

GAY

50¢
OUT OF
NYC 75¢

Vol.2 Issue 51

5 Arrested In Gay Teacher Dispute



Morty Manford of Gay People at Columbia salutes as he is arrested at the Board of Examiners.

Opposing Hiring Policies

BY RICHARD C. WANDEL

New York, N.Y.—Five Gay Activists Alliance members were arrested April 13 while sitting-in at the Board of Examiners at 65 Court Street, Brooklyn. The sit-in took place to call attention to the Board's policy of denying teaching licenses to homosexuals and to protest an earlier statement by Board Chairman Gertrude

Unser in which she referred to homosexuality as a medical problem to be dealt with accordingly. Board member Rokowitz met the demonstrators but denied that any discrimination existed despite GAA's documented cases which establish discrimination beyond any doubt. Mr. Rokowitz also declined to state his own views on the hiring of gay

teachers. GAA Secretary, Steve Krotz, read a letter demanding that the Board issue a policy statement that it will not discriminate against homosexuals; that it license all those previously denied licenses because of homosexuality; re-hire all those fired on such grounds; and that Gertrude Unser resign or immediately retract her earlier statement.

When no acceptable response was received, the forty demonstrators decided to remain in the offices, declaring them

"liberated" for the day. Coffee was brought up and people made themselves comfortable singing liberation songs and chatting with the friendly secretary who remained in the office. A few high school students came in and a general rap session commenced, beginning with all the "regular questions" about "natural" and "unnatural" acts. The conversation soon changed, however, to such issues as employment and police harassment; by the time the rap was over, many were beginning to see the need for gay activism. By this time the police were beginning to arrive; Mr. Rokowitz indicated that if the demonstrators wouldn't leave, the police would have to be used. Arthur Evans noted that this was inevitably the only imaginable recourse for a "faceless bureaucrat."

At 4:45, Mr. McMillian, head of the building's security forces, informed Jim Owles, President of GAA, that the building had to be closed and unless the demonstrators left, he would be "forced to take necessary action, which I will be very reluctant to do." More police arrived, under the leadership of Deputy Inspector Pine, known to the GAA community for his raids on the *Stonewall* and *Snakepit* after which he was transferred to Brooklyn. Most of the demonstrators left at this point and formed a line in front of the building. Jim Owles, Gale McGovern, Cora Perrotta, John Paul Hudson and Morty Manford (of Gay People at Columbia) remained until arrested. As they were placed in the police wagon (men in the back, women up front), the pickets chanted: "We're going to jail for the right to work." At the police station the five arrested sat and ate chicken and watched TV until they were released on a Vera Summons and told to appear in court April 28.

Photo by Richard C. Wandel

500 Homosexuals March For Peace

BY PETE FISHER

Washington, D.C.— On April 24, 1971, we witnessed what may have been the largest march for peace yet. An estimated 500,000 people (official police figures put the estimate much lower, as usual) marched to show their opposition to the war in Southeast Asia. My lover Marc Rubin and I left New York for Washington to take our part in the Gay Contingent.

Once there, we found that the Ellipse was a sea of people. Holding hands, we threaded our way through the crowd, trying to catch sight of a gay liberation banner, some indication of where we



Gay Peace Marchers gather in front of the Capitol Building

were supposed to go. No luck. Two fellows from the U. of Toronto Homophile Association joined us, as lost as we. We never caught up. "The Gay Contingent?" said a marshal, "Oh, yeah, they went by a half hour ago."

The Contingent had been near the head of the march. Nearly 500 strong, the group filled half a block as it moved down Pennsylvania Ave., its banners flying. Its members had come from all

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WHERE WILL YOU GO TONIGHT?

A Directory for Discriminating Dispositions

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

Chipp's, Columbus Avenue between 66 & 67th Sts. A charming bar/restaurant very convenient to Lincoln Center. It's mixed now, but the gay crowd is slowly taking over, especially the landscaped sidewalk cafe. Int.

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

Heat Wave, 131 West 3rd St. (GR 5-9325). Another new place in the Village. 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

Peppy'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

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

This n' That, 221 Columbus Ave., (at 70th St.) (874-9535). A neighborhood bar that's becoming gay as the Gay Renaissance on the West Side continues. 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, 34 Ninth Ave. GM

The Troubadour, 1078 1st Ave., bet. 58 & 59 Sts. (755-1955) 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, 29½ 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

THE PATHS

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.

The Club Baths, NYC. 24 First Ave. bet. 1 & 2 Sts. (673-3283) Features: super-elegant private rooms, sauna, steam rooms, carousel shower, whirlpool bath swimming pool fed by natural springs, TV room, dormitory section, backyard patio. Students half-price with student card. Open 24 hours. GM

The Continental Baths, 230 W. 74th (799-2688) The place that revolutionized the tub business in America. Features: Live entertainment Fri., Sat. & Sun; restaurant facilities open 24 hours, complete gym (with instructor three times a week), Olympic-sized pool, steam rooms, sauna, TV lounge, library, futuristic lounge downstairs with dancing, massage, VD clinic, roof deck for summer sunbathing, private rooms, dormitory, you name it, they probably have it. Open 24 hours. Students half-price with student card. GM

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

St. Mark's Baths, 6 St. Mark's Place (473-7929). Superficial cleanups haven't changed the somewhat dangerous and ugly vibes emanating from this shanty. It's the place to find surly management. Open 24 hours except for the main steamroom. GM

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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EDITORIAL

NEW BOOKS TO READ

We are particularly pleased to present reviews in this issue of GAY of books of outstanding merit and interest.

John Francis Hunter's *THE GAY INSIDER*, has been published by Olympia Press. Regular readers know of John Francis' many contributions to GAY, and are aware that he is Numero Uno as New York's Man-About-Town. *THE GAY INSIDER* is the finest gay guide (to NYC) ever written.

Donn Teal's *THE GAY MILITANTS*, published by Stein & Day is also a MUST. This colossal historical account of the rise of the gay liberation movement brings you up-to-date on the thrilling series of events which have transpired since the Stonewall Riots against the police (June 28, 1969.)

Finally, a first-rate account of GAY and SCREW is now on the stands (paperback): *THE DIRTIEST DOZEN* by Derek Miles, published by Midwood Books, 185 Madison Ave., NYC. 10016.

VD CHECKUP CENTERS

Venereal Disease is on the rise everywhere. GAY's offices are often asked for information about checkup centers. Anyone who is even moderately active sexually should take a blood test every two or three months. A matter of cleanliness. In NYC, two VD checkup centers offer free examinations which do not require that you give your name to anyone.

Sunday evenings (6-10 pm.) The Continental Baths (230 West 74th Street) provides a VD Clinic—free and anonymous—for patrons and non-patrons. Walk in off the street! The Continental Bath and Health Club is a forerunner among the Baths in this respect, and deserves high credit for its VD program. Other baths, in New York and elsewhere, should follow suit. GAY will gladly make known their programs accordingly.

Wednesday evenings (8 pm.) another free/anonymous checkup is available at The West Side Discussion Group which holds its weekly meetings at 300 9th Ave., (28th Street) at the Church of the Holy Apostles. The West Side Discussion Group has set an admirable example for other gay groups.

Spread this message to your friends: Feel no shame because you may have contracted VD. Be ashamed only because you haven't had a checkup recently, and are thus not thoughtful of others, nor a clean person.

You may be infected. Get your test now. You may save others dire problems. You may save your own lifelong health.

BIG GUNS AIMED AT SCREW

SCREW, the zany newspaper for which GAY's editors write a weekly column, is under a concerted, massive attack from the Establishment at which it pokes fun. Its Editors/Publishers, Al Goldstein and Jim Buckley, have been arrested again (together) on obscenity charges since our report on them in GAY 49.

Most recently, Goldstein was arrested alone (Buckley was on vacation) and charged as a member of a child-molestation "ring." This arrest (see New columns) is a smear-SCREW tactic on the part of Nassau County's District Attorney, who views the magazine as a menace because it sees the humorous and absurd side of man's sexual behavior and because it is not afraid to attack the honored institutions and bureaucrats of our day, including Nixon, Mitchell, Agnew, Laird, the Pope, and even God Itself.

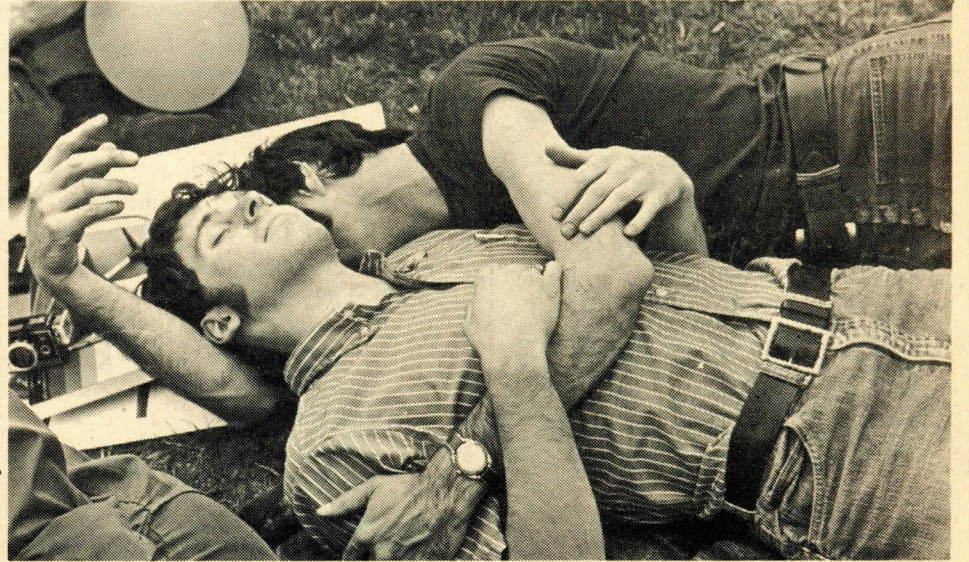
Why did the District Attorney choose Goldstein as a target? Because he knew that by implicating him, the case would receive extensive publicity and his own political ambitions could therefore be served.

The case concerns four parents who allegedly sold photos of their own youngsters in sexual congress with Mom & Dad. SCREW ran their bland ad in its equivalent of Wanton Ads, and then Goldstein was arrested, with the advertisers and branded publicly on TV as part of the parent's "\$250,000 Porno Ring."

Goldstein knew nothing about the ring. He did not know the parents. He did not even know about the tiny ad they had placed in his paper until after he'd been arrested. The Nassau County DA knows all this. Yet he uses the old familiar smear tactic (child molestation) to implicate the jolly editor of an honest, (albeit offensive and heretical) publication. Homosexual communities throughout America have been familiar with such smear tactics for decades. We call 'em as we sees 'em.

Our earnest congratulations go to those TV stations who allowed Al Goldstein 1½ minutes on their news program to rebut the Nassau County DA's vile slander of his good name. County residents should know what sort of man they have elected as their D.A. and should do something about it.

500 Homosexuals March For Peace



Love on the Capitol lawn.

Photo by Richard C. Wandel

(Continued from page 1)

over the Eastern seaboard—Albany, New York, Hartford, Bridgeport, Washington, Northwestern U., Florida State, everywhere.

Reaching the Capitol grounds, the Contingent claimed the grassy area to the right of the Capitol steps. As the scheduled speakers appeared one after another, sandwiches, hard boiled eggs, potato chips, and the like were passed through the crowd—the sweet aroma of the good weed was sniffed. Clothing was colorful and wild; affection, free and easy. Rumor has it that gay love was made for the first time on, the Capitol lawn.

We all gave Congresswoman Bella Abzug's speech a massive ovation. Toward the end of the scheduled speeches, Dr. Franklin E. Kameny spoke briefly:

The gay community is now instantly entering the mainstream of American life and participating with our fellow American citizens in all aspects of that life. That's why I'm here today. That's why there are lots of gay people here today.

Trade Unionists had shown some opposition to allowing Kameny time to speak. Abe Feinglass of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters (?) and David Livingston of District 65, objected to his taking the microphone, although there seemed to be no opposition to New York DOB member Tina Mandel, representing lesbians, who said:

We've all tried to conform to societal pressures, and where has it got us? No money for schools, which could do more than imprison our children (and lesbians are mothers too!)—no money to feed the hungry (and lesbians know poverty too!)—A war that burns babies, defoliates rice fields and turns our young men into criminals—and lesbians are angry too!

Tina Mandel was warmly received by the crowds.

A festive air reigned. The whole affair seemed a celebration of peace-to-come.

Meanwhile, my friends and I found a spot for ourselves on the grass outside the fenced-off Capitol grounds. Being a mini-contingent of gays, attention was focused on us. But when people found out we were gay—as if it wasn't obvious from the way we lounged around holding one another—the most frequent response was "Right On!"

We met lots of gays haphazardly throughout the afternoon. We had dinner with our new friends from Toronto who told us that gay liberation was spreading like wildfire across Canada.

