Mostly it was things like one time me and my friend held hands in a circle at folk dancing class and I didn't mind at all. Weird!

They were trying to identify I suppose. White middle class college revolutionaries are pretty hard pressed to find genuine oppression in their lives. The gay people, if there were any on campus, kept silent for the most part. We went on the campus radio and claimed a cast of thousands though. Thousands of gay brothers and sisters right here on your campus, we said, so oppressed by you heteros that they're afraid to come out. I bet they ate it up, those middle class masochistic breast beaters, they always do. Right after that we hit them with the

free society without labels rap. They like that one because it gives them the opportunity to come back with that old standby—well of course we're really all bisexual anyway. Of course, of course!

The University of Connecticut supplied the cookies and a wonderful time was had by all.

Meanwhile back in the city where all the news is bad news, the fags and dykes are still the bad guys. The day after we got back we went up to GLF headquarters to pick up our expense money. The place was in an uproar, phones were ringing, CBS called twice and the president of Household Finance Corp. was on the phone offering to negotiate. The stalwart men of GLF were forced to admit that they had no idea what was going on. You mean you didn't send those homosexuals down to our office to riot, the irate man demanded. GAA? What the hell is GAA? Poor

GAA—they riot and GLF gets all the credit. Maybe it's those T-shirts.

So what else is new? Now that the city is bankrupt and the board of education is forced to fire everyone, the *Village Voice* has decided to launch a vigorous campaign against something as important as dog shit in the streets. Is that called rising to its own level? There are low rumblings of new life everywhere. A radical gay women's group advertised in the *Voice* a few weeks ago for a place to hold an all women's dance. Could it be, possibly, the Radicalesbians? Radicalesbian dances are always good because everyone's heard of them. They read it in the *Voice* and say Radicalesbians right on! Lots of women show up. The gay community center is open again all decked out with fresh coats of paint and new posters. To this I say right on, right right on but aren't all those pictures of Mao a bit oppressive to us Stalinists in the crowd? ■●



Gay Student Runs For Pres. Of Minn. U. Class

continued from page 1

apple pie and the Holy Bible, or posing him in a pair of prominent high-heeled shoes. He's a former president, of course, of FREE: Gay Liberation of Minnesota.

Two other posters, though, are serious-grim-jawed determination and the phrase, "Responsible Activism," that Baker figures should appeal to the protest-weary.

His platform attacks "meaningless activities" by the old student government and calls for better campus bus service, more student parking, cheaper housing.

He also endorses "a state of mind that forces students to realize their own self-worth, to search out a new self-respect," and says students should sit as voting members of every Board of Regents committee.

It was one such committee last June which denied his lover Mike, 28, an experienced librarian with a master's degree, an \$11,000-a-year job in the university library, because the regents were embarrassed by publicity about them as gay lovers.

But as Baker told the Student Association Forum, his battle is with the regents, not the administration.

And the day after the Forum nomination, or primary, the prestigious University Senate urged the Board of Regents to rescind their decision and hire McConnell after all.

The job was denied not because McConnell is gay, but because he chose not to hide the fact, the Senate was reminded by D. Burnham Terrell, philosophy professor.

"We are concerned with the very fundamental question of the right to express and advocate freely," said Terrell, making the issue one of academic freedom, period.

The Senate, composed of students and professors (and a smaller number of administrators)—the chief university governing board under the regents—approved the pro-McConnell stand with barely 15 "no" votes from the 100 senators on hand.

They also asked the regents to drop their appeal—to the 8th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals in St. Louis, Mo.—of a federal judge's injunction McConnell won last September, ordering the regents to stop discriminating against Mike because he's gay.

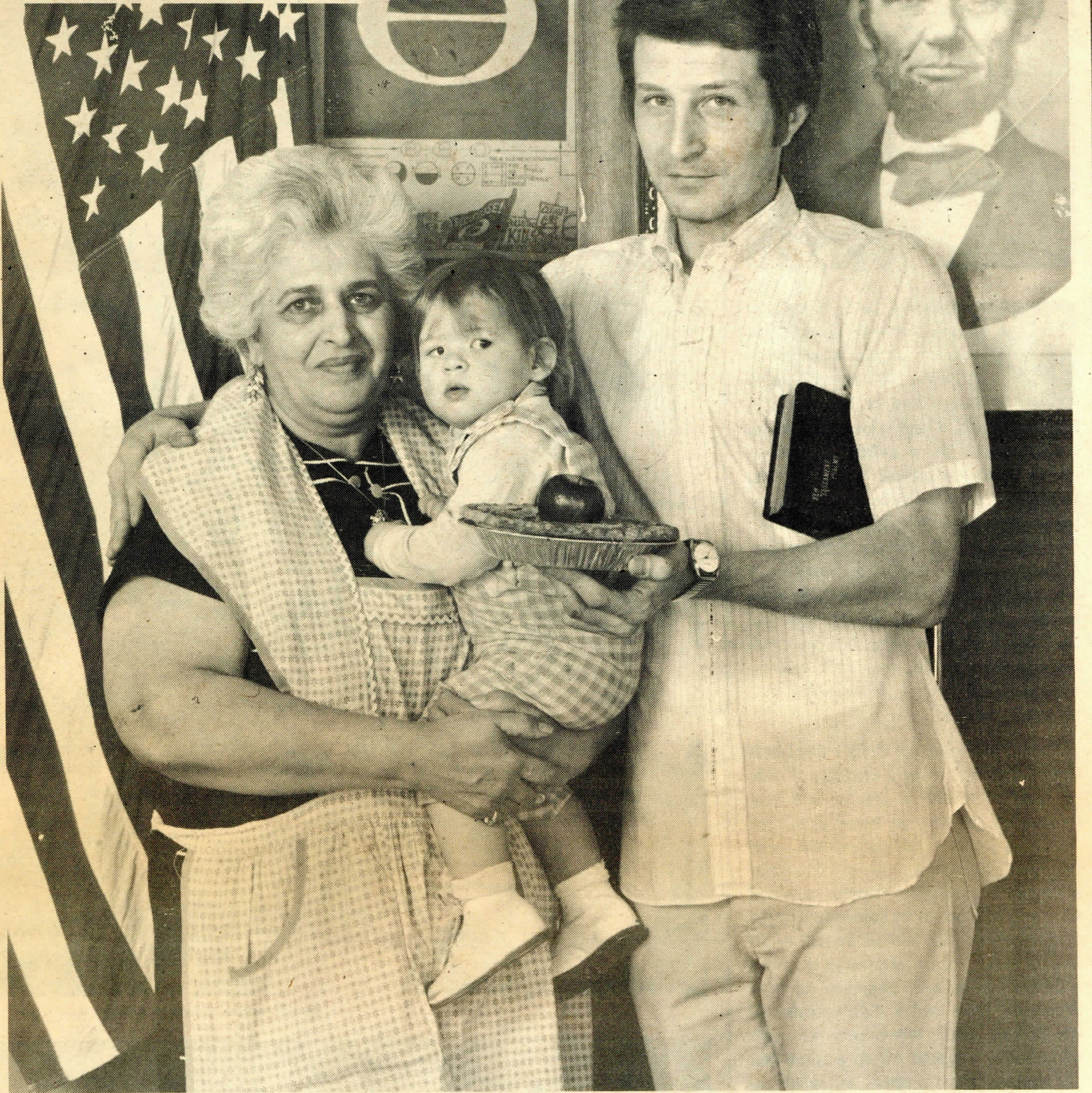
The appeal, being opposed by the Minnesota branch of the American Civil Liberties Union, was argued in St. Louis February 9 before three judges, who are expected to rule before summer.

Their decision will establish the legal rights of every gay school teacher, librarian, clerk or Civil Service employee in the country who works for city, county, state, public college or public school agencies.

The decision not to hire McConnell followed assurances from Librarian Ralph Hopp that the job was his. Three weeks after that assurance, however, the two lovers filed for a legal marriage license in Minneapolis.

They got lots of publicity but were denied the license.

Baker, the law student, got out his law books and went to court. In November, Minneapolis Judge Stanley D. Kane ruled that, while Minnesota marriage laws don't



Jack Baker: a Gay Candidate with all the "proper" qualifications

exactly say two men can't get married, the lawbook as a whole seems to assume it.

Judge Kane threw out Baker's argument that it's unconstitutional discrimination on a technicality.

In December, Baker marched right back into court with a new suit, this time emphasizing the constitutional issue. This time it was Judge Tom Bergin who denied his request.

In February, Baker filed an appeal to the Minnesota Supreme Court, whose nine elderly judges are expected to hear oral arguments by June.

Meanwhile, in the Minnesota Legislature, a bill was introduced to specifically prohibit same-sex marriages.

Baker, a smooth debater, seized the opportunity for a new forum for gay rights.

On February 11, when a legislative committee held a hearing on the bill, there was Baker, warning of a growing divorce rate if straight society continues to insist on forcing everyone into its mold, even gay people who "by definition are not suited for heterosexual marriages."

The red-faced committee, which hadn't exactly expected a gay liberationist to show up, hastily adjourned without voting on the bill. Baker told GAY he now considers the bill dead.

Two weeks earlier, he appeared on a

Saturday noon TV talk show to debate gay marriages with the bill's sponsor, State Rep. Thomas Ticen, a Democratic-Farmer-Laborite and lawyer from suburban Bloomington.

"I am not attempting to interfere with your personal rights," Ticen said. "I just don't think the state should be put into the position of blessing your relationship. It would open Pandora's box."

Replied Baker, if marriage laws permit inheritance rights, income-tax benefits and the like, and if impotent couples or people in their 70s can gain those benefits through marriage for companionship, "then why should not the state offer these same legal benefits to couples of the same sex, who also marry for companionship?"

Not to do so is discrimination pure and simple, contended Baker politely.

Back on campus, Baker has two opponents to defeat for the presidency of the Minnesota Student Association.

One of them is Conrad Gertz, chapter chairman of the super-conservative Young Americans For Freedom (YAF).

YAF is the campus group founded 11 years ago by New York's William F. Buckley Jr. to prove that most students are really Barry Goldwater worshippers.

Gettz, an undertaker's son from a white pocket of the Minneapolis black ghetto, is believed to wear a very tight pair of jockey shorts. Last October he

and YAF dramatically announced that they were going to demand that the Board of Regents refuse to let FREE use the campus for a gay-liberation convention.

Gertz dropped the demand when he learned that the regents had already denied the FREE request a month earlier.

Baker's chief opponent is Pete Harms, who is already a vice-president of the Student Association and an MSA senator. The MSA Forum, composed entirely of MSA senators, nominated Harms with 14 votes, Baker and Gertz with 2 apiece.

But Baker insists that Harms' 14-vote victory is misleading, since everyone in the MSA Forum knew him well. People outside student government, including the 3,000 to 5,000 students who will vote, make their decisions on different bases.

"I'm serious," Baker said. "I figure I've got a 50-50 chance of winning."

The answer may well lie with the YAF leader.

"Conrad Gertz is such an outspoken guy," a campus observer said. "If he could only be persuaded by starting attacking Baker and FREE again the way he goes about everything else."

"I mean, if gay rights have to have opponents, I just wish more of them could be like Conrad Gertz."

"Gertz could win this election for Jack Baker hands down."

BY AARON BATES

L recently received a letter from a reader who was distressed by my apparent dislike of the movie *Joe*. He felt that it was "just downright dishonest to make passing death judgements on films like *Joe* without discussing them properly." Since I intend to devote much of this column to "director" John G. Avildsen's latest movie, *Cry Uncle*, I will therefore begin by discussing the director's earlier work.

Why didn't I care for *Joe*? Because of some lousy acting, a mediocre script, and bad direction. Everything else was fine. You see, there is nothing the least bit novel about a one-dimensional, bleeding-liberal stereotype of a hardhat bigot. We all know what the stereotype is. Except for an itchy trigger finger, what values, beliefs, desires, or ambitions set the main character apart from our preconceived (and stupid) conception of lower class hate-mongers? (I'm equally weary of homosexuals all depicted as lispng queens and blacks as tap-dancing Uncle Toms.) Sure, on the surface such people may exist, but underneath there are a lot of other things going on.

The so-called hippies in *Joe* are equally cliched. Are shooting up and orgiastic free love bouts *all* the hippie movement was about? And what about the mother-father conflict in the movie? The weakest point in 1955's *Rebel Without A Cause* was the parent-child relationship,



Johnny Rae attends the premiere of *DINAH EAST* with producer Gene Nash and friends.

but at that time it was an honest attempt to try something different. In 1970's *Joe*, that pseudo-psychological crap becomes as stale as used toilet paper. Besides, if you catch a daytime soap opera, you'll see the same stuff done better. You'll also see some better acting. Take the girl's father, for example. I didn't believe all his simpering faces indicated strong emotions—I thought he was holding back a diarrhea attack. And what about the hippie boyfriend? Where did *he* learn to act? At Klein's Bargain Basement? Of course, much of the shit that passed in the night was the fault of witless director Avildsen. Good actors like Peter Boyle managed to shine through the debris and give the film a few passable moments—very few. The concept that a \$60,000 a year man has the same seeds of bigotry and violence that a "Joe" has may be valid, but this contrived sexploitation pic didn't do much to prove it. Sexploitation? Sure, that was the original intent! But some wise businessmen realized they could sell the gook to indiscriminating "social

comment" seekers (certain critics included), so they cut out much of the sex. Voila! It worked.