(Continued on page 8)



At the capitol building: Pat-a-cake-pat-a-cake

Photo by Richard C. Wandel

District Attorney Vows To Crush Screw



Cahn

BY HEIDI HANDMAN

New York, N.Y.—On April 21, Al Goldstein, Executive Editor of SCREW, was arrested and charged with 47 counts of obscenity, 2 counts of child abuse and 2 counts of endangering the welfare of a minor by Nassau County District Attorney William Cahn. The arrest was in connection with two classified ads that had

appeared in SCREW, one advertising for "girl models 8 to 14 years of age, must have parental consent," and the other advertising photos of pre-teen girls as "artistic nude female figure studies." Unknown to Goldstein, or anyone else on the SCREW staff, the advertisers, Eugene and Joyce Abrams, were charged with sexual acts with their own 3-year-old daughter and other young children whom they "rented" for \$200 a day, and the sale of photographs of these acts.

Since Goldstein and Jim Buckley, publishers of SCREW, were found guilty of (Continued on page 8)

GAY

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

THE WICKER BASKET



BY RANDOLFE WICKER
STRAIGHTS FLEE CITIES:

"In one view," Berkeley Sociologist Carl Werthman noted in a recent feature on suburbia in *Time Magazine*, "the city is becoming a place for all the oddballs and deviants of our society: the lower class, the ethnic minorities, the homosexuals, the artists. As a result the young married seldom ever look at a place in the city."

BITCH, BITCH, BITCH

Allen Ginsberg, one of five National Book Award's poetry judges, was disgusted by his fellow panelists' selection of Mona Van Duyn's *To See, To Take*. To protest, he burned incense during the award announcements and called her work "ignominious, insensitive and mediocre." Miss Van Duyn responded by saying that when she and Allen Ginsberg see a restroom wall covered with dirty words along with a heart enclosing the names of lovers, "I notice the obscenities but write about the hearts and lovers. Ginsberg notices the heart but writes about the obscenities."

CHEMICAL REACTIONS BETWEEN BOYS

Dr. M. Sidney Margolese, a Los Angeles endocrinologist in private practice, claims he has successfully differentiated homosexuals from heterosexuals by measuring the amounts of two chemicals related to male sex hormones in their urine.

Margolese claims that in heterosexual males, the amount of androsterone is invariably greater than the amount of etiocholanolone; in the homosexual males, this ratio is reversed.

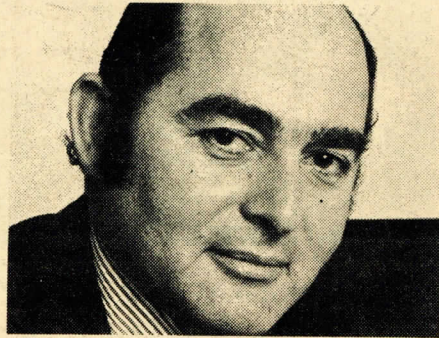
Dr. Oscar Janiger, a psychiatrist studying homosexuality at the University of California, challenged Margolese's findings and challenged him to differentiate between a mixed group of heterosexual and homosexual subjects by analyzing their urine. To Dr. Janiger's amazement, Dr. Margolese correctly identified the sexual inclination of each subject. Now both doctors and Dr. Richard Green of UCLA are trying to confirm preliminary work with a larger group of subjects.

Their findings so far seem to indicate that female homosexuals can also be identified by the chemical composition of their urine. In heterosexual females, the amount of etiocholanolone is greater than

that of androsterone; in homosexual females, the reverse is the case.

Dr. Margolese's research has already triggered angry demonstrations by Los Angeles's Gay Liberation Front which sees homosexual fetuses being aborted in the womb and homosexuals not getting a chance at life if Margolese's research is verified.

Other gay groups see Margolese's research as positive in the sense that homosexuals can't be held accountable for their sexual inclinations if they are hormonally acquired



Mad as a Dr. Hatterer?

If Dr. Margolese's findings were verified, however, it would certainly show up the Drs. Bieber, Hatterer, Sociades, etc. as pompous frauds. But then we already know that, don't we.

LESBIANS ZAP BANDY

Jill Johnson, the *Village Voice* Dance Journal columnist who has been doing a great deal of introspective writing about her lesbianism lately, was scheduled to be a guest on the Saturday night BANDY SHOW, April 10th. She was to be the featured guest on the show's first segment. The second segment would feature a couple of psychiatrists and members of the audience, including the vice-president of the Daughters of Bilitis.

But things don't happen that way. Just as the show commenced, DOB President Ruth Simpson and her vice-president leaped onto the platform sitting on either side of Jill Johnson and announced to Bandy that they were taking over the show, that neither he nor the psychiatrists would be allowed to speak.

Ti-Grace Atkinson was also in the audience, according to Jill Johnson, with seven or eight members of DOB. When the show's producer came forward to say that the psychiatrists would be dropped, Ti-Grace said the Show would splice them in anyway and led the girls out.

The show continued with the psychiatrists included. The shrinks complained that Jill Johnson was "cutting into their time" everytime she interrupted one of their double-talk spiels. In any event, the program must have been too much for the media meatheads because it was never shown. Those of us who stayed home that Saturday night to see Jill & Ann (her girlfriend) sock it to them had to settle for a re-run of a group sex program.

Jill described Bandy in her *Voice* column as "the tall lean ultimate dapper light black oreo organization man in patent leather pumps."

* A book vividly depicting life in Spanish Harlem, *Down These Mean Streets* by Piri Thomas, has been banned from student libraries by the school board of a predominantly white middle class district in Queens, Community

School District 25. The board objected (5 to 3) to the extensive use of four-letter words and descriptions of heterosexual and homosexual acts in the autobiographical novel.

* Edward Albee has been knighted "Club Bore" by *Time Magazine* because his last play, *All Over*, is "dull, deadly dull" in that publication's opinion.

* The *New York Post* did a feature entitled "Gay Marriages Catching On" Wednesday, April 14th, which featured "Father Robert Clement, a self-avowed homosexual and pastor of NYC's first homosexual parish, the Church of the Beloved Disciple." The *Daily News* quipped in its "Dream Street" column: "Homosexuals want to legalize marriages. Wait till they start paying alimony."



Henry J. Mitchell

* Henry Mitchell Jr., a 17-year-old Florida high student who's been fighting legally for the right to wear his hair long, told the Jacksonville, Fla. *Times-Union*: "I've been stared at, cursed, spat upon and threatened with personal violence by complete strangers—all because of my hair."

"I've learned an awful lot about prejudice. It's like being what (novelist) Norman Mailer called a white Negro.

"I've seen it as it has been applied against blacks, religious minority groups, homosexuals and political protesters."

* GLFers in Los Angeles claim they are colonizing seven Sacramento River villages. Sacramento County Sheriff Duane Lowe said that the GLFers "are grasping for publicity" and that he was not aware of any attempts by them to move into any townships within his jurisdiction but that he was "going to investigate the possibility."

"These people are sick," Sheriff Lowe charged, "and they cause problems which fester until they become a malignant sore on a community. I will not tolerate any organized community of these people in Sacramento County. They are not picking the right place if they have picked this county."

* Filmmakers in the U.S. are de-emphasizing sex this year partly because of the monumental failure last year of X-rated *Myra Breckinridge* and *Beyond The Valley of the Dolls*.

* And finally for your graffiti lovers, some slogans to savor:

SODOM WAS A FUN CITY!
THE ARMY MAKES MEN MAKE MEN
IF SEX IS A PAIN IN THE ASS,
YOU'RE DOING IT IMPROPERLY
ALLEN GINSBERG WEARS JOCKEY
SHORTS
LOVE ME, LOVE MY TENDENCIES
SAY 69, AND YOU'VE SAID A
MOUTHFUL
YANKEE GO HOMO
IT'S "IN" TO BE "OUT"

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John Francis Hunter
AUTHOR OF
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Howard Smith/VILLAGE VOICE

"If I had happened on 'The Gay Insider' when I was eighteen, I would, I expect, have lived a freer, happier life."
Merle Miller/declared homosexual in the N.Y. Times

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THE GAY INSIDER:



The Gay Insider, by John Francis Hunter,
Olympia Press, 220 Park Avenue South,
NYC 10003 Price, \$2.95

The Finest Guide To Manhattan

BY PETER OGREN

I've been a New York-based gay for many years now, and I've been waiting most of that time for someone in the know to turn me on to new places where I can meet others of similar persuasion. In spite of the plethora of bars and restaurants that are "supposed" to be gay, it seems that half of them are not, and half of the others are not my scene. And though I'm not too happy having to put up with the few places that I go to out of habit, the little gay guides that have been floating around for a small fortune since the Year One haven't been very helpful, either. Most of them were not informative enough, or were inaccurate and woefully out-of-date.

Well, homosexuals need not worry about finding New York's gay life any more, because there's a new paperback from Olympia Press that tells it like it is: *The Gay Insider*, by John Francis Hunter. Most readers of GAY recognize John's name as a long-time contributor and columnist in these pages, and recall especially his wonderfully written and highly informative Barfly's Baedeker. But *The Gay Insider* is more than just a guide to the bars. It's a grand tour of just about every type of place to meet other gays in Manhattan. That means the bars, baths, restaurants, streets (Riverside Drive is rough at night), Central Park (in and around, and safer than you might think), movie balconies, tearooms, meetings, trucks, gay ghettos, hustlers, and even the churches.

But even above all that information, all that getting laid, *The Gay Insider* is a testament of gay freedom. At a time when the gay movement is moving in a truly liberated direction and gays are beginning to get some pride, wearing their

homosexuality more like a medal than a scarlet letter, the vast numbers of gay people all over the country who are not members of any group have precious few proud books or documents. *The Homosexual Handbook*, by Angelo d'Arcangelo was such a book—a revelation, a kind of Newthink manual for the enjoyment of gaiety. *The Gay Insider* goes one further—it shows *how* and more importantly *where* gays can put to practical application the lessons of gay liberation.



John Francis' book doesn't miss a corner.

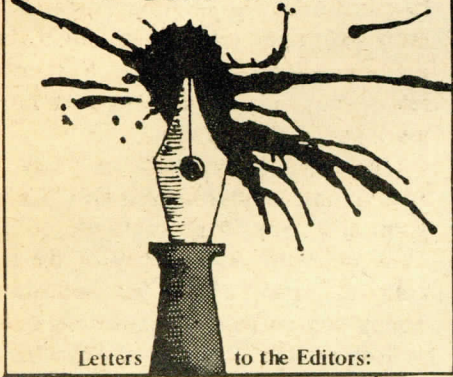
To John Francis Hunter, being gay is not just enjoying sex with someone whose plumbing is the same type as your own. It is a *lifestyle*, a *modus vivandi*, a state of mind, wonderfully joyous and free and pleasurable and important, too. It is exquisitely appropriate that John should have dedicated the book to Lige and Jack, who've held for so long that gay means *joy*. Here is a book that shows in concrete terms how much of the time gay can be joyous. There is a wonderful, earthy sensuality about *The Gay Insider*, which is underscored by some delightful and penetrating anecdotes, based mostly on John's own woolly experiences. John doesn't mince around with so-called

"untouchable" subjects, either. He has no truck (or fuck, for that matter) with people, straight or gay, who look down their exalted, pseudo-aristocratic noses at gay types they deem offensive. Freedom is freedom, and that goes for drag queens or sucking cocks in tearooms or orgy rooms in baths or the back rooms of bars. This is the first time I've seen a non-fiction, no-nonsense approach to putting into practice the delicious and liberating idea of "different strokes for different folks." If the back rooms of

some of the dumps and tourist traps, too. The comment on the Everard Baths is my favorite: "The scabby walls, rancid pool and putrid-smelling steam room don't attract many studs who are everhard, let me tell you." John also gives pointers on every spot's good side, as well as the bad—after all, nothing's perfect. Even with strong criticism, he can let mercy season justice, too. There are accurate descriptions of the best balconies in the best theatres. I'll have to take his word on the tearooms, but if they are as accurately listed as the rest, then pisspot aficionados ought to be on safe ground. I would like to stress at this time, however, that *The Gay Insider* is not in the least concerned with the activities of women, so our gay sisters will have to come up with one of their own to do their own thing. Sad, but true. And in his very brief (fortunately) chapter on "Two Great Shrinks Who Think Gay Is Good," John could have done a lot better by naming some *real* shrinks like Dr. Fritz Fluckinger or Dr. Clarence Tripp. How un-divine. Ads for friends ought to be better placed.

But I digress. There is a chapter devoted to the summer pleasures to be had in the Hamptons and on Fire Island. And his chapter in (sic) Central Park is a masterpiece. For the visitor who doesn't want to schlep a whole book on his rounds, by the way, there is a condensed listing of all the bars and baths and restaurants in the back of the book, easily removed and tucked into your wallet. All in all, *The Gay Insider* is not only significantly oriented to a free and open gay lifestyle and the joys to be found therein, but is a fabulously informative one, too. And it's loads of fun to read. Whether you're new to the scene or have been hanging on for eons, you'll find this a welcome addition to the literature.

Pen Points



Letters to the Editors:

MORE ABOUT WOMEN!