It does not work, however, for Avildsen's latest sex and violence atrocity, *Cry Uncle*. The sex can't possibly be cut out of this winner or it will be a fifteen-minute short. The movie's promoters claim that "it's tough to be funny about sex; this is truly an area where one man's meat is another's poison. When audiences are watching couples engaged in sex, leering tends to preclude laughter." Well, folks, bring on the arsenic! Honestly, I agree with the above statement completely, but I don't think it can be used as an excuse for a bad movie. I also agree with the promoters when they state that "any films that can make people laugh at nymphomania, satyriasis, bondage, exhibitionism, murder, torture, dope addiction and stag movies is worth taking seriously." So who was laughing? It's strange that they forgot to mention lesbianism, masturbation, necrophilia, and transvestism. This little gem has all of

these things going for it (or against it).

However, I must admit that a few of the burlesque lines were genuinely amusing. Take our three-hundred pound hero (Allen Garfield) and his encounter with a black prostitute. He asks her if he can tie her ankles to the bed and smiling, she reaches into her bag: "You're lucky you bumped into me," she sighs. "I just happen to have some rope."

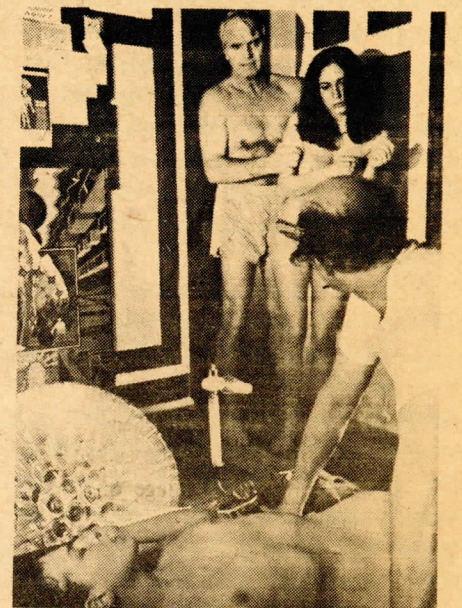
Then there's the scene between our heroine, Madeline le Roux (an imitation Sally Kellerman) and an aged millionaire. The octogenarian pounces on her and cries: "I'd like to gobble you up—you look tastier than ever." She snaps back, "Take out your teeth first!" And after he plays with her nipples, she groans: "It's enough to make you want to wear a bra." Later, the millionaire proudly states, "I usually come off like a tiger" to which our heroine replies, "You're lucky if you come off at all."

Later, the hero's virgin nephew is busily seen rolling grass in red, white, and blue paper. "Want a joint?" he asks her. Naturally, she grabs his cock. Holding up the reefer, he embarassingly adds, "I mean this kind."

There is only one other humorous bit involving the frantic goings-on at a motel, which under a competent director, could have turned into a classic slapstick routine, but alas, falls short. Thus, as far as sexploitation goes, there has been a definite attempt in *Cry Uncle* at something different—to inject humor and satire into something otherwise ordinary. The plot, what little there is of it, concerns a private investigator's attempt to clear his client of suspicion of murder. The identity of the real killer will hardly surprise anyone who has ever read a detective novel. Allen Garfield gives a credible acting performance as the obese detective with a peanut-sized dick, one of those rare variety of men who doubtlessly masturbate with a pair of tweezers. If you

like freckled red-heads, you may find the hero's nephew attractive—but I doubt it. The only other man to disrobe is the octogenarian millionaire, and the less said of him, the better. The women, on the other hand, all have attractive bodies and spend most of the film showing them off to best advantage. Most of the humor is forced and most of the lines fall flat, eliciting a lewd snicker or two from certain parts of the audience. A few traces of competent acting may be found, but Avildsen was apparently unconcerned one way or the other.

I did enjoy the movie for one reason, however—one vindictive reason. When the critics who praised *Joe* see *Cry Uncle*, they will get a truer understanding of Avildsen's capabilities. They will realize, as they hide their heads in shame for



Heterosexual behavior as seen in *JOE*.

promoting *Joe*'s popularity, that the joke is on them. Of the two movies, I prefer the blatant sexploitation of *Cry Uncle* for the simple reason that it occasionally made me laugh and because it will no doubt upset the delicate sensibilities of the *Joe*-lovers.

BY THANE HAMPTEN

MR. HAMPTEN: For a period of fourteen days, New York was paid a visit by an attractive, personable and enterprising young businessman, Mr. James Hodges of San Francisco. His company, *Telstar Productions*, deals in sex-oriented films and Mr. Hodges was here to meet both old and new customers as a follow-up to letters of introduction recently sent to select individuals.

Encouraged by the editors of **GAY** (and a fit of unpardonable nosiness . . .) I requested an interview with Mr. Hodges in his mid-Manhattan hotel room. After I had viewed a generous sampling of his films, (and, yes, I found them quite enjoyable, amusing, and . . . *educational* . . .) I turned on my inquisitive little tape recorder and we began. At mid-point in our discussions, Mr. Hodges' equally attractive partner entered, offering silent and smiling support to the proceedings.

GAY: Firstly, are you a native Californian?

HODGES: Yes, I am.

GAY: What do you find to be the differences between Frisco and New York in relation to pornography?

HODGES: (pause) I presume you're waiting for me to tell you it's not "Frisco" but San Francisco.

GAY: Really? And I thought I was being so "native," so cool. Anyway—the differences?

HODGES: Well, California seems to be the capitol. By the way, you say *pornography*, but I prefer to call it *sex-action*.

GAY: I see. Do you find there is more freedom there?

HODGES: No, not particularly. We have the same problems.

GAY: Do you object to the word *pornography* because it comes on too strong; because of its association with the word obscenity?

HODGES: Yes, *pornography* and *obscenity* seem to be one and the same to most people. It's too strong. I prefer *sex-action*.

GAY: A fresh start, right? I'll try to remember the term. How did you get started with this enterprise? You spoke earlier of an association with the *Golden Boys* series.

HODGES: Right. I was interested in photography as a hobby and met someone who shot for physique magazines. That was about ten years ago. That led to *HRM Productions* and as times changed, to where we are now, I was also involved with *Calfran Productions* and did about 90% of the photography that appeared in their magazines.

GAY: Do you think a representative of a company being gay himself helps give the customers confidence and makes him feel less exploited?

HODGES: Definitely. It's just like if I were to go into shooting straight films. I've had an interest in doing some, but haven't because I'm more adept, more effective with gay society, naturally.

GAY: And don't you feel the straight market is rather crowded already? Why bother?

HODGES: Strangely enough, there are many gays who enjoy seeing straight films.

GAY: Isn't that because there isn't enough quality product in the gay field or do you actually feel they're interested?

HODGES: Quality is the key word—



Photo by Donny Sanders

Photo by Joe Wedeen

"I Prefer To Call It Sex-Action."

rather than the sex orientation. Quality and genuinely interesting action instead of the same old thing over and over: two people on a bed, just doing their thing.

GAY: Actually, what I'm trying to do is contrast you and your operation against that of the typical 42nd Street store owner who looks at you with contempt as he eagerly takes your bread.

HODGES: I think the homosexual has been "taken" many times—in not being able to see the product before he buys, having to accept bad quality, whether it's here or Los Angeles. That store owner hasn't the slightest knowledge or interest in what the average gay needs or wants, especially in films.

GAY: And, I might add, in not understanding these needs and desires, aren't they left with a lot of junk on their hands? Most of what I see here in New York is so very bad I can't imagine anyone degrading themselves to the extent of buying. It's so utterly *sexless*. Of course, they make up for the waste by charging outrageous prices for everything. But they surely must be stuck with tons of the crap.

HODGES: No, because most people will take what they can get, and if quality isn't available, they make do. The book

stores do quite well, in all ways.

GAY: Well, that leads me nicely into my next question. Are *you* in this business for any reasons other than financial return, or would you honestly say that is your prime or *only* motivation?

HODGES: Well, let's face facts. Everyone has a desire to make money, only my aim is a little different. I could make a fast buck off of this type material by doing what most others do: turning out great quantities, shipping it to the little stores, which I wouldn't do as there is little profit. And I don't like the way the owners treat you. They are so indifferent. And their mark-up, after they buy in bulk from the original producer, is about 100%.

GAY: Do you personally like pornography? . . . Excuse me, *sex-action*?

HODGES: (laughter) Yeah, of course I don't particularly get excited watching my own material.

GAY: Ah! I was just going to ask if the effect had been lessened due to great exposure.

HODGES: No, not really. I enjoy watching other people's work, if it's *good*. And unfortunately, most of the better films are done by people as a hobby. It's not marketed; it's for personal use and not

easy to find.

GAY: Pity. Do you have any personal observations as to the average type of customer? For example—age, financial status, social category?

HODGES: The average age is about thirty-five. We have some younger ones, *over* twenty-one, and it's necessary I stress that . . . and some older ones. In my travels throughout the United States, I've met all types, so there's no real average except age. I have customers that are married and have children, and they like to collect it, too.

GAY: The average buyer for straight material is reported to be middle-aged. Why would the gay customer be at least fifteen years younger?

HODGES: I have no idea.

GAY: Perhaps because we are more involved with all areas of sex activity, all our lives, and are . . . freer—as opposed to the straight cat who hasn't the time to pursue such a hobby until the kiddies are grown and the little woman is thoroughly apathetic?

HODGES: (laughter) Perhaps . . .

GAY: Any interesting stories about them?

HODGES: (after a delightful and enigmatic little chuckle) Not *really*, but . . . they are interesting.

GAY: Are they nervous, in not knowing exactly what to expect?

HODGES: Oh, yes. And the best thing you can do is try to ease their feelings somewhat; let them know you're with them, not against them... just show what you have, casually. Make them know they're certainly not committed to buy.

GAY: We are a suspicious lot, with great good reason, I'd say. We need a soothing alleviation of fears. It's to your credit if you know enough about the psychology of public relations to put the customer at ease. You sent out form letters from your company, telling of your product and inviting prospects to meet you and check out your merchandise. How many such letters would you say are sent out, what cities do you cover, and how successful has your "hotel format" been? You *do* seem reasonably busy.

HODGES: We cover approximately 30 cities—and when I say "we," I mean my partner and myself. We send about six or seven thousand letters to *interested* parties. We *do not* send letters or brochures to anyone who has not already proved to have a desire for such material.

GAY: Do you do that often?

HODGES: No, not yet, but it has been successful and we've reached lots of interested people and plan to continue it. We've travelled around the U.S. twice now and feel we're pretty established with the majority of customers. I won't be travelling as much in the future. It's difficult, tiring, and time-consuming. But I've stuck with it for the *very* good reason that I want people to actually meet *me*, and *see* what we have to offer.

GAY: And then, "word-of-mouth" helps even more.

HODGES: Yes, in our society, word travels very fast.

GAY: (laughter) You better believe it. The speed and effectiveness of the gay grapevine defies analysis and belief, but it works.

HODGES: Right.

GAY: But, if statistics are correct, aren't you still reaching only a fraction of the gay population?

HODGES: Yes, we can only touch the surface, the large towns. We can't get to the smaller ones.

GAY: And yet, they are the ones who would probably be most attracted to your quiet, discreet approach, and *need* your services most.

HODGES: Right, right, right. But you just can't personally cover every place. It's impossible, and we can only hope that we can do it through mail order in the future.

GAY: Gore Vidal wrote, in the *New York Review of Books*, in March 1966:

"Until recently, pornography was a small cottage industry among the grinding mills of literature. But now that sex has taken the place of most other games (how many young people today learn bridge?), creating and packaging pornography has become big business, and though the high courts of the new American Empire cannot be said to be very happy about this state of affairs, they tend to agree that freedom of expression is as essential to our national life as freedom of meaningful political action is not. Also, despite our governors' paternalistic bias, there are signs that they are becoming less intolerant in sexual matters. This would be a good thing if one did not suspect that they may regard sex as our bread and circuses, a means of keeping us off the political streets, and in bed out of mischief."

HODGES: (a deep frown) Now you're getting into politics.

GAY: But aren't sex and politics, at least in this country today, rather inexorably entwined? We use them both in manipulation of power. And it *is* our government that makes the moral decrees concerning what we are to do and not to do between the sheets.

HODGES: Yes, that's true, unfortunately. And I'd rather not make any comment on it except to say that the government's recent ruling that all mail concerning sex-oriented material must be so labeled I feel is unconstitutional. It won't really help; it'll just embarrass the receiver, whether it be gay or straight material. But I *do* agree that there must be a limit to who should and who should *not* receive such material. It's gotten to the

point now where certain firms, and I won't mention names, will take just *any* mailing list and go on one of these saturation campaigns and hit any and everyone indiscriminately. Their brochures reveal *everything*, too. I believe this is a specialized market and no one should *have* to submit to it. There must be some standards and controls.