Dear GAY:

I am writing to tell you that your paper is fantastic. It keeps me informed on all the gay progress. I've purchased every issue of GAY. My one complaint is that it should feature more articles on gay women. I also regret that your paper can't be published weekly. It's torture waiting two weeks to learn the latest news. I want more, more, more! Keep up the good work.

A Devoted Supporter
Linda P.

QUACKMASTER REUBEN

Dear GAY:

I am a frequent reader of GAY and am increasingly pleased with its attempt to

become an influential vehicle for the improvement of the lot of the homosexual in this county. Did I miss, however, your expose of Dr. David Reuben's book, *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (But Were Afraid to Ask)*?

I just recently finished reading this No. 1 bestseller and was shocked and very upset about what he had to say about homosexuals. This book has sold over one million copies in hardcover, and an un—as yet—determined number in paperback. Every "straight" person I know has read it and parents and teachers are recommending it to their children and students. Dr. Reuben is still making appearances on every major talk show on television and is becoming known as the foremost authority on sex in the United States today.

Yet, in my opinion, his eighth chapter of the book is the strongest slander against the homosexual community I have ever read. In the midst of some very informative answers, Dr. Reuben has included over twenty-eight pages of out and out lies about gay people.

It is my strong hope that GAY and the various homosexual organizations will concern themselves with this book and perhaps make an attempt to have it removed from the shelves of bookstores. The public also needs to be re-educated as to the truth.

The continuing damage this book is doing must be stopped. The damage it has already done must be repaired. Also,

since he is preparing a new book, Dr. David Reuben must be exposed as the quack that he is, and be prevented from continuing to spurt his vomit which is defamating to the homosexual.

Sincerely,
Trenton, N.J.

ED. NOTE: GAY has exposed Dr. Reuben on more than one occasion. Did you see John Francis Hunter's critique in Issue No. 22 (July 6, 1970)? Gay liberation groups are also giving Reuben a tough time (see GAY Issue No. 45, March 1, 1971). We agree that more exposes are needed, however, and we'll continue to plant turds in Dr. Reuben's path.

TAYLOR MEAD SAYS:

Dear GAY:

Your reporter in an article on Rosalind Regelson's class said I recommended cutting up President Nixon—horseshit!! I said the government would like us all to get operations in order to conform to their archaic laws and it was better to turn against others than against ourselves—I don't recommend such violent action and if your reporter understands me to this extent, then he's got a long way to go, and his saying such a vicious statement in a capsule critique of my appearance is worthy of a true bitch! I also partly blame Rosalind Regelson for telling me I had an hour appearance and then cramming in a lot of

other people so that an hour became a half hour and any ideas I might have were necessarily adumbrated. However, transsexual operations are a failure and by the transsexual's own admission ("We have the highest suicide rate"—as if by way of bragging), and it's more nery and better to just throw on a dress, get out of town, or read a book—there seems to be a dearth of cleverness and imagination in practically everything regarding gay activities but "operations" is the lowest, most animalistic cop-out ever conceived. From all the fragmentation and disagreement among gay people, it's apparent it's up to God finally to help us (and everybody else), and She's just sitting on her ass waiting for a truck, instead of a truckdriver, to run over Her.

Yours for a better
misunderstanding,
Taylor Mead

ED. NOTE: We are indeed sorry that our reporter misquoted you, Taylor. We remember you as a poet and a gentleman and respect your non-violent reluctance to cut up President Nixon, or to see anyone cut up, for that matter. Bitch isn't a good epithet, however. We once owned a very nice dog who was a bitch.

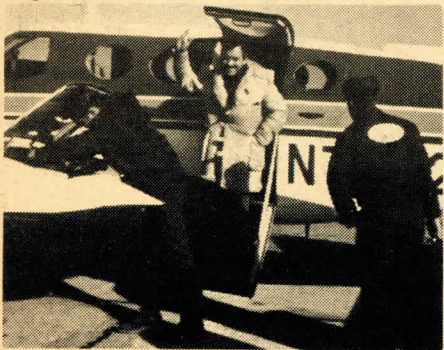
PLEASE SEND ALL CORRESPONDENCE, INQUIRIES, SUGGESTIONS, COMPLAINTS, and PROPOSITIONS to: LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, GAY, P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Sta., NYC, N.Y. 10011.

THE LAST ESTATE

BY GREGORY BATTCOCK



here else can you pick up BOLLINGER BRUT (1964 Vintage) at \$6.49 the bottle, bump into your mother on the beach, and spend hours fucking with your new friends to the accompaniment of a tropical storm and breezes and sweat and laughter...



Battcock is off to P.R.

The following story, which isn't true, was told me by a friend who has always wanted to go to Puerto Rico. He let his imagination (instead of Eastern Airlines) carry him away. Here is his report: (The writer, now, is free to engage in fantasy or, as they say, fiction. This writer, however, sticks to the facts: "I tells it as I see it" is one of his oft quoted aphorisms. We are told that all writing is fiction and that even criticism is, after all, fiction. However, these notes are offered without the protection [or insurance] that fiction provides. In other words, the writer is responsible for every word. The new liberation from the tyranny of objectivity leaves us without the security of subjectivity... enough, enough. On with the story.)

My friend decided to get a flight out of Newark because it's easier to get there from his furnished room at the "Emerald Hotel" on the west side. Of course there aren't many flights from Newark, and he had to settle for a 9 a.m. departure—an

unpleasant hour at any airport. Unfortunately he is the sort who can't sleep a wink if he has to rise very early, and this time was no exception. He was up at six, hung over, depressed and shakey yet stumbled around throwing stuff into his battered up suitcase—veteran of 375,000 miles during 8 years of wandering. He warmed up a frozen Sara Lee croissant, telephoned the answering service, ignored yesterday's still unopened mail, neglected to shave or water the plant and, by seven, was headed by taxi for the West Side Airline Terminal. In transit, he wondered why they don't have lots of little airline terminals all over Manhattan—with minibuses leaving on schedule so people could avoid mid-town, but it was too early to trust serious thoughts...

(By now the reader is convinced that my friend is a bore; at any rate, who could care less about his fantasy vacation to Puerto Rico? However, there is always the chance that the story will get better, so I didn't dare interrupt.)

He arrived in spite of a dismal flight that involved an unpleasant scene (they always do): A girl seated across the aisle started pulling the upholstery off the seat in front. Her mother glanced at my friend, smiled and said "It's her brother in that seat." My friend replied, a bit unkindly, I thought: "It looks like vandalism to me." A cloud had been cast over the Friendly Skies.

He was met at San Juan by his friend Tony, a Puerto Rican youth (of a monied family) who studies something or other at the University and is proud of the fact that he doesn't participate in demonstrations. "That's not the way to get anywhere," he once remarked. Where was he going? They piled into the airconditioned Pontiac Catalina and were chauffeured by another youth who claimed his "... learner's permit never arrived," to the Normandie Hotel. A double scotch and soda, obtained on the plane for \$3.00 helped soothe my friend's sensitive nerves.

The three spent the afternoon drinking rum and chatting about the Independentista's, the closing of the University and the draft, if memory serves. At dusk the three took an innocent and uneventful snooze and, later on, set out for dinner to LA TABERNA DE SAN JUAN for an Argentinian "mixed grill"—sausage, a small Argentine beef steak and a pastry shell stuffed with ground meat—washed down with a few Lowenbraus.

The next day the three went off to the beach at Isla Verde that is paralleled to the runway of San Juan airport. Tony vanished into the woods and reappeared only when the sun had set and it was time to go. My friend spent the afternoon trying to read Yukio Mishima's CONFESIONS OF A MASK and listening to the ball game on the stereo portable radio that had been turned up full blast because of the noise from the jets taking off not thirty feet away.

That evening—well, here's the story in my friend's own words:

"Tony had a date to see *Love Story* with his friend, but something must have happened because, at around 8 o'clock, he arrived at my hotel room with somebody he found at a local "Cervezateria." In no time all three of us were in the great big bed, stimulated by the sound of a pounding surf outside and prospects of a prolonged fucking to capture the imagination and revive the spirit...

"Before things got started, Tony wanted to shower; meanwhile I went down to pick up two chilled bottles of Champagne—simple, fruity and frothy Pol Roger (N.V.) and a big bucket of ice... Tony's new friend never had Champagne before, and seemed to like it, if his smiles meant anything—I don't speak Spanish, you see...

"The youth was full of enthusiasm and happiness and I began to wonder about what would happen if more people would learn to enjoy nice simple things. Perhaps they would be less brutal and that, per-

haps, if there was less verbal communication between men and more fun... we were too happy to think...

"Finally we left, for a late supper at an outdoor restaurant under an old mango tree in Rio Piedras. We had lots of cold Lowenbrau and several delicious dishes, including arroz con calamares (squid in rice), jueyes Salmorejo (crab stew) and fried fish with plenty of arroz, tostones and habichuelas. On the way back we stopped at the main square at Rio Piedras and..."

At this point I interrupted my friend to ask a question or two. Had he read Marx and Freud? Was he aware that his fantasy was, perhaps, not all that unique? His inability (or unwillingness) to master Spanish reminded me of Yukio Mishima's comment: "... in my case, no sooner would I begin to share intellectual understanding with a person who had attracted me, than my desire for that person would collapse." Alas, my friend was not much of a reader; anything he learned came to him first hand and not from books or famous writers—strained, as it were, through poetic or painterly imaginations, generally fuck things up rather than clarify. Some people seem to want nothing more than to live a joyous and happy life, full of frivolous experiences and meaningless relationships of the sensual variety... ah, let's get on with our tale!

(In case the reader wonders, I see MY contribution to society as being something of a "guru in search of the trivial." Largely due to my viewpoint concerning leisure time and how to kill it in the most efficient and profitable way possible—as long as "profit" has nothing to do with the capitalistic "profit motive" and nothing to do with production of objects and possession of things but rather, in the Marxist view, profit in experiences that exist without object, or in sensual experience of objects that cease to exist upon consumption [food, sex, wine]. That matters.)

Now. Where were we? Actually, I have lost interest in my little narrative that now seems a bit on the cute side. I suspect, by now the reader too has lost interest. Let's see. What's happened of importance? Today two different people told me I had beautiful eyes, and since favorable comments of that sort...

BY DICK LEITSCH

Loes anyone besides me miss the good old days (of four or five years ago) when homosexuality was something one did for pleasure—sexual pleasure?

Mary, did we carry on in those days! We may have led double lives, butchering it up on the job and at home, but we more than made up for that evenings and weekends. We drank too much, laughed too much, and had sex too much—though we didn't (and many of us still don't) think there was such a thing as "too much."

Sex role-playing meant nothing to us. That was something straight people looked foolish doing, and we laughed at them a lot. We had a great deal of trouble with our pronouns, and had to invent the term "blood sister" to differentiate our female siblings from our male friends.

Woman's lib and middle-class morality (they seem almost identical, which is not surprising as women are the traditional custodians of middle-class values) had not yet made us feel guilty about impersonal sex. We knew the difference between the kind of sex which involves a commitment and the kind in which two people—by mutual consent—use one another as sex objects. We enjoyed both.

We were adventurous. We must have invented poppers, and we smoked grass 'way back when. We went everywhere and did everything, and could make clever, witty conversation on almost any subject. We were campy and brazen. We'd cruise cab drivers, uniformed cops, priests (a special challenge!), psychiatrists, and any many who looked vaguely available and not too hideously ugly.

Homosexuality was very much a matter of social class. Most of us who made up the "gay world" came from the upper and lower social levels. The bourgeoisie couldn't accept the hedonism or make the break with conventionality; they usually ended up in the closet queen brigade. They were furtive, never gave their last names, and would die, my dear, before setting foot in a gay bar.

Those of us who came out each aspired to be a queen. Queens didn't really have to be sissy or effeminate, but they did have to be grand. Each of us was secretly (and often blatantly) certain that we were better than anybody else, particularly any straight someone else. We may never have read Nietzsche, but we knew we were supermen—even transcending supermen in that we didn't have to play any sexual role. We could be as butch or as femme as we chose at any given moment.

Coming out meant something more than having a first homosexual experience. It meant casting out any middle-class ideas we had about masculinity/femininity and bourgeoisie notions of morality and self-abnegation. We strove for a hedonistic, upper-class, genteel decadence.

Small wonder our folk heroes were movie queens, Scarlett O'Hara, Holly Golightly and other defiers of convention. (And maybe we chose women because it is harder for a woman than a man to defy convention!) We knew, subconsciously at least, that our real enemy was the middle-class.

Lets Put SEX Back in HomoSEXual



George Bernard Shaw summed up the bourgeoisie existence: "a moderately honest man with a moderately faithful wife, moderate drinkers both, in a moderately healthy house; that is the middle-class unit." Where have the Jews, the Irish, the Negroes, gone? Swallowed up, almost every one of them, Jonah-like, by the leviathan of the middle class. Marxism, Existentialism, and the other great heresies of the century have been similarly digested and spat out in a "moderate" form by the bourgeoisie.

Even homosexuality has gone that route. Homosexuality is now "respectable." *Time Magazine*, for God's sake, writes about it! Even the *Village Voice*, that most middle-class of all middle-class papers tries to make middle-class radical chic out of the "new" homosexuality. (The "old" homosexuality is still heretical, and the gay and straight bourgeoisie are both trying desperately to stamp it out.)

Homosexuality as we used to know it: grand, exciting, different, proud, bigger than life, is in eclipse. Homosexuality now belongs to the middle class. Bourgeois queers can now be "gay" because to come out "gay" means not having to cut ties with middle-class morality or giving up bourgeoisie ideals.

Role-playing no longer has to be abandoned and ridiculed. The emphasis today is on reconciling homosexuality and middle-class "virtue." No longer do we aspire to queenhood as something better than all that moderation.

We don't rebel against sexism any more; we have become the ultimate sexists. Super-butch is "in" for men; super femme for women. Play the roles, and for God's sake, don't camp or swish, even in jest. Don't make fun of the fraudulence of organized religion and politics; start churches, join political alliances, and become a fraud yourself.

The one thing the middle-class has never been able to deal with is sex; so homosexuality must be purged of its sexual meaning. Homosexuality is a religion, led by Pope Troy the First; it's a political party, like Republicanism or communism, or the Reform Democrats. Sorel David told us (*GAY* No. 48) about the ladies who call themselves "political lesbians." They would never touch another woman, but they belong to the homosexual political alliance. Incredible!

Kameny ran for Congress and talked about war, race, poverty, woman's rights, and everything but sex. His dull campaign was as tedious as Hubert Humphrey's presidential campaign and lacked even the

touch of camp evident in Bella Abzug's bid for Congress. Kameny made homosexuality look dull. What might have happened had he promised a trick in every bed, a gay bar on every corner, and a queen in the White House? We'll never know, but he couldn't have finished much poorer than he did

One organization tells us "Gay is Angry," and another screams that "Gay is Political." Troy Perry continues on his "Gay is Godly" kick. I may be the last hold-out for gay's being fun, hedonistic, campy and outrageous. Sometimes I feel as lost as Rae Bourbon or Belle Barth might at a joint meeting of the DAR and the federated Hadassahs.

It horrifies many people that I met my lover through Mattachine. They say we're supposed to keep sex out of the movement. Cruising is discouraged at gay rallies by marshals who discourage a conversation by insisting everyone shout hostile slogans. A friend of mine was recently told off for trying to pick up a trick at a gay lib meeting. Meetings, he decided, are for fighting over political ideology, not for making out. Small wonder the bars are flourishing and multiplying!

The middle-class is unable to deal with sexuality. They want to translate homosexuality out of sexuality and into terms which they can deal: politics, religion, minority-group status.

The final solution to the homosexual problem has been found: make homosexuality boring and watch it wither. Soon Dr. Beiber will probably be taking spot announcements on the radio suggesting "Put a little fun in your life. Try heterosexuality." If gay organizations succeed in making homosexuality much more boring, many of us may take Beiber up on that offer.



What if Kameny had promised a Queen in the White House?

Before homosexuality in the grand style breathes its last, I propose that *GAY* readers or someone build a monument to it. Something campy and sexy would be perfect: perhaps a 20-foot marble phallus perched on a hill in Central Park's Rambles. If we have any class at all, we'll make it a fountain, spitting jets of water out of its head at frequent intervals. That should freak out the bourgeoisie, and that, after all, has always been on of the functions of homosexuality.

NYU Hears 20-Year Gay History Review

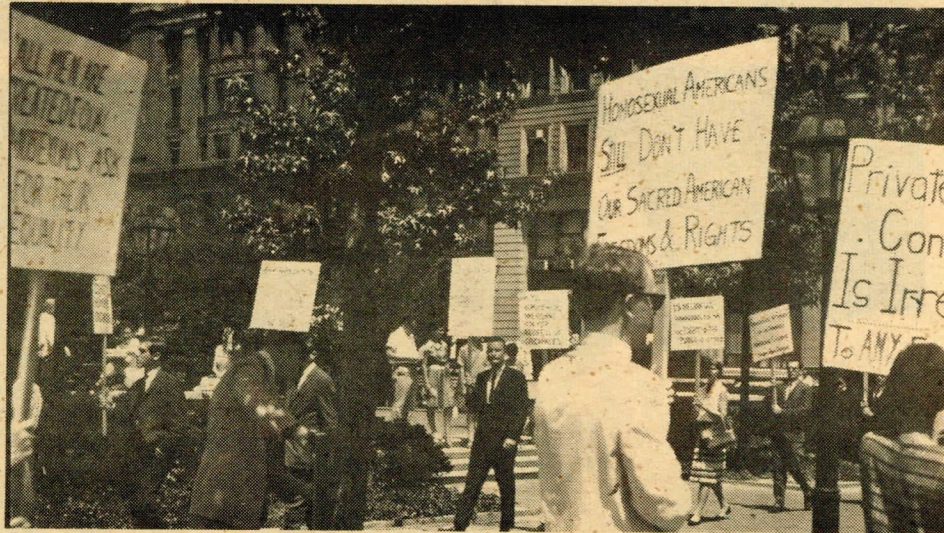
BY RANDY WICKER

New York, N.Y.—“Traditionally, when Americans want change, they organize,” Frank Kameny, recent congressional candidate, noted while commencing an address to NYU’s class on homosexuality, Monday, April 19th.

In the fall of 1969 the movement began to grow enormously, he continued. Two years ago there were only 60 or 70 homophile organizations; now there are about 200.

When small, the movement was homogenous, but as it grew, it became more diverse. However, he said, all segments of the movement agree on two fundamental points: (1) that the homosexual is fully the equal of the heterosexual; and (2) that homosexuality as a state is fully equal to heterosexuality. He added that most of the groups could break their activities down into five rationales, approaches or headings: (1) civil liberties; (2) information-education; (3) community service; (4) social activities; (5) development of sense of community, solidarity, unity, to work within the community to undo the damage done by society. This final category, Kameny added, frequently called “consciousness raising,” is a relatively recent development and new approach within homophile groups.

“Twenty years ago, the movement began with Donald Webster Cory’s *The Homosexual in America*,” Dr. Kameny declared. “In those days you didn’t even



Picket line: July 4, 1965, Independence Hall, Philadelphia

see the word ‘homosexual’ in print except in medical journals and that book was like a light in the darkness.”

The book motivated homosexuals into organizing on the West Coast in the early fifties, he recalled. One eventually settled in the Los Angeles area and the Mattachine Society located itself in San Francisco. For most of the 50’s those two groups were the homosexual movement,

along with the Daughters of Bilitis, which started up in 1955.

“These groups were bland, non-assertive, trying to improve and reform the homosexual community to make it ‘respectable.’ They deferred to all other experts and had psychiatrists, lawyers, psychologists, ministers, etc. coming in to tell them about themselves.”

Kameny said he had first become involved with the movement in 1957 when he lost his job with the Federal

Government for telling civil service investigators that “it was none of their business” when they questioned him regarding his homosexuality.

He wrote his own brief and fought his case all the way to the Supreme Court, which in those days heard only some 7% of the cases appealed to it (a figure which has now dropped to 3%). His appeal was turned down ten years ago to the day he

stood for election as congressional representative from Washington, D.C. this March 23rd.

In March 1961, Kameny founded the Mattachine Society of Washington. Along with Jack Nichols and several other Washingtonians they began issuing a newsletter called the *Gazette*.

“We were a civil liberties group, militantly so,” Kameny reminisced, “and we got a lot of hostile reaction from other organizations and local homosexuals for being so. Other groups would say they had connections with the ACLU, which sent speakers to them. Well, we sent speakers to the ACLU.”

When they put J. Edgar Hoover on the Society’s mailing list and commenced sending him the *Gazette*, Kameny was called down to the Justice Department, although his name did not appear on the masthead. He was informed by an FBI agent that “J. Edgar Hoover takes a grave view of this.” The agent asked why Mr. Hoover’s name was on their mailing list, then informed them that Mr. Hoover “wanted to be taken off.”

Kameny responded that as citizens they had the right to send any mailings to any public official. He agreed to discuss the matter with his board of directors, whom he described to the FBI agent as “very independently-minded people.”

After talking the matter over with the board, they decided that since the FBI had called in Kameny, they must maintain a file on the Mattachine Society of Washington. They therefore wrote a letter, saying they would remove J. Edgar Hoover’s name from their mailing list (Continued on page 12)

500 Homosexuals March For Peace



Photo by Richard C. Wandel

A friendly face in a gay crowd. (Continued from page 3)

Somehow, we decided, the march had been more of a “people’s march” than those on previous occasions. More blacks, more working people, more of our elders and conservatively dressed folks were in evidence. And of course, there were more gays than ever before.

We had spent the day looking for the Gay Contingent, but the contingent itself was only the tip of an iceberg. I saw two middle-aged males, conservatively dressed, sitting on the lawn near us outside the Capitol grounds. They were not “movement types”—but there they were, unself-consciously holding hands, being themselves, and doing their thing. And how beautiful they were.

Many of the marchers left the city after dinner, but others remained to gird themselves for what were expected to be “heavier,” less peaceful actions centering on May Day and the week of civil disobedience that was to follow. Again gays were to play a prominent and visible role as arrangements and plans were made for the activities of Gay May Day.

District Attorney Vows To Crush Screw

(Continued from page 3)

obscenity on April 6 for arrests on several early issues of *SCREW*, they have been subjected to extraordinary harassment by the New York City Morals Squad and the District Attorney’s office. The day after their conviction was handed down, they were arrested again for alleged obscenities in the issue of *SCREW* then on the newsstands (No. 108), and a *SCREW* employee was knocked to the floor by one of the arresting officers when he attempted to take a photograph of the bust. Several newsdealers were also arrested, in an obvious attempt to intimidate them into refusing to sell *SCREW*. But the harassment seemed to be coming to an end when the courts decided to suspend the two trials which were pending, and let those charges be decided by the outcome of the appeal on *SCREW*’s original conviction. Shortly after that a very favorable article on *SCREW* appeared in the April 19 issue of *Time* magazine, referring to the paper as “the bestselling hard-sex publication... that has inspired imitation by more than a dozen equally raunchy rivals.”

But the worst was yet to come for the *SCREW TWO*. District Attorney William Cahn is running for re-election, and although he has no jurisdiction over *SCREW* (the paper is not sold in Nassau County), he knew that smearing *SCREW* was a sure-fire way of getting into the headlines. Lige and Jack, editors of *GAY* and

partners of Goldstein and Buckley, termed this arrest “obvious harassment” and said “homosexuals can empathize with the child molestation smear tactics used against *SCREW* and Goldstein.” Since Goldstein had no knowledge of what his advertisers were doing, and since the ads themselves were worded so innocuously as to give no indication as to their actual purpose, it is outrageous to directly link Goldstein to the crimes allegedly committed by the Abrams.

On the morning of the arrest, Goldstein was handcuffed to the four other prisoners (the Abrams and a couple who had rented their 7-year-old daughter to the Abrams) while the DA held a one-hour press conference in which he called *SCREW* a “watering trough of depravity” and vowed to put the paper out of business. The extensive television coverage of the arrest created the very definite impression that Goldstein had been “picked up” with his cohorts in crime, when in fact he had turned himself in to the district attorney’s office on his own accord. *The Daily News*, reporting that “A \$250,000 pornographic photo operation employing child models... has been smashed with the arrest of five persons...” very clearly implicated Goldstein in the commission of the alleged crimes, and the *New York Post* printed *SCREW*’s address and phone number, resulting in hundreds of bomb threats and hate phone calls for the *SCREW* staff.

The media, though, did respond to *SCREW*’s request for equal time, and the following night Goldstein appeared on CBS-TV, Metromedia, and ABC-TV to refute the charges made against him. But the original impression seems to have been already accepted by some members of the public. Chemical Bank, where *SCREW* had its account, has refused to continue to do business with the newspaper, which it considers a “moral risk,” and every other bank in the city has refused to take *SCREW*’s account (including several foreign banks).

When asked to comment on the charges made against him, Al Goldstein said, “It’s a political vendetta by a desperate District Attorney seeking re-election—a District Attorney who learned all he could from Huey Long and Adolph Eichman. Though the alleged crime may be shocking and despicable, the witch (pervert) hunting of the DA matches it in viciousness and illogic. Busting *SCREW* for these rather innocent-looking ads is the equivalent of busting the *New York Times* for running ads for cigarettes which cause lung cancer or arresting the mayor of the city for allowing these alleged criminals to live there.”

Lige and Jack said of the case “The District Attorney is guilty of unforgivable smear tactics which he’s using in an obvious attempt to destroy *SCREW*. If *SCREW* is endangered, many homosexual publications are endangered too.”