GAY: You seem reluctant to discuss politics. That's rather the opposite of most people who feel quite free to discuss politics, but have a horror of committing themselves publicly in sexual matters. (laughter) Do you function freely enough within the context of present laws?

HODGES: Yes, I do. I feel that if you deal properly with people, and play the rules of the game, there shouldn't be any problems.

GAY: Have you had any real "brushes" with the law?

HODGES: No, because we are very careful to deal *only* with those who are already interested and receptive, and on a very *private* basis. I certainly don't care for it being exposed all over the streets, as so much of it is today.

GAY: Yes, I know what you mean. I personally abhor the blatant sex displays along 42nd Street. For one thing, it's totally unnecessary. People know where this type of merchandise can be bought. They need no wildly lascivious advertising to encourage them. Secondly, I object to the abysmal vulgarity of their particular hard sell.

HODGES: A lot of us do, but—sadly—you become insensitive to it after a while.

GAY: Most thinking people, liberal or conservative, do agree that the law is very arbitrary and hypocritical—setting a rather ridiculous "double standard" that affects both customer and vendor. By that I mean the fact that one is now allowed to possess *sex-action* material, but you, the purveyor, are not actually allowed to sell it. And you are inevitably the one punished for your transgressions. How angry and frustrated are you by this?

HODGES: At this point, I'm not *too* angry and frustrated, but I do feel that it doesn't make much sense.

GAY: The same could be said of a great many of our laws. I hate the idea of even momentarily equating narcotics sales with the subject under discussion, but I do so in order to make a point. Narcotics and pornography are often linked together, along with other nefarious "vices," and ye olde pusher is the one who is shafted, because it's all a matter of *seduction*. This may well be proper in regards to hard drugs, but seduction is a rather hysterical term to use in conjunction with sex-oriented matter.

HODGES: Naturally, I agree.

GAY: Do you feel that if sex-action stuff were completely legal and open, more men would buy, and due to the volume sold, prices would decrease?

HODGES: *Less* would be sold. After the first big surge of freedom, people would tire very quickly of it. The novelty would wear off.

GAY: Bless your heart for saying it. I sometimes feel I'm one of *very* few who realize we won't be indiscriminately and perpetually inundated by a flood of jerk-books that'll cause the downfall of America... one day between supper and Ed Sullivan.

HODGES: I figure that in the next two years this business probably won't exist.

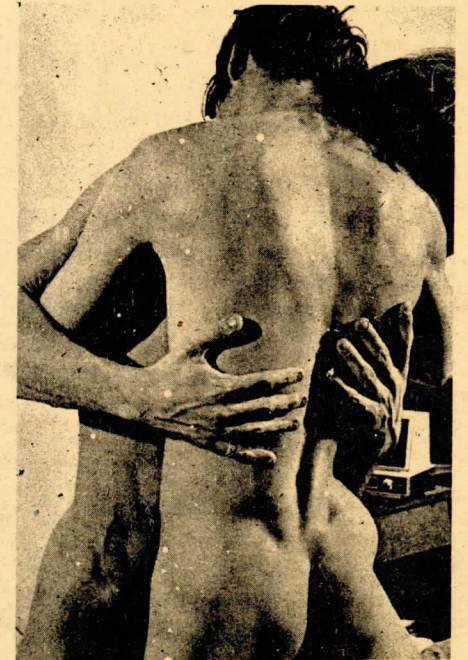
If it *does* continue to exist, even beyond the saturation point, it'll be because of much improved quality and lots of *creativity*.

GAY: Yes, fall to your knees and pray for creativity and *imagination*.

HODGES: At least get people off the eternal bed. Do "it" in other places. In the hay...

GAY:... abandoned cisterns, dirigibles, crypts, a time-space warp...

HODGES: (laughter) ... and I wonder when someone will suggest I shoot a film of a porpoise having sex under water with a man.



GAY: Beautiful! Intriguing! But... who seduces whom, in that case? We could get off on some marvelous tangents here, but I'd better get back to my original line of questioning. Do you envision the United States ever achieving freedoms the Scandinavian countries enjoy?

HODGES: Yes, I do. Again, within the next two years.

GAY: Some would consider that a prediction of astonishing immediacy. Even I tend to a more conservative estimation than that. Remember, we're dealing with fifty individual states and their regional idiosyncrasies, as opposed to one central government and one basically common temperament as in—say—tiny Denmark. Look at the wild differences between New York, Illinois, Florida, Mississippi and California.

HODGES: Right... right... right.

GAY: Do you deal only in gay material?

HODGES: For the time being, yes. I might go into straight films now and then. As I said, gays do have an interest in straight things.

GAY: Hmm. Seems as though, in this day, they would be more interested in bisexual scenes. At least that's where we are led to believe the action is. The dividing lines *are* becoming quite blurred. That reminds me, what is the average sexual inclination of the boys you hire?

HODGES: I prefer bisexuals. They're more... "turned-on." They're swingers.

GAY: You mean... more flexible?

HODGES: More flexible. Right. Let's face facts. The customer for this type of film wants to see a straight-acting guy perform a homosexual act. They don't want an effeminate type, and that would *really* show up in a movie.

GAY: Well, there are plenty of gays as masculine as hell, but you're saying you get a better and more immediate guarantee of a masculine "swinger" if you use our more ambidextrous brothers?