Loosely About Women

BY SOREL DAVID

Sunday afternoon and WCBS seems to be in the middle of a Simon and Garfunkle weekend Soul Spectacular—oooh la la I am a rock—and if you don't know what soul is baby—that ain't it. Nor, might I add, does it all sound very spectacular. It is the weekend though, they're right about that, I'm sitting here quietly reflecting on the fact that once again, I missed the Saturday dance—could have gone but what for. Well for one thing there's the cookies and the cake, the pretzels, the potato chips, and the chocolate donuts, yeah the chocolate donuts are alright. The good Daughters of DeBilitis really put out a nice spread for their Saturday night bashes. Well for two dollars a head in this age of hard times they better do something and you can't get away with not paying for it either. At GLF or Radicalesbian dances with all that heavy Marx and Lenin to each according to his ability and all power to the radical slogans around you can get by pretty easily. All you got to do is tell them you're oppressed and they'll let you in but at DOB money talks, nobody walks.

Nobody dances too much either, especially early in the evening, at the beginning of the dance when the ambience is rather reminiscent of a high school dance—you know, the girls on one side and the girls on the other side. (Like that ambience—the *Village Voice's* pick hit word of the year for 1970—pretty good huh?) Well you can't really get it on to Barbara Streisand. A little later on some of the radical heavies in the crowd stage a coup d'etat of the juke box surrounding it with all their righteous width and girth at which time we are treated to a to a steady diet of Laura Nyro and Santana. A few diehards, remembering the buffalo, opt for Buffy St. Marie but mostly Nyro and Santana are the big hits on the box. Miss Nyro is a winner because, as everyone knows, she's far out and has lesbian groupies, certainly not because she can sing—she can't and Santana, a woman explained to me, because they're pretty good and they don't really oppress us with the lyrics because they don't use words too much. So Oye Como Va counts for nothing if it ain't English, and it ain't English, but what about Black Magic Woman? Maybe that's okay because of the black.

I know it must be alright because everything over at DOB is studiously with it and correct. I remember one Saturday night when I stayed to the bitter end hoping that somebody interesting would turn up. In the very last few minutes, when miracle of miracles, it actually happened, the two of us, me and this somebody interesting of course, were



Socials today aren't like the Good Ol' Days

WOMEN ON ONE SIDE AND WOMEN ON THE OTHER

afforded a real treat, a glimpse of democracy in action, the president of DOB, Ruth Simpson, sweeping up. Well, what's a president for anyway? It was all very romantic actually, we were standing there trying to look into each others' eyes through the clouds of dust her militant broom action was raising. And as she deftly maneuvered a flock of cigarette butts over our shoes she counseled us to "Oh no please don't move, it's alright.", remembering to add thoughtfully at the last minute, "I do hope I'm not oppressing you two."

I decided recently that my new thing, my new modus operandi and was of relating or explaining myself—I mean I got tired of being taken for a know-nothing all the time. The minute I show my face any place people start telling me where it's at, dragging out all the old leaflets about gay oppression trying to sell me buttons and steering me to the newest just coming out consciousness raising group. It's either that or else they seem to assume that I've been around forever and know everything, neither of which is true of course. The reason for the confusion, I

think, is that I usually don't say very much, people figure if you're quiet you're either very wise or very dumb.

Anyway, I decided I needed some kind of rap, or way of coming on to let everyone know that I know where it's at. My thing was going to be to go around saying that I quit Radicalesbians because they weren't political enough. I had it all together, all about the knitting that goes on at meetings—definite evidence of revisionist tendencies and all. You know what happened—I got co-opted by the revolution. Before I had a chance to open my mouth a woman at the Gay Community Center hit me with the exact same thing, only she was serious about it, she was for real, I couldn't believe it. Seriousness of purpose, creeping liberalism and knitting were some of the things she mentioned. Then she let me in on the inside scoop, the Gay Community Center is not officially where it's at. After that our conversation degenerated to the usual, sexism, male chauvinism and Ti-Grace's latest stand on lesbians.

Too bad—I thought she was beautiful, a slim blond with a boyishly hard and muscular body, piercingly blue eyes—it

might possibly be a sign of intelligence. But she was perfect looking, my ideal type. You know what she was before she decided to dedicate her life to the community center and the cause—a classics major at Columbia. Fantastic! I had it all planned out in my head—how we would sit around all day reading Sappho to each other while we peeled grapes. But she was more interested in talking about consciousness raising. What a waste. I tried anyway, asked for her phone number. The closest I came was the time and meeting place of her group, yes, her consciousness raising group. She thought I'd better come get my consciousness raised to find out why I shouldn't be writing for **SCREW** or **GAY**.

I could tell that we'd never get along so I told her I was more interested in unconsciousness raising and left. You know that sort of thing is really quite a problem for someone like me. I can't drink because of my ulcer and I'm too hopelessly neurotic and paranoid for drugs. That leaves, of course, yoga and sex—now if I could only remember which one was which. The one with the weird positions is—no that's the other—well anyway.

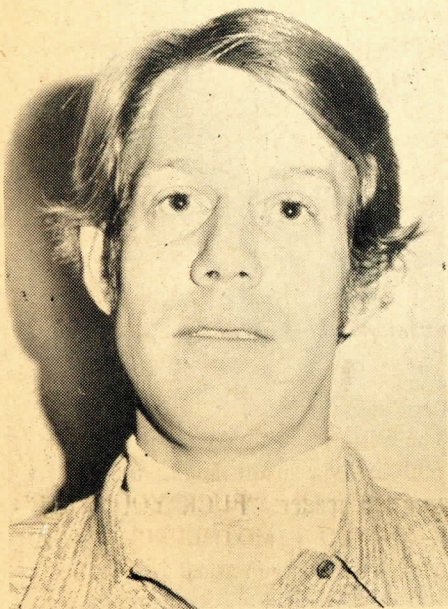
The Cruising Photographer

QUESTION:

The State Legislature is being asked to repeal the Sodomy Laws. Do you think it really matters whether or not they do?

Jim Hartfield, Long Beach, Calif.

"The State Legislature should and will change the sodomy laws; they will have



to, Gay people as a whole will not be suppressed any longer as human beings. That's all there is to it."

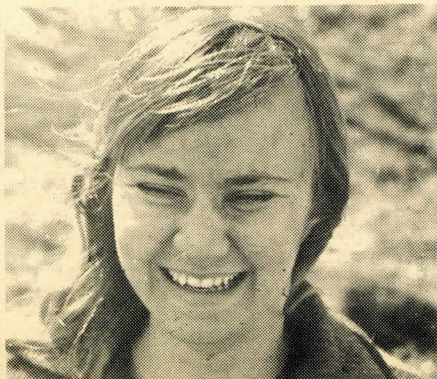


Jim McClard, Wash., D.C.

"Yes. I think just by 'being,' I have been given a right to choose with whom I will have sexual activity. The State Legislature has no right to tell me whom to sleep with."

Mary Wagner, Long Island

"Yes. Sodomy laws condemn a commonplace practice between sexual partners—heterosexual as well as homosexual. These laws violate the First Amendment, separation of Church and State. The



sodomy laws originate from the Juaeo-Christian moral code. What a person wishes to do with his own body should be determined by his own conscience, not by the State. The Sodomy laws brand the homosexual as a criminal in the eyes of society and leave him with a false sense of guilt and shame, thus resulting in psychological damage.

Joie de vivre



BY THE STAFF OF GAY

Dear Gay:

I just recently came out and on my first visit to a gay bar I met and went home with someone. After a week of seeing him, he professed his love for me. Although I like my friend as well as anyone I have ever met, I do not love him and have told him so repeatedly. As I'm new to the gay life, I feel that I should meet and have sex with a variety of people before deciding if I want to take a lover. My friend says that he doesn't want anyone but me, and although it will hurt him, he will accept the fact that I may have relations with others. Unbeknownst to him, I have met another fellow who I also like and have slept with. My new friend has not come right out and said so, but I feel he too is beginning to think in more serious terms. Is it possible in the gay life to establish more than one deep friend-sex relationship concurrently? I see the next couple of years as exciting ones if I can avoid suffocating entanglements.

B.T.

Wash., D.C.

Dear B.T.:

Unfortunately, many gay people have unconsciously decided to mimic conventional sexual lifestyles without really considering alternatives. If you feel you want to avoid "entanglements" at this time, by all means do so. If you wish to continue seeing your friend, that's fine too, but he must understand that he has to accept you as you are and not try to make you over into the type of lover he demands. No one can simply decide to find a lover. Relationships form by themselves if people are open to them. There's no reason at all why you can't have several friend-sex relationships at once, as long as you do so openly. Avoid deceptions. A widened capacity for personal relationships is a beautiful thing and should be sought rather than avoided.

Dear Gay:

Last October I met a gay usher at a wedding. Since then, we've seen each other several times. The problem is I haven't seen or heard from him for over a month. I wrote a letter to this guy, telling him how I feel towards him; I saw him three days later, and all he said was he had received the letter. Since that night I haven't heard from him. I love this guy very much and I need him. I see him once, then I don't hear from him for two months. I can't stand it this way. What the hell should I do? Should I call him? Should I try to forget him even though that would be painful?

A.F.

Stamford, Conn.

Dear A.F.:

We suspect the reason your usher

friend hasn't responded to you is that he feels you're rushing him and he realizes at this point that a close relationship won't help either of you. If you've seen him only a few times, it's one-sided romance, not love. You really don't know him well enough to say you love him. Mutual love occurs of its own accord and cannot be forced. Apparently it hasn't happened. Your best bet is to do yourself a good turn and stop suffering. Forget the dramatic emotions. If you persist in your efforts to see him, you'll only drag out your own pain and wind up with the same conclusion anyway. There are lots of warm, exciting people around, and you should seize the opportunity to meet some of them NOW.

Dear Gay:

I'm twenty years old, and have tried hard to find a guy that would love and care for me. But in a way I'm afraid. When I was seventeen, I gave myself to an older guy. After that I was afraid of him and gave him the brush off because most of my friends in my home town knew he was a homosexual. To protect myself I began going steady with a girl with whom I'm still going. This girl says she loves me but I don't love her. When I take her out, I just look at other guys and wonder what they would be like to make love to. I'm now living away from home and away from the hometown pressure, but I just don't know how to pick up or be friendly with other guys. I'm about to go out of my mind from loneliness here in Atlanta. Can you recommend a way to meet guys like me? Anyone who has found happiness in this type of existence is lucky, for I have not found any as of yet.

L.J.

Atlanta, Ga.

Dear L.J.:

How do you expect to find happiness when you're paralyzed by fear? Your fears have created a deceitful situation in which you toy with your girlfriend's emotions for no other reason than to hide your own. Think of other people for a change. Get out and explore the world.

Life in Atlanta swings. There are lots of bars, baths, parties and dances. Check out Atlanta's GLF too (P.O. Box 7611, Station C, Atlanta, Georgia). If you can stop being fearful, you'll be much happier. At least you've had the good sense to recognize your fears which puts you many steps ahead of those who haven't. Your battle is half-won. Remember: this is a new age! To be different is not to be indecent. If the occasion arises, stand up for your right to live and love as you see fit, and be an individual. Happiness isn't the result of luck. Be open to yourself and to others. If your girlfriend is only a cover-up, be fair and stop seeing her.

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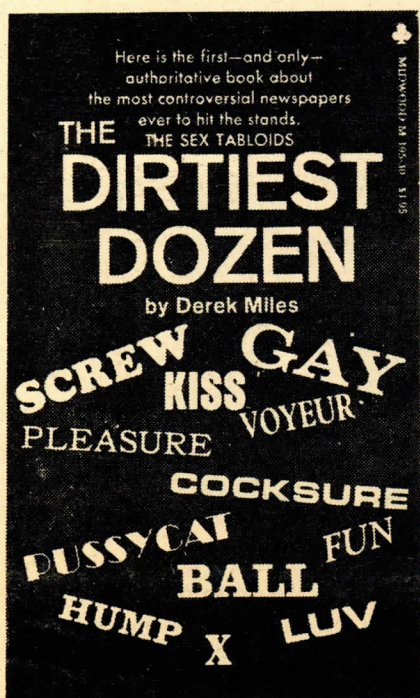
SUBSCRIBE TO GAY!!

The Dirtiest Dozen, by Derek Miles, Midwood Books, 185 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016, \$1.95.

BY DAVID MACK



et it all hang out. And I do mean *all*. Nothing sacred. If **SCREW** and its lesser orbs in the New York based constellation of Archporn were to perish this very day, they would have made an indelible mark; a magnificent handful of vintage horseshit right in the puss of sober sociology. And regardless of the Criminal Court of New York and the *opera bouffe* which had its temporary finale on March 30th, there is no turning back. I really don't think I am overly optimistic when I say that the doors opened by these publications will stay open. And bless them for the snort of pure oxygen they have pumped into our stale, prissy, hypocritically crippled little bodies.



Vulgar? Yes. *Odi Profanum Vulgus*. Vulgarly polished to perfection and endowed with that rightful place among the Fine Arts. "Up yours, Muthuh-fuckuh!" conjugated by Catullus. Or this ad placed in **SCREW**, set to music by Stockhausen and sung by Callas: "God-damn it! If you really want to be obedient, put this paper down and write to me this instant! My 37-23-36 is shaking with rage over your disobedience! DO IT NOW!!"