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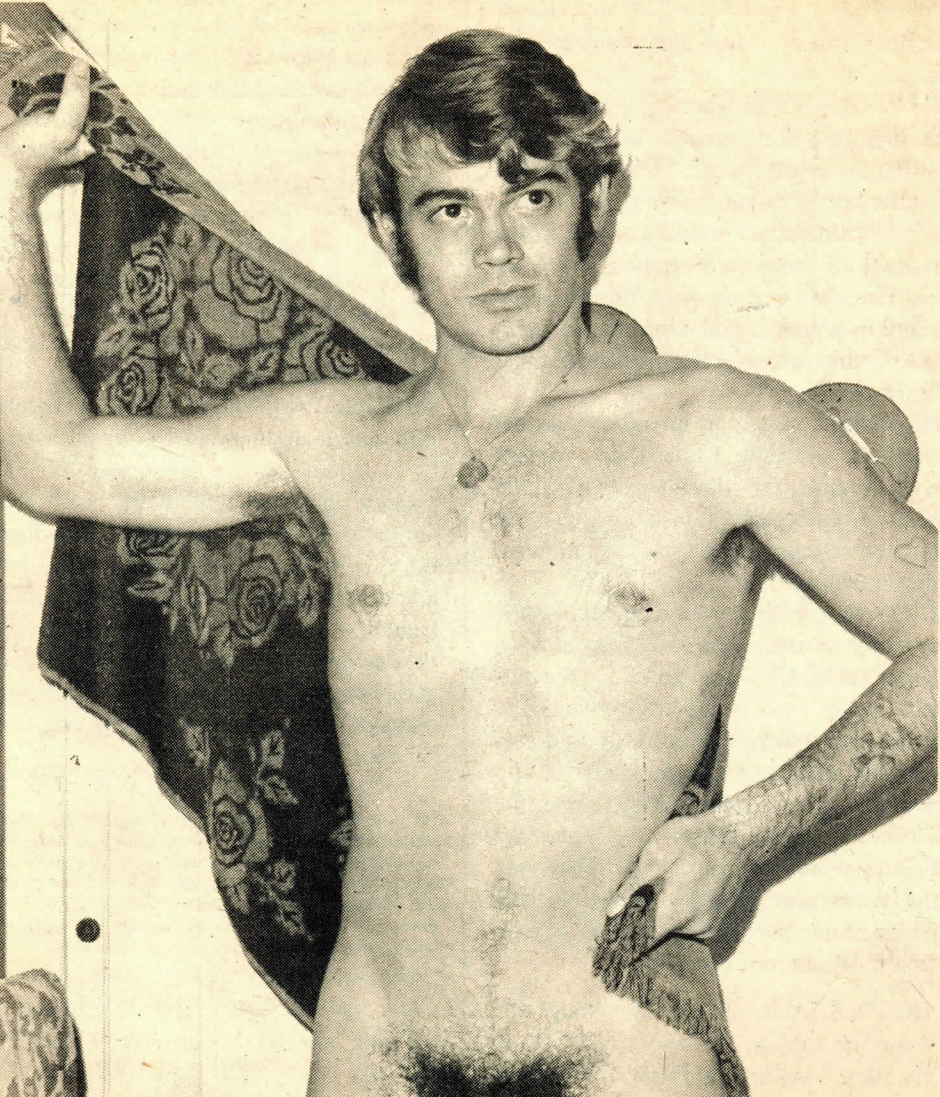


Photo by Pat Rocco

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HODGES: Correct.

GAY: How do you acquire their services?

HODGES: Oh... through newspaper ads, from friends of friends of friends. You meet them on your travels, or they're recommended by other companies that have used them. But I frankly prefer to get totally new faces.

GAY: The "novice" is less mechanical... fresher?

HODGES: Yes. In shooting a film, I feel it should have beauty and naturalness.

GAY: Spontaneity.

HODGES: Yes, and not something phoney. A lot of photographers think nothing of using a tired dud model who can't even get hard. They make up for it by a phoney "Jergens" ejaculation scene.

GAY: Is that a plug for Jergens Lotion, or against it? They have a plant in beautiful downtown Burbank, you know.

HODGES: People aren't stupid. They know when something is faked. It's pretty low to insult people when it's not even necessary.

GAY: Especially with film—to be run over and over at home. The errors and faking become rather glaring after the third and fourth viewing. The pall is swift.

HODGES: Oh, yes.

GAY: What social category do the boys fit into, if any? Most people, I'm sure, think they must come from a poor environment, or they wouldn't be so blasé about exposing themselves in such a way... so freely exhibitionistic.

HODGES: Low? Not really. Exhibitionistic, yes. They really like it. And I much prefer to get boys who want to do this for kicks rather than money. Every young man, at a certain time in his life, wants to do something of this nature.

GAY: Every?

HODGES: Well... at any rate, they want to try it out.

GAY: You led beautifully into my next question. Do you pay your actors?

HODGES: Well, of course. We pay a flat sum. It would be nearly impossible to pay them a percentage as we'd spend all our time just trying to find them.

GAY: That would play hell with eventual television residuals, wouldn't it?

HODGES: (laughter) They come from all social levels. Oh, sure, lots are hustlers right off the street, but I don't like to work with them. They're *hard*; they just want to make a fast buck and cut out.

GAY: I won't ask what you pay them, but would you say they're generally satisfied? Do they ever give you a bad scene?

HODGES: No, no problem. They cooperate. Occasionally, we shoot a film that just doesn't pan out. We may lose three out of five projected films, in trying to get the effect we're looking for. There's a psychology of getting the performers together. You have to find out if they're interested in each other. In a couple of cases, we've even had lovers in front of the camera. And a straight film; two gay lovers and a girl. Interestingly enough, the boys never had contact with each other in the film.

GAY: Do you have any interesting stories about the boys? You told me an amusing aside about the kid who constantly chews the "evil smelling vitamins." I assume one of the main reasons he does this is to increase his sexual potency, and I must say after viewing the film in which he "stars,"

I can't recall a more copious ejaculation. I wondered when it would end.

HODGES: (loud laugh) You're getting a little heavy here, aren't you... for an interview?

GAY: Oh, but I enjoyed *saying* it!

HODGES: Well, this fellow just likes to jack off a lot. He claims he does it three or four times each day, just for the "exercise."

GAY: Oh, youth! Surely you got him on that particular day's *first* session?

HODGES: I imagine. And I was lucky to get a young man who has that talent to give forth with... great sums of... should I say "jizim?"

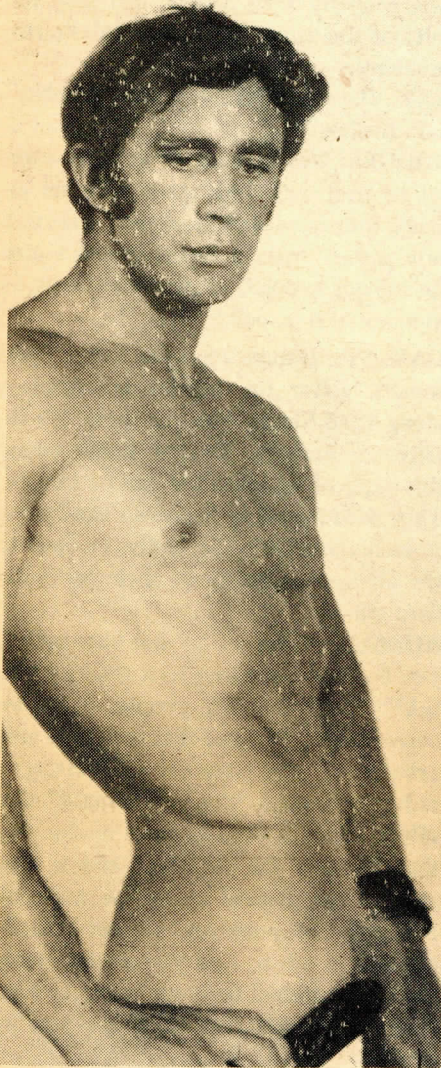


Photo by Atlantis Studio 152 7th Ave. NYC

GAY: Now *you're* getting heavy. By the way, are your relations with the boys strictly business or is there perhaps a worthwhile "fringe benefit" associated with your work?