Spread shots of a transsexual; vegetable similes of genitals; where to buy a new artificial vagina when your old cunt wears out; where the twilight ladies saunter and their geographically respective prices; Nova Nixon's head inside the beloved Shitlist toilet bowl; a cartoon burlesque of Onassis showing placating dollar bills up Jackie's insatiable snatch; interviews with Lords Henry Miller, Terry Southern and Gore Vidal. It's all there. If you don't like it, piss off!

Of course, it's too early for us to predict exactly how profound an impact **SCREW**, **KISS**, **PLEASURE**, **TITS 'n BALLS**, **SMEGMA** and **SOILED UNDIES** will have upon our kultur, but I think it's safe to say that when the thesis that examines the relative sexual liberation of this century is finally written, these irreverent tabloids will deserve and get far more than an obscure footnote. They have mirrored our age certainly as accurately as the *New York Times*, and with a much greater perception of immediate reality.

In the meantime, we can content



Photo by Al Goldstein

THE DIRTIEST DOZEN

ourselves nicely with *The Dirtiest Dozen*, Derek Miles' valuable reportorial dissection of the "pornzines." (Midwood Enterprises, Inc. 1971. Paperback at \$1.95.) It is a well written survey, tracing the history from **SCREW**'s first issue in November, 1968, up to the current fux-flux. Miles admits the book is slanted in favor of **SCREW** and **GAY**. His analyses primarily concern them. Not only was (is) **SCREW** "first and best in the field it created," but the Milky Way offices were the most cooperative when he was gathering material and interviews. (**PLEASURE** has been so paralyzed by Loretta Law that the publisher refused to have anything to do with Miles at all.)

He gives a great deal of space to our own Jack Nichols in an often eloquent interview in which Jack observes: "**GAY** helps to relieve a lot of the isolation that so many people feel. It helps to give them a sense of where things are at, sexually, so that they don't feel their sexuality is such an important point... that there's so much more than specifically just their sexuality."

Although I personally do not feel that **GAY** should be classified with the rest of

the voluptuously pornographic tabs—(vulgarity/obscenity as an end in itself has never been its prime consideration)—Jack's statement could apply equally to all the publications. Straights as well as gays feel sexual isolation. By the very act of deliberate overkill, an inundation far above and beyond the saturation point, the papers have shown us how foolish are our uptight attitudes. We-the-people, in over-emphasizing the importance of sex, and our puritanical awe and fear of it, are solely responsible for the atmosphere necessary to create the pornzines. In they came, and with the healthiest attitude imaginable. Attend the Buckley-Goldstein editorial in the first issue of **SCREW**: "... it will always be served with the idea, standing out stiff and manifest, that sex is fun."

Sex equated with... fun? Imagine that! Well, actually Buckley and Goldstein are wrong, of course. Sex itself is not fun, but people are very funny, and therefore sex, when conjured with such consistent ineptness by humans, is hilarious. Unfortunately, Puritans do not laugh much, especially if they bear the

bare brunt of the joke. And iconoclastic little boys who point rude fingers, giggle and diddle in public, get spanked for their efforts. Ergo, a \$3000 fine for jocose impetuosity. *That* should teach you to poke fun at a virgin asshole!

But—if not for Humor, and the satirical razzing of the Sacred, what is there in this world? Naught but that virgin asshole, puckered dourly. And I am lavish with my thanks to Messrs. Buckley, Goldstein, and the rest for their jolly jibes and splendidly incorrigible decadence. And I also thank Derek Miles for his recognition of these forces and his gentle desire for the public to share and appreciate the joke with him. (Miles observes; he never judges. A pro...)

Along with a general examination of the prevailing temper of pornzines, their history and tragicomic tilting at judicial windmills, the author devotes a series of chapters to such subjects as: the classified ads—(I feel, upon rereading, that they are much less reflective of the demented side of humanity than revelatory of the superbly uninhibited versatility of which we are all *theoretically* capable)—the fiction—(generally wretched; Buckley and Goldstein showed their astuteness in excluding this type of fare, from the beginning)—the film reviews, including note of the noble "Peter-Meter" evaluations—(Miles on Goldstein: "*Any man who could liken his cock to the Ten Commandments was plainly a man of principle.*").

Then there are the indignant Letters-To-The-Editors and the inviolate principle of replying via insult added to injury. Disgruntled reader: "FUCK YOU! YOU PERVERTED MOTHERS!" Jack Nichols' benignly whimsical reply: "OK, but remember that fucking perverted fathers is fun too!" In addition, there are the regular advice columns, berserk horoscopes, bar directories, explicit photos, plus multitudinous personal humping histories. (I fear we are running perilously low on perversions—and at last count there were only three unexplored fetishes left, the best of them concerning leprous pygmies and scrambled eggs.)

Miles summarizes thusly: "*Truth may or may not be stranger than fiction, but it is unquestionably healthier. The young know this intuitively; the old tend to forget. Perhaps, therefore, the current furor over the sex tabloids is simply an inevitable consequence of the generation gap rather than a matter of absolute right or wrong.*" One of the few who has had the intelligence, courage, and plain common sense to try bridging that notorious gap (aided, we grant, by the impetus of love) is the mother of Jack Nichols who, in a letter to her son and "son-in-law" [Lige Clarke], wrote with only the slightest reservation of her pride in their work and life-style. On that note of tender optimism, Miles chose to end his treatise.

If, by any chance, you have been comatose in Manitoba for the last three years, are now once again in circulation and hungry for knowledge of The Scene, you are advised to pick up a copy of *The Dirtiest Dozen* and sing the body electric and swinging. Take heart, America, take heart. Eat your Wheaties, grow up big and strong, laugh with and at your gypped genitals, and someday you may be worthy of a soul-satisfyin', lip-smackin' mind-blowin' **SCREW-in**.

NYU Hears 20-Year Gay History Review

(Continued from page 8)

provided the Justice Department gave them a guarantee in writing that any files on the Mattachine Society of Washington would be destroyed and no notations regarding the Society would appear in their records. The Justice Department never responded and J. Edgar Hoover remained on the Washington Mattachine's mailing list.

"What was important," Kameny pointed out, "was that while some members of Washington Mattachine were worried about being on the FBI's list, J. Edgar Hoover was worried about being on our list. We felt we had taken the initiative away from them. They have been on the defensive ever since."

He said that Washington, D.C. had few legal restrictions regarding homosexuals. In Washington, for instance, dancing, gay bars and drag have always been legal—unlike New York, where dancing bars frequently flashed on white lights whenever a policeman entered and where Mayor Wagner brought about such a crackdown that Dick Leitsch had to attempt raising the issue legally by staging a "sip-in" in 1963.

Kameny said real militancy commenced in April '65, when the Washington Mattachine and New York

Mattachine staged virtually simultaneous demonstrations on Easter weekend protesting Castro's incarceration of homosexuals in work camps in Cuba. Both demonstrations were small. Washington's picket line had only ten



Gay Lib in 1965: Presidents and Vice-Presidents of Organizations

people on it; New York's fewer than 25. Once initiated, however, gay demonstrations proliferated and grew. Even the earlier ones gained worldwide publicity.

For five years, Kameny recalled, gay groups on the East Coast picketed Independence Hall in Philadelphia. He described them as "very austere demonstrations" in which all male participants had to wear dress coats and ties, while all the women had to wear dresses.

Kameny says that over the years the

Civil Service Commission has undergone a change in rhetoric if not in policies. At first, the Civil Service Commission said: "Homosexuality is so repugnant the mere presence of a homosexual in an office would be damaging to morale and

charges against suspected homosexuals are dropped, or honorable discharges are given. He says the secret to winning your case in the service is: SAY NOTHING; SIGN NOTHING; GET COUNSEL; FIGHT BACK.

In 1965, Kameny said the first Council of Religion and the Homosexual was founded in San Francisco. Next, in 1967, Bob Martin founded the first gay group on a college campus, at Columbia University, which received national publicity and brought in scores of angry letters from Alumni. These gay groups have multiplied, Kameny beamed, and the University of Maryland just outside Washington was having its first gay dance that week-end.

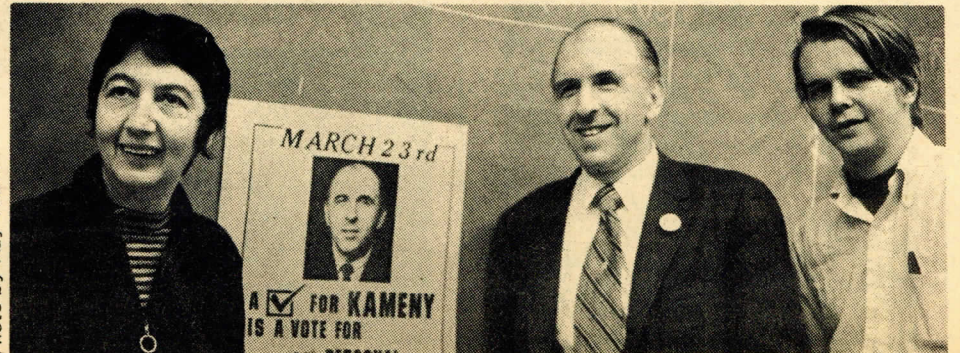
Next, he charged, we should encourage gay organizations in high schools. If they scream, we'll take them to court and throw the Constitution at them and have gay dances in high schools anyway.

"The Christopher Street riot" as such was not nearly as important as the message it conveyed to straights that "we've been shoved around for 3,000 years and we're tired of it and we're shoving back," Kameny declared.

"With the Christopher Street riot, the

efficiency." Today they say: "Homosexuals working in an agency would impair public confidence in the agency."

Kameny recalled how civil service hearings barred counsel for people charged with being homosexual. He fought them on this and won the right for



Dr. Kameny (center) with NYU's Roz Regelson and GAA's Breck Ardery

counsel on behalf of the accused. The Civil Service Commission, however, said that the counsel couldn't be in the same room with the defendant during the hearing. This ruling lasted only one afternoon. Kameny, who was serving as counsel for someone undergoing interrogation, was put in a room at the end of a block-long corridor. The defendant was put at the other end of the corridor but Kameny had instructed his client to answer nothing, to put all questions down on paper and come to him and they would give written replies. His client did this. The interrogation took four hours. After that counsel was allowed to sit in the room with the defendant during the hearing. Recently, Kameny pointed out, the Civil Service Commission called him in and said they would consider giving homosexuals some menial positions, but Kameny responded that that was "not enough."

He said his first encounter with the U.S. Army was a memorable one. He started at the top, seeking to talk with the Secretary of the Army but ended up speaking to someone a few levels further down who informed him that the Army couldn't change its policy of excluding homosexuals because "the mothers of America would scream if we threw their boys in an army with these people."

Kameny claims that in all cases he currently gets at a sufficiently early stage,

gay movement had finally become a grass roots, popular movement. At least it started the process in the big cities." He added. "But there are still a lot of people in the closets in the country and small town areas."

Kameny said a basic split was appearing in the gay movement everywhere. GLF in New York, for instance, works in terms of unity of oppressions while GAA concentrates specifically on the homosexual issue.

"There is no single road to heaven," he continued. "It's good for us to have this diversity."

Political activity was a relatively new tactic for the homophile movement, Kameny asserted. S.I.R. in San Francisco started its political activity a few years ago and now all political candidates in that city address homosexual audiences. He said that his own campaign in Washington, D.C. carried this tactic one step further by offering a homosexual candidate rather than simply trying to decide which candidate is most lenient or sympathetic toward the homosexual community.

But we still have a lot of work to do, Kameny concluded. We are no longer being told by the world, we are telling the world. But we face severe problems in certain areas: in psychiatry, in the law, in the general attitudes of our own community.

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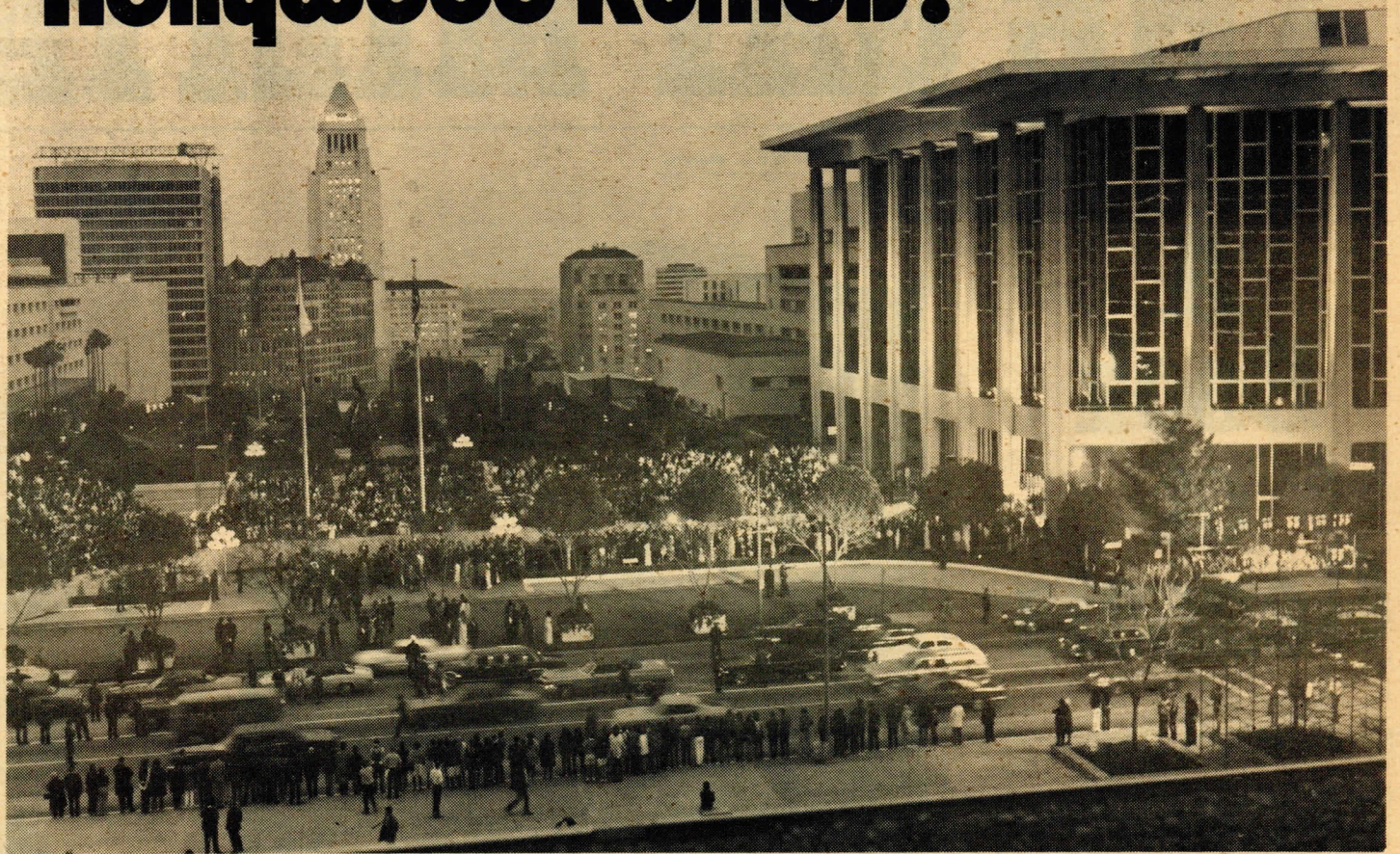
BY AARON BATES

Hollywood Rumors:

The Academy Awards this year proved that good old George C. Scott knew what he was talking about when he decided to react to "Oscar" in the way that Lady Macbeth reacted to the blood on her hands. As usual, the only people to appear the least bit excited were the winners and with the exception of John Mills, none of the top four showed up. Of course, that's not entirely true. Helen Hayes is "the first lady of the theatre" because she's outlived everyone else. She didn't think she'd win, probably because the four other contenders for supporting actress had handed in much better performances. But since when does a Lee Grant or a Karen Black have a chance against nostalgia? I would have given nominee Sally Kellerman an award for the sheer will power she possesses for keeping her nipples covered in a dress that looked as if it would surrender at any moment.

Naturally, I was thrilled when Glenda Jackson won, proving that *Patton* wasn't the *only* movie the illustrious voters had seen in 1970. Luckily for Glenda, George C. Scott had decided *against* playing the general in drag.

And what can you say about a girl who loses the biggie in spite of the efforts of her VIP studio boss husband? All you can say is that Paramount's Bob Evans doesn't have all the power he thinks he has and that Ali MacGraw, although the handsomest girl nominated, could use a few more acting lessons. Anyway, it was a good try, Bob! Good try, Ali!



The Academy on the big night.

Why George Doesn't Want Oscar

however, if the lyrics had not been published in the Hollywood trade papers in an attempt to win the voters and having the reverse effect.

It was slightly amusing to watch Bob Hope drop the biggest bomb, since Hiroshima and to know that he knew he

eye-opening performance in a Los Angeles bathhouse? And what about that famous actor who proved an emotional range of A through Z when the hustler he was making it with dropped dead of a heart attack mid-performance? Wasn't the actor's attempt to conceal exposure of this unhappy incident at least worthy of a nomination? And shouldn't a special award be given to a certain TV doctor for denouncing the explicit nudity and sex depicted on the screen, especially when you bear in mind that he used to pose for pictures wearing only boots? And are those stories true about that famous all-American lady vocalist, who while descending a flight of stairs to the arms of waiting reporters, was heard belting out, "God Fuck America"? This delightful fat lady should have been given some award for changing her staid image so abruptly. An award for the wittiest quip of the year should be given to a certain actress, known for the wide variety of mother roles she's played, who referred to her lady co-star in a recent film thusly: "The reason we get along is because she always wants to be a girl scout and I've always been a boy scout."

At any rate, if the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences did not wish to honor all of these performers, in my heart I have given all of them a special "Oscar."

How long the actual Academy Awards continue is anybody's guess. The movie industry in Hollywood seems to be dying from sheer stupidity, ridiculous costs and expenditures, and studio bosses with the sensibilities of used car salesmen. Since Paramount hit it big with *Love Story*, these mini-brained movie moguls seem to think that *all* people are turning off to sex and on to mediocre romances. Therefore, the big studios are now planning to concentrate on G and GP-rated movies. Twentieth-Century Fox, for example, claims that their two X-rated movies of last year—*Beyond the Valley of the Dolls* and *Myra Breckinridge*—were not accepted by the public.

Of course, this fuzzy thinking excludes the fact that both movies in question were artistic catastrophes. But what about an X-rated movie like *Midnight Cowboy*? What about R-rated movies like *Five Easy Pieces* or *Women In Love*? When mature films are made with intelligence and skill, the box office doesn't suffer one bit.

But the movie studios would rather commit financial suicide all the way and specialize on movies for mental midgets. The fact that most G movies and many GA-rated movies bomb at the box office (How many of *you* have seen *Darling Lili*?) doesn't really occur to them. For every *Love Story* or *Airport*, they conveniently forget the miles of film footage playing to empty houses.



"I don't want you Oscar!"

In the Best Performance by an Actor category, I felt sorry for everyone who lost, with the exception of Ryan O'Neal, who felt sorry enough for himself to compensate for my lack of interest. But since love is never having to say you're sorry (I hope that's not copyrighted so I can use it), he'll get over it.

Even though I wasn't thrilled about any of the songs nominated this year—why wasn't Cass Elliot's "The Good Times Are Coming" from *Monte Walsh* up or even the Beatles' *Let It Be*—I was glad that the theme song from *Madron*, a movie I never heard of, lost. Although Lola Falana put everything into it that wasn't there to begin with, "Till Love Touches Your Heart" has the most abominable lyrics I have heard in years. The song might have had a chance,

was doing it as he did it. His peak of bad taste came when he stated that the role Chief Dan George played in *Little Big Man* should have been given to an American. Although the attempt at humor was apparent, the delivery was not. Although the joke was meant to be harmless, Bob Hope must have known, as did most people in Hollywood, that Chief Dan George's wife had just died of cancer, that her last wish was that he should be present at the ceremonies, aware of the honor he would be bringing to all American Indians had he won.

As the show dragged on, I could not help but think of all those courageous stars who were not even mentioned for their off-the-screen conduct this past year. Why didn't that famous singer with the fat cheeks get an award for his



Goldie Hawn: Oh my God! It's George C. Scott!

When movies dealing with sexual topics start getting more quality in them, they will succeed. But the Hollywood industry may be out of business before this is realized. The Academy Awards, if they survive, find themselves giving out best picture awards to movies like *How Andy Hardy Passed Puberty Without Even Knowing It*.



THE GAY MILITANTS:

A Book of Genesis

BY THANE HAMPTEN

THE GAY MILITANTS, by Donn Teal, Stein and Day Publishers.

To crave for happiness in this world is simply to be possessed by a spirit of revolt. What right have we to happiness?

HENRIK IBSEN ("Ghosts")

Revolutions are not made; they come. A revolution is as natural a growth as an oak. It comes out of the past. Its foundations are laid far back.

WENDELL PHILLIPS 1852

Protests blossom forth when the oppressed social conditions are slightly ameliorated, when they seem to be on the road to improvement, offering hope and promise for change, but creating frustration in those impatient for the change and still suffering under less than tolerable conditions.

EDWARD SAGARIN in "The Realist"

I'm GLAD I'm a homosexual!

ONE Magazine 1957

No revolution without us!

GAY LIBERATION FRONT 1969

Out of the closets and into the streets!
5,000 HOMOSEXUALS June 28, 1970

It was a hot night, not very different from any other humid mid-summer night, except perhaps that Judy Garland had just been buried. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust . . . and an end to an era. In more ways than one. Shortly after midnight, June 28th, 1969: the limp-wristed, guilt-ridden, closet-sequestered, Uncle-Tomming cocksucker was also about to be interred. R.I.P., baby!

The stage is set—well set. The Stonewall Inn, capacity 50, was stacked to the ceiling with hot young bodies. "Hell, some of these kids don't even *have* any other place to go!" (The more affluent were doing the ghetto gavotte at Cherry Grove.) Heavy smell of sweat; hardrock battering the eardrums; small glassine envelopes, empty on the floor. Enter: Deputy Inspector Seymour Pine, First Division, New York City Police Department. A routine raid. So he thought.

If the first beer can thrown at the Inspector was not the "shot heard round the world," its resonant *clonk!*, and the ensuing reverberations were soon picked up by the alert antennae of millions of

Photo by Richard C. Wandel



Two portraits of the historian: Donn Teal



Gay Pride on June 28th: Courage and Beauty.

homosexuals around the country, and eventually by humanity at large. It was a beginning. It was *the* beginning. And the end? *Outta sight, man!*

The following evening, a battered but defiant Stonewall re-opened. Allen Ginsberg looked in, and beamed. "You know, the guys there were so beautiful—they've lost that wounded look that fags all had 10 years ago . . ."

That *wounded* look. Gone. Along with a dozen red roses, thrown onto the stage of the Palace. ("You made me love you . . .") Gone. Along with Michael's self-loathing and Emory's never-consummated tryst with Dr. Botts. But what on earth came to fill that dark void, Mary?

I'll tell you what, Agnes-Anne. *Kids*, battle-scarred and angry. Gutsy little street-fighters. If you hit 'em below the belt, they'll return the favor with a curtsy, then squeeze your nuts off. "No more *hiding!*" An end to shame, to labels, to categories. "I was in Vietnam, man, how does that grab you? Two Congressional Medals! And I'll screw your daughter. *But I'll screw your son first!*" Zap! "Do you think homosexuals are revolting? You bet your sweet ass we are!

GAY POWWWWWWER!"

Segue to the present; two years have elapsed. And the Gay Liberation movement has found its Boswell. Donn Teal

has made a detailed chronicle of the entire thing in his massive, exhaustive account, *The Gay Militants*, a major work to be published at the end of May by a major company—(Stein and Day). It has a cast of thousands, including this reviewer—which shows Teal's reluctance to weed out insignificant detail). Roll call: Marty Robinson, Jim Owles, Arthur Bell, Kay Tobin, Arthur Evans, Lige Clarke, Jack Nichols, Morty Manford, Pat Rocco, Henry Hay, Morris Kight, Leo Lawrence, Kate Millet, Troy Perry, Dick Leitsch, Jim Kepner, Bob Martin, Franklin Kameny, Bella Abzug, Randy Wicker, Angelo d'Arcangelo, and a host of others, all vitally important, but too numerous to mention here.

The research—statistics, names, dates, places, quotations, excerpts, complete speeches, reproductions of broadsides—is profoundly and absolutely *mind-boggling*.