HODGES: (chuckle) Oh, I've met a few lovers this way, but that's all.

GAY: That's enough. In other words, there's no regular "casting couch" though?

HODGES: No. Seriously, I do it by interview.

GAY: This may sound a bit gross, but I feel it's within bounds to ask here if you check their lunch boxes during the course of an interview?

HODGES: Oh, yes. Once again, let's face facts. Everyone wants to see a large penis. But really, that's only one thing we check out before filming. We try to stay away from someone with big hang-ups.

GAY: We do have a phenomenal interest in the penis, understandably. But judging from my own reaction to your films, once you become absorbed in the action itself, and if the story and the boys are interesting enough, generally the size of the organ diminishes in importance to you.

HODGES: It should.

GAY: What about their ages and the law?

HODGES: No problem as we only work with those twenty-one and over. Ac-

tually, the law states eighteen in many places, but we don't get involved with those, unless we have parental consent.

GAY: (!!) You mean you've actually experienced that? Parental consent?

HODGES: There've been a few cases, strangely enough. There *are* broad-minded parents in this country.

GAY: I'd say "broad-minded" is putting it mildly. Well, more power to them, one supposes. As your library of films increases, would you automatically include more "far-out" concepts? You already have a "cooperative" horse in one of your films. What about catering to particular fetishes?

HODGES: (the frown again) I prefer not to discuss that. Occasionally I'm talked into doing things I really don't want to do. Sometimes I'll shoot something weird if it fits into what I'm already doing. That's what happened with the boys and the horse. And I guess you do have to give people what they want.

GAY: It wouldn't be commercially feasible to cater to everyone's particular or peculiar tastes. You'd end up as a walking *Psychopathia Sexualis* and never get any basic work done.

HODGES: True. Some companies are starting to put out 400 foot films now and have more leeway with plot and incidentals. This is good. Again, people are soon going to demand a *much* superior product.

GAY: How do you evolve your story lines?

HODGES: We purposely ad-lib them because we never know until we start filming how our actors are going to function sexually; what they really do best. And you can't plot them or, here again, the phoniness creeps in. It becomes too mechanical if you *force* them.

GAY: In other words, sex is spontaneous, and therefore a sex film must be the same in order to capture the "flavor?"

HODGES: Right.

GAY: You get a basic idea...

HODGES:... and let it flow from there. A thin thread, a loose theme will usually suffice.

GAY: Gore Vidal, who freely admits to a fondness for pornography (as reported in *SCREW* has also said: "The worst that can be said of pornography is that it leads not to "antisocial" sexual acts but to the reading of more pornography." And he has remarked on television that the only really detrimental and corruptive element in it is the lack of artistic merit, that it is *badly done*.

HODGES: I agree and intend to raise the standards whenever I can. That's another good reason for travelling around the country and meeting customers, face to face. I can get their opinions on what they *really* want.

GAY: Of course a lot of people dig the scummy, furtive side of sex. They've been raised to think of it as sinful... the *ultimate* sin... and their conditioning keeps them from enjoying it unless it conforms to their warped standards. Badly photographed porno, sold quickly under the counter. You know: "Psst, buddy! Feelthy Freench post cards?" That, and the excitement of fear in local subway johns. And the contamination of *Art* would detract, not enhance.

HODGES: And, oh, the hypocrisy! One customer told me how *shocked* he was by the films I was selling. But he turned right around and bought them.

GAY: Many have a fear of pornography, in general, as they feel that it can become a "crutch," that it can absorb regular sexual impulses and render one less able to engage in the real thing. Others, many authorities on the subject, feel that it actually is an *aid* and can free one from rigidly puritanical sexual inhibitions.

HODGES: From experience, I'd say that the majority of those who purchase sex-action films are very lonely people.

GAY: Yes, I've heard that.

HODGES: People who are hiding from reality; people who can't get involved with the actual thing due to family and/or position. Some may buy to amuse their friends, but most buy it simply for quick sexual release. We cater to lonely people and so naturally I feel we're helping them rather than hurting them. It's a shame that society doesn't agree.

GAY: What do you think of the Presidential Commission's findings on pornography? And what's *your* reaction to Nixon & Company's adverse reaction?

HODGES: It was a waste of money that could have been used for other purposes. What did we find out that we didn't already know?

GAY: Some, I'd say. Anyway, it's having it all down, comprehensively, in black and white, for reference. Also, remember that the greatest fear is fear of the unknown. By bringing it all out absolutely in the open, it may pave the way...

HODGES: But the government has the last word and they're automatically conditioned to *not* accept findings like the Commission's.

GAY: You've been reading my mind, baby.

HODGES: Something must be done. This undecided state of affairs is bad for everybody.

GAY: And once again, so fucking hypocritical.

HODGES: Make it legal, let people get it out of their systems, and let's get on to other things.

GAY: Once again, using pot and narcotics as an example, it's the mystery, the idea of "forbidden fruit" that makes it so unbearably attractive. I wonder how many people, with little or no real interest, bring in hard-core stuff from Denmark, just for the excitement of pulling an illicit shenanigan? Porno and pot, basically harmless in themselves, end up being used as levers in revolt, and dangerous only by association. What are your future plans? Perhaps a feature length film for legit houses? Slides, photos, etc.?

HODGES: Yes, I'd like to do a feature film, and make it beautiful as well as erotic... about gays in our society. It's my greatest ambition. Hopefully, we'll also go into color photo sets, slides, drawings.

GAY: I'm sure you'd have a large and grateful audience for a feature film that would be satisfactory from both a beautiful as well as erotic point of view. How grateful we'd all be to not feel *taken* and *insulted*. In closing, if you'll permit me, I'll quote Mr. Vidal again:

"It is to the credit of today's pornographer that intentionally or not he is the one who tells us most about the extraordinary variety of human sexual response. In his way he shows us as we are, rather like those Fun House mirrors which, even as they distort and mock the human figure, never cease to reflect the real thing."

On behalf of **GAY**, and myself, I'd like to thank you for your cooperation in granting this interview. I'm sure it will be mutually beneficial, and certainly informative and interesting to our readers.

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WARM, ATTRACTIVE masculine type, Afro-American, 27. Tired of cruising, bar scene, etc. seeks sincere attractive guys to age 32, any race, for friendship and/or possible long term relationship. No effeminates, queens adventurers. (Please don't answer if you aren't sincere.) Sincere replies including photo & phone number promptly answered. Write: Wayman, Box 424, Madison Square Sta., NYC 10010

GOOD LOOKING white male, 31, brown hair, blue eyes, 5'9 1/2", 155 pounds, sincere, masculine, seeks enduring relationship with similar guy, 18-30. Discretion assured. Send honest letter with photo, please. Boxholder, Box 3098, Hartford, Conn. 06115

THOUSANDS OF MODERN YOUTHS must crave masculine companionship. Why is it so difficult to encounter genuine beings? I'm 24, & optimistic enough to attempt discovering you. Age: teens, up. Outlook: vibrant! Photo: definite asset. Especially await response from Hamilton, MVCC, UC, SU & Colgate students. Financial assistance possible. Absolute discretion assured. Mansion, Box 232, Yorkville, NY 13495

BUTCH, 29, seeking masculine, permanent relationship under 32, NJ-NY. J. Keiber, 678 Palisade Ave., Teaneck, NJ 07666

AUTHOR WISHES TO HEAR from people who've had "way out" sexual experiences - any type. Write me in detail about your most memorable adventure. All replies answered. MALLOY, Box 393, Rutherford, NJ 07070

(Continued from page 2)

Teaki's Quarters, 1497 York Avenue, at 79th. (734-9868). The newest "in" spot on the East Side. GM

The Tool Box, 507 West St. at Jane. (989-9496) Another bar with everything: dancing, movies, buffets, the works. GM

The Tor, 21 Greenwich Ave. A sidewalk cafe. Int.

The Triangle, 24 Ninth Ave. GM
The Troubadour, 1078 1st Ave., bet. 58 & 59 Sts. (799-1958) Popular East Side spot, now serving dinners. GM

Twelfth Night, 281 12th St., corner of W. 4th. Intimate, very friendly bar presided over by Billy. They give grand champagne brunches on Sundays. Int.

Uncle Charlie's, 1049 Lexington Ave. at 75th St. (861-6132) Friendly, crowded, and very cruisy bar. GM

Victor's Quarters, 984 2nd Avenue. GM
The Washington Square, 675 Broadway. Private, after-hours club with dancing and drag queens welcome. GM—but you can't tell by looking.

Willie's West Side, 224 W. 82nd St., east of Broadway. (874-9833) A crowded, friendly dancing bar where the radical chic, revolutionaries and West Side Liberals all meet. GM
Wine Cellar, 531 Hudson. Restaurant. Int.

A Woman's Place, 29 1/2 Cornelia St. Open Fri. & Sat. from 6 p.m. to midnight, this coffee house is also a center for women's books, crafts, etc. GF

The Yukon, 140 E. 53rd St. bet. Lex. & 3rd. (421-8122) Where the older set gathers. Suit & tie required. GM

The Year 2000, 318 W. 49th St. off 8th Ave. (489-7262) A wild, marvelous discotheque populated by the younger set. GM

The Zodiac Uptown, 1487 1st Ave. at 77th St. Dancing and live entertainment on the chic East Side. GM

The Zoo at the Zodiac, 835 Washington, above the Den. Back room policy. GM

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The Beacon Baths, 227 E. 45th St. (687-0322) Go in main entrance and take elevator to the 11th floor. Features: water bed, television room, "Skyline Lounge," piano lounge, private rooms and dormitory. Open 24 hours.

COLLEGE GRADUATE, 29, seeks lover. Share Jersey apartment (share cost equally). Permanence, sincerity, required. Occupant, Box 354, Rutherford, New Jersey 07070

PHOTOS of nude young studs in action. \$1 for sample & catalog. SLR Productions, Box 1011, Hartford, Conn. 06105

ATTRACTIVE, 21 yrs., college student, digs the strong dominant male of sensitivity & intelligence. Anything goes, S&M welcome. Write/photo. Lerner, PO Box 326, Old Chelsea Sta., NYC 10011

NJ GAY, age 26, wants to meet passive males from NJ/NYC for companionship & sex. Interested in more than a one night stand. Write to: Fred Hemmer, 144 Montgomery Ave., Irvington, New Jersey 07111

COMMITMENT, one man to another. Companionship; night after day, of body & mind. Male, 26, 5'10", 150 pounds, brown hair/eyes, attractive, intelligent, misogynistic, aggressive, gentle, needs warm, intelligent man, 24-30, much the same, cheerful, stable. Appearance IS important. Blond preferred. Craig Schoonmaker, 127 Riverside, NY 10024

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The Continental Sauna Club, 111 West 56th St. Operated by the Continental Baths people. Elegant, but on a less grand scale than the "mother church" on 74th Street. Still a best buy. GM

Everard, 28 West 28th Street (684-8935) Left over from before the "revolution," Everard stands as an example of what Continental saved us from. It's dingy, the help is surly, and all it has going for it is a fine steamroom. GM

The Night Owl Baths, Shelton Towers Hotel, Lexington Avenue at 49th Street. The newest baths, with the strangest hours in town: Monday through Thursday, 11 p.m. to 9 a.m.; Friday, 10 p.m. to 9 a.m.; Saturday and Sunday, 7 p.m. to 9 a.m.

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Sauna Baths and Health Club, 300 W. 58th St. (above Child's) (PL 5-6880) A smaller spot which encourages "togetherness," the Sauna closes at midnight, and does its best business from 4:30 in the afternoon until 10 or 11, as the midtown junior executives stop in to knock off a piece on the way home. Doesn't offer much in the way of facilities, and therefore directs everybody's attention to the main thing. GM

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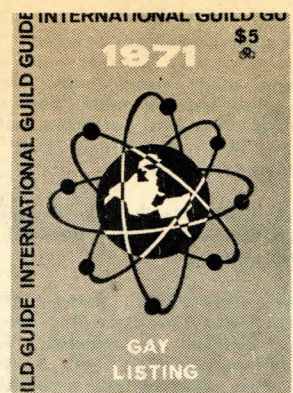
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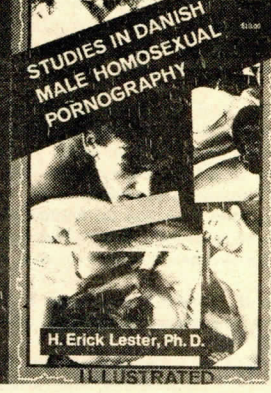
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