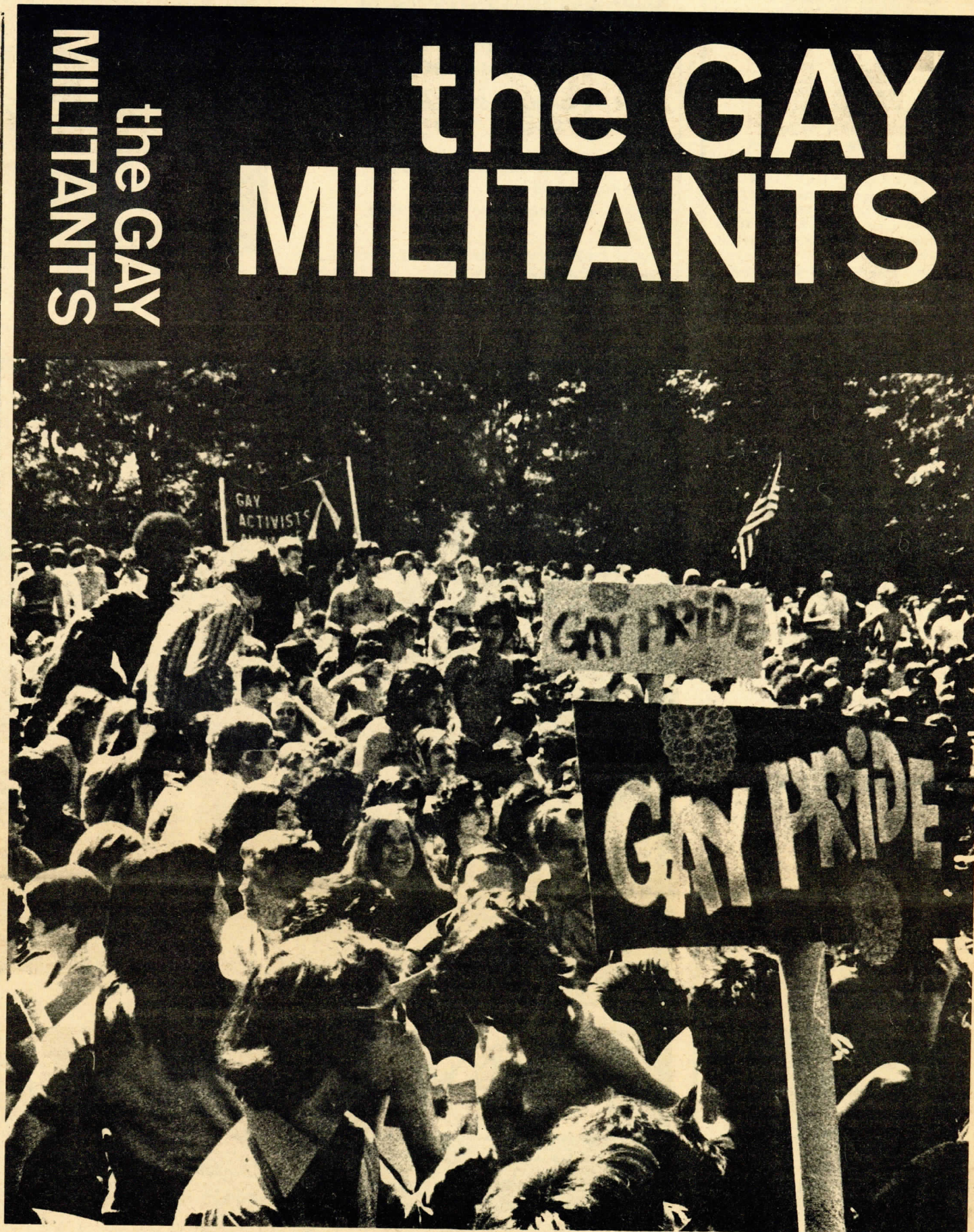
It is reported that Teal required over six months on this research and I can well believe it. (The table of contents alone is a gold mine.) No, it isn't the sort of book one curls up with in front of a warm hearth. Due to deadlines, I had to read it in one gargantuan gulp and am now trying to rid myself of an olympian migraine. But it was worth it. I reviewed much I had forgotten, learned much I didn't know, and above all, am now able to put everything into *proper perspective*.

The net result? I am no longer interested in Gay Pride, as concerns the individual. What is vastly more important, I am extraordinarily and exclusively proud of the achievements of my gay brothers and sisters, the gutsy little street fighters who twisted the big toe of Fatcat Establishment until it hollered uncle.

On every page of this book are eloquent illustrations of gay triumph over straight insensitiveness, indifference, intolerance, and hostility. Therefore, it is much more than invaluable reference material. It is the Gay Book of Genesis, and if you care as much about the incredible flowering of your own people as you do of a casual deflowering in the Rambles, you'll make this volume an immediate and permanent addition to your library. I intend to will my copy to the historically callow little trick I meet at the 1999 Gay Lib anniversary. ("Uncle Thane, tell me again how it used to be when you were a boy and there hadn't even been one gay President yet.")

There are approximately 1000 years between Donald Webster Cory's *The Homosexual in America* and Teal's *The Gay Militants*. There are at least 100 years separating June 28th, 1969 and June 28th, 1970. Between the latter dates are a series of events that have permanently altered much of the structure of American society. After the Stonewall debacle (or "our Verdun" as one gay described it), Teal documents with care and accuracy everything from the Kew Gardens Park Vigilantes to the plans for a "promised land" in Alpine County. There is the beginning of the New York GLF in July, 1969 at Alternate U., the outgrowth of GAA that September, the emergence of Red Butterfly, the in-fighting and back-biting that always threatens to destroy any revolution.

There are countless radical news-sheets, the manifestos and strident mimeo-



The cover of Donn Teal's new book

graphed Ultimata to the repressive society; the gay cells proliferating on every college campus; the gay marriages, gay dances, open and opulent discoteques and baths, gay film and legit theatres; **GAY**, *Gay Power*, *L.A. Advocate*, and other newspapers, acting as catalysts for the virgin culture; TV spots and lead magazine articles; Panther Newton's tentative arm around the gay shoulder, Young Lords—"Man, you people are really gettin' it together!"—and, of course, Women's Lib.

There are the confrontations with politicians. (They are now vaguely "informed"; in '69, they were stunned speechless, to say the least. The zaps of Goldberg and Rockefeller would now make hilarious reading if it weren't for the pity one feels for the befuddled old gentlemen....) An ill-advised attack on Lindsay at the opera; sit-ins and arrests at the Republican State Committee, harassing *Harper's*, bombing Barney's Beanery, blooming Bieber and sacking Socarides.

J'accuse! We demand! Reparation! Reparation! Pot, porno and prick! From Provincetown to Big Sur, yes sir! Gay all the way!

Not all of Teal's accomplishment is simply the cataloging of names, events and places. He gallantly steps aside, in chapter 9, to allow lesbians to write on Women's Lib. He has reprinted, in its entirety, GAA explicitly worded questionnaire to the 1970 political candidates for New York State and Federal legislatures—a questionnaire that should be annually circulated until... There is a beautiful reconstruction of the scathing and scorching invasion of the Second Behavioral Modification Conference—(worth the price of the book in itself; if your faith in gay strength ever needs reaffirmation, digest this passage and fly high).

The final chapter of Teal's history is totally concerned with the Christopher Street Liberation Day Parade and Central

Park Gay-In. I have said it before and don't mind saying it again—and again: it was the gawddamndest thing that ever happened to—for—about gays. The glorious gang-bang after Armageddon. And I, for one, will always consider myself vastly superior to the many indifferent and closeted fruits who couldn't be bothered. Teal's account of that day is quite satisfying. And I can do no better than to end this review as he ended his book, with Steve Kuromiya's testament as to the *raison d'être* for that golden Liberation Day:

"We came battle-scarred and angry to topple your sexist, racist, hateful society. We came to challenge the incredible hypocrisy of your serial monogamy, your oppressive sexual role-playing, your nuclear family, your Protestant ethic, apple pie and Mother. We came to New York, holding hands and kissing openly and proudly, waving 15-foot banners and chanting 'HO-HO-HOMOSEXUAL!' In one fell swoop, we came to destroy by our mere presence your labels and stereotypes with which you've oppressed us for centuries.

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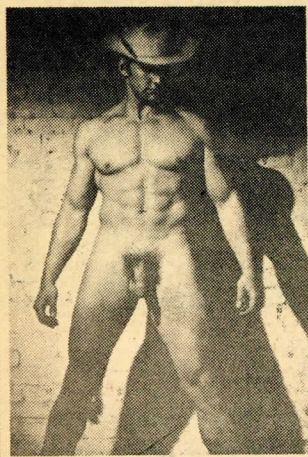
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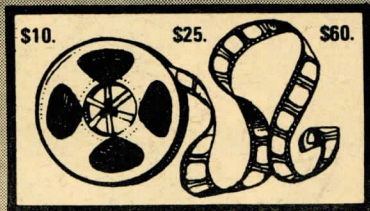
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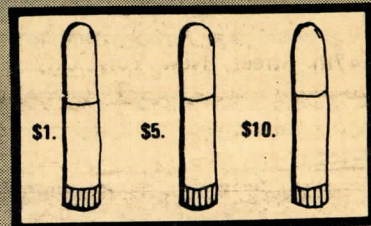
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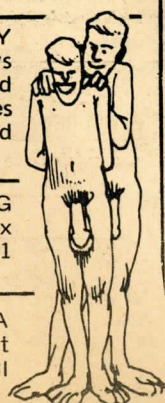
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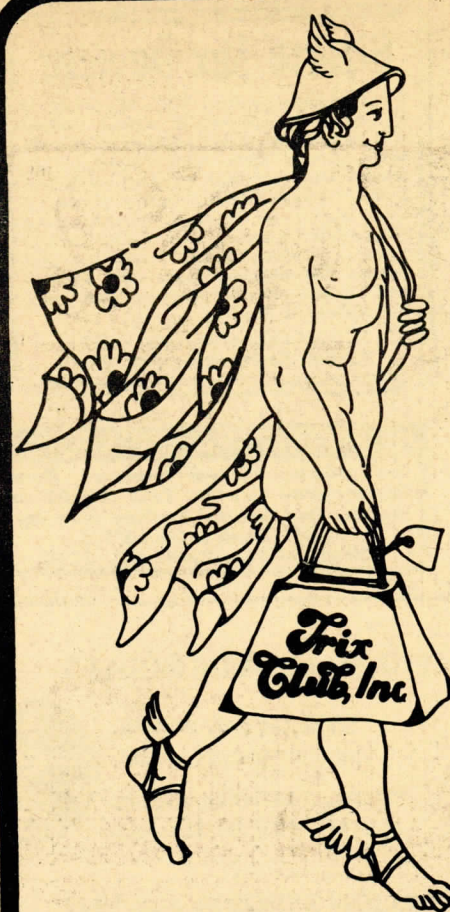
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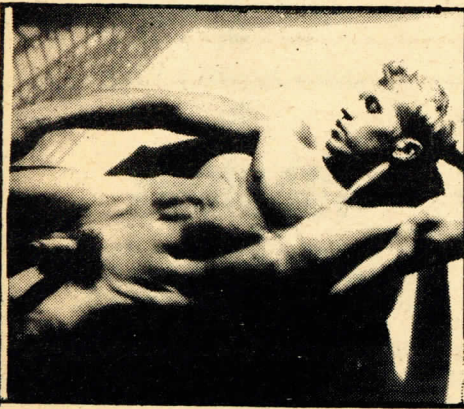
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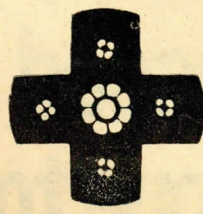
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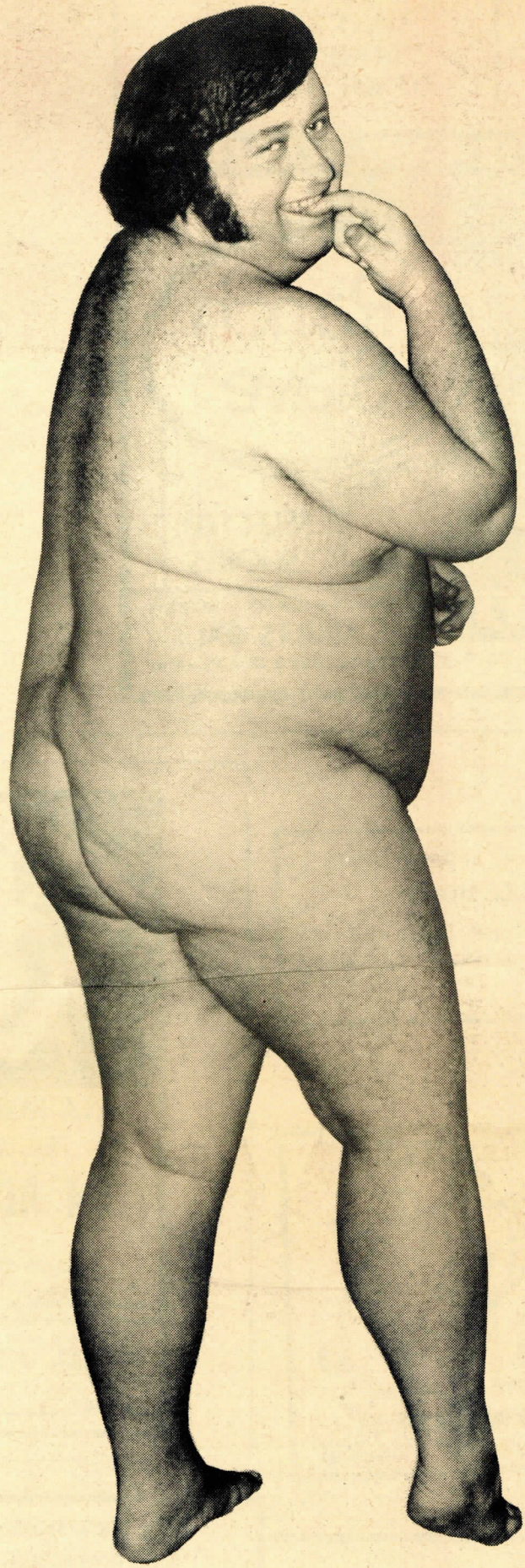
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